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OF

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FAILURE OF SPRINGS IN THE EAST.

AMONG all the departments of natural philosophy, none, perhaps, is more obscure than that which concerns the origin and history of springs; yet to these hidden sources—to these small, sweet reservoirs of moisture—to these wayward children of uncertain parents, must be traced all the fertility and beauty of the earth. To study their distribution; to investigate whence they arise; to watch their first germs developing among the mosses, lichens, forests, or snows of lofty mountains; to follow them through the dark fissures of rocks, or fine veins and pores of the earth, till they bubble forth into light, give birth to fountains, rivulets, brooks, rivers, irrigate mighty continents, and roll their rich burdens to the sea—is to be conversant with one of the most interesting divisions of nature's empire.

Homer, through a sort of instinctive inspiration, discovered that the Nile had its sources in the clouds, which he expresses by observing that it falls directly from Zeus. No civilised man has yet beheld its source; but we may be sure that it takes its rise either among lofty ridges covered with forests, or in morasses and lakes occupying the summit of elevated table-lands.* The Orellana, the Rio de la Plata, and all the other great rivers of America, rise in the Cordillera, or some of its offshoots, and owe their origin to forests or snows; while the Indus and the Brahmaputra flow forth from a lake lying north of the Himalaya, in the vast highlands of Central Asia. One of these mighty streams turning towards the west, cleaves the backbone of the Asiatic continent, and makes its way down a series of cliffs and precipices to the burning plains of Hindustan; while the other, rolling its sparkling waters towards the rising sun, turns the stupendous barrier which it finds itself unable to penetrate, and flowing through unknown portions of China, afterwards reverses its course, follows a south-westerly direction, and ultimately mingles its waters with those of the Ganges. Strictly speaking, therefore, India is an immense island, girdled by floods, partly of its own creation, since the streams of which we have been speaking are produced and fed by that prodigious system of mountains which traverses its northern limits, and separates it from the inhospitable steppes of Mongolia and Turkestan.

With rivers so immense, man cannot greatly interfere, but with smaller streams he may, and that so effectually, as, in the course of time, to dry them up, and convert into a desert the lands they once fertilised. In Greece, where the mountains are generally of moderate elevation, rivers, formerly large, have been rendered diminutive, while small ones have in many cases been totally lost. The traveller who reads in ancient authors of lovely fountains, bubbling runnels, picturesque brooks, cascades, tarns, and lakes, looks in vain for these sources of beauty and fecundity, and often jumps to the conclusion, that no faith is to be placed in the poets, historians, and geographers of antiquity, because, as he assumes, nature does not change.

But in that part of Europe, nature has changed in the most striking manner. Districts once covered with rich harvests, orchards, vineyards, olive-groves, are now mere expanses of dust, or naked rock, or arid unsightly flats. Going further east, we find throughout the greater part of Persia immense tracts, of old highly productive, now smitten with barrenness, destitute of springs, and deserted by the inhabitants. Here and there, baking and glaring in the burning sun, we observe the walls of what formerly were gardens, ruined habitations, villages fallen to decay, and pretty mosques in which the voice of the imam is no longer heard. In many provinces of India, the vicinity of hills has become a desert, from which the peasants have fled, because the springs on which their lives depended failed one after another. Similar phenomena have displayed themselves in our island-settlements of Mauritius and Penang, where, owing to the great value of land, the growth of the evil speedily attracted the notice of government, and led to the adoption of the proper remedy. It was observed, in the latter island, that the Chinese squatters, who could not be expected to comprehend the laws of nature, or to be guided by considerations of patriotism, cut down the jungle on the summits and slopes of the hills, upon which the springs rapidly dried up, and, except during the monsoons, no moisture was left in the disforested districts. Four centuries before Christ, philosophers had made the discovery, that the mightiest rivers are at the outset cradled in a leaf, through whose veins they creep and

* Since this was written, the source of the Nile, as our readers are well aware, *has been* discovered, and, as here vaticinated upon, in an elevated lake.

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trickle before their descent to earth. Trees, therefore, were surrounded with an investiture of superstition as the parents of fountains and streams. Standing on the tops of mountains, they spread forth their arms to catch and imprison the passing clouds, which, in their embrace, condense into water, descend to the ground in drops, and percolating through moss and grass into the soil, find their way through the heart of rocks to various openings in the valleys below. Knowledge, however, in the heads of philosophers is like moisture in the peaks of the Andes—of no use to mankind till it descends to a lower level, and becomes possessed by the common people, or at least by those who manage public affairs.

When we took the Mauritius from the French, our enterprising colonists thought it a pity that the fine rich soil found on the tops of hills should be given up to the support of what they considered useless woods; so they cut down the trees, and replaced them by cultivated fields. Very shortly, it was noticed that the streams were shrinking; that one spring after another disappeared; that the green of the meadows was changed to a dusty brown; that the grain sown grew up thin and hungry; and that the earth, in short, ceased to be productive. Reflecting persons were not slow in discovering the cause of this great change. They noticed that the periodical rains, however abundant they might be, soon cleared away from the cultivated country, leaving it exposed to the rays of a fiery sun, which scorched and withered up everything for want of a perennial supply of moisture. The next step was with all possible speed to reclothe the mountains with forest and jungle, upon which experience had proved the fertility of the lower lands depended. Since then, we believe, the action of the colonists and Chinese squatters has been checked, while all the land on the crests of lofty hills and mountains has been retained in the hands of government, to be devoted to forest. Throughout Southern India, a similar policy has been forced upon the rulers by the urgent necessity of the case. In Hindustan, properly so called, the want of water can never be experienced, except through the ignorance or negligence of the authorities, since the Himalaya, with its snows and forests, must for ever give birth to innumerable springs, brooks, and rivers, whose wealth, if properly distributed, would suffice to saturate the whole of India. Throughout the Deccan, gardening and agriculture are carried on by means of the tank-system, the extent and efficacy of which obviously depend on springs. In several provinces, thousands of dry tanks exist, and their useless condition is often attributed to indolence or want of enterprise on the part of the natives. In many cases, however, investigation has proved that the streamlets that formerly fed the tanks no longer flow, and when their channels have been followed up to their sources, they also have been found to be dry.

To ignorant Asiatics, the desiccation of springs is attributed to the wrath of certain divinities provoked by the invasion of their sacred retreats; but Europeans, looking up to the neighbouring hills, discover in their naked and barren aspect the true cause of the phenomenon. Lord Bacon, who had inquired into most things, was, as he tells us, assured by 'a sober man' that artificial springs may be created among the foldings of hills. It is only necessary, he says, to dig a hole about five or six feet deep, to cover it partly at top with a stone slab, and then to shelter the whole from the sun's rays, with brambles, bushes, sods, and sand. Gradually the rain that falls will percolate towards the pit, which in a short time will become a source of living water. To accelerate the process, and perhaps to insure its success, the whole of the neighbouring eminences should be densely planted with bushes and trees, and sown with mosses, which would speedily create not one, but many springs.

It must nevertheless be owned, that in connection with water, nature exhibits phenomena in various parts of the world, which, according to the received theories of natural philosophy, are susceptible of no explanation. Thus, in the island of Stromboli there are two fountains, one of tepid water, at the foot of the great volcanic cone, the other half-way up the acclivity, of beautifully cold and pure water. Now, there is no vegetation, to say nothing of trees, anywhere on this vast cone, which consists entirely of scoriæ, pumice-stones, and lava, while the mountain within is always on fire. Whence, then, does this lofty spring of clear cold water derive its origin? An Italian philosopher has recourse to an extremely clumsy hypothesis to account for the phenomenon: he imagines that in the interior of the mountain there must be immense reservoirs which supply the fountain perpetually. It is more reasonable to suppose that, as the whole cone is porous, the clouds and mists which almost incessantly dash against its lofty peak infuse their moisture into the soil, which, through infinite channels everywhere threading the surface of the mountain, trickles towards the spring, and keeps it for ever flowing. Still, this also is a mere supposition, and it would require excavation to set the question at rest.

Another curious circumstance connected with the production of springs is observable on the great mountain of Kina Balu, or 'the Chinese Widow,' in Borneo. This is a mass of granite rising to the height of nearly fourteen thousand feet, precipitous at the sides, and presenting above a platform of about two miles in length by half a mile in breadth. The surface is cleft into fissures and deep chasms, down which heavy volumes of water are heard incessantly falling. Whence do they come? We answer, from the clouds, which every day at certain hours envelop the terraced summit of the mountain, where they are condensed by the extreme cold into water, which either shoots in sublime cascades down the aërial cliffs, or pours into the central abysses of the rock, whence it emerges as considerable rivers. A net-work of lichens and mosses extends like a thick sponge between the huge granite blocks over the giddy coping of Kina Balu, and holds in its embrace the particles of moisture till they are sufficiently copious to form rills, which, in their fairy proportions, dash over the smaller ledges, till in increased volume they reach the edges of the cliffs, and either throw themselves out boldly into empty space, or leap into the dark gulfs which time has prepared for their reception.

In other parts of the East, nature almost seems weary of generating fountains for the lazy inhabitants. As far back as the seventeenth century, a Persian nobleman, conversing one day with a European traveller, assured him that within a comparatively few years no less than four hundred springs had failed in the small province over which he ruled. It never occurred to him that by such a statement he was accusing himself of gross ignorance or criminal neglect, since he saw the materials of fountains daily removed from the heights, where they had flourished for ages, to heat the ovens, or, in the kitchens of the wealthy, to roast kids and lambs for their sustenance. When there existed a government in the land worthy of the name, things were very different: then groves were planted on eminences; then the banks of streams were fringed with woods; then the crests of chains and ridges gloried in their primeval forests, which sheltered beasts of the chase, and formed the favourite resort of the intrepid hunter and of the meditative sufi. Low down on the slopes of the hills, lovely orchards and rose-gardens charmed the sight, with rills flowing between them, and bearing to mosques and pleasure-houses those refreshing ablutions in which the children of the Prophet so greatly delight. All the larger tributaries of the Tigris and Euphrates bore copious contributions to those mighty streams, which diffused over Mesopotamia through innumerable canals and

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trenches, converted its beautiful plains into a garden, verdant, blooming, and full of activity and life. Formerly, Persia was esteemed the most beautiful country of the East; remarkable for the excellence of its productions, the sweetness of its fruits, the perfume and splendour of its flowers. These, it is true, were not numerous in their kinds, until commerce had restored to this fairest portion of the East some of those brilliant denizens of the garden which, by way of Greece, Europe from thence derived. The nobles of Persia are still peculiarly fond of flowers, and when in a dreamy mood, will sit half a day before a blue lily or a rose springing from the neck of a crystal vase. The roses of Persia, like those of Attica and the Hejaz, diffuse the most delicious odours, because grown in a light stony soil, which, held up to the nose, almost yields a fragrance of itself. Accordingly, the roses of Iran are, throughout the East, proverbial for their scent; and the water distilled from them is acknowledged to be the best in the world. Here were the hanging-gardens of Babylon; here were the matchless parterres of Susa, the city of lilies; and here are still the bosquets of rhododendron and the bowers of jasmine of which the opium-eaters of Lebanon dream in their drowsy fits of inspiration.

But these beauties, once common, are now few and far between. Formerly, the traveller found springs of sweet water bubbling forth from every hill, where he could quench his thirst, and smoke his pipe beneath groves of orange and citron trees, which, especially in the mornings of spring, loaded the whole atmosphere with their perfume. Most of the uplands are now bare, barren, stony, and dry, so that for many days he finds nothing to drink but the water he carries along with him in a leathern sack. In some parts of the country, roads once much frequented have been rendered impassable through the lack of springs, for which reason people are compelled to make long and weary circuits, because it is known that in such and such places wells may be met with. To prove that anciently it was not so, we observe in the most deserted districts the remains of canals and bridges and ornamented fountains where not one drop of water has been beheld for ages. If you inquire of the natives the cause of this sad metamorphosis of their once lovely land, they will trail their bewildered understandings through a dreary labyrinth of reasons, such as—that the Turks in the late wars broke down the embankments of certain tanks, that some evil-disposed persons obstructed with rubbish the courses of certain canals, and that thieves and robbers, with stones and dirt, choked up the fountains.

We dwell upon the state of Persia because it affords the most striking exemplification of the evils brought by an ignorant government upon mankind. The provinces of Mazenderan and Ghilan, where there is an abundance of forest, and consequently of water, present a marked contrast to the rest of the kingdom. In Mekran, caravans traverse extended plains, or rather hollows, where not a blade of grass exists, where neither rain nor dew ever falls, and where, at burning noon, the eye is deluded with the appearance of water caused by fine particles of dust, which, on account of their extreme tenuity, are elevated from the earth by the sun's rays like so many vapoury exhalations. What is here wanted altogether is found to excess in Mazenderan, where, from the summit of rock or castle, the eye commands an endless sweep of morasses, swamps, and lakes, covered during six months of the year with countless wild-flowers, between which aquatic birds of the rarest plumage rest in multitudes upon the water. Here, a bed of tall, feathery reeds waves and twinkles in the breeze; there, forests of gigantic trees throw on all sides their rank foliage over the stagnant pools; while in other parts beautiful streams, with thriving towns and villages on their banks meander through rich plains or valleys towards the Caspian. But the ignorant rulers are equally perplexed by abundance and scarcity. The word drainage makes no figure in their practical vocabulary, and, accordingly, the inhabitants of the favoured province are abandoned during the six summer months to fever and ague, with all the other multiplied diseases which owe their birth to deleterious miasmata.

When the Ten Thousand, after the death of the Younger Cyrus, were making their way through the heart of the Persian empire, they were smitten with astonishment by the evidences of opulence and plenty which everywhere met their eyes. Again, the ruins of Istakhar, of Nineveh, of Babylon, of Ctesiphon, of Ecbatana, of Susa, attest the prodigious wealth once drawn together on the Persian soil by the industry of its inhabitants. Even in the decline of its power, forty thousand Macedonians, with Philip's great son at their head, were able to subsist in plenty, where a solitary merchant, mounted on an ass or camel, now experiences much difficulty in finding a cup of cold water or a morsel of bread. True, Persia was of old enriched with the harvests reaped on a thousand battle-fields by the swords of her conquering sons, who had triumphed equally on the Nile and the Hellespont, on the Black Sea and the deserts of Scythia, on the Hindu Koosh, and on the banks of the Sutlej and the Indus. But these victories were based on the industry, the frugality, and the enterprise of the Persian people, who turned their country into a paradise by intelligent and all-subduing labour. Even now, the poet, as, wandering through the bowers of Shiraz, he delights his fancy with visions of the elder time, travels back beyond the Parthian era, though he would fain persuade himself that even those days were surpassed by the happy times of the califs.

No one has hitherto discovered the laws which determine the decline of civilisation, but as far as appears, the energies of a people which display themselves simultaneously in war and industry, are first undermined by self-indulgence. The Medes were overcome by the Persians when the latter were hardy and abstemious. Possessed of the affluence of the Medes, the Persians in their turn wore purple, decked themselves with gauds and rings, reclined on soft divans, and shrank with horror from those honourable toils in which their forefathers had delighted. When the storms of war burst upon them, therefore, from the shores of Greece, they sank in their turn; and though they afterwards rose under the influence of the Arabian Prophet to a second period of greatness and glory, their later power equalled not the former, but perished as it had grown up, suddenly. All these successive empires have left their wrecks strewn over the face of Persia, in the ruins of fountains and aqueducts, in palaces and temples of unrivalled magnitude and splendour. But the race is dying out. Barbarians from the steppes of Tartary and from the mountains of Kurdistan are gradually ousting the descendants of Zoroaster from the valleys of Aderbijan, from the vineyards of Yezd, from the sandy prairies of Khorasan; and it will one day have to be determined by circumstances, whether the enslaving eagle of Russia or the free banner of England shall float over the forests of the Elburz, and the majestic ruins of Chilminar.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT.

HIS EXCELLENT HEAD.

If there is one good quality to which this Home Correspondent may honestly lay claim, it is a natural humility of mind. He is perpetually saying to himself: Why is this or that benefit conferred upon *me?* Why did Sir Selin Wacks ask me to dinner, and Jones only to come in the evening? Why does Mr Mammon reserve a bedroom for me at his villa at

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Richmond, on Saturday and Sunday nights, when he has so many other friends, who are equally fond of billiards, and have a much larger balance at his bank than I? Why have *I* three invitations to go down to Epsom free of charge—two of them with a Fortnum and Mason hamper, and the other with the most beautiful of her sex—while so many men of my acquaintance have to pay fifty shillings apiece for inferior accommodation? Is it my moral virtues that place me on this eminence? I can scarcely say it is. Is it my personal beauty? Is it my social rank? Is it my erudition—especially with regard to classical attainments? Upon my word and honour, I cannot ascribe my good-fortune to any such causes.

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. I never loved a young gazelle; but if I had entertained so ridiculous a caprice, I should doubtless have brought it up (of course, by hand) to maturity and old age. I have been a fortunate man through life, and nobody —no, not even Wickenden Snap—has been more astonished at it than myself. Most people know Wickenden, who confers immortality weekly, in the columns of the *Pyramid*, upon his friends, and condemns his enemies to everlasting obscurity. He is just that sort of literary man whom I most detest, and I don't think that he, on his part, is passionately attached to me. He has an unnatural thirst after every kind of information, and, what is worse, he insists upon retailing it, not only in the *Pyramid*, but in conversation. He reminds me, and not in this respect alone, of those degraded savages who prepare food for toothless chiefs. He cannot see candles, for instance, on a friend's table, without demanding to know how much they cost, and how long they will burn.

'That is not wax, you know,' he will observe in his charming manner; 'it is some cheap composition or other. Now, what is it?'

The greatest problem but one of social existence that presents itself to my mind is the inquiry: Why Wickenden Snap has never been horse-whipped? The greatest of all inquires: Why was he ever placed in the realms of literature? If he must needs have been born—for which, however, I see no necessity—why was he not made an attorney's clerk in Whitechapel; or, having been made so (as I believe was the case), why did not he continue in that congenial sphere? I have said that I am of a humble disposition, but really all my patience is called forth when I meet with Mr Wickenden Snap. I experienced this pleasure within a few weeks of my appointment as H. C., and when its novel sheen was yet upon my wings. Adulation enough had been offered at my shrine to turn a wiser head; but my humility had been my sheet-anchor. I met Wickenden Snap with a countenance smiling indeed, but not so sublimely contemptuous as perhaps it had a right to be.

'Dear me,' cried he, casting his gaze upon my boots, 'what excellent blacking you use! Pray, where do you get it?'

'Well,' said I, 'an old servant of my father's always supplies me with it; it is made from a peculiar recipe.'

Here he whipped out his note-book and pencil.

'It's rather a secret,' said I.

'Oh, very well,' replied the voice of Mr Wickenden Snap, with singular placidity: but his ferrety eyes remarked, 'Oh, you won't, won't you; and am I the editor of the *Pyramid*, and yet shall this be unavenged?'

'My dear fellow,' said I, 'I will tell it to *you;* but you must swear not to reveal it.'

'I swear,' cried Snap, his pencil jerking about in an electric impatience for 'copy.'

'Take a quart of the best ink,' said I—'the very best ink.'

'Yes, go on—the very best ink.'

'Not *red* ink,' remarked I; 'mind you are particular about that.'

Wickenden Snap looked up like an adder, but I was as grave as a stone.

'Take half a pint of good old port—almost any vintage will do, but it must be fruity.'

'I trust that you are not imposing upon me,' observed the editor slowly, in a tone like the rasping of a file: 'men do not impose upon me with impunity.'

I looked at the small Satirist with wonder at the ease with which he was thrown off his guard; and fortunately he misunderstood my facial expression.

'I did not mean to offend,' said he; 'pray go on: this recipe is most extraordinary and interesting.'

'The port must be fruity,' continued I; 'and it's better to get it from the wood, lest any sealing-wax or grit should be mixed with it. Boil the mixture over a slow fire, and stir with a long stick, dipped frequently in lamp-black.'

'What an expensive thing to put on one's boots,' observed Mr Snap reflectively, who, although given to gorgeous apparel, has a frugal mind.

'It is,' said I. 'Beau Brummell himself bequeathed the secret to my father.'

In the *Pyramid* of the next week, there was an article beginning with, 'In the days of the Regency, when luxury surpassed the limit of even Roman indulgence, and attire became first a Study, then an Art.' It concluded, after a social-historical summary of the period, with a picture of Beau Brummell expiring in a foreign land, under very unsatisfactory circumstances, and dictating with his last breath my perfectly original recipe for blacking boots.

However, Wickenden Snap was really pleased with the information, and even congratulated me upon my appointment as H. C.

'You understand your duties,' added he, '*of course.*'

'Well,' said I, 'I hope so.'

'*Hope!*' returned he sharply. 'What do you mean by *hope?* Are you not *sure?* Have you never examined yourself on the matter? Have you no sense of responsibility? Is the elevation of the masses a matter to be lightly dealt with? Do you not feel what it is to be an Organ?'

'I am only a hurdy-gurdy, I admit,' replied I. 'I am very inferior to you, of course, but I intend to do my best.'

'Well, I suppose you have done your best already. I read that account you wrote of *the Royal Procession* without weariness. You have some sense of humour.'

If it would have been humorous to take Wickenden Snap by his little neck, and treat him like one of the genus *Cimex*, I had certainly a very strong sense of humour at that moment; but being humble, I only smiled, and said: 'I thank you very much.'

'You must not, however,' pursued he, 'persuade yourself that because you have made one lucky hit, you will prove a good swordsman. I would think twice if I were you about becoming H. C. for a permanency. I would learn, for instance, what sort of a head I had for a post of that kind.'

'Your head, Mr Snap, would do for a post of almost any kind,' thought I; but I did not say so. I said: 'I don't quite catch your meaning.'

'I mean to say, why don't you go and get your head felt?'

'There is more sense in getting one's hat felt than one's head,' said I. 'I don't believe in your phrenologists. A cricket-ball took me over the eye—here—at Eton, and they have given me great powers of Calculation ever since, in consequence of the bump. I would not give a shilling'——

'There is no occasion,' interrupted Mr Snap magni-

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ficently, 'for any pecuniary expenditure. Here are orders from the *Pyramid* from half the phrenologists in London. Go, young man, and learn what is your basilar phrenometrical angle, and thereby whether you are fitted for the high calling into which you have somewhat rashly entered.'

With these words, Mr Wickenden Snap hailed a passing *Citizen*, and entered it with the air of a conqueror, to whom its passengers had been given up for pillage and all other forms of disgraceful treatment. I was left alone on the pavement, patronised, subjugated, with my hands full of party-coloured tickets, with *Admit the Bearer* upon them, and *Organical Diagnosis, Free.* However, that I had 'polished him off' with the Blacking, was an inexpressible comfort.

One of these cards had Camden-Town for its address, and my natural humility led me to select that neighbourhood for my first scientific venture, in preference to the more aristocratic localities devoted to phrenology. The street was unpretending, and the house I was in search of would have been rather mean in its externals, but for an enormous collection of highly-coloured photographs, which adorned its doorway. These photographs were likenesses of two peculiar classes of individuals, Murderers and Philosophers, who seemed to have fallen out together at some *Conversazione*, and beaten each other about the head most mercilessly. The philosophers had mainly received their blows in front, and the murderers behind, but the skulls of both were as 'nobby' as the head of any black-thorn walking-stick. Mrs Manning glared at Mrs Somerville; Mr Blomfield Rush scowled savagely at Dr Gall; and Mr Palmer looked strychnine at Mr George Combe. I congratulated myself, as I gazed upon these things, that I was not myself a moral philosopher, liable to be exposed to such odious comparisons after death. Two ignorant street-boys, who were enjoying this gratuitous spectacle, imagined that the whole collection had suffered death at the Old Bailey for the destruction of their fellow-creatures, and quarrelled over the amiable Spurzheim, the one asserting him to be Courvoisier, and the other, Greenacre. The elder protested that he 'ought to know,' inasmuch as he had seen him in 'the Room of 'Orrors' at the Baker Street Bazaar; the younger claimed an equal cognizance, from having visited a wax-work exhibition of interesting offenders in the Old Kent Road. It was not likely that these young persons could afford me information as to which of the five bell-handles in the door-post communicated with the philosopher I sought, so I inquired of a youth who was keeping a very sharp eye on a neighbouring book-stall, whether he knew upon which floor lodged Mr Cranium.

'Fourth floor,' returned the lad, with a grin of demoniacal intelligence at his two contemporaries.

Then I rang the fourth-floor bell about six times. 'It's no good your ringing,' remarked the book-boy, when I had discovered that fact for myself: 'Mr Cranium ain't at home, *he* ain't. He's got a werry bad cold.'

At this affecting intelligence the three boys burst into shrieks of laughter. I understand the genus Boy and his depravities as well as any grown person can, but I confess this conduct puzzled me. After a few minutes, however, and many genial impertinences, I discovered that having a bad cold means, in Camden-Town, being in debt, while 'a very bad cold' implies that the sufferer has taken clandestine departure from his lodgings.

Without affirming that pecuniary misfortune was inconveniencing other professors of phrenology, I must confess that I had the same difficulty in obtaining a personal interview in two out of the three next cases. The men of science had 'flitted' from their apartments, urged, perhaps, by some irrepressible swelling in their organs of Locality. Perhaps, also, it is a requirement of their art that they should lodge no lower than the third floor; but, at all events, I never found them below that altitude. Mr Branepan, with whom I had my first interview, could scarcely be said to lodge on any floor at all; he resided in a back projection of a third story in a street out of Holborn, and carried on his investigations, undisturbed by any external influences, through the medium of a skylight. He was enormously struck by my head, he said, even as he had observed it coming up stairs with its hat on: while leaning over the banisters, he had remarked to his little boy, aged five, but remarkably intelligent—'with Form much developed,' he assured me, although to my eye he looked thin—that 'the gentleman who was come to see papa was a very remarkable person.' He was fairly captivated with my craniological characteristics. 'Bless my soul, sir, how I should like to write upon your head!'

'Dear me,' said I, 'is it then so very flat at the top?'

'No, sir; you mistake me: I mean I should like to give you a written character instead of a mere phrenological chart. The difference will be but 7*s.* 6*d.* The value to yourself will be incalculable. You will thereby learn the system of diet most adapted for your constitution. That is most important in your case. Alimentativeness, the instinct that leads to the selection of food, I perceive, is large.'

'Really,' said I, 'Mr Branepan, these remarks are rather painful. I am not come here to be lectured upon my eating.'

'Certainly not, sir; nor is there any occasion for such a rebuke. You will always take care of yourself—that is evident. Vitativeness, the unwillingness to die, is excessively prominent. Combativeness, again, is small; your personal animosities would never lead you into danger. Permit me'——

'What *are* you doing, sir?' cried I, as the professor produced a machine of mysterious construction, and endeavoured to put it over my head. I thought of the unhappy victims of Messrs Burke and Hare, whose portraits I had just beheld in a rival establishment, and I shrunk backward like an unwilling horse from his collar and no oats.

'There, sir—there is Vitativeness: there is a proof of my art, if one were needed. But there is nothing to be afraid of. With this machine, I determine your geometrical configuration; I lay my finger on the profession that you ought to pursue.'

'That is the very thing I came about,' said I. 'Pray proceed, if the—the instrument is harmless.'

It tickled me a good deal, as a shoemaker tickles one's foot as he measures it with his rule, but nothing worse; while the results were sufficiently striking, if not satisfactory.

'One of the most remarkable heads, sir, I ever manipulated—the great Cracksken perhaps alone excepted.'

'And who was *he?*' inquired I with interest; for I naturally felt a desire to know the man with the next most wonderful head to that upon my own shoulders.

'Well, sir, he might have been anything—anything in the world might that man have been, or else phrenology is worth nothing. He might have been a general, or an author, or a prime minister, or a bishop, if he had only tried.'

'Well, but what *was* he?' inquired I impatiently.

'Well, when I knew him he was the Champion Contortionist at the Adelaide Gallery. He could tie himself in a true-lovers' knot upon the stage, bless you. But besides that, he was a most intellectual and benevolent man. In later life, however, he injured his bumps a good deal by the pursuit of his profession. His Veneration entirely disappeared through standing on his head; while even his Self-esteem, which, you see, slopes off, and is partially protected, got gradually smaller, and was almost even with the surface at the period of his decease, his popularity having died before him. The great

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Cracksken, however, had Humour, in which you are very deficient.'

'Am I indeed?' said I gloomily.

'Yes, sir, you have a natural dislike to drollery, and consider those who practise it to be Buffoons. But Heavens! what Weight you have! what Calculation! what ideas of distance and of space! Forgive me, sir, but I am surely addressing a civil engineer.'

'Well, not exactly,' replied I.

'Indeed, sir; then I am much mistaken.'

'You are a little, Mr Branepan.'

'Well, then, all I have to say is, that if you are not an engineer, you ought to be. You would build a bridge, now, that would astonish people.'

If they attempted to cross over any bridge of mine, it would, I am sure, astonish people a good deal; but as Mr Branepan evidently meant astonishment in the sense of admiration, I only said: 'Dear me.'

'Engines, now, would be very much in your way,' continued the professor; 'and next to engines, surgery. You would perform an amputation as well as any man I know.'

If this were true, it is certain that Mr Branepan could never have enjoyed the acquaintance of any very distinguished anatomist. But I calmly remarked: 'You don't say so;' to which he replied: 'But I do, though, and am prepared to prove it.'

This last statement was so inexpressibly alarming, that it rendered me speechless. How *could* he have proved it? What victim had he in his mind to select, upon whom to flesh my virgin saw and lancet? Was it that intelligent boy? or himself? or the cat? or I? I had read of the lengths to which some enthusiasts are prepared to go in support of their favourite theories, and I shuddered. However, the extreme prominence of my Time and Tune here most fortunately attracted him, and he went off into the Perceptive Faculties.

'Now do, sir, permit me to write you out your character at length; it would be a genuine pleasure to me, quite independent of the seven-and-six. Now, do.'

'Well,' said I, 'just as you like. The fact is, I have an order for "an organical diagnosis," free, from the office of the *Pyramid*.'

If moral bumps are affected by mental blows, Mr Branepan's organ of Hope must have been within a very little of collapse at this intelligence. His countenance fell, and he turned his eye upon the thin child with a look that sent the front part of my organ of Benevolence, *that which denotes sympathy with the object*, a full inch upwards; the back part, which denotes *a desire to give*, was raised coincidently about a quarter of an inch.

'I will fill up your phrenological chart, sir,' said the professor sadly; 'but to write out a character *free*—why, you see, it's a great labour.'

I received the chart, with its credentials for my fitness for the pursuits of surgery and civil engineering, and dropped the usual payment for the same into the hand of the child. We parted excellent friends; but poor Mr Branepan did not hang over the banisters in admiration of my phrenological developments, as he had done on my arrival.

I subsequently visited other professors, who manipulated my head, but without touching my heart, as in the above case; and they all gave me Time, and Tune, and Calculation, and a particular fondness for scientific experiment, in return for my five shillings sterling—for the use of Mr Wickenden Snap's admission-cards was not to be thought of after that first adventure. Having exhausted the East, which these wise men seem principally to affect, I made my final experiment with a phrenological sage in Knightsbridge. This gentleman, like the rest, inhabited a house with many bell-handles, beneath one of which was engraved the words, 'Professor's Bell;' and that I accordingly rung. If there had been no such name appended, I should have rung the top bell, but as it was, I roused the second-floor with rather an impatient peal, for I had got to learn by experience that phrenologists are by no means easily hurried. With the person or persons with whom I had now to do, however, this was very different. A noise immediately took place like a lady coming down stairs at the top of her speed with crinoline on, likewise a sliding noise as produced by a boy descending banisters, the whole accompanied by the barking of a dog. In a few seconds, the door opened, and the lady, and the boy, and the dog stood before me in the attitude of expectancy.

'Did I indeed want the professor?'

'Yes, I did,' said I; and I had not the bad-manners to add: 'But neither his wife, nor his son, nor his Italian greyhound.'

'Ah,' said the lady, in the French tongue, 'we are charmed to hear it; are we not, Alphonse? Are we not, Bijou? Is it not excellent? Will Monsieur be so good as to ascend? My husband is—is with a tobacco-pipe; otherwise he would have been ravished to have appeared himself. We are all transported to see Monsieur.'

'Heavens!' thought I, 'is it possible, then, that these people are aware of my identity? Do they know that I am the Home Correspondent, who is such a general favourite? Does even this greyhound—an alien—— But no; there must be some mistake.' My natural humility at once divined that they were in error. However, I preceded the party, human and canine, to the second-floor, where I found a French gentleman smelling very strongly of tobacco, who, upon the instant that he saw me, proceeded to divest himself of his coat.

'Ha, ha,' exclaimed he; 'Monsieur is welcome, but he is very late. There will be scarcely light for the one, two, three, and *Da;*' and with that he made a scientific lunge at my chest with his forefinger, that I had the greatest difficulty in warding off with my umbrella. 'Ha, ha! you understand to fence; it is well. Bijou—*les fleurets*.' At this the Italian greyhound ran to a corner of the room, and dragged from it a pair of foils, which he laid at his master's feet. The professor handed one of these to me with a polite bow, bowed again to his wife and offspring, who stood by delighted spectators of these acts of folly, stamped with his foot, and ran the button of his foil into my right arm with considerable violence before I could utter a protest.

'My very good sir,' cried I, 'what are you about? I am not come here to fight, but to have my head examined!'

'His haid!' exclaimed the professor, throwing up his eyes to the ceiling: 'my heart, then he do go above!'

'His haid!' repeated the lady plaintively; 'he is but come for his bump!'

The intelligent Bijou set up a wail of horror. The French boy, in tolerable English, explained that his father gave fencing-lessons, and that the phrenologist of whom I was in search lived on the next floor. It was evident that the family were cruelly disappointed, but they bade me adieu with great civility nevertheless. The professor made one deadly stab at a phantom phrenologist, and then resumed his coat and his gaiety at once. He had hoped, he said, to have had the privilege of instructing Monsieur in the conduct of the short-sword, but it seemed it was to be otherwise. Alphonse accompanied me to the next landing.

The inhabitant of the third floor afforded a curious contrast to the lodger beneath him. A grave man, with a head so bald and protuberant that it looked like an advertisement of his own profession, received me with frigid affability, and motioned me to a chair. 'I made a mistake, Mr Schulfelt,' observed I smiling, 'and called upon your neighbour.'

'People often do,' returned he solemnly, 'especially

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those the side-depth of whose posterior sections from the mastoid process to the back of the head is more than three inches.'

'Dear me,' said I; 'then such persons are not at least to be considered stupid?'

'Certainly not,' returned the phrenologist; 'only the victims of conformation. You could no more help it than you can alter your very peculiar mode of walking.'

'How can you possibly tell how I walk, sir?' observed I reddening.

'I was looking out of the window as you came up the street, and I said to myself: "What a love of approbation that young man has got." The natural language of that organ is to carry the head backward, and a little to the side: it gives, however, not an ungraceful rolling motion to the head and body; and it imparts a pleasing tone to the voice. You perceive this cast of the head of a negro?'

'I do,' said I; 'it is truly horrible. I suppose there must be truth in the notion of the inferiority of that race.'

Mr Schulfelt threw upon me a pitying smile, as though I were some harmless insect in difficulties—a fly in treacle, or a bee imprisoned in a double window.

'That is the head of Eustache, the benevolent black; he received the prize of Virtue from the Institute of France; he saved four hundred whites from massacre in St Domingo. It is almost the model head. The love of approbation is, however, as in your own case, too developed. This, on the other hand, is Manning the murderer: with a proper system of classification, such a man would never have been permitted to be at large.'

'But would you then imprison for life all persons with bumps of an unpromising character?'

'Bumps!' ejaculated Mr Schulfelt throwing up his hands: 'alas, what stupendous ignorance! Bumps have nothing to do with it; all depends upon the basilar phrenometrical angle. Now, I can furnish you with two descriptions of character: which do you prefer?'

'I should like the best character that you can honestly give me,' replied I smiling.

'That will be one pound one,' observed the phrenologist.

'Then I think I prefer the other,' returned I decidedly.

'You will, at least, I suppose, be placed under the phreno-physiometer?'

'Well,' said I, 'if it isn't a shower-bath, nor yet an electrical machine—I will.'

While the phrenologist retired for a few moments to prepare this mysterious instrument, I amused myself by reading a sheet of printed testimonials which was stuck up over the chimney-piece instead of a mirror, to reflect this philosopher's virtues.

'Dear sir,' witnessed a clergyman, 'when you visited our neighbourhood last summer you examined my head. I beg to thank you for pointing out my deficiencies. I hope, through Divine aid, to alter in some degree those points, through the mode you suggested.'

A candid inquirer after truth, remarked: 'I went into your studio—I confess it—simply to gratify my curiosity, and to while away an idle moment; but when I found you gave such a truthful description of my character, I was perfectly astonished, and my wonder increased as you proceeded. I believe now in the basilar phrenometrical angle as firmly as I believe I exist.'

A third gentleman, who seemed to decline making the affair a personal matter, 'begged to add his testimony to the skilful and truthful manner in which Mr S. delineates the mental, moral, and animal characteristics of mankind.'

The great majority of the testimonials, indeed, preferred, I noticed, to praise the art of phrenology at the expense of anybody rather than themselves. Thus: 'I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your professional remarks. They are most satisfactory, *especially in my wife's case.*'

Again: 'I am delighted with the charts, and with the correctness of your observations; *more particularly with regard to my brothers and sisters.*'

And again: 'We are not always the best judges of ourselves; but when I compare your remarks upon *the other heads* you examined that morning, with my knowledge of the character of each, I am convinced of the truth of your science. That *Lord Palmerston's mind* should have been struck with the geometrical measurement of the head, is only what I should have expected.'

For my own part, I do not wonder at his lordship's mind being struck, if his lordship's head was submitted to the phreno-physiometer; that engine being to the instrument of torture used by photographers to keep the head steady, as the cumbrous mechanism of the guillotine is to the simplicity of the Spanish garrotte. Mr Branepan's little apparatus was a mere toy compared to it.

'Your destructive propensities will now be finally determined,' observed Mr Schulfelt, as he adjusted this affair to my cranium. 'Twenty-five degrees is the proper development. The angle of murderers averages forty degrees. Gracious goodness, what a head!'

'My dear sir,' cried I, 'tell me the very worst. What am I?'

'Oh, it's all right,' observed the phrenologist calmly; 'the machine shifted a little; that was all. You're not so very bad.'

'Am I very nearly forty?' inquired I.

'No; not twenty. You are not over-energetic, I am sorry to say. However, I have met with much less promising cases. At the water-cure last summer, I met a gentleman and lady whose angles were only twelve degrees on the quadrant. They had several children, who had no angles at all, to speak of. They were an extraordinarily vapid and helpless party; but fortunately, they were rich enough to keep a man-servant, whose angle was twenty-five degrees, and he managed their affairs for them pretty well.'*

'Well,' said I, 'they had only to keep a phreno-physiometer, to always insure a good description of domestic. I should not mind having a little less angle myself, with a corresponding addition to my income.'

'You do not know what you are talking about,' remarked the professor severely. 'Only yesterday, two elderly ladies called here, to have the head of their nephew examined.'

'Did they bring it along with them?' asked I, with interest.

'Sir,' observed Mr Schulfelt severely, 'the boy himself accompanied them. I found the basilar phrenometrical angle of that wretched lad to be forty-five degrees. I was unable to conceal my apprehensions.

"You need not fear to tell us what you think," exclaimed the elder female, who turned out to be his stepmother: "we are prepared for anything, I assure you."

"He has a slight tendency, ma'am, to acts of violence."

"Very good," remarked the lady—in whom Firmness, by the by, was admirably developed: "we don't wish to know any more, thank you. Tom, you go to sea on Saturday."

'I was thus the humble means of selecting for a fellow-creature the profession most suited to his disposition. He will probably get himself naturalised

* Since my interview with Mr Schulfelt, I have seen reason to believe that the above experience was not entirely personal, but derived from a certain popular work upon Phrenology.

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as a citizen of the United States, and distinguish himself as a fillibuster.'

'But why place him in a position likely to foster his evil propensities?'

'I give them a legitimate channel,' argued the phrenologist. 'If his friends had made him a clergyman, he would probably have murdered his bishop.'

'Then send him to the Colonies,' said I. 'Convocation would liberally subscribe for his passage to Natal.'

'Sir,' returned Mr Schulfelt solemnly, 'you are more than five degrees below Gravity and Wonder; and but for your Love of Approbation, I should tremble for your future.'

'Nay,' replied I, 'that is the very matter I am come about. I wish to know what line of life you recommend me to adopt.'

'That comes under the head of Organical Diagnosis,' observed the philosopher calmly; 'price one pound one.'

'Well,' said I, as I placed the less extravagant of his two charges in his not unwilling palm, 'you will at least inform me whether I am fitted for the post of a Home Correspondent.'

At the touch of the two half-crowns, Mr Schulfelt's countenance began to expand like a flower in the sun, and having rung them upon the table and found them to be genuine, he favoured me with an affable smile. 'A Home Correspondent, my young friend, eh?' He placed his hands like a stage-uncle in the act of benediction upon my much-manipulated head. 'Yes, yes. No Ideality; good. Time (which includes punctuality), excellent for a young man of business; only don't take to glee-singing; that is the rock you are most likely to split upon in your commercial life. Language, first-rate: you should be the Foreign Correspondent of the House, rather than—— Ah! what 's this? Imitation. Dear me; almost servile; but that does not matter in your case; you will be a most admirable penman. No Individuality. There is just the faintest trace of Humour. I should think you were fond of practical jokes, but that is no great harm, so long as you indulge them out of business-hours. I never examined an individual more happily suited for his profession.'

Ah, Wickenden Snap, how terribly wast thou avenged!

THE DEAD PRINCESS.

The shortest road to matrimony ever discovered was that followed by the imperial princes of Russia about a century ago. Whenever a czar, or a czar's son, happened to want a wife, a special ambassador was despatched to Germany, intrusted with the delicate mission of reporting on the charms, physical and mental, of all the high-born damsels of that happy land of princes and princesses. The list having been duly inspected and revised at St Petersburg, the *crême de la crême* of marriageable maidens were honoured with circulars of invitation from the Russian court, to which few failed to pay attention. Sometimes as many as a dozen fair princesses, daughters of indigent Teutonic royalty, presented themselves simultaneously before the czar, to whom alone was left the invidious duty of selecting the most favoured of the lot. Money being no object whatever, beauty and grace were the only things considered in the choice. After the selection had been made, the batch of unsuccessful candidates were sent home to their mammas without further ceremony, the gift of a reasonable quantity of diamond necklaces, rings, and bracelets being deemed sufficient compensation for the trouble of their journey. Such was the custom of matrimonial alliances at the Russian court in the eighteenth century, and such, in particular, was the mode followed in procuring a consort for the eldest son of Czar Peter I., commonly called Peter the Great.

Peter the Great was married in his seventeenth year, somewhat against his will, to Ewdokija Feodorowna Lapuchin, the daughter of a powerful Russian noble. The nuptials took place on the 27th January 1689, and on the 18th February of the following year his eldest son was born, and baptised Alexis Petrowitsch. Ewdokija early quarrelled with Peter concerning his mistress, a Flemish girl, Anna Moens, and the dispute rising into mutual hatred, the czar, to disembarrass himself of his consort, shut her up in the convent of Pokrowskoi, at Susdal, where she had to remain for the rest of her life as a simple nun, under the name of Alona, or Helen. In the absence of maternal supervision, young Alexis's education was utterly neglected till his thirteenth year, when he was placed under the care of a learned German, Henry Huyssen, a native of Westphalia, and formerly privy-councillor of the Prince of Waldeck. Huyssen passed for being one of the greatest mathematicians of the age; but he proved a poor tutor to a wild and wilful youth, such as Prince Alexis had grown through neglect; and ten years' hard training in Euclid and algebra did not appear to produce the slightest change on the character and temper of his Imperial Highness. Czar Peter I. meanwhile had taken unto himself another spouse, Catharine, the widow of a Swedish dragoon. The marriage took place secretly in 1707, and was made public four years after, when Catharine had brought her lord two children, Princess Anna—subsequently Duchess of Holstein, and mother of Czar Peter III.—and Elizabeth, the future empress of Russia. To secure to her own children the succession to the throne, Catharine poisoned the mind of the czar against his eldest son, in consequence of which, Herr Huyssen was required to give an account of the progress of his pupil. The report was unfavourable, and the unlucky tutor thereupon was sent out of the way on an impossible mission to Vienna, while Prince Alexis was banished to an obscure village in the interior of Russia. Here he committed a number of wild freaks, on the news of which the czar resolved to marry him forthwith, which he thought would have the effect of quieting his restless temper. A sufficient number of fair matrimonial candidates having been summoned from Germany, the choice of his majesty fell upon Princess Charlotte Sophia of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, daughter of Duke Louis of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, the head of a branch-line of the reigning ducal House of Brunswick.

The marriage of Alexis Petrowitsch and Princess Charlotte took place October 25, 1711, the bride being only seventeen years of age at the time. Princess Charlotte was one of those soft and dreamy beauties, with fair blue eyes and a head full of romance, so often met with in Germany, and on her arrival in Russia, she was still almost a child in manners and modes of thought. Alexis, accustomed to intercourse with quite a different class of female beings, conceived an antipathy to his young wife at their first meeting, and did not hesitate to shew his dislike on every occasion, sometimes in the most brutal manner. Soon after the marriage, he introduced into the palace his former mistress, a low Finnish girl, named Eufrosine; and on the princess making complaints to the czar, he beat her cruelly, in the presence of this very mistress. This coming to the ears of Peter I., his majesty inflicted in return personal chastisement on his eldest son, which naturally had the effect of still more widening the breach between Alexis and his young wife. The latter, as might be expected, felt utterly wretched and miserable, and in numerous letters to her father and other friends at home, entreated them to take steps for dissolving her marriage, so as to allow her to return to Germany. Duke Louis, a proud and haughty man, delighted with the idea of beholding his daughter empress of all the Russias, not only reproached her for entertaining

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plans of matrimonial separation, but even wrote to Czar Peter I., warning him to keep a watchful eye over Princess Charlotte. The czar did his best to bring his son to a sense of his duties; but both entreaties and punishments were of no avail, and Alexis let no occasion pass for humiliating and ill-treating his wife. Princess Charlotte bore her husband two children, Natalia, born July 23, 1714, who died at the age of thirteen, and Peter, afterwards Czar Peter II.; but even the sight of his children did not produce any increase of affection on the part of Alexis. Shortly after the birth of Peter, while Princess Charlotte was still an invalid, confined to her room, Alexis, in a fit of drunkenness, struck her so severely with his cane that she fell senseless to the ground, and many of the persons in attendance, who were involuntary spectators of the scene, thought that she was dead. In reality, the next day, October 20, 1715, the private medical attendant of the princess, who had accompanied her from Germany, and her mistress of the robes, Countess von Königsmark, appeared before Czar Peter I., announcing to his majesty that his daughter-in-law had been attacked by sudden hysterics, which had ended her life early in the morning of that day. Peter was thunder-struck by the news, and was about ordering an inquiry into the causes of death, when he was called off by the announcement that his consort, Catharine, had been seized with the pains of childbirth. In the ensuing confusion, Princess Charlotte was almost forgotten; and while Grand Duke Alexis fled to his distant country-house, dreading the anger of his father, and the whole court watched the chamber of the empress and the birth of the long-desired prince, on which the great czar had set his whole heart, a coffin was quietly carried into the church of St Peter and Paul, in the fortress of St Petersburg, followed by but half-a-dozen mourning attendants. The coffin was said to contain the mortal remains of Princess Charlotte Sophia of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, consort of the heir-apparent of all the Russias.

The joy of Czar Peter on receiving the news of the birth of a son by his beloved Catharine, did not prevent him from writing, a few days after, a harsh letter to Alexis, accusing him of having been the murderer of his wife. The extraordinarily severe words of his father made some impression upon the prince, who promised to reform, and even to resign the throne, if desired to do so. For some time Alexis remained in great retirement, dreading the anger of the czar; but scarcely had the latter turned his back upon him, in a new journey through Western Europe, when the grand duke fled from his place of refuge, together with his mistress, the girl Eufrosine. His motives for the escape from Russia were constant fear of falling a sacrifice to the ambitious designs of the empress, or being shut up in prison for life, together with his mother. Alexis first went to Naples, and from thence to Vienna, where he was overtaken by two envoys of his father, Baron Rumjanzow, captain of the Imperial Guards, and privy-councillor Tolstoi. Both, however, tried in vain to persuade the prince to return to Russia, and the diplomatists were on the point of giving up their mission in despair, when Tolstoi hit on a last expedient for gaining the desired end—he went in secret to the woman Eufrosine, offering her a large bribe if she would induce the prince to throw himself at the feet of his father; and the wily creature at once consented to do so. She used her influence so well, that Alexis set out on the following day for Moscow, where he had no sooner arrived than he was thrown into prison. Tried for high treason before a special court of nobles and clergy, Alexis was condemned to death, and judgment was read to him, in presence of the czar, on the 5th of July 1718. Two days after, the news spread through the Russian metropolis that Crown-prince Alexis had died in prison, as was said, in consequence of the excitement attendant upon his trial and condemnation. Another story, told not long after, was, that Czar Peter had beheaded his son with his own hand. Historical inquiries of a later date proved that neither of these rumours represented the truth. According to the most trustworthy sources, the heir-apparent of Russia was murdered in prison, not, indeed, by his father, but, at his order, by a German named Weide, a general in the service of the czar. This general, as Nemesis would have it, was a former attendant upon Princess Charlotte.

Some twenty years after the death of Prince Alexis Petrowitsch, a very curious book was published in Paris—it bore the title, *New Travels in North America, in a Series of Letters written by the Author to his Friend, Chevalier Douin, Captain in the Service of the King of France.* The writer of this book, Chevalier Bossu, had gained considerable fame as a traveller in the western hemisphere of the world, and, from previous publications, was considered eminently trustworthy and honest in his statements, which gave great effect to the extraordinary narrative brought forward in this volume: it was to the effect that Chevalier Bossu had seen with his own eyes, at a plantation on the river Mississippi, in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, the wife of Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who was believed to have died long ago, her mortal remains resting in the vault of the garrison church of St Petersburg. To shew that it could not possibly be a case of mistaken identity, the chevalier added that the princess was well known by her real name, by some of the leading families of her adopted country, who had given him the particulars of her most romantic career. According to these statements, the cruelties and most barbaric persecutions of Prince Alexis drove his poor consort to the verge of madness, making her resolve at last to flee from him at any cost, and at the hazard even of her life. Her father refusing to assist her in obtaining her liberation, she made a confidante, and solicited the assistance, of her mistress of the robes, the Countess of Königsmark, mother of the famous Maurice of Saxony, a lady of great spirit, and almost masculine daring. The countess willingly lent herself to the undertaking; and it was resolved, after careful deliberation, that the princess should escape from Russia in the guise of a domestic servant in the suite of her friend, who had obtained the imperial permission and passports for the purpose. Everything was ready for the flight in the autumn of 1714, when the unexpected return of the czar to St Petersburg overthrew the whole of the plans. Peter I. being very fond of the society of his handsome and accomplished daughter-in-law, the princess had scarcely a day to herself, and all attempts of leaving the brilliant court were perfectly out of the question.

Thus the winter passed, and the spring of 1715, and the first days of summer had no sooner come, than Princess Charlotte fell dangerously ill, having been again cruelly beaten by her drunken husband, although in a state requiring the greatest care. In consequence, the princess was prematurely confined in the month of September, but, before leaving her chamber, had again to suffer personal chastisement from the monster to whom she had the misfortune of being wedded. This last assault, as already narrated, deprived her for some time of consciousness to such an extent that her attendants despaired for the moment of her life; however, at the end of four or five hours she opened her eyes again, when she found but two persons at her bedside—her friend the Countess of Königsmark, and her German physician, an old and trusty servant, who had known her from infancy. During the state of unconsciousness of the princess, the two had been deliberating together, the result of which counsel they laid before her as soon as she had gathered a little strength. To save Princess Charlotte from

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further cruelty, and probable death, a bold game was to be played—Countess Königsmark proposed, and the doctor assented to a scheme for proclaiming the death of Her Highness, getting up a sham burial, and meanwhile assisting her in fleeing from the kingdom. The plan succeeded beyond expectation, owing to the simultaneous accouchement of the empress. A wax figure, skilfully modelled by the countess, was put into the coffin supposed to contain the remains of the consort of Alexis, and while the bells of the church of St Peter and Paul tolled the funeral, the princess embarked on board a Prussian vessel bound for Stettin, and at the end of less than a week was safely landed on the southern shore of the Baltic.

She traversed Germany in all haste, not venturing to shew herself to her friends, and, when arrived at Strasburg, joined a company of Swiss emigrants, intending to embark for Louisiana, the colonisation of which was pursued with great zeal by the French government. Disposing of part of her jewellery at Paris, the princess found abundant means for the voyage across the Atlantic, enabling her even to engage the services of one of the Swiss families, with whose help she intended cultivating a small estate on the banks of the Mississippi, on which she might live in retirement. The voyage was accomplished without further accident; but, arrived at New Orleans, the princess was recognised by Count d'Aubant, a gentleman connected with the French diplomatic service, and who had been formerly on a mission to St Petersburg, in the *salons* of which he had occasion to see the consort of Grand Duke Alexis repeatedly. The count, at the first accidental meeting, had not the courage to address Princess Charlotte, but, fascinated beyond measure, followed her steps, until she, with her Swiss attendants, had settled down on a newly-purchased farm, some fifty miles from the capital of Louisiana. He then hastened back to New Orleans, and obtained an unlimited *congé* from the governor-general, who happened to be his near relation, and who, at his desire, granted him at the same time a large territory on the Mississippi, adjoining the estate on which the mysterious princess had taken refuge. A simple dwelling was soon erected, and the count, under some pretext, was enabled before long to enter the neighbouring farm, and present himself to the lady whose acquaintance he so much desired. The intercourse gradually ripened into intimacy, when Count d'Aubant disclosed himself to the princess, and while expressing the deepest sympathy for her exalted misfortunes, offered his hand and heart. An eminently handsome no less than highly-educated man, he did not fail making a deep impression upon the heart of the lonely lady, who, nevertheless, positively refused the offer of marriage. Again and again the count urged his love, but with no better success, and, bowed down by his hopeless passion, he at last made up his mind to return to Europe, promising, however, never to reveal the great secret of which he was the sole bearer. With tears in his eyes, he took farewell of the princess, went once more to New Orleans, and immediately engaged a passage on board a vessel ready to sail for Marseille. While the anchor was being lifted, he glanced over a file of the *Mercure Hollandois* of the year 1718, which he found in the captain's cabin, and the first paragraph which met his eyes was a report from St Petersburg containing the news of the trial and death of Grand Duke Alexis. To hasten on deck, journal in hand, exchange a few hurried words with the commander, and throw himself into a boat to be rowed ashore, was the work of a moment. Resting in the city no longer than was necessary to procure the swiftest horse, the count pressed forward with such impatience, that at the end of five or six hours he found himself once more at the simple farm where dwelt the lady of his love. He entered her room hastily, and found her bathed in tears—before his own portrait. A few words were sufficient to seal the doom of two hearts. Two months after, Princess Charlotte of Brunswick was married to Count d'Aubant.

Years passed, and the happy pair had quite fortified themselves in their resolution of spending their joint-lives in quiet retirement from the world, when all on a sudden Count d'Aubant fell dangerously ill. The anxious wife summoned the best medical assistance from the capital, but was told that her husband's life would be forfeited unless he could be made to return forthwith to Europe. She did not hesitate for a single moment on the course to be adopted, but immediately went on board the French packet at New Orleans with the count and their only child, a little daughter, and sailed for Le Havre, from whence the travellers proceeded to Paris. Here the princess lived in the greatest retirement, nursing her husband, and never leaving her lodgings but for an occasional promenade in the garden of the Tuileries. In one of these walks, however, while speaking German to her little daughter, she attracted the attention of a gentleman, who, suddenly turning round and looking her full in the face, fell back in amazement. The gentleman was Count Maurice of Saxony, temporarily sojourning at Paris. He recognised Princess Charlotte immediately, and unable to hide his surprise, addressed her by name. Her confusion did not allow a further incognito, nor could she prevent the count from accompanying her to her humble residence. Nevertheless, before parting, she made him give his word of honour not to tell his secret before the end of three months, to which he consented, with the understanding that he should be allowed to call upon her once a week. Punctually at the end of seven days, Count Maurice knocked at the door of the house to which he had followed the princess, but was informed that she had left, together with her husband and child. In spite of his making researches in all directions, he was unable to discover a trace of the fugitives, who seemed to have disappeared as mysteriously as they had arrived. True to his word, the count waited three months before informing any person of the strange discovery he had made; but at the end of this period, he went direct to King Louis XIV., and disclosed the whole affair. His majesty at once wrote an autograph letter to the queen of Hungary, the eldest daughter of Duke Louis of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, informing her that her much-lamented sister was still alive, and offering his best services towards inducing her to return to her surviving friends.

Instructions of a confidential nature were simultaneously given to the secret police, who were not long in discovering that Count d'Aubant and his wife had gone under an assumed name to Nantes, and returned to the colony of Louisiana. Thither followed immediately a vessel of the royal navy, carrying instructions to the governor-general to treat Count and Countess d'Aubant with the greatest attention, to obey every one of their wishes, and to put himself at their entire disposition. The royal orders were strictly fulfilled; but the strangers, who had returned to their lonely farm on the Mississippi, absolutely refused to accept any kind of assistance from the government. The anxious governor-general continuing to offer his services, the count and his wife after a while left Louisiana, and on board a Dutch vessel went to the isle of Bourbon. Here they lived for many years in great happiness and contentment, until 1754, when, on the breaking out of an epidemic fever, the count fell a victim to it, together with his child. In her great grief, the lonely widow resolved to return again to Europe; and in the autumn of 1755, took up her residence in a small cottage in the Faubourg Montmartre, near Paris. Here she lived till the year 1761, when she went to Brussels, on the invitation of some friends of her family, to whom her existence and all her movements had become perfectly known in the meanwhile.

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The troubles of the sanguinary Seven Years' War, however, prevented any great attention being paid to her by her relatives, the whole of them too deeply concerned in the tremendous struggle to think of the romance of a single life. Only the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, Ferdinand-Albert II., who had married the younger sister of Princess Charlotte, assisted her actively in her distress by allowing her a regular annual pension of 60,000 florins, the greater portion of which she gave to the poor of Brussels, after she had come to live at that place. From her sister, the queen of Bohemia, the widow of Count d'Aubant received repeated invitations to settle at Vienna, which she as constantly refused, fearing that it might lead her to a compulsory change of religion. As it was, Princess Charlotte was much persecuted by the Romish propaganda both at Paris and Brussels; but she remained steadfast to Protestantism, in the faith of which she finally died, in the month of September 1772, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

While living at Brussels, many persons who had known her in her earlier years had occasion to see Princess Charlotte, and they all asserted their solemn belief that she was the former wife of Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Among the witnesses who gave testimony to this effect was the Baron von Arensburg, a noble Swede, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Pultowa under Charles XII., and who had afterwards lived for a long while at St Petersburg, where he had occasion to see the grand Duchess repeatedly. From his account, that of Count Maurice of Saxony, and the published relation of Chevalier Beesu—whose book went through several editions, the last of them dedicated to Prince Philip of Schleswig-Holstein, a near relative of the imperial family of Russia—the *Journal Encyclopédique* gathered materials for a long biographical article on the princess, which appeared in the number of February 15, 1777. The article, with all the facts on which it was based, made an immense sensation at the time; so much so, that even the Russian government found it necessary to reply to it in the columns of the official gazette of St Petersburg. The contradiction, chiefly based on the testimony of utterly obscure Russian servants, who stated that they had seen the corpse of the princess in the coffin, was generally held to be very lame, which induced the foreign minister of the czar to address a new letter on the subject to the *Journal Encyclopédique* itself. This note appeared on the 15th of May 1778, but had still less effect than the former refutation, and made the world believe more firmly than ever in the romantic career of the wife of the Grand Duke Alexis. Historical researches since that time have done little to clear up the mystery which surrounds the eventful life of the Dead Princess.

PENNY-A-LINER'S ENGLISH.

A UNIVERSITY professor, speaking to a number of candidates for holy orders, the greater part of whom were likely to be ministers to the poor and uneducated, said that a vocabulary of three hundred words was the limited number understood by the English agricultural mind. In one county at least, I have found that the rustics are generally fond of long and difficult words of Latin origin; they use them whenever they can, and often with some sense of the right meaning. They have two sources of learning, the pulpit and the newspaper. They read no books except the Bible, the Prayer-book, old literary heirlooms of their households, and prizes given to their children in the school. Country newspapers are all very much alike, and their English is very much the same—far-fetched, florid, and altogether abominable. It is much to be wished, therefore, that village preachers should study simplicity, use the home-words and field-words of the people, and be wells of English undefiled. I believe that the poor, even in villages, understand many more words than we give them credit for understanding. Those whom they look up to as educated men and teachers, should therefore, I think, strive all they can to value and honour their common and simple words. It is one of the characteristics of an educated man that he knows *how* to speak simply, and *why* he speaks simply. The most florid and magniloquent speaker I ever knew was a village schoolmaster, whose education was so far below par that he could not obtain the government certificate, and the copies he set the children were the most high-flown compositions I ever read. He was a most inefficient schoolmaster; but he would have made an admirable penny-a-liner—if, indeed, the standards of penny-a-lining exist in the specimens printed every week, as the standards of epic poetry are said to exist in the *Iliad*.

In a long and tedious railway journey, I bought from different book-stalls, at stations in different counties, copies of local newspapers, and I beguiled my time with the style of their English. I found it exactly the same in all. I found that it agreed so entirely with extracts I had collected from newspapers of other parts of England, as to suggest the fancy, that all penny-a-liners, and reporters, and occasional letter-writers to the editors, had studied in one school.

The first characteristic of the penny-a-liner is his learned Latinity. We might think him a Latin scholar, but for one thing—he only uses Latinised words; he does not construct his sentences, like our great Richard Hooker, in a Latin form. One of our bishops, who presides over a university see, gives his candidates a sentence from Hooker for translation into Latin. He could not choose an easier author, for the work is often half done both in the words used and in the form of their arrangement.

The penny-a-liner never calls the man who lives next door to him his 'neighbour,' he is 'a person dwelling in his vicinity.' He never 'speaks of' anything, but always 'alludes to' it. 'A man' is always with him 'an individual;' a 'bad man' is 'an individual of unenviable reputation.' 'Cloggy Jack,' whose 'proximity' (according to a Sheffield newspaper) brings an ill name to an accused person, was in our simple English 'near' him. Murders are always 'perpetrated.' A life, if lost in any manner soever, is 'sacrificed.' He never 'buys' anything, he always 'purchases' it. He does not 'shew' or 'point out,' he 'indicates.' A Nottingham newspaper describes a man who did not talk much as 'a person of reticent habits.' The magistrates did not go into his case, because they feared that 'discreditable revelations would transpire.' Another Nottingham newspaper speaking of the same 'most tragic occurrence'—this man's attempt to murder his wife—also calls him a 'perpetrator,' says that he followed the 'alternating fortunes of the British army,' and that his jealousy 'culminated in this tragic event.' The same newspaper tells us that Mr —— has been 'elevated to the aldermanic bench.'

The reporter always calls a 'church' a 'sacred edifice.' The people he writes about do not 'die,' they 'expire.' They are never 'dead,' but always 'deceased.' A Derby newspaper having to say that four prisoners 'lately escaped,' tells us that they 'recently effected their escape.' When the penny-a-liner sets out to get up a report about these men, he does not 'ask questions,' but 'institutes inquiries.' Of course, the old adjective 'bloody' is too vulgar and Saxon for these high scholars, so they describe murders as 'sanguinary.'

A penny-a-liner's report is not complete until he has shewn us that he can sprinkle French about

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his sentences. He describes a quarrel between man and wife as 'a *contre-temps* in their married career.' In nearly every report of any length, we are pretty sure to find the place spoken of as the *locale*, to be informed that the *tout-ensemble* was magnificent or otherwise, and to learn that the *élite* were present or absent. A funeral is called by him a funeral *cortège*. He is very glad to be able to say that a man is known by the *sobriquet* of something or other.

But the penny-a-liner excels in periphrasis or circumlocution. He appears to think it a mark of bad composition ever to say in one word what he can say in two, or three, or twenty. Why should he call a king's house 'a palace,' when he can call it 'a palatial residence?' I do not like to believe that he uses long words because they make long lines, and therefore more lines, and so bring more pennies.

In one of the papers I bought at Leicester station, there is an account of a funeral at which I was myself present. By most ingenious circumlocution, the reporter has managed to expand his account of this funeral into a closely printed article of two columns. It is a gem of periphrasis. The 'body was buried' by him in this way—'the remains of the lamented deceased were interred.' We should all infer that the friends of the dead wore mourning; but he thinks it necessary to tell us that 'the friends and relatives of the deceased were all attired in the habiliments of woe.' By the way, the reporter never knows that people 'dress;' he always thinks they 'attire themselves.' While I heard the priest saying the burial-office, he heard 'the impressive tones of the minister's voice delivering the church's solemn exordium to the grave.' He says that 'the funeral cavalcade defiled through the beautiful grounds.' Of course, he calls the 'porch' of the chapel 'the vestibule.' The person whom the simple Prayer-book calls 'the priest,' the elaborate penny-a-liner expands into 'the officiating minister.' Neither the other spectators nor myself created a riot, so he praises us in the words: 'The vast concourse maintained a most decorous and sympathising demeanour.' 'The scene,' he says, 'was well calculated to excite the emotions under which many near the grave evidently laboured.' The probability is, that at that funeral, as at every funeral, those whose emotions were strongest were least conscious of the 'scene' outside them; while those only whose emotions were weakest had leisure to note 'the sun, continuing to pour down a flood of light illuminating the landscape for miles around.'

A female cheat at Wolverhampton shammed fainting; she came to herself when the magistrate called her by her own name; or, as a Birmingham newspaper tells us, 'the invalid's recovery was facilitated by the magistrate addressing her as Elizabeth Hodges.'

Perhaps the most 'gushing' and extraordinary compositions in the provincial newspapers are the occasional reports of accidents, of events, or of nothing sent by 'our own correspondents' in the villages. An agricultural reporter at Ollerton having to tell the towns-people how the grain is getting on, begins thus: 'Spring has donned her mantle of verdure to greet us [that is, the grass is green]. Here the blackthorn is white with blossom, the lark soars to the blue sky [as if the town-folk fancied the sky was red or purple] from an emerald sward [a new fact in natural history] shimmering with daisies in the dewy morn. The villages interspersed on the rising hills to the east of this place will soon be enveloped in the bloom of these numerous orchards. Wheats, both on lands and clays, look admirable, for a dry season in March and April are [*sic*] beneficial for this kind of grain. The spring corn has come up well. The fallows are clean and ready for root-props.' What a prosaic ending for such a poetical beginning! Which is the writer's ordinary form of speech, I wonder—the beginning or the end?

The eloquent beginning of a report, and often, indeed, nearly the whole account of a great provincial fête, choral festival, or volunteer review, shews on the surface that it was written before the event reported had taken place. I was lately at a choral festival, and had hardly left the church half an hour, before a man offered me the newspaper of a town about sixteen miles distant, telling me the paper contained a two-column report of the festival. The news had then, in less than half an hour, been very floridly written, set up in type, printed, distributed to the newsmen, and made a journey of thirty-two miles. The only fact in newspaper history more wonderful than this is a Sunday paper published on Friday, and containing 'Saturday's police report.'

I have now before me a Buckingham paper with the report of a volunteer fête. The first twenty lines are a description of the miseries of a rainy holiday; the twenty-first line declares, however, that this fête was happily *not* a rainy day. It might have been, and the provident penny-a-liner was prepared for the chance. I know not where to select specimens from this gorgeous piece of penny-a-lining; perhaps the best effort of the reporter is his description of a nasty smell; he calls it 'a strong and odoriferous perfume, the fragrance of which was anything but agreeable to the olfactory organs.' It is not uncommon to find the eye called 'the visual organ.'

One of the most extraordinary pieces of our modern euphuists I found in a little Loughborough newspaper. It is headed 'Medical Romance.' The story is so tortuously and confusedly written, through a straining after wit and fine English, that it is difficult to make out what the real story is. The 'populace' of Loughborough is very angry with 'a disciple of Esculapius' (a surgeon or physician) 'and a maid of the ——.' 'Our hero,' who is surely a great scamp, has married a second wife. Then comes an event which the reporter himself must tell: 'Lately, however, through some cause or other, there appeared to be [in him, I suppose] a strong tendency towards one of the *cardinal points*, which led to the repudiation of his wife, and subsequently, we hear, to the ratification of a fresh contract till death them do part. The parties [i. e., persons] went away by train.' Hereupon follows an involved account of the burning of 'the parties' in effigy. The maid's house is called her 'local habitation.' The effigies, instead of being burned, were 'committed to the merciless flames.' The she-effigy's 'costume embraced an excellent silk gown;' so that costume is, I suppose, a sort of cloak worn over and around a gown. It was not 'given,' but of course 'contributed' by one of the ladies. I cannot help thinking that those petitions cut in stone upon hospitals and houses of charity would beg better if, for their stiff 'Voluntary contributions will be gratefully received,' they would substitute: 'Free-will gifts will be thankfully taken.' Nobody's attention is now arrested by the former, it has become so much a matter of course. A little Saxon begging would perhaps have some effect for a time.

However, in spite of all I have said, I am sure that the penny-a-liner is a man for whom we ought to have a great respect. He fills a useful place in the order of our society; we could ill spare him. All we ask of him is, that he would condescend to be simple. He is ambitious to write fine English; it is a good ambition; but the worst of it is, that he writes the most abominable English which has ever been put into print. If he were an abstruse and unread author, we should not care; he is, however, the most widely read of all authors; his essays are the daily and weekly study of nearly all our countrymen. No more fearful fate could be dreaded for our English tongue than that common men and women, who find in the newspaper an instructor and guide, should fall into a penny-a-line way of talking and writing. Let the reporter use in his reports the same language as he uses at home, and then he will write fine English,

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because he will write simple English. He surely does not tell his little boy to blow his olfactory organ, nor ask his tailor to make him a costume of habiliments of woe.

AN HOUR'S SAIL.

Beyond the ken of the most enterprising of railway companies, and out of earshot of the most penetrative shriek ever emitted from the lungs of the iron horse; where no coach, however humble, deems it worth its while to ply, and where folks are born, and bred, and die with no more knowledge of the outer world than of the world beyond the grave; where winter-blasts beat upon the same rough forms, and summer suns shine upon the same bright locks for years and years together; where the little chamber, that saw his first smile as an unconscious infant, will prove the hardy fisherman's resting-place through many a future night, and witness at the last the solemn scene wherein the spotless sheet is drawn decently over his shrunken face, and the last long night has settled down on him for ever in this life; where change is a thing scarce known, and where no one ever comes to stay, or goes away for good—there, in the little world of its own, tumble-down, patched, irregular, preposterously steep-streeted, clinging to the precipitous cliff on which it is built, and gazing cheerily out over the blue waters of the Bristol Channel; in sunshine and in storm, in times of herrings and wealth, in times of dearth and semi-starvation; the choicest spot on earth for the artist, the dreariest for the fashionable lounger; there, in all its wild, untidy beauty, on its own bold Devonshire bluff, the scudding clouds overhead, and the restless waters lapping the very threshold of its lowest cottage; there stands, or rather hangs, the little village of Clovelly, the very *beau-idéal* of all that is picturesque to look at, and the very acme of all that is comfortless to reside in.

At the time I visited the place, circumstances had combined to make me unfit for the society of my fellow-men. It is not necessary to suppose, from this announcement, that I was learning that lesson so frequently imposed on the bearded half of the creation by those of the softer sex, namely, that of taking 'No' for an answer; nor is it necessary that I should offer any other in place of this supposition, be it erroneous or otherwise; suffice it to say, that I had that moody craving to get out of the way and be forgotten, that is apt to visit most of us at some points in our life, and that Clovelly suited the object I had in view to perfection. There was no mistake about my being out of the way. The simple fact, that a butcher came once a week from Bideford, and that you then ordered your carnal supply to last you until his next appearance, was proof sufficient that I couldn't consider myself anything but out of the way; and as to being forgotten, the frequent necessity the few old-salts, that hung about the little breakwater, found for touching their weather-beaten castors, and requesting a trifle by which to remember my honour, shewed that I was in hourly danger, without the bestowal of some gratuity, of sinking into absolute oblivion. So what more could I want? I sauntered about, and was satisfied.

Day after day slipped by, and found me still at the village; day after day, I stood at the door of the small cottage, one half of which I had hired for my use, and gazed moodily into the chimney of the dwelling next below me on the hill; day after day, I descended the paved steps that formed the principal street (up and down which the butcher's weekly horse performed such eccentric vagaries in imitation of walking), and joining the same old gentlemen on the heap of herring-nets at the head of the pier, smoked the pipe of peace, and provided satisfactorily for their remembrance of me. Visitors, who at one part of the year are pretty numerous, I carefully shunned; they rarely or never stayed the night, and mostly contented themselves with the grounds and mansion of a public-spirited proprietor in the neighbourhood, who kindly threw these open as a stock show-place, and thus encouraged immigration for the day. Now and then, a wide-awake and sketch-book, and even, at long intervals, a shortened skirt and pair of Balmorals, made their way down to the pier; but the sight of the hill they had to reclimb always appeared to take the edge off their present enjoyment, and they were not hard-hearted enough, on returning, to recommend the trip to their fellows.

I had been six weeks at Clovelly when I first noticed a diminution in the intensity of the sighs that it had become my morning and evening custom to indulge in, on rising from and retiring to my humble couch. I also caught myself contemplating a resumption of the civilised habit of shaving, a habit, I need scarcely say, that I had instantly relinquished on the occasion of that circumstance that had unfitted me, &c., as above. I also made vain attempts at obtaining a sight of the newspaper, and induced the butcher to purchase me a *Field* in Bideford; in short, the restless phase of my complaint was setting in, and the comatose state was a thing of the past. I envied the gulls their wings, and even walked to the gates of the show-grounds for a view of the surefooted donkeys devoted to tourists; on this occasion, however, I caught a glimpse of some 'back-hair' peeping out under a white straw-hat, with black velvet trimmings, that threw me back a week in my recovery, during which time I re-established the average of thirteen pipes, and determined on letting my beard continue to grow.

The week elapsed, the *Field* appeared with the butcher, and I was restless again. One day, the conviction dawned upon me that Clovelly had done all it could for me, and that it was time I was off. My affairs were soon arranged, and I was ready once more to start out upon the busy road of life, from the snug and quiet wayside inn in which I had (to quote our friends the Turks) been resting the springs of social endurance, whilst oiling the axle-trees of forbearance.

On the afternoon which it was my intention should prove my last at Clovelly, I set out to trot (to walk being impossible) once again down the well-known rough steps for a final interview with my acquaintance on the pier, and to smoke one more pipe with them on the summit of the heap of herring-nets. To my annoyance, I found, on arriving, that the pier was deserted by its usual occupants, and that there was no kindly touch of the hat or cheery smile to enhance the delight of a parting whiff. Two or three herring-boats, or trawlers, as they are locally termed, lay safely moored in the snug harbour formed by the projecting pier, and between it and the overhanging cliff, on the face of which, as it were, the village itself is built; a few smaller craft also floated idly here and there on the still water, scarcely disturbed by the gentle sailing breeze that rippled the waves on the seaward side of the pier. In one of these latter boats, half asleep and wholly lazy, reclined a poor lad named by the villagers 'Daft Billy,' and universally kindly treated by them, to their honour, be it said, in consideration of his misshapen body and partially clouded intellect. Billy was an old friend of mine, and looking upon me as an inexhaustible fund of tobacco, and possessed of innumerable boxes of awe-inspiring 'Vesuvians,' was, as a matter of course, moreover deeply attached to me, and at my disposal, life and limb. Seeing him, then, sleepy and placid, and feeling myself wakeful and conversational, it was natural I should hail him on the spot, and beckon him to join me.

'Where are they all got to, Billy?' I asked, as the boy pushed his boat to the pier-steps and came gladly towards me.

'They'ms up tew t' wedding to Muster Cadwell's, sir,' said the boy; 'all t' village is theere!'

'And why ain't you with them, Billy?'

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A pained look shot across the poor fellow's sharp features as he glanced shyly on either side, and answered: 'It's brave doings to Muster Cadwell's, sir; I'm thinking they'll not be wanting Billy theere.'

'Nonsense, Billy: we'll go up together, and see what's going on. Shall we?'

But no, Billy didn't view it at all in that light, and prepared to retreat to his boat.

'Well, then,' I said, sorry I had distressed him, 'if you won't come with me, I'll come with you, and we'll have an hour's sail, till they're back from the wedding.'

With a shout of glee, Billy rushed to his boat, and in a moment was busy with sails and tackle. If there was one thing in which the poor fellow's intellect was on a par with that of his neighbours, it was in matters connected with boating; and as I was tolerably experienced in such things myself, I had no hesitation in embarking with him on this little trip, the fineness of the weather and smoothness of the sea allowing no apprehensions of danger for a moment to enter my mind. Very shortly, I and my willing crew had stepped the light mast that had hitherto lain recumbent in the boat of the latter; and hoisting our solitary lug-sail, we pulled out round the head of the pier, and turning the boat's head to the westward, ran merrily out to sea. Once well under way, we had a little chat as to tides and times, on all which points I knew I could trust Billy as implicitly as the records in the *Times* of high-water at London Bridge; and then we fell to, each of us, at enjoying the glorious afternoon, the fresh sea-breeze, the buoyant motion of our lively little craft, and last, but not least, a quiet pipe to assist rumination.

It was about five o'clock when we left shore, and the tide had an hour and a half to ebb before it turned and commenced flowing once more; the wind, as far as I can say exactly, was somewhat to the west of north, and thus more favourable for our return than outward voyage; everything, in fact, was as it should be, and settled entirely to our satisfaction; and as I lolled there in the stern of our boat, one hand on the tiller, and a coil of the sheet around the other, my favourite meerschaum between my lips, and Billy's great eyes beaming with lazy enjoyment before me, I rapidly came to the conclusion that life was, after all, bearable on the whole, and that there was no reason I should give up my newly-formed determination to disinter myself from my present burial-ground, and go back to the world I had so lately abjured; on the contrary, indeed, that it was the wisest course I could pursue. Billy's voice aroused me from a lengthened reverie, by suggesting that we had run far enough down the coast, and might soon expect the turn of the tide.

'All right, Billy,' I replied; 'one more pipe, and we'll 'bout ship and go home.'

The pipe was duly filled, and I fell to dreaming over past scenes and distant faces, in which visions the high cliffs, abrupt and gloomy, and with the seething waters fretting at their base, the wheeling seagulls, and the quiet hazy heavens, gradually mixed and mingled strangely and confusedly; candour, in fact, compels me to admit that I was fast dropping off into a doze, when a heavy flap of our one sail against the mast, and an astonished look from Billy, recalled me with a start to myself and my duties.

'Get an oar out, and pull her head round, Billy,' I said, as the sail continued its noisy remonstrances to my careless steering, 'or we shall be on to those cliffs in five minutes!'

The thing was done almost ere I had finished speaking; and the boat once more manageable, we shifted our sail, and got her head round towards home. She had not been on this tack for many minutes, however, before that ominous flap sounded again on our ears, and we were taken aback once more.

'No bad steering this time, Billy,' I cried, as the boy took quickly to his oar, and the sail filled afresh; 'the wind seems chopping round to all points of the compass!'

'There'll be no wind anywheres directly, sir, I'm thinking,' said Billy, looking eagerly about him; 'and we'll be a weary while drifting back again wi' the tide.'

Billy's prognostication was perfectly correct: in a quarter of an hour from that time we were totally becalmed, and the tide not having quite ceased running out, we found ourselves slowly drifting westward, under the shadows of these frowning cliffs, a good seven miles from home, and all that distance to pull a heavy boat with a pair of small and indifferent sculls.

Stripping off my coat and waistcoat, and calling to Billy to make the best of it, which he seemed perfectly prepared to do, I moved forward to assist him in unstepping the mast and making other arrangements for our long row. My hand, however, had barely quitted the tiller, when a shout from Billy caused me to resume it in haste. 'A breeze, sir,' he cried, 'right ahead!' and at the same moment seizing an oar, he pulled the boat's head round away from the shore ere the puff of wind reached us. The dark line, partial, and with frequent streaks of quiet water appearing behind it, crept swiftly down on us, and with a sudden jerk and unsteady plunge, our little craft heeled over to the influence of the breeze, and shot rapidly out from the shore: three minutes of this, and we were again becalmed, only now at some hundred yards further from those awkward and rocky cliffs.

'Billy,' said I, as we lay thus a second time, 'what do you think of the weather, my boy? Speak out, and don't be afraid of the truth.'

But Billy spoke never a word. With his oar out to windward, and a look of pleased excitement on his pale face, he was scanning every feature of the heavens, marking every passing cloud, watching the ripple of each uncertain wave. The sun was just setting; and as the red light crept higher and higher up the lofty cliffs, and left them gray and stern below, and the broad bright path of glory across the waters grew each moment less resplendent, I fancied that the evening was setting in unusually chill and dismal, and that there was something abroad in the atmosphere that boded little good to us in that frail boat so many miles from port. Then, on a sudden, a long, low, melancholy wail swept past us overhead, and we saw the light vegetation high up on the cliffs behind us bend and writhe for a moment in the sudden blast, but not a breath of it had reached us where we lay. Then Billy spoke at once.

'We'm going tew have more wind than we wants *now*, sir,' he said meaningly; 'and if we'd a spot for miles where we could beach t' boat, we'd do't, sir; but we haven't; and 'twill be an ugly night this upon t' waters!'

'Right, boy—it will,' I answered; 'and we must meet it as best we may. If only the breeze comes from the westward, we shall be at Clovelly before the sea has time to get up; at all events, Billy, we mustn't say die, till we're both under water.'

'Say die, sir!' cried the poor lad excitedly; 'na—not a bit on't! Billy likes t' skirling wind and t' speckled waves—they know'm, they do—they won't hurt Daft Billy!'

We had time for no more words on either side; suddenly, and before the faintest air had reached us, the breakers at the foot of the cliff broke loud and heavy on the opposing rocks, and crept and lapped up the face of the latter to double their former height; the boat pitched uneasily on the short uncertain swell that rolled in towards shore, and the heavy lug-sail swung freely to and fro to the music of the rattling cordage, and hasty wash of the waters beneath our feet.

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I stood at the tiller, gazing ceaselessly around me, and intent on catching the first indications of the quarter from which to expect the coming breeze. Billy, with an oar in either hand, and his eyes never moving for an instant from my countenance, was occupied in keeping the boat's head off-shore, and was ready to follow my directions at a moment's notice. Long fantastically shaped clouds were now driving swiftly across the heavens, little thicker than mists, and beautifully tinted in the last rays of the fading sun; alas! the heavier portion of them came from the north and east; and did the gale that we plainly saw was brewing blow from a similar quarter, nothing short of a miracle could keep us off the rocks. Billy marked the set of the clouds as well as myself, and with a quiet motion or two of his left arm swept the boat's head to the westward, and gazed long and eagerly down the rugged face of the coast, then turned his eyes again on me, and shook his head decisively. It was of no use to think of landing; our craft would be knocked to splinters in five minutes and we should be left on some big boulder of rock, out of reach of all human help, to await the rising tide and the certain death that would accompany it.

'Look out, Billy! here we have it!' I shouted suddenly, as a long crisp line of broken water came careering down towards us; but it was a false alarm. Breaking into a hundred different flaws, the gust swept past and around us, and was gone ere the boat had well felt its influence. Several alarms had we of this sort, but at length the *bond-fide* breeze was upon us. Rustling and hurrying onward, coming up amid a veil of fleecy, humid vapour, and with a sullen moaning that we heard for minutes ere the blast reached us, from the old quarter, or nearly north-west, and with a chilling dismal breath, the gale sped on and broke upon our little craft.

We had barely time to pull the boat's head towards home, shift the clumsy sail, and get an oar out to windward, when the sharp blast was whistling past our ears, and our little vessel was jumping and bounding through the ruffled waters, and threatening with every jerk to snap the only stay we could boast of for our straining mast.

It was a quick change and a sudden, from the state of idle yet anxious expectation in which we had so lately been, to the hurry and activity of our present actual strife with the angry elements. My spirits rose as the uncertainty of inaction passed away, and we saw the work that was before us and had to be encountered. Billy seemed unconscious of any feeling of fear, and shouted with wild glee, as the green waters hissed by under our lee, and the bright spray from time to time deluged us at our posts. Had our boat been decked and ably manned, I should have enjoyed the scene as much as he, but as it was, I could not shut my eyes to the imminent peril we were in. A long bold promontory had to be rounded before we could fetch Clovelly, and to do this the boat had to be headed off the shore; the sea was getting up every moment, and I well knew that one of those seething, glancing waves breaking over our little craft, or one fiercer puff than ordinary catching our struggling shred of canvas, would more than suffice to prevent our rounding that point alive, or ever climbing again the steep street of Clovelly.

But there was no time for thought; our lives from moment to moment depended on a steady nerve and ready action; and we both of us did our best to meet the demand on our energies. Clinging high upon the weather gunwale, with his eager eyes intently fixed to windward, Billy kept watch over our deadliest enemies, the sudden puffs of wind that ever and again swept with more than ordinary intensity over the troubled sea; and when the darkened water and leaping spray heralded the advent of one of these, he would shout cheerily back to me: ''Nother puff, sir!' and with incredible rapidity drag the sand-bags (that constituted our ballast) far over to windward, and pack himself upon their top as additional weight.

Then the gust came; and the cord tightened round my straining hand, that served in lieu of any fixed fastening, and the boat heeled wildly over till the cold waters rippled in over the very edge, and the straining sail seemed ready to burst with the extra tension, and we held our breaths, and longed for the coming respite!

And so we passed two weary hours; not daring to run for port, from dread of that dark promontory against which we saw the wild waves leaping angrily; and still surely drifting down towards it, as we battled fiercely out to sea.

Then the night fell, and all the horror of our situation was increased tenfold by the darkness.

It was when the few remaining gleams of daylight deserted the lowering sky, and the land was only marked by the white fringe of the surf, that I first gave myself up for lost, and felt a growing certainty that we should never fetch the port.

'Shall we round the point now, if we run for home, Billy?' I shouted to the white face before me, peering eagerly into the gloom.

Receiving no answer for a moment, I turned to him again, and saw that he had thrown off his rough cloth jacket, and was busily engaged in getting out of his tightly laced boots.

I drew in my breath sharply and set my teeth hard as I noticed his movements: Billy clearly anticipated to have to swim for it erelong, though who could swim for any distance in such a sea as boiled around us now? Not I, for one. Nevertheless, I kicked off my boots, but could not loose the tiller or sheet for a moment, so was fain to remain in my heavy coat and waistcoat. Presently Billy crept back to my side.

'Tew dark t' see t' puffs now, sir!' he said; 'but see theere—a light on t' pier-head! We'm able t' run in tew home now!' and he pointed down to leeward, where a tiny spark gleamed and flickered through the darkness.

I let the boat's head fall off towards that welcome beacon, and like an arrow released from the string, we darted away on our new course. I was too old a sailor, however, to imagine that the danger was now over: the following seas, racing after and alongside of us, tried my steering to the uttermost, and our one clumsy sail required incessant watching and attention as we ran before the blast. Billy was very quiet now; his wild spirits had deserted him, and he had become anxious and watchful. With that faint light before our eyes, I wondered at this, and sought to cheer him up by telling him we were nearly home.

'We'm not round t' point, sir, yet,' was his only reply: 'we 'll be in a cross-sea theare.'

True, we were not round that point, but every instant hurried us towards it with fearful speed. In spite of all my efforts, the boat had shipped a good deal of water, and we had no means at hand for bailing; she did not answer her helm as well as hitherto, and the moment drew near when we should need every assistance to help us through that terrible 'cross-sea.'

It came at length. Close on our right hand frowned the bold promontory, towering up till lost to sight in the black night; at its base hissed and roared the maddened billows; and, broken on the rocks, the fierce waves swept back far out to sea in confused and circling eddies. A moment of horrible suspense, of desperate effort, a muttered prayer, a sickening, deadly feeling that we were deserted by God and man, and then the angry broken waves leaped fiercely over our little craft on either side, and we drifted swiftly by the dreaded headland, helpless and sinking fast; one more great sea, looming high and terrible in the murky atmosphere, swept fiercely up in our wake, and then my poor companion and myself were beating the choking waters with frenzied arms, and battling for the very life!

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The minute or two I passed in that fierce struggle for existence will be remembered by me to my dying day. The dazzling thoughts that crowded through my excited brain I can neither recollect nor analyse, but I know that they all resolved themselves erelong into the firm resolve that it could not be that I was about to die. The idea was too horrible. No; I could not die yet; and with that resolve my strokes grew regular and collected, and, poor fool, I tried to convince myself that I could win my way unaided to the distant shore, amid the briny caldron in which I struggled. Ten minutes of this, and I should have been bitterly deceived; but it was not intended that I should this time add one more instance to the list of those fatal boat-accidents that yearly crowd our papers, and bring sorrow and despair to many a happy home.

A yell of mingled triumph and excitement caught my ear as I rose upon the crest of a great heaving wave, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I beheld Daft Billy, within ten yards of me, clinging tightly to the mast of our foundered boat. I shouted in frenzied joy, and strove hard to gain his side. Now I lost him for a moment; again he was within an ace of me; one final effort, and my fingers were clenched in the wet folds of canvas, and I was clinging with Billy to our frail and insufficient stay. The wind had got beneath the sail as our boat went down, and the light mast, whose insecure condition had caused us no little anxiety during the earlier part of the evening, had parted company with the sinking hull. To that sole circumstance we owe our lives.

A full half hour Billy and I hung between life and death on that frail spar, shouting together at intervals at the utmost pitch of our voices, to attract the notice of those we dared not for a moment think of otherwise than as eagerly searching for ourselves. In this we did them, in truth, but justice; no less than four boats, bravely manned and ably handled, were battling with the rough night on their errand of mercy. One of these passed us, in the dim lurid light not seeing our waving hands, or hearing our frantic shrieks; but another came nearer yet, and our voices were heard this time, and the noble boat came ploughing down towards us through the storm.

Eager faces and ready hands were soon about us, and the loud report of an old duck-gun told the other searchers that the missing ones were found. Both Billy and myself were greatly exhausted when we eventually reached the shore, and in the excitement of the rescue we shared equally in the caresses of half the female population of the village, who were gathered about the foot of the pier.

And thus ended my hour's sail, and with it my sojourn at Clovelly. The next day I paid for the lost boat, left directions to have a walking-stick cut out of the mast, if the latter should turn up anywhere, and bestowed an ancient silver watch upon the enraptured Billy. The most singular epistle ever penned by mortal hand has lately reached me, informing me of the completion of the stick, to which I certainly intend to establish my claim on the no very distant occasion of my next visit to the village.

METEOROLOGIC CAUTIONARY SIGNALS.

A REPORT has just been issued from the Meteorologic Office of the Board of Trade, in which Admiral Fitzroy publishes some valuable information, and gives us a notion of the useful work accomplished every day under his direction. He states that fifty-four places in all, on different parts of our coasts, have sent up a request for a set of the cautionary signals; that all the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland to which the telegraph extends (including the Isles of Man, Jersey, and Heligoland), can now be warned in less than one hour. 'From France,' he continues, 'we receive telegrams twice a day. In the early morning, from Rochefort, L'Orient, and Brest, which reach London as soon as our own from Ireland or Scotland; and in the afternoon, through Paris, from Lisbon, Bayonne, Brest, Helder, and Copenhagen. In exchange, we send daily reports to Paris Observatory from seven places; and to Calais—for the French coast specially—at eleven; besides such occasional warnings as may be useful to the French north-west coasts, including our Channel Islands.' The admiral is of opinion 'that some insight has been obtained of the manner in which atmospheric changes are occasioned, and air-currents or winds set in motion around our world, chiefly by the sun and moon.' In this particular, however, he is careful to state that the highest scientific judges do not yet accept the luni-solar theory.

It has often been argued, that a comparison of Admiral Fitzroy's warnings, with the results, would be the only safe test of their value. In the present *Report* he supplies the means for this comparison by an appendix, entitled 'Statement of all the Cautionary Signals shewn between March 1, 1862, and March 31, 1863, with the character of wind and weather following.' Another section contains the answers received from stations which have a 'fishery barometer'—eighty-nine in all. With slight differences, the answer from one station would exemplify all. 'The barometer has given warning of every gale of importance,' is the word from Peterhead, and the other stations answer in the same spirit. Some report that the barometer has never misled—that farmers find it useful as well as fishermen—that fishermen take more and more pains to understand it. On the other hand, there are some places, as might be expected, where 'the barometer is not generally understood at present.' We have one objection to make against Admiral Fitzroy: it is against the use of the word meteorological in connection with his department. Though he cuts it down to meteorologic, it is still too long and awkward a word for popular use; and we respectfully suggest to the 'proper authorities,' that to call the office the *Weather Office* would at once remove our objection, and convey a clear notion to the public mind of the purpose and function of the meteorological department.

THE POET AND THE WORLD.

THE thrush whistles over the meadow,
The black-bird pipes over the brook,
The young birds are singing in clusters
In every sweet elm-shaded nook.

The cattle, unheeding the music,
Nip stolidly on at the grass.
The birds are the poets and prophets;
The cattle, the brute-world, alas!

The violets, those heralds of summer,
Are blue under hazel and thorn;
But the gipsies' blind donkey is feeding,
And munching them up in his scorn.

The primroses, dozens together,
Are starring the meadow's spring grass;
Unheeded by all but the children—
The shepherd treads on them, alas!

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full.*

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OUT OF TOWN.

DON'T tell me that the days of steam bring places closer together than they were. I doubt it; I disbelieve it utterly. In the old coaching-days—I knew them well—a journey of a hundred miles into the country took the edge off the sensation of change which a Londoner feels at walking in the meadows, or sitting out on the lawn, after a long period in town. The streets melted into the roads, the suburbs into the country, as you drove pleasantly along. The coachman stopped at wayside inns, remarked on the change of farmers, the progress of the hay or the corn. By the time you had got to your journey's end, you were familiar with the stage of the seasons and the gossip of the country-side. Now, the train whisks you at once into your friend's garden. No rural sensations enter the window of your carriage. If you do get out, you encounter buttoned-up officials, and see metropolitan advertisements. The guard of the train, and Heal's Family Bedstead, to be had in Tottenham Court Road, form no preparative for the country. When you deliver up the ticket, and leave the station, you appreciate, in a way no coach ever would have enabled you to do, the distance you have travelled. Your friend's house is incalculably remote from your own. Steam has not brought them together; they are set apart as unconnected places. You leave the world of London, and enter that of green things with a sense of contrast which, to me, does not wear out. Every time, I find the change from town to country more striking than I did before. If you let me ramble on about my doings down here, though they hardly deserve so active a name, I may possibly kindle the sense of faded garden-memories in some tired town-brain, or give some country idler a hint of much enjoyable but unnoticed life which goes on round his home.

Yesterday at four o'clock I left the city. To-night, I am sitting in my friend's kitchen, where I may smoke, and thus jot down the journal of a day. After breakfast, I carried one of the hall-chairs into the greenhouse, and settled myself down with a pipe and a book. I was surrounded with bloom. Great humble-bees wandered in through the open door, and after rummaging among the flowers, tried with failures and wrath to fly out through the glass. Insects, green as the leaves on which they lived, pitched upon my page. An inquisitive spider let himself cautiously down to my level by a single line, up which a puff of smoke sent him back, hand-over-hand, far more surprised than satisfied. Birds hopped past the entrance, sometimes pausing for a steady side-look, and then, with a sudden duck of the head, as if they had made up their minds about me, flipping off.

Presently the gardener routed me out. Why are these men so fond of pursuing and interrupting visitors? On this occasion, 'he would not disturb me in the least, but he wanted to water the plants.' There is no privacy in a garden with a gardener. Give me a nook where I shall see no labelled flowers, and where no man at work shall rebuke my repose by his restlessness.

From the greenhouse I went on the lawn, and lay down under a tree. What a world of life is discovered on a nearer inspection of the grass! If the meanest insect feels a pang as keenly as a giant, I can conceive no spot on the face of the whole earth more full of pain and misery than a well-kept lawn which is rolled, mown, and swept daily. There is no cessation in the torture; every blade of grass which is kept down represents continual death, dismemberment, and mutilation. I can't sing in tune with those kind people who extol the beneficence of Nature. Beneath her smile, countless thousands are wriggling in pain; they are maimed, eaten alive, drowned, starved. Nature lives by change—that is, by death. When she seems still and gloomy, as in winter, she is in reality less prodigal of life. It is in summer, through the bright blue days when her face is gay, that most perish in the struggle for existence, and perish with remonstrance too. Did you ever see a bird eat a worm? Have you not noticed the twistings, frantic tumbling, and knottings up of the captive? Have you seen an ox put its foot in an ant's nest? Have you seen a thrush, by the hour together, stripping caterpillars off the vegetables? Conceive the squeeze of that hard bill, and if you fancy that the caterpillars don't mind it, just lay hold of one with a pair of tweezers. It is all right, I know, and caterpillars have no business to eat our salads; but still, don't make too much of the contrast between gloomy, grumbling man, torn by his passions, full of envy, ambition, and guilt, and the happy twittering world through which he frowns. It is my belief that man has much the best of it, and that even a bad man, who ought to be ashamed of himself, has more enjoyment than the merriest brute, be it big or small.

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While I was lying on the lawn looking close at the commotion among its inhabitants which the grass-cutting machine had made in its passage, I heard a 'tinning' begin. Bees, thought I, looking round. Yes, there was a swarm settling on one of the boughs of the lime-tree under which I was, and on the other side of the wall, my friend's man-servant, who, with apron on, had rushed out from his pantry, and catching up a bill-hook and a fire-shovel, was hammering away, as a sedative to the bees. Scientific bee-fanciers say that this din tends to irritate and drive away the swarm, but still the custom holds its ground. In this case, the swarm gradually shrunk down from a buzzing cloud into a living lump of bees walking over one another's backs, and congratulating one another on having the queen safe beneath their feet in the middle of this solid mob. It hung on a branch about five feet above the ridge-tiles of an outhouse. 'An awkward place,' the gardener remarked, 'to stand on, for cutting them down.'

What a curious thing that bees will not sting some persons. I know a man who will shake a swarm into a cloth, and then stir the bees about like seed, and pick out their queen; deprived of her, they return to the hive from whence they came out. Let another man but approach them, and they would fly at him angrily. But about the bees on the lime-tree. No one would meddle with them in the absence of the coachman, who had gone to the station; so I volunteered, and was just putting a cloth over my head, and buttoning on my gloves, when Jehu made his appearance, in his shirt-sleeves, bare-necked, and with only a little cap above his ears.

Bees must be very tolerant. It is said they hate noise and dirt. You must be quiet when they swarm, and put them into a clean hive. In our case, the footman made the air hideous with his bill-hook and shovel. The coachman fetched a hive and small table; then he mixed a yellow basin of beer and sugar, and taking a succession of mouthfuls, squirted it all over the inside of the hive, till there seemed hardly an inch on which a delicate bee would care to step; then setting a ladder against the tiles, he went up whistling, in a pointed way, Whee-u-ugh—whew, whew, whew, whew, whew, and quietly cut the branch on which the swarm hung to the same stable accompaniment. Then carrying it down, like a great bunch of grapes, still whistling, he shook it into the beery hive, which he set upon the table, and covered with a white cloth and some leaves. There was, however, a mystery throughout the whole process. The people in this part of the world are very superstitious about bees. My interest and assistance in this case was received coldly. I am afraid now that I did some unlucky thing. The performance on the shovel was perfectly sincere; so was the nasty squirting into the hive; so was the whistling, and yet I fully believe, on good authority, that they were all far more likely to hinder than to assist the work. It was, though, and will continue to be, done in spite of them. Indeed, I suspect that most of our manipulation, I don't mean only in connection with bees, is mere pedantry. People don't like to see an important thing done simply. 'Wash, and be clean,' is generally offensive advice. Is that all? say the million. We love mystery. Don't, pray, don't give us simple methods and naked truth. Well, severe Mr Reformer, and would you really have us affect the naked truth?—would you insist on cutting down our belongings and appliances to the skeleton of necessity? Is there to be no regard for appearance? Must everything be obviously useful? Has not ornament a tinge of the divine? Is not ceremony natural? Why should the rose propagate its kind, or ripen its seed, through the stages of the bud, the blossom, and the full-blown flower? Why spend colours and sweet perfume in the process? Think of the display through which a chestnut has passed before the pig crunches it at the foot of the tree! Let us weave our harmless web of mystery, ceremonial, or ornament, about the common things of life, and not always think ourselves bound to strip our work quite bare, when we see Nature loving to adorn and complicate hers.

When the bees were hived, I went back to the greenhouse. At the entrance is an underground tank, with smooth hard sides and a trap-door, which uncovers about one quarter of it, and permits the gardener to dip for water. It was then being replenished. I peeped in, and met what I may call a chorus of appealing looks. A number of frogs had jumped in, but could not get out. In exploring the garden, they had come to this tank, and seeing water, hopped in. When one had done so, another had less hesitation; but at last, when Mr Froggy had taken his bath, he found to his dismay there was no way out. You may be a good swimmer, but it is no joke to swim for a month. Some of the frogs were very tired; they had swum round and round the tank to find everywhere the same smooth, upright wall. Sometimes, by getting in a corner, and thus touching two sides, a fresh comer, less weary than the rest, could support himself for a few moments; but he soon slipped down, specially as, the instant he succeeded in getting a little purchase, a companion would climb upon his neck, and weigh him down. When, therefore, I stooped down and peeped in, I was met by an appealing look from the whole party, who swam together under the opening, and begged to be let out. Some pawed at the slippery wall, some let their legs drop, as if worn out, and simply held their chins above water in ungraceful but pathetic attitudes. One had found a little raft of four rooks' feathers placed crosswise, on which he squatted. All were fearless from fatigue. Every now and then, the expectant little crowd beneath the trap-door was dispersed by the emptying of a pail of water, for the tank was being replenished, and a boy went incessantly during the whole morning, with a hoop and two pails, to a neighbouring pump for the supply; but as soon as the disturbance made by the pouring in of each pailful was over, the frogs were there again, buoyant but piteous.

Having found a board a foot and half long, and six inches wide, I let it down into the tank by four strings, so that I might haul it up steadily in case the frogs really meant what they looked. As soon as my raft touched the water, several of the most tired swimmers made at it, and clambered up slowly, like lame old gentlemen getting back into a bathing-machine. Once on board, they neither hopped nor stirred, but remained squatting at the edge, grateful though distressed. When I pulled up my raft, they sat quite still. Thus I drew six-and-thirty out of the pit. I thought of the Book of the Revelation and the mutiny of the *Bounty*. When I set the raft down on the grass-plat, after a moment's hesitation, as if to feel quite sure the thing had grounded, away they all jumped, and in a short time there was not a frog to be seen. I believe that frogs are far from useless in a garden; at least, I secured the immediate safety of these thirty-six by assuming to the gardener that they were his friends rather than enemies.

One or two frogs remained in the tank. I suppose they had just jumped in, and had not found out the drawbacks of the place. Confident fools! they came up to look at me, and then dived as soon as I let down the raft. Nothing would induce them to mount it. They could swim, thank you, and away they struck off into the obscure places of the tank. In a month, they will repent. Then I shall have long ago returned to town, the weather will be wet, the tank-door unopened, and the thin, weary frogs feeling round the hard, slippery, upright edge for some support, some change of gait, in vain.

Finding the late brisk offenders inaccessible to my material offers and remonstrance, I shut the tank-lid

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down, and went to feed the pigs. I like feeding pigs; I like being appreciated. There were seven pigs, quite new to me, in the yard. I found some Swedes in the barn, and cutting one of them into strips, sat down on the threshold, and held them out. I am not forbidding; they were eaten out of my hand, after a careful, cunning approach. The pigs were, of course, querulous and greedy, but civil enough to me. They appeared all of the same size and age, were all black, and exactly alike. I found, however, at once varieties of temper and confidence in the distribution of the first Swede. Now, thought I, I'll be bound some one pig is sole master here, has some mental ascendancy over the rest. Wishing to try this, I threw a whole Swede among the party. The nearest whipped it up, and jogged off; most of the others yielded; but one, no bigger than his fellows, walked after the fortunate possessor, bit his hind-leg, and made him drop the turnip, which he then himself picked up and ate publicly, without haste or hindrance.

The rain has begun to fall; I hear it on the roof of the veranda. The tank will not be opened again for weeks. The soft summer rain is coming steadily down, and the air—for I have laid down my pen to put my head out at the door—is loaded with the scent of earth and blossom. The clock has struck eleven. I must be off to bed, but I shall leave my window open. Good-night!

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The snapping, sharp, decisive electric spark gives out an intense light, as almost every one knows; and it is now, in these lecture-days, pretty generally known also that a flash of lightning is itself an electric spark on a gigantic scale. There is a current of something—people call it electricity, in the absence of any better name—rushing from one point in space to another; and if it meets with any obstacle to its free movement, this something heats the obstacle so suddenly and so intensely as to make it white hot, and therefore incandescent. Provided we do not tax it too closely, this brief explanation will suffice for the present purpose.

Now, multitudes of ingenious men have been trying for years and years past to make the electric spark sufficiently steady for the purposes of ordinary illumination. The difficulties in doing this are very great. Each spark endures for an almost inconceivably minute space of time; insomuch that a *continuous* light could result only from a succession of these sparks following each other at imperceptibly small intervals. Every contrivance that could be devised, until quite a recent period, failed in producing steadiness in this succession; the light was always flickering, irritating, and unsuitable for practical use. Many brains have been taxed fruitlessly in this search. About seventeen years ago, two inventors, Messrs Greener and Staite, patented an electric light with which they intended to startle the world. They devised a mode of enclosing small lumps of pure carbon in air-tight vessels, and rendering them incandescent or luminous by currents of galvanic electricity. After many months of experiment, this new light was actually exhibited outside the National Gallery, the north tower of Hungerford Suspension Bridge (now doomed), the Duke of York's Column, and the Polytechnic Institution, in 1847; and there was quite enough to astonish the Londoners in the occasional flashes of intense light given forth. To produce this result, two small pointed pieces of carbon were so placed that their points should be a small distance apart; and as this distance slightly increased by the slow combustion of the carbon, so were the points brought again to their former distance by means of wheel-work. The two pieces of carbon lay directly in the path of a galvanic current, transmitted from one copper-wire to another; and in the act of leaping over the small space from the one bit of carbon to the other, the current heated both of them intensely, and made them give forth a dazzling white light. But these ingenious inventors, notwithstanding all their praiseworthy endeavours, could not obtain a steady light; it *would* flicker and intermit, and failed to become practically useful, although they fondly hoped—as they declared—that streets and buildings might thus be lighted at one-sixth of the cost of gas.

Then came MM. Acherean and Foucault's display of electric lighting at Paris, in 1848; and M. Le Molt's patented mode of arranging the carbon-points; and other patented improvements by Mr Gillespie, Mr Pearce, Mr King, and others. Mr Grove, in a lecture at the Royal Institution in 1849, stated that so far back as 1843, he had illuminated the lecture-room at the London Institution with the electric light; but Dr Faraday, and all the scientific men about that time (1849), acknowledged the fitful nature of the light, and its unsuitableness for general purposes, whatever might be the case with special uses. In the following year, Mr Allman tried to devise a mode by which the distance between the carbon-points should vary, according to the intensity of the electric current, so that the one quantity, compensating the other, might produce an equality in the light; but this required apparatus too delicately adjusted for such works. Next came Mr Paine's electric water-light—a project which drove the American newspapers almost wild with delight, and absorbed a great many notes of admiration in the printing. The inventor was credited with much more than the introduction of a substitute for candles and gas. A Boston newspaper asserted not only 'that he had extorted from nature the secret of the artificial production of light at a nominal cost, but that he has got hold of the key which unlocks, and enables him to command, a new force of nature, which is soon to supersede most of the forces now employed—something which is destined to work a revolution both in science and art.' Experience has not realised this brilliant anticipation. Mr Paine's apparatus consisted of a glass jar containing spirits of turpentine, another glass jar containing water, two strips of copper, a small tube which terminated in a jet or burner, and an electro-galvanic machine. When the machine was worked, water was decomposed, bubbles of gas escaped from the jar, these bubbles passed through spirits of turpentine, and a brilliant light was produced by ignition. A battle of the chemists ensued. Mr Paine asserted that the customary theory about oxygen, hydrogen, and water, is incorrect; and that the truth, as he had developed it, would supply us with a source of light far cheaper than any before known. These views were stoutly combated by those who held to the more usual opinions. Mr Paine's plan, whatever may have been his theoretical views, did not come successfully into practice. About the same time, M. Nollet obtained an English patent for another plan, in which water was to play a great part. Water was to be decomposed by galvanism; the liberated hydrogen was to take up a dose of carbon from another agent; the carburetted hydrogen thus produced was to yield a brilliant light, and at the same time such an amount of heat as would constitute an economic substitute for coal in boiler-furnaces. This, like Mr Paine's plan, failed to come into effective use.

It will thus be seen that many modes have been attempted for giving the electric light a kind and degree of steadiness suitable for practical purposes; and if we follow the history of the subject within the last few years, we shall find other indications of analogous character. In two instances, at least, the electric light has been made available for engineering operations. In one of these cases, the light was employed at the works of the new West-

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minster Bridge (now finished). When the foundations were being laid in 1858, much of the work could be done only at low-water, and it thence became desirable to continue the operations by night as well as by day, when the tide suited. To effect this, an electric light, equal in intensity to seventy-two argand jets, was produced on shore by means of an electro-galvanic apparatus. The light was about two hundred feet distant from a stage or platform on which a number of men were employed in pile-driving, and was augmented by the use of a pair of Chappins' reflectors. The light was rather flickering, but was sufficient for the purpose, being likened by the men to that of the full-moon. In another instance, in France, the electric light was employed to give light to the workmen employed at night in excavating the stupendous docks at Cherbourg, which have excited so much attention. Two sets of apparatus were used, each maintained by one of Bunsen's large batteries of fifty pair of plates. The light was of intensity enough for the requirements of eight hundred men.

In 1862, MM. Dumas and Benoit suggested the employment of the electric light for mining purposes. A galvanic battery, a Ruhmkorff's coil, and a Geisaler's tube—three forms of apparatus well known to electricians, but rather too complicated to be described here—are used. The light produced by those agencies does not heat the tube that contains it; it is isolated and distinct, so that no gas in the mine can gain access to it; it is as compact as an ordinary mining-lamp; it will work twelve hours, with only an occasional movement of the carbon with a rod; and the miner can easily carry it about with him in a small carpet-bag. About the same time, M. Serrin succeeded in making the electric light burn under water, thereby placing at the disposal of the hydraulic engineer a source of light likely to be very valuable in various constructive works relating to piers, sea-walls, sunken rocks, sunken wrecks; and to the shipwrights, an aid in examining the bottoms of ships needing repair.

In another direction, inventors have sought for modes of illuminating buildings, and open public places. Mr Gassiot, in 1860, communicated to the Royal Society the *rationale* of a beautiful contrivance for throwing a brilliant light into a room. A glass carbonic-acid tube, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, is coiled round into a kind of flat spiral; the two ends, considerably widened, are bent downwards nearly side by side, and enclosed in a small wooden box; platinum slips, connected with a Ruhmkorff's coil, enter these two widened ends; and when a current is generated, the whole spiral becomes brilliantly illuminated.

Concerning the lighting of the fronts of buildings, Dr Phipson, in his recent work on *Phosphorescence*, has brought forward a curious speculation. He states that when houses are freshly whitewashed—that is, coated with lime-wash—and when the sun has been shining brightly on them during the day, a faint phosphorescent light is visible on them at night; and he suggests that, by employing sulphide of calcium or sulphide of barium, the phosphorescence might possibly be strong enough to serve as a substitute for artificial light. However, this is a matter connected with the theory of phosphorescence, rather than with that of the electric light.

In the summer of 1861, the electric light was employed to illuminate the Cour du Carrousel and the Cour du Palais Royal at Paris. On these occasions, magneto-electric machines were used instead of electro-galvanic machines. In one of the experiments, the machines, placed in one of the lower rooms of the Tuileries, were worked by a four-horse-power steam-engine. When the horse-shoe magnets had attained a revolution of sixty turns per minute, communication was opened with two copper-wires, each three hundred metres in length, and a light was produced equal in intensity to that of a hundred-and-fifty carcel lamps. In the other experiment, the whole of the court of the Palais Royal, and the two entrances of the Rue St Honoré, were lighted up almost as with the light of a full-moon. The distance asunder of the carbon-points was, in these instances, maintained by an ingenious apparatus invented by M. Serrin, and called by him the 'Automatic Regulator.' In this apparatus, which the inventor described at the Oxford Meeting of the British Association in 1860, the two carbon-points are placed one above another, and a wheel and a pendulum are so combined as to keep the carbon-points always at a uniform distance, notwithstanding the gradual burning away of the substance. At a soirée at the Polytechnic Institution some time ago, M. Serrin's apparatus was employed under very pleasing and attractive circumstances; for the brilliant electric light, transmitted through ground glass globes, and through Messrs Defries's glass prisms, became at once beautiful in tint and bearable in intensity. In one of the experiments at Paris, M. Duboscq displayed an electric light in a great hall where a thousand persons were assembled at a literary soirée; the light was strong enough to read ordinary type at a distance of a hundred feet from the apparatus. Other experiments of analogous character have been made in Paris and in London.

It is not to be wondered at that the problem concerning the applicability of the electric light to *light-house* purposes should have engaged much attention on the part of scientific and practical men, seeing that the light required must necessarily be very intense, in order to penetrate to a great distance, and to overcome to some extent even the resisting medium of fog or mist. Burning coal, tar, and other rough substances, were superseded by lamps and candles of various kinds; and then were devised numerous arrangements of focalising apparatus, to concentrate the rays chiefly in one direction, by reflection from bright concave metallic surfaces, or by refraction through glass lenses. The lime-light or Drummond light, produced by the action of oxyhydrogen on lime, has also been occasionally employed, but not to any great extent, owing to difficulties connected with the management of the gas. There have been also obstructions of a sufficiently discouraging kind in the attempts to apply the electric light as a substitute for these earlier contrivances. Nevertheless, the difficulties are gradually disappearing. In January of the present year, Captain Bolton telegraphed during a hazy night from Portsmouth to Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, a distance of thirteen miles; he used the lime-light, with a modification of Morse's telegraphic alphabet. The success was such as to shew that, with the electric light instead of the lime-light, this method might be peculiarly valuable in time of war.

As concerns regular light-house illumination, however, we must go back to the year 1857, when the Trinity House, as the official authority in these matters, caused experiments to be made on the subject. They were conducted first by Dr Faraday and Professor Holmes; then the latter was desired to frame a practical system; and finally, this system had the benefit of Dr Faraday's approval and suggestions. The chief feature in these labours was the substitution of the magneto-electric machine for the galvanic; that is, the production of a current and a spark by magnetic instead of galvanic action. At the end of December 1858, matters were so far advanced as to permit of an electric light being tried at the South Foreland light-house, in Kent; but as the apparatus was imperfect in some particulars, and the results unsatisfactory, the lighting was suspended for a while, to admit of further improvements. In March 1859, the apparatus was again set up; and Dr Faraday made a report to the Trinity House in reference to it. The important part of this report was, an expression of the learned

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philosopher's opinion that Professor Holmes had practically established the fitness and sufficiency of the magneto-electric light for light-house purposes, so far as its nature and management are concerned. The light produced was powerful beyond any other that he had seen so applied; its regularity in the lantern was great; and its management was easy. Early in 1860, Dr Faraday again visited the light-house, and found that the electric light was doing its duty bravely, *so long as it shone*. There was, however, one circumstance that caused anxiety to the light-keeper: the light now and then had a tendency to go out, either owing to the breaking off of the end of the bits of carbon, or to some disarrangement of the fine mechanical work of the lamp. It is true that the slightest touch by the light-keeper brought the carbon-points into the proper position again; but it was certainly a serious matter, for it required the keeper to be constantly on the watch, instead of regarding the apparatus as automatic or self-regulating.

Nevertheless, in a paper read by Dr Faraday before the Royal Institution, on the 9th March 1860, he spoke in warm praise of Professor Holmes's apparatus. The power was produced by several magnets set into rapid revolution, inducing an electric current in helical coils of copper-wire; and this current was made to produce light at and between two carbon-points. 'There are two magneto-electric machines at the South Foreland,' said Dr Faraday, 'each being put in motion by a two-horse-power steam-engine; and excepting wear and tear, the whole consumption of material to produce the light is that which is required to raise steam for the engines, and carbon-points in the lantern.' This is certainly a wonderful example of what now a days is called the correlation or convertibility of forces: 'a lucifer-match kindles paper and wood; these kindle coke or coal; the heat thence produced makes water boil; the boiling water becomes converted into steam; the pressure of this steam moves a piston; the piston moves a fly-wheel; the rotating fly-wheel causes a series of magnets to rotate; this magnet-rotation induces an electric current through a copper-wire; this current intensely heats two bits of carbon at their point of separation; and the heated carbon gives forth an intensely brilliant light—and so we mount upwards from the lucifer-match to the electric light, by an unbroken chain of causes and effects.' Dr Faraday went on to state: 'The lamp is a delicate arrangement of machinery, holding the two carbons between which the electric light exists, and regulating their adjustment; so that whilst they gradually consume away, the place of the light shall not be altered. The electric wires end in the two bars of a small railway, and upon these the lamp stands. When the carbons of a lamp are nearly gone, that lamp is lifted off, and another instantly pushed into its place. The machines and lamp have done their duty during the past six months in a real and practical manner. The light has never gone out through any deficiency or cause in the engine or machine-house; and when it has become extinguished in the lantern, a single touch of the keeper's hand has set it shining as bright as ever. The light shone up and down the Channel, and across into France, with a power far surpassing that of any other fixed light within sight, or anywhere existent. The experiment has been a good one.'

Dr Faraday felt himself justified in recommending to the Trinity House, in 1860, a further trial of this excellent invention. They acceded to his views, and after a time established an electric light at the Dungeness light-house. The electric apparatus was nearly the same, but the optical accessories were more complete than at the South Foreland, so as to focalise the rays in a more practically useful manner. By a judicious arrangement, the old oil-lamp and reflectors were retained without disturbance, that they might be used again if the electric light went wrong, or both might be used together in very foggy weather. Some careful experiments shewed, however, that so overwhelming is the intensity of the electric light, compared with any form of oil-lamp, that the latter scarcely adds anything to the brilliancy of the light produced by the former; this is especially the case at very long distances, shewing the penetrating nature of the electric light. During 1860, 1861, and 1862, Dr Faraday made multiplied experiments and observations on the Dungeness light. He gradually arrived at these conclusions in favour of the *oil*-light system, as compared with the *electric*: that it is more simple to manage; that it requires only two keepers alternately in a light-house, whereas the electric system requires men who understand the management and repair of steam-engines, as well as lamps and their watchful adjustment; that the failure of the light is less probable, on account of the greater simplicity of the apparatus; and lastly, that the expense of the oil-system is less than that of the electric system. On the other hand, the all-powerful intensity of the light is, in Dr Faraday's opinion, far more than an equivalent for the advantages on the other side.

In conclusion, there seems every justification for expecting that the still remaining difficulties will one by one be conquered, and that we shall see the electric light adopted extensively for light-house purposes. A light that renders England and France visible to each other in the middle of the night, and that—as is asserted—enables print to be read at a distance of little less than ten miles, is surely a light that will triumph over all petty obstacles. The fitful results of the electric light at the recent public illumination on the 10th of March, were no proof to the contrary; they only shewed that incomplete arrangements naturally produce incomplete action.

THE DANISH DRESSMAKER.

Those downhill years of the eighteenth century which came midway between the close of the Seven Years' War and the outbreak of the French Revolution, were years of quiet prosperity to the greater part of Germany. But quietly prosperous years, like men in similar circumstances, are apt to be uninteresting, and so it was with the period in question. It has left historians little to prose on or dispute about; it gave the courts little to intrigue for, the diplomatists nothing to protocol and shuffle over, except the partition of Poland, which was done quietly enough for such a bad business. It was the still growing-time of that fearful harvest which the last of the generation were to see reaped in overturned thrones and bloody battle-fields, before they went down to their graves; but nobody dreamed of what was ripening or brewing far under the feet of the powdered and periwigged, hooped and brocaded society which learned all its magnificence from the court of Versailles, and all its wit from the philosophers of Paris.

The times were quiet if not good, and particularly so in the kingdom and court of Prussia, where Frederick the Great was resting from his labours in Sans-Souci, keeping many old friends and no guards about him, and shewing himself to Berlin only on the few high festivals his majesty chose to patronise. Frederick's old friends were getting fewer as years went on, and one gray head after another disappeared from banquet-board and grand review. His friendship and quarrel with Voltaire were long over, for the sage of Ferney slept among the monks of Sellices. The royal poems had been published, and well received, of course. The royal flute had been laid by for want of wind to play it; for time tells in that vulgar manner on kings as well as other mortals. He had asked the philosophers more questions than they

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could answer, and got tired of that and ploughing; amusements were growing scarce, so were news and gossip; and thus it happened that the Great Frederick became curious concerning a small but inexplicable matter which for some time occupied and puzzled all the rank and fashion of Berlin.

Strange to say, the subject was nothing more distinguished than a dressmaker—not a *modiste de Paris*, nor even a court-milliner from Vienna, but a certain Madame Haroldson from Copenhagen, whose work was notoriously bad, and whose charges were known to be exorbitant, yet who contrived to carry on a brisk and profitable business through the interest taken in her and her affairs by the noble family of Richendorff. Their House was reckoned among the richest of the Prussian nobility; it was also known to be one of the proudest. Good-nature, or mildness of temper, had never been counted among the family characteristics. They were almost the only subjects with whom the old king, Frederick William, of absolute and exacting memory, did not care to meddle; no tall peasant had been crimped off their estates for his giant regiments; none of them had been obliged to build a house on the marshy banks of the Spree, or buy wild-boars from his majesty after his great and profitable hunts. Yet they had stood well in royal favour under the old and new régimes; and some twenty years before the period of our story, the Baron von Richendorff, then representative and head man of his House, had the honour of escorting the Princess Louisa Ulrica, Frederick the Great's sister, to Copenhagen, and seeing her crowned queen-consort of Denmark. Louisa Ulrica was a royal belle in her day, and clever enough to hold her own in any court in Europe. She did it with considerable energy and success in the Danish palaces, being endowed with her father's sturdy temper, and her mother's talent for falling sick on all trying occasions. She had her father's strong stiff likings, too, and the Richendorff family had the good-fortune to get hold of them. The baron remained in Denmark, master of the queen's private household; his baroness was mistress of the robes, his two daughters her favourite maids of honour, and his only son her majesty's chief equerry. So they lived and flourished, got places and pensions, envy, hatred, and adulation from all the Danish court, and worship and solicitations from all German comers for ten years and more. The daughters got splendidly married to Prussian noblemen, whom Queen Louisa sent for to Berlin, no Danes being good enough for her maids of honour. The son was permitted to marry a Danish heiress of uncommon wealth and quarterings, and the House of Richendorff seemed likely to overshadow all the north with its grandeur, when suddenly there came a mighty break-up in Queen Louisa's household. The best informed of the backstairs people could not say how it happened, but the baron gave up his mastership, the baroness resigned the robes, the two ladies of honour retired from the position their weddings had not affected, the chief-equerry laid down his honours and emoluments, and the Richendorffs, with all their following and most of their gatherings, returned to their town-house in Berlin, and their castle in East Prussia.

The high and mighty family came back without a stain on their escutcheon; on the contrary, with added titles and honours, with additions to their more substantial possessions too, and everybody agreed they could take care of both, at home or abroad; none had ever accused them of over-liberality or condescension. Why they had left Denmark was accounted for by the Prussian's love of his native country, the wish of young and old to enjoy their riches, and close their days in the focus of civilisation presided over by the Great Frederick. That explanation had satisfied the king, and was expected to satisfy the public; at anyrate, they got no other, and court-affairs were not to be inquired after in those times. But in the land they left there was a whisper—confined, of course, to the highest circles and their hangers-on—regarding a young Swedish countess, of Scotch descent, for her father was Count von Sinclair. He had come as ambassador-extraordinary, to settle one of those ever-recurring disputes about boundaries, which have kept the northern kingdoms from falling fast asleep since the Reformation-time, their last waking up. His daughter had accompanied him, to see the Danish court and its German fashions, perhaps to get well married, for the family, though noble, were not rich. Her education had been finished in Paris; her beauty was acknowledged even by the ladies; and the young Countess von Sinclair took particularly the fancy of Queen Louisa Ulrica, got into extraordinary favour, and, whether on that account or on her own merits, was believed to be specially admired by her majesty's chief-equerry. Such was the state of matters when the court removed bag and baggage from Copenhagen to the old palace of Ringstadt, where it pleased Queen Louisa to hold high festival that Christmas-time. Her royal consort did not always concur in her arrangements, indeed was not always consulted; but on this occasion harmony prevailed between the pair. King, queen, and all who were counted anybody in Denmark, all the foreigners of distinction, all the *corps diplomatique*, swarmed in and about the old palace, till there was not an attic room or a neighbouring cot unoccupied by some noble guest; and the only spare space was said to be the central court, darkened by the old walls and towers that rose round it, and containing nothing but a deep draw-well, long unused, because out of the way; the modern additions and improvements of the palace having left no access to the court but one steep narrow stair, on which a small door opened at the end of the great gallery; and also because the water was so impregnated with iron from some deep-lying mine, that all linen washed in it was injured beyond remedy; and the court physicians found out it would produce old looks and wrinkles even in royal faces.

Well, the palace was filled, and the festivities went on, with a great acting of plays, a lengthy doing of dances, and a mighty consumption of all the good things of the north. There was nobody that played, danced, or flirted like the Countess von Sinclair; there was nobody that followed and flattered the young beauty like the queen's chief-equerry. Some people thought the Danish heiress saw more than she was expected to do, and was taking her measures; some people thought the ambassador-extraordinary would have preferred a more eligible admirer for his daughter. There was not exactly scandal, but a good deal of remark among the elder ladies and other guardians of propriety, when all at once the court was astonished and the festivities interrupted by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the young countess on the last day of the year, new style. She had danced at a grand ball the preceding evening, looking as gay, as beautiful, and as elegantly dressed as usual; the equerry had been as attentive; the heiress had seemed no more observant; the censors had not found any additional cause of disapprobation; but in the morning her French maid reported that mademoiselle was not in her chamber, had not slept in her bed, had not put off her ball-dress or jewels, and was nowhere to be found. The entire palace and the surrounding country were searched, but no further intelligence was ever obtained of the missing countess. Her father offered rewards; Queen Louisa fell sick, and broke up the festival; the chief-equerry galloped about, inquiring after her in every direction; the young Danish nobles vied with each other in following his example; but no servant within, no peasant without, the palace, no traveller on the highways, could give the slightest account of her. The countess

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had been seen or heard of by nobody from the hour in which she finished the last minuet at the ball, just before the company broke up. It was not with the equerry, but the Russian ambassador, Count Crimanoff, she had danced; he had conducted her to a *tabouret* near the queen, crossed the room to speak to his own countess, and saw the young lady no more.

There the tale ended, except that sundry surmises, not of the best-natured kind, were indulged in by the court ladies. That the Countess von Sinclair had eloped with somebody not at all to her father's mind, and would turn up some day, was their general expectation. But up she did not turn. Queen Louisa declared her determination never to recover from the shock. As she knew not who to blame, her majesty made great efforts to fix the charge of her favourite's disappearance, first on the French maid, and then on the Russian ambassador; but in both cases, it was impossible, the alibi was so clear. No one thought of including the Richendorffs; they were entirely out of the scrape; had not been near the young lady; had no imaginable motive for getting her out of the way; were known to be the most active and indefatigable in the search; and when it was fairly over, remained in their places about Queen Louisa for more than a twelvemonth, when a natural and laudable desire to return to native Prussia made them all at once resign, to the great displeasure of the queen, and the delight of the whole court. It was thought that Louisa Ulrica would have taken satisfaction by endeavouring to prejudice her brother against the deserters; but his sisters were not always successful in such endeavours with the Great Frederick; moreover, there was a family quarrel then in hand, concerning certain diamond pins and buckles belonging to the late queen-mother; so the Richendorffs were welcomed back, as patriotic and prosperous people might expect to be. Had they not given up distinguished positions and brilliant prospects in a foreign country for the love of Fatherland and the paternal rule of its enlightened monarch? The old baron was invested with the order of the Black Eagle; the young baron was made a colonel of hussars; the baronesses, senior and junior, were included in Princess Amelia's receptions; all the Richendorffs resumed their places in German high-life, opened the balls in Berlin, led the boar-hunts in East Prussia, entertained select company, and were struggled for by the trades-people.

There was one among that numerous order who got her patronage apparently without strife or endeavour, and that was Madame Haroldson. She had arrived from Copenhagen exactly one month after the Richendorffs, took a German assistant, advertised for apprentices, and opened a dressmaking establishment in Charlotte Stross, the allotted habitat of milliners, hairdressers, and all who dealt in finery at the time. Copenhagen was not the quarter to which Berlin looked for its new fashions, and as Madame's show-room displayed no special attraction, the chances seemed considerably against her; but scarcely had her advertising card been left at the town-house of the Richendorffs, when they hastened to patronise her, and gave nobody in their extensive circle rest or peace till they did the same. Their kindness to the Danish dressmaker was alike beyond praise and precedent. Dependents were commanded, friends requested, and acquaintances coaxed, to get their dresses made at her establishment; and between commands, requests, and coaxing, Madame soon got a very respectable business. All Berlin naturally inquired after the cause of such unbounded interest. It was not owing to Madame's superior skill; the ladies knew that her cut was clumsy, and her stitches apt to give way; that costly silks and laces were extensively cabbaged, and gimps and fringes ill matched. It was certainly not owing to Madame Haroldson's personal attractions. She was a tall, spare woman, who might have been handsome in her youth; but that was some time ago, and the face had grown, as female faces are apt to grow in the course of northern winters, hard and heavy. She had a low, husky voice, and a quietly determined manner, which the strongest minded of her fair customers failed to move, or make more complaisant. She spoke German badly, and with a Danish accent, and gave people to understand, in a general indefinite way, that her sojourn on German ground was to be reckoned among the misfortunes of her life. Finding no account of the matter there, the Berliners began to inquire into her history, but with an equally small result. All that could be gathered was, that she had been a workwoman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, the only Parisian modiste Copenhagen could boast; had been for many years a widow, with an only son, who worked for a fashionable tailor till consumption carried him off, some six months before the Richendorffs left Denmark, when, to the surprise of everybody, Madame Haroldson commenced dressmaking on her own account, was employed by the flourishing family, and subsequently followed them to Berlin. In its despair of solving the problem, the fashionable world of Prussia at length hit on the conjecture, that Madame Haroldson must have been related to the Richendorffs either by blood or marriage. She was a Dane; they had been long in Denmark, and a noble House could not acknowledge a mere dressmaker in any other manner than the one they adopted.

On that conjecture the fashionable world rested for some years. Madame went on making dresses of clumsy cut and bad stitching, grumbled against by her small customers, scolded at by her great ones, but, nevertheless, getting well employed and better paid, through the exertions of her noble patrons. They were increasing in number, if not in influence. The old baron and baroness were deep in the vale of years, and rarely seen out of their private apartments; but their grandchildren had grown up on all sides, and as the daughters of their illustrious House were three to one of the sons, Madame's business bade fair to flourish in proportion. But revolutions come even to dressmakers, and it unluckily happened about this time that a remarkable one took place. The long, peaked, tight corset gave way to the short loose sac and pinner, the many-coloured hood and head-tower made room for the beaver-hat and cap of Flanders lace. It was one of those sudden and complete changes of fashion which ladies rejoice in, and husbands sincerely deplore. All the *ton* of Berlin sallied forth to secure the new weapons of war against mankind; every shop, every warehouse, every magazine, was besieged; green tea rose in consequence of the demand for it to keep work-girls up to the mark of stitching night and day, and chief milliners were believed to be making their fortunes. But alas for Madame Haroldson! she could not, or at least she did not get the new cut; never having mastered the old one, she stuck fast to her limited acquaintance with it, now that all was changed, and her sacs and pinners were pronounced unwearable by everybody above tailors' wives. Her noble patrons exerted themselves as formerly, but in vain; ladies would not have their new fashion spoiled. Moreover, all Berlin had got tired of them; and even the younger daughters of the House of Richendorff were known to be in open rebellion against the Danish dressmaker. Once more society inquired what was the secret of her rule and reign over that family? why did all the high-born baronesses above twenty get their sacs and pinners ruined in her establishment, when they might get them well made in half-a-dozen houses with patterns fresh from Paris? The subject having slept so long, had all the charm of novelty; ladies discussed it in private, together with the new fashions, and how ill they became their acquaintances. Ladies' maids whispered about it in all their meeting-places; sewing-girls kept themselves awake in all the work-

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rooms with it, excepting in Madame's own, from which, however, a curious circumstance at length transpired to increase the general wonder. A forewoman, long in Madame Haroldson's service, happened to quarrel with and get dismissed by her mistress and she lost no time in making known to the public that Madame's influence over the Richendorffs consisted of nothing less than magic, for when the ladies of the family proved unmanageable, or found too many faults, she had seen the Danish dressmaker pull out a piece of shining stuff from a little box always carried about her, flourish it in their faces, and say something in Danish, which nobody else could understand; and the forewoman solemnly declared that simple process always brought the ladies to their senses.

All Berlin agreed with her that it must be magic. In spite of the philosophers and the enlightenment, witchcraft was coming again from its old quarters in the north. Madame Haroldson got a renewal of custom from timid families who stood in dread of her occult powers; confidential maids gave their mistresses advice concerning her; above all things, it was not safe to get a *trousseau* without part of her work in it, and the dressmaker having found out her own importance, began to take on airs, when the tale came to the ears of King Frederick. Curious and inquisitive from his youth, the friend and enemy of Voltaire was given to consider and sift gossip. There were grains of golden information to be got out of that flying chaff; they had served him often in camp and court, by throwing light on his neighbours' proceedings, or directing his own countermine; and now, in his old, unoccupied days, it occurred to his Prussian majesty that the story of Madame Haroldson and the Richendorffs, shining stuff and all, might be worth investigating, and he went to work with accustomed silence and celerity.

The Danish dressmaker was thrown into a state of great excitement and expectation, one evening at the approach of Christmas-time, by a message from the royal *schloss*, where she was to attend immediately, and receive the commands of Princess Amelia. The health of the poor princess had not admitted of her illustrating the fashions largely for years; but what of that? a sac or pinner sent home to the schloss would raise Madame above all her enemies; and she hastened to wait on the one sister of the Great Frederick who had remained in single blessedness. In the ante-room of the schloss, however, Madame found an officer with a serious face and a warrant to arrest her. She was directly conducted to a carriage, driven with all speed to Küstrin, escorted down stairs and through passages to a large empty room with grated windows, where two elderly ladies—one in the dress of an ordinary beguine, the other in that of a canoness, and both with stern, grave faces—locked the door, and informed Madame they were commanded to search her person. They did so, and found the famous little box, secured, they say, in a concealed pocket set in her seventh petticoat. It contained nothing but a small ragged piece of Parisian stuff, in fashion some twenty years before, and called *soie d'argent*, from the silvery threads mingled with the silk of which it was composed. The canoness directly commenced a strict examination as to why she kept that piece of stuff about her, and how it had come into her possession; and the dressmaker's airs and importance being all departed by this time, she threw herself on her knees, solemnly declaring that the stuff was kept for no magical purpose, nor had been obtained in any wicked way, but once formed part of the hanging sleeve which she, as a workwoman in the establishment of Madame Fleury, had helped to make for the ball-dress of the young Countess von Sinclair, the last she ever wore, and disappeared in at the old palace of Ringstadt. It had been torn off, as the reverend and high-born canoness would perceive, and her son had found it in the pocket of the young Baron Richendorff's dress-coat, which he got to put new buttons on while working for the fashionable tailor in Copenhagen. He had dutifully brought it home to his mother; the search for the countess was over by that time; and after her dear boy's death, she thought it no harm to help a poor lone widow's living by letting the noble family know it was in her fingers, and keeping it well out of theirs. That was all Madame Haroldson could tell. The canoness took possession of the stuff, and informed her she should come to no harm if her tale proved true, but must remain in Küstrin, without seeing anybody but her jailer, for some time.

On the following day, the young baron of Richendorff, as he was still called, received an early summons to attend also at the schloss; the Princess Amelia had business with him too; and as he went up the grand staircase wondering what it could be, a couple of officers arrested him, conducted him to a carriage waiting at the back-entrance, drove him off to Küstrin, and lodged him in the very apartment Frederick himself had occupied when his father thought proper to send him there for contemplated desertion, and poor Katt was executed in the court outside. In that chamber of memories the young baron passed the night without fire or candle, and in the morning was waited on by the chaplain of the fortress, a gray-headed, iron-faced old man, far more of a soldier than a parson, whose code of morals and religion was to obey orders and pray for the king. He solemnly interrogated him on Madame Haroldson's piece of torn stuff, how it came off the sleeve of the lost countess, and got into his dress-coat pocket; and the baron, having no other alternative, at once confessed the secret of the dressmaker's power over him and his family. He said that his attentions to the young countess had been more serious and more reciprocated than any one about the Danish court imagined. He had fallen in love with the young lady, and she with him; and he, married man as he was, had often urged her to elope with him to Germany, but could never get her to consent. On the night of the ball at Ringstadt, he had become jealous of the Russian ambassador, watched for and beckoned her out at the end of the last dance, to talk in the great gallery. They were both heated, and hoping to be more out of sight and hearing, opened the little door, and went on the stair leading to the deserted court-yard. There he pressed his suit, till the countess, half angry and half playful, attempted to flee from him down the stair. He caught her by the sleeve, but part of the slight stuff gave way in his grasp, and missing her footing at the same moment, she was precipitated down the steep stone stair, and into the deep draw-well which lay immediately below. He heard the ice upon it crashing as she fell, and hurried down: a great hole in the ice was there, and a heaving of the waters below, but no sight or sound of the lady. The well was more than a hundred feet deep; he knew she could not be saved, and if he gave the alarm, he might have been suspected of her murder. There was therefore nothing for it but to save himself, which even lovers can do in such cases, by keeping a strict silence, and joining in the search. But in his haste, the torn piece of stuff had been thrust into the baron's pocket, had been forgotten, and found there by Madame Haroldson's son; and the fear which kept the baron from giving the alarm, had enabled her to use it with his family to some purpose for more than twenty years.

Whether he told the whole truth or not, could never be ascertained; but a private communication which the Prussian ambassador made to Queen Louisa Ulrica, led to the examination of the deep draw-well. At its bottom there was found the skeleton of a woman, still wearing a gold necklace and bracelets, with a cipher of Von Sinclair upon them. It was laid quietly in a vault under Ringstadt Church, and nothing more said about it. King Frederick and his sister thought it unnecessary to publish the misfortune

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of a noble family, when no actual crime could be proved. The baron was liberated soon after, with a command to occupy himself in future with the management of his paternal estates in East Prussia, which, it is needless to say, he obeyed to the letter. Madame Haroldson was also released, with an order to quit Berlin, and go anywhere she pleased except to Copenhagen. It is said her final settlement was in Hamburg, where she gave up dressmaking, and devoted her leisure time and hoarded gatherings to the purchase of lottery-tickets, every one of which turned out blanks. Tradition also asserts that the ladies of the Richendorff family signalised their freedom from her thrall by getting new sacs direct from Paris, and were ever after famous for wearing the first French fashions. Some of them who lived to be grandmothers, and see more French fashions in Berlin than were wanted after the battle of Jena, were heard, when close upon their last toilets, to bless the memory of King Frederick for having delivered them from the Danish Dressmaker.

STREET-SONGS.

A WELL-KNOWN author of our own time once laid upon himself the task of investigating the literature of the Masses. He bought a specimen of all the penny periodicals, whose name was legion even then, and which now have become as the leaves of Vallambrosa, except that many of them do not exist so long as from spring to autumn, and he read each number (or averred he did) right through from beginning to end. A still more conscientious man would have perused the continuous story that pervades each of them—buying up the back numbers, and bespeaking those to come for that especial purpose—but our author was himself a writer of serial stories, and he knew better than that; besides, he could guess pretty well what had happened, and what might be expected to happen, to hero and ruffian, to betrayer and betrayed, so that he fairly held himself excused. He read, in all, about four-and-twenty of these wonderful little magazines, and he came to the conclusion, that they were written in a manner which he could never hope to emulate. He was really anxious to do so, for the circulation of some of them was immense—far greater than that of the respectable journal with which he was himself connected. The man who wrote the continuous stories, although not a person of literary eminence, was an object of envy to our author, tolerably popular though he was: the latter might count his readers by tens of thousands, but the former could count them by hundreds of thousands. He had got the masses by the ear, and he knew how to hold on to it. A curious proof of this occurred a little while afterwards, when one of the most popular of these periodicals fell into the hands of a too enterprising publisher, who started in its pages one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Its readers had certainly never read Scott, but they evinced no desire whatever to make his acquaintance. The circulation fell with ruinous rapidity; in four months, Sir Walter had choked off ninety thousand subscribers; and the enterprising publisher had to recall Fitzball—the idol of his literary public—by whose magic wand the masses were presently beckoned back again.

Our author of course detested Fitzball, and would have given the world to expose him; but, as a matter of fact, there was nothing to expose. He hoped to find him immoral, or at least improper, but such was not the case; the writings of Fitzball are harmless as water-arrow-root. He looked for incidents of startling interest, but with the exception of the usual occurrences—the saving of the heroine from drowning, and her release from the ordinary bull—there was nothing to excite a thrill in the most impulsive. He looked for the exemplary punishments of the Bad Men, and lo! they generally died repentant, and dispensing blessings in liberal profusion. He looked for broad and hilarious merriment, if not for wit; but he might just as well have looked for that in the *Post-office Directory*. There was not a scintillation of humour to be found in a single one of the four-and-twenty periodicals. The masses take their pleasure sadly, and look upon literature as a very serious subject indeed.

Upon the whole, our author retired from his severe labours, having achieved no practical result. His investigations led him nowhere, except to a consciousness of his own inability to rival the supreme Fitzball. He came to the conclusion, that the latter owed his success to the fact, that he was only a very, very little intellectually superior to his readers, and that he was without the slightest individuality of any kind. Thus, he never unduly elevated the Masses, never puzzled them, never shocked them; but always titillated them with the notion, that his own Works were the very works that they themselves would have written had literature happened to have been their calling. They had thought his thoughts, or something very like them, before; they had imagined his 'situations;' while his very localities were not unknown to them, for his descriptions were vague enough to allow themselves to be adapted to any scene.

Now, we ourselves have been devoted for a very considerable period to the study of Street-songs, and we find them to afford even a more mysterious subject for reflection than Mr Fitzball's prose. It is all very well to quote the dismally hackneyed sentiment of 'Give me the making of a People's ballads, and let who will make their laws;' but it is a thing easier said than done. There are an immense number of popular melodies now lying before us, of which, to use a popular expression, we can make neither head nor tail. They are very varied in subject, in metre, and in style, yet, albeit ourselves accustomed to poetic labours, we are totally at a loss to account for their composition. A very few of them, indeed, are ballads of literary merit with which we are all familiar; but, as a general rule, our great poets have failed as signally as our great novelists to find their way to the hearts of the Masses—that is to say, to that lowest substratum of society able to comprehend literature, or appreciate verse at all. The ballads before us have no author's name attached to any of them, and if they had, we should probably be none the wiser; yet these are the songs which are listened to by millions, and purchased, at a halfpenny each, with a wood-cut, by thousands. These wood-cuts not only add the charm of another art to that of song, but they introduce an element of imagination; they suggest, but they do not illustrate, since they invariably refer to something of a totally different character to the matter in hand. Thus, over the *Blue-eyed Maid* there is depicted a Three-decker in full sail; over the *Battle of Navarino* is a pastoral person milking a cow; and over the *Plague-ship at Sea*, there are a gentleman and lady going to church, with a cloud-borne cherub with his eye upon them, as in a valentine.

These songs, be it premised, have not been bought at a stall, or out of an umbrella, with any pecuniary abatement, in consequence of our taking a quantity; they have been collected by ourselves in city and village, in the street and on the race-course, at Berkshire sword-playings, and at Cumberland wrestling-matches, and not until we have heard them sung and applauded. The popularity of some of them is further assured by our possessing many duplicate copies, and it is these, in particular, which most excite our admiration—in the sense of wonder. The more popular a street-ballad is, the more unintelligible, as it seems to us, is its composition. Some of them, we regret to say, are improper, and unfit for quotation; some of them are pathetic; some are humorous; a few are

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patriotic; a few didactic; and many are amatory; but the thing which seems most to secure the attention of the many-headed is Confusion—Poetic Chaos. It is not that matters are not clearly explained, and therefore may be suggestive; but they are left unfinished, as if type itself was wanting. One subject is suddenly deserted for another, not only without reason, but even without rhyme; the first line of a couplet being left all alone, with not even a comma, as it were, to tie up the poetic arteries. We are not speaking of the mere mistakes of the printer, which are tremendous indeed, but of the miscarriage of the language, which babbles in an idiotic and unconnected manner, like the Atlantic Telegraph before it became utterly speechless. For instance, let us take that very popular street-song, called *The Grand Conversation of Napoleon*, of which there are several versions, but all distinguished by this charming confusion. The title awakes some wonder, to begin with, since there are not even two persons mentioned in the song to hold a conversation at all, and far less a Grand one.

It was over that wild-beaten trac enh of bold Bonaparte,
Did pace the sands and lofty rocks of st Helena's shore
The wind it blew a hurricane the lightnings flash around did dart
The sea-gulls were shrieking and the waves around did roar;
Ah hush rude winds, the stranger cried, awhile I range the dreary spot,
Where last a gallant hero his envied eyes did close,
But while his valued limbs do rot, his name will never be forgot.
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.
Ah England, he cried, why did you persecute that hero bold,
Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo;
Napoleon he was a friend to heroes all, *both young and old,*
He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go;
When plains [!] were ranging night and day that bold commander to betray,
He cried, I'll go to Moscow and then 'twill ease my woes.
If fortune shines without delay, then all the world shall me obey.
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose
That thousands of men he then did raise, to conquer Moscow by surprise,
He led his men across the Alps oppressed by frost and snow
But being near the Russian land he then began *to open his eyes*
For Moscow was a burning, and the men *drove to and fro,*
Napoleon dauntless viewed the flame and wept in anguish for the same,
He cried retreat my gallant men *for time so quickly goes*
What thousands did on that retreat some forced their horses for to eat,
This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

There is a great deal more of it, but perhaps the above will be sufficient. Why Napoleon should be so dear to the writer, why his eyes should be 'envied,' and his limbs 'valued'—although we have heard of 'precious limbs'—we know not; this old and favourite street-song, however, is perhaps a relic of the revolutionary epoch, when our own lower classes sympathised with the French. But observe how the poet interlards his song with mere phrases—such as we have italicised; not because they have the least affinity with his subject, but because they lie nearest to his hand.

When Blucher led the Russians [!] in, *it nearly broke Napoleons heart*
He cried my thirty thousand men are killed and *I am sold.*

And again—

His son soon followed to the tomb; *it was an awful plot;*

a remark which, if directed against the allied monarchs, can scarcely be termed justifiable. In another panegyric upon the mighty Corsican, the curious expression,

He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go,

occurs once more. Is it possible that our street-song writers can be subsidised, like the *Morning Chronicle?* Else, how comes it that they are so Napoleonic in their ideas? Under the singular title of 'the Green Linnet,' the great emperor is most tenderly alluded to in *Maria Louisa's Lament.*

The cold lofty Alps you freely went over
Which nature had placed in your way,
That Maringo, Saloney, around you did hover
And Paris did rejoice the next day.
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone, will I never see you more?
* * * *
When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding
You marched to the north with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile mock clothing
You used your exertion and skill
You spread out the wings of your envied train
While tyrants great Cæsar's old nest set in flames
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plain
Are you gone, will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling
In every field high and low
Fame on her trumpets thro' Frenchmen were calling
Fresh laurels to place on her brow.
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbour did call
Are you gone, will I never see you more?

This is pretty well in the way of poetical enigma, but the last verse is perfection, since the printer has therein vied with the poet in producing utter unintelligibility.

'thro the deserts of Abyssinia,
t find no cure for my pain,
Will I go and enquire in the Isle of St Helens
No, we will whisper in vain,
Tell me you critics, now tell me in it me
The nation I will range my green linnet to find
Was he slain at Waterloo, at Elba on the Rhine,
If he was I will ne—

That is the last verse, pure and simple. What can the critics tell, thus being appealed to? They can only affirm, from the peculiar use of the word 'will,' that the talented author is an Irishman.

Surely, when so much study and acumen are devoted, at the universities and elsewhere, to elucidate obscure texts in an ancient poet, some attention might be paid to the mysteries of popular English ballad! We have listened for hours to the hypotheses of classical lecturers upon the erasure and substitution of a Greek letter, and have received with humility his advice as to procuring the best German edition of a Greek play, now let us, in return, recommend to those gentlemen, or their successors, the investigation of *Maria Louisa's Lament*, of which we possess no less than five editions, and all, as it seems to us, intensely needing revision.

It must not be supposed, however, that all street-songs are thus unintelligible; this is only the case when they are street-songs and nothing else: many of them have an existence other than that of the halfpenny broad-sheet, in books of songs—*Vocal Warblers* or *Wreaths of Melody*—and these are, by comparison, faultless. Having these famous text-books to consult, in place of oral tradition, an editor would have no excuse for any such errors. Thus, the

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Ratcatcher's Daughter, a ballad, by the by, somewhat irrelevantly surmounted by a medieval design in black-letter, has come to our hands in all its native purity, a phrase which could not be used of many of its congeners which have enjoyed the same advantages. Comic street-songs are generally coarse and stupid, but the present specimen, although describing persons in a humble station of life, is correct and humorous. The author is careful to tell us that his heroine was not always a resident in the unaristocratic locality inhabited by her parent.

She was not born in Westminster
But on t'other side of the water,
And the gentlefolk they all bought sprats
Of the pretty Ratcatcher's daughter.

An affecting instance of the power of her beauty, as sprats are, for the most part, purchased by the poorer classes only. Neither rich nor poor could, however, have ignored either her or her profession.

If she cried sprats in Westminster
She'd such a loud sweet voice, sir,*
You might hear her all down Parliament Street
As far as Charing Cross, sir.

The rich and great came far and near
To marry her they all sought her
* * * *
But there was a man cried 'lilly white sand'
In Cupid's net had caught her.

The two following verses are really humorous in a high degree:

Now lilly white sand so ran in her head
When coming along the Strand, sir,
She forgot she'd got sprats upon her head
And cried 'Buy my lilly white sand O,'
The folks amased all thought her crased
All along the Strand, O,
To hear a girl with sprats upon her head
Cry 'Buy my lilly white sand O.'

The ratcatcher's daughter ran so in *his* head
He didn't know what he was arter
Stead of crying 'Buy my lilly white sand
He cried 'Do you want any ratcatcher's darter?'
The donkey cocked his ears and brayed
Folks wondered what he was arter
To hear a lilly white sandman cry
Do you want any ratcatcher's daughter.

Many of our readers have probably heard this affecting ballad, whether they would or not, as sung in Her Majesty's highways, and it is not necessary to harrow the feelings of the less fortunate who have not heard it by describing that catastrophe which caused the lover

To cut his throat with a piece of glass
And stab his donkey arter,
So that donkey and lilly white sandman died
Thro' the love of the ratcatcher's darter.

But there is both humour and pathos in the above verses, although as curiously distorted as in a nigger melody. In both these qualities the street-song is generally deficient. The courtships, too, are arranged with ludicrous haste, and the situations are not dramatic, but only 'stagey.'

THE RIVER ROE.

As I went out one evening all in the month of June
The primroses and daisies and vielets were in bloom
I espied a lovely fair one, and her I did not know,
I took her for an angel that was beathing in the Roe.
* * * *
Her sirname I'll not tell, lest you might her know
But her master's habitation is on the River Roe.
* * * *
I said my pretty fair maid if with me you'll agree
We'll join our hands in wedlock, and wedded we will be.
My father he's a nobleman the country well does know
And his dwellings lies convenient to the River Roe.
She quickly made answer, and this to me did say
'My mistress, she is waiting, I have no time to stay
I'll meet you to-morrow and my mistress won't know.
We have had some conversation on the River Roe.'

This last most unexpected remark is surely by the author of

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

He can no more keep that piece of idiocy out of his compositions than Mr Dick could eliminate Charles I. from his Memorial, and it occurs here again and again; but it is only necessary to state that the marriage of the nobleman and the servant was solemnised with unusual rapidity:

We were married next evening as you shall shortly know;
She has servants to attend her, and she dwells upon the River Roe.

In the above excessively stupid composition, some features of the Old Ballad have evidently been preserved—the casual meeting, and the love at first sight of the nobleman with the maiden of low degree; but how strangely are they confused with modern 'servantgalism,' and its *I have no time to stay*, and *My mistress won't know!*

The highwayman, who inspired so many street-songs of the last century, is now almost forgotten. In all our collection, there is but one melody in his honour, entitled *Brennan on the Moor*, and surmounted by a handsome cavalier in a Spanish cloak, to which are attached three enormous medals of exquisite workmanship. A curious mixture of Robin Hood and the Newgate Calendar is herein apparent:

But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide it with the widows in distress.

Nobody, we suppose, would have been more astonished than Turpin (except Black Bess) at having such a system of benevolence imputed to him. Brennan having been 'basely betrayed' (like any unsuspecting female) by 'a false-hearted young man,' yet 'with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made:'

He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball
So Brennan and his comrade they were taken *after all*.

His last farewell would be more affecting if it were less incorrectly printed:

Farewell unto my wise and to my children three
Likewise my aged father he may shed tears for me
And so my loving mother who tore her gery locks and cried,
Saying, 'With Willie Brennan in your cradle you had died.'

The last statement is entirely at variance with the rest of the ballad. Ancient songs such as these suffer most from errors and omissions, simply because the editor, who has probably no library to consult, is as much in the dark as his readers. The mere misprints have sometimes quite a fine black-letter air, as,

Knownin the wese betrayed.

In *The Widow that keeps the Lamb Inn*, on the other hand, the editor seems more than at home. This is a good song, and contains much tolerable wit in the unambitious form of puns. The second line

* 'Sir' is always inserted when either the rhyme or the metre seems to require it.

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contains an admission truly modest, and unusual in a travelled person:

A traveller for many long years have I been
But I never went over to France;
Most cities and all market-towns [a beautiful touch]
I've been in
From Berwick on Tweed to Penzance,
Many hotels and taverns I've been in my time
And many fair landladys seen—
But of all the fair charmers who other outshine
Give me the sweet widow,
The dear little widow,
I mean the sweet widow that keeps the Lamb Inn.

Her lips are as roses [rosy ?] as e'en is her wine,
And like all her liquors she's neat,
She's full of good spirits that's really devine
And while serving her bitters, looks sweet.

The experience of the poet in the matter of inns is extensive indeed.

There's Bet at the 'Blossom' and Poll of the 'Crown'
Fat Dolly who owns 'the Red Heart,'
There's Kate of 'the Garter and Star' of renown,
And Peggy who keeps 'the Skylark.'
Spruce Fan of 'the Eagle' and Nan of 'the Bell'
Pretty Jane of 'the Man drest in Green'
But of all the fair creatures who others excel
Give me the sweet widow who keeps the Lamb Inn.
There's Nance at 'the Old Woman clothed in Gray'
I look black upon her, I vow,
And Letty who graces the 'Old Load of Hay'
I don't care a straw for her now.

In strong but not agreeable contrast to street-songs of this sort are the religious ballads. These are principally addressed to the Irish population, and are, without exception Roman Catholic—nay, Ultramontane in their tone. In the *Lines on the Mission at Navan Town*, all Irish Catholics are prayed to lend an ear unto the glorious victory of this 'tryumphant' year: speaking of some ecclesiastical pageant, the poet informs us,

Since Moses led the Israelites
The like was never known.
The procession it was splendid
The truth I do declare,
The clergy walked with incense grand
The virgin's banner there;
Whilst the model of holy innocence
The children all in white
With the holy Dr Cantwell
It was his hearts delight.

Nor is this ecclesiastic with the unfortunate name the only priest herein immortalised.

Both night and day one labours hard
To guard and teach her flock—
The Reverend Father Fortescue
Stands on St Peter's Rock.
One Faith, one Church, one Lord and God,
There's certainly no more,
You unbelieving Christians
Now this great God adore;
To fly a deathbed repentance
The eleventh hour, make haste
And join our holy missioners
Against Antichrist—the Baste!

In the song on *Dr Cahill's Visit to England*, the author diffidently states, 'the praise of that great theologian I am quite unfit to lay down,' but that is the sole instance of modesty which these religious ballads afford. Their unblushing bigotry and insolent dictation would be truly humorous, did they not, alas! but too faithfully represent the feelings of the class to which they are addressed.

The realistic class of street-song, that which simply describes everyday-life as it now is, seems to flourish best in the manufacturing districts. In *The Handsome Factory Lass*, we find the heroine addressing a power quite novel in poetical adjurations:

Oh cruel *Turnout*, thou hast been severe.

In the *Contented Wife and her Satisfied Husband* there is a most admirable and common-sense statement of domestic expenditure; the husband, who has One Pound One a week, finds his wife spends it all in household matters, and desires to know how the money goes.

'Well now,' says she, 'if you must know, you shall, with good intent.
Now first we pay half-a-crown every Monday morn for rent,
Three and sixpence for bread, and for butter sugar and tea
Two and twopence I lay out as you may plainly see.

There is tenpence every week for coals and sixpence wood and coke
Threepence needles pins and thread, and sixpence halfpenny soap,
Three and sixpence every week for meat, two shillings for potatoes and greens,
And then there's threepence halfpenny every week for milk and cream;'

and thus she goes into every item, until she is able to remark in conclusion:

'There's just a single penny left of your one pound one,
So where does candles, matches, and such things come from.'

The refutation of extravagance could not be more complete in the mouth of Mr Gladstone himself. Social morality, good sense, and accuracy are combined in this poem, which indeed has no drawback, except that it has no poetry in it, and but very indifferent rhymes.

Our collection comprises some very excellent *Dreadful Murders*, but they are almost too shocking for quotation. The thing most insisted on in these, next to the interesting details of the deed itself, is exact Locality. Thus, in the elegy upon *Norah Scannell:*

In Albert Square, in High Street, Shadwell,
With a foreigner she did reside—
A man of blood, thought nought of murder
The laws of England he defied
Through jealousy this bloodthirsty murderer
In cold blood, devoid of strife,
With a weapon—the Spanish dagger—
He took away poor Norah's life.

The poet dwells rather too fondly upon the incisions made by this formidable weapon, but he reserves his climax of sanguinary detail for the suicide of the murderer himself.

He had blown out his brains—the walls were covered!
His teeth and jaws were scattered around,
Part of his brains were on the ceiling,
Part of his tongue was on the ground.

There are few, even of our Temperance readers, who have not heard snatches of the street-song *I likes a Drop of Good Beer;* but the great original, here present, contains sentiments which we ourselves have missed in its *vivâ-voce* delivery, and which may have escaped the observation of others; which would be a pity. Rum, observes this enthusiast for malt liquor, causes the hair to fall off—will make the bald pates to appear.

I never goes out, but I carries about
My little pint nuggin of beer;
For I likes a drop o good beer, I do,
I likes a drop o good beer;
And darn his eyes whoever tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.

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The word 'darn' being obviously used in the sense of to close up, and having no connection whatever with the usual vulgar expletive of the lower classes.

My wife and I feel always dry
At market on Saturday night
Then a nuggin of beer I never need fear
For my wife always says it is right.

There is a tribute to woman's prudence and judgment; and here is another to her taste:

For *she* likes a drop o good beer, she do,
&c., &c.

The whole concludes with a loyal enthusiasm, thus:

Long may Queen Victoria reign
And be to her subjects dear
And wherever she goes we'll wallop her foes
Only give us a skinful of beer.

As we turn over the fading broad-sheets before us, there seem many more street-songs deserving of admission into these respectable columns; but space, or rather the want of it, forbids further extract. There is room for the gem of the collection, and that is all. It is entitled *Red-haired Man's Wife*, and possesses a blotched frontispiece, apparently intended for a landscape:

Ye muses nine combine and lend me your aid
To pen these few lines you shall find my heart is betrayed
By a virgin fair whom I love as dear as my wife.
She has from me flown and become the Red-haired Man's wife.

Observe the effect of passion in the lover, not only in his carelessness of punctuation, but in his use of the definite article 'the,' as though there was but one Red-haired Man in all the world, including Scotland.

A letter I sent by a friend down by the sea-shore
To let her understand I am the man that does her adore,
If she would leave that slave I would forfeit my life
She'd live like a lady, I mean the Red-haired Man's wife.

The injured swain determines to try the effect of Nature upon his love-sick mind:

I straight took my walk each day through a thick shady grove;
Thro' pearling streams where warblers nimbly rove;
* * * * *
The lark and the linnet softly sent up their strains
The nymphs of Phœnicia swiftly skipped over the plains.

He must, therefore, one would think, have gone abroad; but, at all events, he returns to England, and seeks by accident the very sea-side place—probably Margate—to which his faithless fair has fled:

I was conveeyed where nature boasts of her pride,
I stood in amaze and gazed on the Red-haired Man's bride.

He endeavours to persuade her to elope, by reminding her of her broken vows:

Don't you remember the time that I gave you my heart,
You solemnly swore from me you never would part.

She allows that that is all very true, but that she is now the red-haired man's wife, and intends to remain so. Then he proposes a composition; namely, that she shall be both their wives, and instances as an authority for that peculiar arrangement the patriarch (whom he calls 'a patriot') David:

My darling fair Phœnix, the same as if you were my own,
The Patriot David had numbers of wives 'tis well known.

The lady, however, at once perceives the illogical as well (we will hope) as the immoral character of this argument; and as a last resource, the tempter offers her a gift—perhaps his photograph. She not only shews herself totally disinclined, however, to figure before Sir Creswell Creswell, but she gives the young man a bit of judicious advice into the bargain:

Therefore, *take it easy*, as nature has caused this strife,
I was given away, and will remain the Red-haired Man's wife.

Surely never before did Virtue and Philosophy combine more harmoniously in the same couplet.

THE HERRING QUESTION.

An ancient naturalist speaks of a common opinion that whatever exists in any other department of animated nature finds its analogue in the sea. Modern nomenclature presents us with the extremes in this long chain of being in the angel-fish and the sea-devil; but between these there are numerous similarities to countenance the old dogma. No better likeness, for instance, of the pouter-pigeon could be found in the waters than the curious globe-fish, which has occasionally been taken on the Cornish coast; and to produce another finny analogue of a bird, which has also the advantage of matching an old popular belief with a modern popular error, we might compare the herring with the swallow. The latter migrates yearly to unknown torrid climes; and until quite recently, it was supposed that the herring also withdrew annually to the arctic regions.

We purpose to correct this erroneous view, by giving the true natural history of the herring, as suggested by Yarrell, strengthened since his death in an Essay read before the British Association, by E. T. Mitchell, Esq., in 1861, and established last year by Her Majesty's Commissioners for 'inquiring into the acts relative to trawling on the coasts of Scotland.'

To begin with the fish's birth. Fishermen who frequent the 'Fluke Hole,' a celebrated fishing-ground a mile off Pittenweem, on the coast of Fife, often find in autumn their nets and ropes covered with herring-spawn. This is hatched in three weeks, and becomes then *fry* or *sill*. In six or seven weeks more, these have attained three inches in length. Eleven or twelve inches is the average length of the full-grown fish; but it is most difficult to ascertain how long it takes to acquire maturity. Taking into account all that is certainly known of it, and remembering what legions of hungry enemies are perpetually preying on the herring, we shall not be far wrong in assigning from twelve to eighteen months as the requisite time. From fry, the herring pass into *maties*, as they are called, remarkable chiefly for their fat. In this state they feed voraciously on various crustacea, sand-eels, &c., and do not cure well. Their next change is into *full herrings*, the fish with which most people are familiar at the breakfast-table, their chief internal peculiarity being, that the fat of the matie has given place to roe or milt. It takes about three or four months for the matie to pass into the full herring. At first, only a few of the latter are caught, but soon they are found in prodigious numbers, when the season begins in earnest, massed together in tiers at such favourable spots as the Fluke Hole, or the banks of Ballantrae in Ayrshire, where the bottom is gravelly, and covering square miles of sea. After spawning, they are called *shotten*, and rapidly disappear. There is no positive evidence as to their ultimate fate; but the general belief is, that they

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withdraw to deep water, and after staying there a longer or shorter time, reappear as maties, and run afresh through the same cycle of changes. The age to which a herring will live is unknown; but looking to the numbers of its hungry enemies, two or three of these annual campaigns must generally prove fatal to it. We say annual, because, though two of these campaigns take place every year round the British coasts, namely, in spring and autumn, it seems most probable that different bands of herrings are engaged in them; different armies, we might say, for the word herring is derived from the German *Heer*, an army, expressive of their vast numbers.

As for the fabulous stories of their migration to the arctic regions, which Pennant relates, and which is still the popular belief, there is no evidence whatever to support it. No herrings have ever been caught in the arctic seas, it being eminently a fish of the temperate seas; none have ever been found in the stomach of whales caught there; none have ever been observed going there or returning. A few can be taken round our own shores all through the year. In the Firth of Forth, one may be caught in any month. The shad, the pilchard, and other fish come and go by shoals on various parts of our coasts in a similar manner to the herring, and yet no arctic migration has ever been brought forward to account for their wanderings. The truth manifestly is, that all alike come into the shallows to deposit their ova at certain times, and then retire to deeper water.

The capricious habits of the herring have chiefly contributed to keep this fable alive. Far above other migratory fishes, it is prone to sudden and unaccountable fancies. From 1555 to 1862, herrings deserted the Ballantrae banks altogether. The Isle of Lewis was a well-known fishing locality, but from 1750 till about 1790, the herrings discontinued their visits. The same thing happened in 1797; and for the thirty-two following years, none approached the shores. Indeed, at the best of times, the continuance of a shoal in any part of the North-west Highlands for eight days together, is extremely precarious. The fishermen give all kinds of absurd reasons for such fanciful desertion of their usual stations. In the Western Isles of Scotland, burning kelp, firing off guns, and even plying of steam-boats, have been regarded as distasteful to the herring, and the cause of bad fishing-seasons. The true reasons are evidently variations in the quantity of food, and the kind and force of the destructive agencies at work upon the herring. What brings them periodically to certain localities is chiefly the increase of temperature and oxygen, so necessary to the continuance of their kind.

Let us pass to the chief modes of catching them. The legal method is by the drift-net. From six hundred to two thousand yards of netting, supported by floats and buoys, and attended by boats, are shot at night in the deep, and the fish caught are strangled in the meshes. This is an expensive plan, liable to frequent derangement by storms and steam-boats. The other system is by the trawl. This only became a system in 1846, and prevailed chiefly on the west coast. It consists of the common seine-net rowed out, and then dragged ashore in a semicircular form, enclosing the fish in a purse. The respective advocates of these plans had long been finding fault with each other's systems, and much ill-feeling had thereby been engendered among the Scotch fishing communities. Did a poor season occur amongst the trawlers? They forthwith complained of the drift-nets disturbing the spawn. Were the drift-nets disappointed of their season's average? They lodged complaints against the trawlers for killing the fry along with the older fish. These old grievances had been met by the legislature from time to time with different acts. The police, watchers, &c. necessary to preserve these in force, were now felt a heavy burden by the fishermen. Murmurs arose among the fishermen themselves as to the expediency of keeping up the very acts originally passed for their good. Some petitioned parliament in favour of the trawl-net, others against it. Therefore, last autumn, the Commission we have mentioned was appointed to inquire into the alleged grievances of the Fishery Acts, and to report, from a survey of the whole question, what line had better be adopted for the future.

We must briefly mention these acts, to enable their proceedings to be better understood. Since 1809, the meshes of drift-nets have been compelled to measure not less than an inch from knot to knot, or have thirty-six squares in the yard. In 1851, the trawl was declared illegal, and the drift-net recognised as the only legal mode of capturing herring. Increased powers were given to put a more effectual stop to trawling, in 1860. The act of that year also introduced a 'close-time' for all the west coasts of Scotland, while the east coast was left free as before. From January 1st to May 31st, no herrings may be caught on the west coast up to Point Ardnamurchan; and none from that point to Cape Wrath, between January 1st and May 20th. Another appeal to legislation was rendered necessary in 1861, from the fact of the sprat-fishery in the Firth of Forth, which can only be carried on by trawling, being destroyed by the exclusion of the trawl, and a large body of fishermen who had been accustomed to depend upon it for their subsistence being thereby reduced to destitution. A new act was therefore passed to relieve them, by legalising the capture of sprats in certain localities.

By personally surveying the west coast, and weighing much evidence, the Commissioners found that trawling did not injure the fishery. Remembering the dates of the above-mentioned acts, this table is a specimen of its proof.

ABSTRACT OF RETURN OF THE WHOLE FISHERY OF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Periods of Five Years.	Approximative Gross Take.	
	In Five Years.	Annual Average.
1845 to 1849, . .	516,102	103,220
1850 to 1854, . .	543,756	108,551
1855 to 1859, . .	595,403	119,080

We may add a few particulars of interest for one locality, to shew the scale on which the fishery is here carried on. In Loch Fyne alone, there were, on an average of seven years, from 1855 to 1861, 518 boats of all sizes employed almost exclusively in taking herrings. Their value is upwards of six thousand pounds, and that of the nets they carry about ten thousand pounds. Nearly fifteen hundred fishermen are employed in manning this fleet.

It was found that the close-time gave great dissatisfaction in every way. In winter, the Skye people depend much upon the cod, ling, and other fish which they can take, and its effect has been to deprive them of herring-bait, the best adapted for catching these fish. Their harvest was a failure in 1861, and though much mortality prevailed amongst them, and great scarcity of food, with the herrings actually on their coast, the law forbade their capture. Yet four policemen sent from Argyle were sufficient to secure the maintenance of close-time, in a population of twenty thousand. What the feelings of the Skye people are against such a law may well be imagined.

No advocate for close-time is to be found on the east coast, with the exception of the Wick curers. The fishermen oppose its introduction, and the returns shew that they are right. Wick, we may remark, is the metropolis of curing in Scotland, as Yarmouth is in England. From far and wide, the country girls flock into the town, to assist in it during the season, when the shore, as may be expected, is somewhat unsavoury. We need not describe the process of curing, as it is to be seen so close to home

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as Yarmouth, where even in Anglo-Saxon times, according to Yarrell, the herring-fishery was carried on, and a tax of ten thousand fish was paid annually in the reign of Henry I.

On the general question of close-time, the Commissioners think the whole of the west coast, from the Mull of Cantire to Cape Wrath, should be made as free as the east coast is at present. The main objection to close-time is, that fishermen are everywhere prevented by it from taking herrings to serve as bait for 'white fish;' so that these latter, all of them the direst foes of herring, increase enormously, to say nothing of the profit lost to the fishermen thereby. A single herring cuts up into bait for three of these fish, each of which, it is calculated, if left in the sea, would have devoured annually between four and five hundred herrings. This is evidently the point on which herring legislation turns. If the number of herrings available for human consumption can be increased by enactments, let acts be made accordingly; if, on the contrary, legislation only multiplies their natural enemies at the expense of man, it is hurtful. As a matter of fact, it is found to do so. Consider the enemies of the herring. Among fish are the cod, ling, coal-fish, hake, conger, and dog-fish, while the 'king of the herrings,' a monster like a rabbit mounted on wings, constantly harasses them round our northern coasts. Gulls and gannets are also their sworn foes. How small a part in this destructive work does man play! His 'influence upon herrings,' says the Report, in the face of all this (not taking into account the swarms of flat-fish of all kinds that prey upon the spawn), 'whether conservative or destructive, is absolutely inappreciable.' It is calculated, from the fishing returns, that the quantity of cod and ling alone caught on the Scotch coasts during 1861, would have devoured more herring than 48,000 fishermen could have taken. As, during that year, only 42,751 fishermen and boys were employed on the Scotch fisheries, the magnitude of their destructive powers may readily be perceived. Indeed, our fishery operations do not effect five per cent. of the total annual destruction of the herring. Wisely, then, do the Commissioners present the following conclusion to parliament: 'Under such circumstances, the herring-fishery should not be trammelled with repressive acts, calculated only to protect class interests, and to disturb, in an unknown, and possibly injurious manner, the balance existing between the conservative and destructive agencies at work upon the herring. If legislation could regulate the appetites of cod, conger, and porpoise, it might be useful to pass laws regarding them; but to prevent fishermen from catching their poor one or two per cent. of herring in any way they please, when the other 98 per cent., subject to destructive agencies, are poached in all sorts of unrecognised piscine methods, seems a wasteful employment of the force of law.'

Indeed, when it is considered what a splendid nursery for hardy seamen is the herring-fishery, anything tending to have a repressive effect must be an evil to the country. Repressive laws which, from the nature of the case cannot be perfectly upheld, are demoralising to the steady fishing-communities of the north. They stand on a different footing from the Game Laws, which, while securing to game immunity from man's attacks, have a secondary operation in destroying their natural enemies. High duties on spirits led to illicit distilling and smuggling; when the duties were lowered, the contraband trade received its death-blow. It would seem, then, the soundest, as well as the most patriotic policy to allow our thrifty northern fishermen to pursue their dangerous vocation in perfect freedom. Let them be quite at liberty to exercise their wits in taking as many herrings as they can, and when they can.

In conclusion, we may observe that the whole question of legislation for herring round our shores, in itself, in the manner in which it affects British commerce, and in its foreign relations, is one well worthy the attention of all who have the country's welfare at heart; and the less British fishermen are restricted in their operations, the more successful will they be in coping with the Norwegian supply. This is yearly rising in importance; for instance, in 1858, the Norway fisheries only shipped 12 barrels of herrings to Great Britain; but in 1859, 889; and in 1860, 45,891 were despatched here. Besides this, enormous numbers are sent to the Baltic ports (226,519 barrels in 1860, each barrel containing at least 500 herrings); and these come largely into competition with our home-cured fish. There are no restrictions whatever either as to size of mesh, season, or condition, in the Norwegian fisheries, and yet the annual supply of fish does not appear to fall off. It fluctuates, indeed, but this, as we have shewn, is always to be expected from the fish's nature. With a clear stage and no favour, we are patriotic enough to believe that our own fishermen could catch more fish, cure them better, and sell them cheaper than any foreign fishery whatever.

REPORTS OF LONDON JOINT-STOCK BANKS.

The recent publication of Reports of Joint-stock Banks for the half-year ending 31st December 1862,* affords an opportunity of placing before the general reading public a few facts concerning these establishments, which the late efforts to found new banks may render more than usually interesting. It will serve the end in view to confine attention to the Bank of England and the six leading London joint-stock banks—Bank of London, City, London and County, London Joint-stock, London and Westminster, and Union Bank of London. Contrasting the Bank of England with its six youthful competitors, we find the paid-up capital of the great national establishment L.14,553,000, against L.3,618,375, resulting from a combination of the amount of the others. The public seem to appreciate a share of the small amount more highly than an interest in the large, as evidenced by the share-lists of 22d May 1863, from which, and the Reports under review, may be deduced the fact, that for every twenty shillings of paid-up capital, reserve fund, and undivided profits, from 31s. 9d. to 57s. 8d., or on the average 45s. 5d., might be obtained, being an average advance of 25s. 5d., or 127 per cent., against 38s. 8d., being an advance of 18s. 8d., or 93 per cent., in the case of the Bank of England's capital and rest. The same figures also reveal the astonishing fact, that the market-value of the shares is *in excess* of the means of the banks by the enormous amount of L.22,849,524, or L.16,526,515 as regards the Bank of England, and L.6,323,009 as regards the other six banks. In other words, if the banks had resolved to wind up, and had realised their assets to the full amount as valued by themselves, they would have fallen short by L.22,849,524 of the market-value of their shares! Or, again, these establishments may be looked on as a business for sale, for which an eager purchaser is found, glad not only to take over the stock at the seller's valuation, but to give a further sum of nearly twenty-three million pounds sterling for the good-will. Verily, this exhibits a faith in the commercial greatness of the British empire which it is cheering to contemplate.

Another mode of illustrating the trust placed in these institutions, is to examine the proportion which their assets bear to their liabilities. In ordinary business, the creditor would not look on the debtor as over-safe who could not shew a greater margin than two shillings per pound; yet the average of the six banks only shews 21s. 10¾d. for every 20s. of liability, the surplus ranging from 1s. 4d. to 3s. 2d. in

* Supplement to the *Economist*, 23d May 1863.

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individual instances. The Bank of England stands large in contrast here, exhibiting a surplus of 14s. 5½d. in the banking department, or 7s. 11¾d. in combination with the issue department.

The deposits and other obligations of the six banks range in individual instances from L.3,208,931 to L.13,898,736, and shew a total of L.52,202,936; being large in contrast with L.24,453,156, the amount with the Bank of England. This last sum swells to L.44,324,406, when the issue department is taken into account, and the notes looked on as an obligation.

The combined assets of the six banks amount to L.57,172,301, the lowest individual case shewing L.3,641,857, and the highest L.15,285,796. The assets of the Bank of England amount to L.42,126,191 in the banking department; the amount, when associated with the issue department, being increased to L.61,997,441. The grand total of property intrusted to the keeping of the seven establishments reaching the imposing sum of L.119,169,742.

One of the six banks does not specify apart the amount of cash it holds in hand and at call; but the same has been assumed at the same proportion as that of the lowest of the other five on the list. As regards leases, buildings, fixtures, and furniture also, in the case of the Bank of England, and in that of one of the six banks, no amount appears under those heads. The L.57,172,301 under care of the six banks has been disposed of as follows—in buildings, leases, fixtures, and furniture, L.351,079; in government and other stocks, Exchequer bills, debentures, India bonds, and other investments, L.5,959,805; in cash on hand and at call, L.7,133,537; and in loans and bills discounted, L.43,727,880. The L.42,126,191 under the care of the banking department of the Bank of England is apportioned thus: cash on hand, L.9,735,171; government securities, L.11,244,873; bills discounted, or other securities, L.21,146,147. Combined with the issue department, the figures stand: cash, L.14,956,421; government securities, L.25,894,873; bills discounted, or other securities, L.21,146,147. These figures may be more correctly appreciated by stating that, in the case of the six banks, every pound of assets is on the average disposed of in this way: 1½d. on buildings, furniture, &c.; 2s. 1d. in government stocks, &c.; 2s. 6d. in cash on hand and at call; and 15s. 3½d. in loans and bills discounted. These proportions range in individual cases from ¾d. to 5d. as respects buildings, &c.; 1s. 4½d. to 3s. 3d. government and other securities; 1s. 6½d. to 5s. 1½d. cash on hand and at call; and 12s. 9¾d. to 16s. 7½d. as respects loans and bills discounted. The Bank of England banking department reads thus: 4s. 7½d. cash on hand; 5s. 4d. government securities; 10s. 0½d. other securities; the figures in combination with the issue department being 4s. 9¾d., 8s. 4½d., and 6s. 9¾d. respectively. It is noticeable that the joint-stock banks lend three-fourths of the money under their control to the public; the banking department of the Bank of England, one-half only; and this proportion falls to one-third when banking and issue departments are taken together.

We may all well be proud of such establishments, and feel assured of their solidity under a continuance of proper management. When funds in the hands of bankers are only invested in legitimate banking securities, great safety is attained, for there is little that is so easily convertible as the least convertible of such securities. Fraud or gross mismanagement may sometimes throw doubt on the safety of our means, as murder may on the safety of our lives, but our property and our lives may be usefully and happily enjoyed nevertheless. Banks are the great reservoir of the country, into which the national savings flow, and whence they are emitted, in carefully regulated streams, to irrigate our vast industrial expanse. It is to be hoped that such of the recently projected banks as gain a footing will be inaugurated and conducted on correct principles, so that they may sustain and enhance our financial reputation, as has been done by the establishments whose position we have been briefly viewing.

THE LOST ONE.

I MOURN, albeit I mourn in vain,
To miss that being from my side
Who bound in love's resistless chain
My selfishness and pride;
She whom I proved in after-days
A faultless friend, a faithful wife,
Who cheered me through the roughest ways
Along the vale of life.

I miss her greeting when I rise
To needful toil at early morn,
And the bright welcome of her eyes
When irksome day is worn;
I sorely miss from ear and sight
Her comely face, her gentle tongue,
Which praised me when I went aright,
And warned when I was wrong.

I lack her love, which filled my heart
With kindred tenderness and joy,
And fondly kept my soul apart
From the harsh world's annoy;
That love which raised me from the dust
Of sordid wish and low desire,
And taught me by its own sweet trust
How nobly to aspire.

My hopes were wilder than I deemed,
When she espoused my humble lot,
For my connubial pleasures seemed
As they would perish not;
But an unerring Providence,
Whose power is ever just and great,
Called my beloved companion hence,
And left me desolate.

The greenness from my path is gone,
Its streams are sunken in the sand,
And wearily I travel on
Across a desert land.
The horizon round me, once so bright
With glorious hues, seems dim and bare,
But the far distance shews one light,
Which keeps me from despair.

I am not *wholly* desolate,
For she has left her image here,
And I will wrestle with my fate,
For sake of one so dear.
Great God! keep strong and undefiled
The only fledgeling in my nest,
My winsome boy, my only child,
And make his father blest!

May his lost mother's spirit now
Look down from her exalted place,
And shed on his unconscious brow
A portion of her grace!
May Heaven inspire my widowed soul
For highest duties, holiest things,
And when I near the shadowy goal,
Lend me immortal wings!

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NATURE'S DUPLICATES.

NATURE has the credit of a good many things, and amongst others of variety. There are no two *Hemiptera* absolutely alike, we are told. This may or may not be true, although I must say, that whenever I have been brought into contact with them, the result has been uniformly the same. But with regard to the larger living creatures, I protest against this flattery of the Universal Mother. She is *not* so altogether original in her creations. It is very likely that she may have been at one time; but like a popular author for whose works the demand is greater than the supply, she now habitually repeats herself. Adam had doubtless considerable individuality; so had Cain—who had, indeed, too much of the egotist in his character: Mr William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon was no copy. The Siamese Twins, again, did nature so much credit that people called them *un*natural—a very left-handed compliment to her versatility. Miss Biffin, on the other hand, who had neither arms nor legs, attracted undue admiration: it is very easy to be original by leaving out something. I might write a novel—and in these sensational days I think it would be likely to be a success—wherein the heroine should have but one eye; but I should not lay claim to the title of an original writer upon that account. If I placed that eye in the middle of her forehead, it would indeed be a very striking conception; but even then, some of the reviewers know enough of the ancient classics to remember the Cyclops, and would reasonably accuse me of plagiarism. The first bear was doubtless an engaging beast. There was waggish humour in that oscillation of his head, and in the habit he had of putting his claw into his mouth, and pretending that he had the toothache; but the last bear, or nearly so, in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, is rather a bore than a bear. One wearies of these things in four thousand years. The monotony of the leopard has been the subject of satirical observation for many centuries; Dr Jenner himself could not have saved him from a single spot, or persuaded Nature to alter its position. The fox, with all his cunning, has not yet induced Her so much as to mitigate his peculiar aroma: it is probable that he was just as offensive when shut up in the Ark as he is to-day, and would have killed the poultry there if he could have got at them, just as readily, notwithstanding that there were but a couple of fowls in all the world.

Alteration in the appearance or characteristics of animals is perhaps something more than should be expected, but I think I have a right to complain when Nature borrows from her brute creation to lend to the human. Now, this she has been doing—I do not say, at all times, yet not only so far back as my own experience goes, but since the existence of painting and sculpture. I observe in monuments of ancient art the most unmistakable likenesses between my fellow-creatures and animals of all sorts; while, when I walk abroad, the resemblance is so striking that I cannot help believing there is something credible in the theory of the Transmigration of Souls. When I say 'abroad,' I mean in the streets at home; for on the continent, and especially in France, Man is fast disappearing altogether, and giving place to the Anthropoid Ape. I travelled from the sea-side to the city yesterday morning in a railway-carriage that was quite a menagerie. The inmates paid first-class fares; but had they chosen to insist upon it, I doubt whether they could not have obtained accommodation in the cattle-truck. The gentleman who sat next to me might have gone under the seat for eighteen-pence the entire journey, I am sure, if he would only have submitted to wear a dog-collar. He was, in one point of view, I believe, a major in the army on half-pay; but in another, he was a mastiff. I could well imagine him doing his duty on the parade-ground or the battle-field; but not less easily could I picture him hanging on to the under-lip of a bull. That he would never have let go, if he once got his teeth in, I feel certain. His scowl was truly canine. Nature, perhaps, was occupied in shaping the features of some remarkably fine mastiff at the moment the infant major required her ornamental touches, and she must have got confused in her two creations. The mastiff, it may be, grew up with traits that should have belonged to my fellow-traveller, and was considered to be a very mild and gentlemanlike dog; but this is only an hypothesis: I wish to make excuse for our Common Mother wherever I can.

The gentleman opposite to me was, as he himself informed me, a corn and seed merchant; but he seemed to be totally unaware that he was also a guinea-pig. As he ran his little red eyes over the *Morning Star*, and shewed his little sharp white teeth over a reported Federal victory, I had almost a mind to give him a

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lettuce, a basket of which, with other country produce, I was taking with me to town. When the guinea-pig, in his bright, quick, charming manner, offered the *Morning Star* to the mastiff, that animal gave a savage growl of dissatisfaction, and shook his pendulous ears. They were both, however, polite, in their different ways, to a pretty little Italian greyhound on my left, who always wanted the window pulled up higher, and who shivered in her crinoline, as though it had been December instead of June. The tip of that little creature's nose was very cold; it was not necessary to touch it to be assured of that; and her beautiful gazelle eyes looked wistfully forward to the end of our travel. If she had whined, I should not have been the least astonished.

There was a banker in the fifth seat who ought to have gone in the fish-train that preceded us, for he was a magnificent porpoise. He could not, indeed, have performed a succession of somersaults without great inconvenience, but he could have made as much noise as any of that class in his breathing, and indeed he did so. He was curiously mottled, too, as I believe is the case with the marine creature in question, while he was quite as spherical in form. If porpoises are in the habit of perpetually mopping their foreheads with their pocket-handkerchiefs, and ejaculating: 'Gad, it's warm this morning,' the resemblance would be perfect. The individual who completed our carriageful was a most respectable old hen. Of course, there were some points that distinguished her from the inhabitants of the poultry-yard. She cackled, however, throughout the journey, as though some oviparous triumph had been just achieved; while if she had had a whole coopful of chickens to take care of, nothing could have exceeded her anxiety and fidgetiness. She began to take down her reticule, her brown-paper parcel, and her nosegay from the 'cradle' over her head, while she was yet five-and-forty miles from her destination, in order that she might be in plenty of time. She spread out her ample wings about these articles, as though a kite was hovering over them, and very nearly scratched out the guinea-pig's eyes with the ferrule of her umbrella. I thought the mastiff would have swallowed her, body and bones, when she begged him to move his legs (which were bandy), in order that her black bag might be extricated, at that premature period, from under the seat. I never saw any feathered female in a greater flutter than she, when the guard demanded her ticket. This would never have been found, notwithstanding the exertions of our united Happy Family, had not the prying guinea-pig discovered it sticking out of her glove, in which she had originally placed it, with a view to its instant production upon demand. Her excessive exultation upon this event reminded me of her consort Chanticleer, of whom, as it seemed, she could never tell us too much. When we got to the terminus, that old cock was in waiting on the platform, consequential, red in the gills, and jubilant, as if the railway-station had been his own dunghill.

It is ridiculous of Nature to tell me that the resemblance of these fellow-creatures of mine to the lower animals exists merely in my fancy. It exists in every man's fancy. There is no one who does not number among his human acquaintance some half-a-dozen who have a facial claim upon the sympathies of the Zoological Society. I have known the Lion of an evening-party to partake in reality of some of the attributes of the great Carnivora, and not only at supper. Many 'a little monkey' of a boy has reminded me of his namesake in other respects than by his fondness for nuts and mischief, and scratching his head; and I may even say, that the tender term of 'duck' has not been misapplied to more than one phlegmatic young female who has waddled into the affections of my once bachelor friends.

This interchange of feature—or rather of expression—between man and the lower animals, by which Nature eke out her stock of creative materials, is, however, only one of the counts which I have to urge against her boasted originality. Besides this, I maintain that, instead of destroying the mould—as she is in some sort advertised by her flatterers to do, just as the proprietor of a picture to be engraved is understood to break up the plate after issuing his very limited number of copies—instead, I say, of destroying the mould from which an individual is turned out of her workshop, She issues one or more duplicates. By designedly placing these in different stations of life, she guards against detection as much as possible, but she cannot wholly do so, and I, for one, have discovered and denounce her. Why, there is scarcely a man or woman in the Upper Ten Thousand who is not repeated as many times as there are ranks, at least, down to the very lowest section of the community. I am not one of those who make a scoff at birth and rank, and say: 'But for these gewgaws and externals, Lord Yornaway would be but as his hall-porter, Joseph Snooze.' I contend, in all sobriety, that they are identically the same persons. They are two fac-simile gingerbread kings exposed in the same booth in Vanity Fair, only one of them is gilt. Nature—who, by the by, protests that she has nothing to do with either of them—has herein deliberately imposed upon the world in giving it one man under pretence of giving it two. They are equally weak-minded, equally lethargic, equally idle; they have an equal contempt, equally ill-grounded, for persons beneath them in social station; their religion, such as it is, is more alike than any thoughtful person can imagine two people's religion to be; their politics are alike, and even their methods of expressing their political opinion. Joseph, who owns a house or two in his lordship's borough, intrusts his vote to some Go-between, to be disposed of at the last moment and at the highest price; Lord Yornaway confides his proxy to the head of his party, and is, in consequence, not without his share of government patronage when that party is in power. The scores and scores of puppies that decide the great divisions of the Upper House emanate from noble personages who have all their exact counterparts among their dependants; who, again, are accurately represented by others of inferior station, down to the Mob itself, of which, singularly enough, the noble lords stand in the deadliest terror—as though a man should be afraid of his own image.

There is nothing so like the thing which is called 'a Swell' as a Swell's valet. If the reader chance to have been so blessed as ever to have been present at a male dinner-party of distinction, in which most of the guests have had their own body-servant behind their chair, the proverb, 'Like master, like man,' cannot fail to have occurred to him. The real reason why rich persons put their 'people' into powder and canary suits is, I believe, that this likeness may be made less striking. When one beholds the fastidious A at his club, *the Cormorant*, threatening the servants with dismissal because one *entrée* has preceded instead of coming after another, and sending for the house-steward because the claret is a thought too cold, one thinks (and hopes) that there is not another A in the world. Whereas, in the same hour, *a* his valet, is playing precisely the same tricks, although with inferior materials, at the famous Tripe Supper House in the vicinity of Regent Street.

Dr Woodhay Fibre, F.R.S., the botanist of European reputation, is believed, and certainly believes himself, to be unparalleled by any of his fellow-creatures. His knowledge, such as it is, has puffed him out like gas, and rendered his temper inflammable to the last degree. If you are foolish enough to ask him

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for any information, he insults you with his superiority; he either enters into a wearisome treatise upon the subject in question, prefaced by a few remarks upon the shamefulness of your own ignorance, or, more commonly, he does not answer you at all; this is preferable: 'his bark,' as a wit observed with reference to this gentleman's profession, 'is even worse than his bite.' But he is mistaken in supposing that Nature has not made another Woodhay Fibre. I was driving down to Woolwich the other day from town, to visit a young friend at the Royal Military Academy; to arrive at that spot, the usual road from Blackheath to Woolwich is not taken. Wanting information respecting the way, I pulled up in front of a cottage where an individual was busying himself in the garden, and asked my question with all imaginable courtesy. I don't know whether it was the occupation of this man—he was tending a holly tree—or his hard coarse features, which seemed to have been shaped out of lignum vitæ with a red-hot poker, but something about him reminded me so strikingly, the instant after I had addressed him, of Dr W. F., that I repented having spoken. 'Yer want to know the way to the Ryle Military Academy, do yer?'

'Just so,' said I cheerfully. 'I suppose you know the way, don't you?'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, then, please to tell me,' returned I.

'No, I shan't; so there.'

'Why not, my good friend?' inquired I with genuine curiosity.

'*Why, because, then, you'd be as wise as I am.*'

I thanked him, at some length and not without emphasis, for his kindliness and good-feeling, and drove away; and in ten minutes (for I went at a good pace, I confess, after this interview) I was as wise as my friend the gardener. But the similarity between him and the professor of botany impressed itself on me more and more, as I thought of them. The gardener had, I believe, given me the true reason of the professor's reticence; he is jealous that other people should know what he knows—albeit, I suppose, a few hours of study would let them into his greatest secrets. Now, I am not to be persuaded that these two men are only of the same genus—horrid plants of the class *Cacti*. I contend that nature ought not to incur the odium of having made more than one of them—a single Cactus. And, for my part, I wish (with Nero) that they had but one stem, and could be changed to air-plants—which are benefited, I believe, by Hanging.

The universal introduction of machinery among mankind has perhaps put it into the head of Dame Nature to produce the present human race by the same means, to the great saving of her inventive faculties. Certainly, whole classes of us have their reflection in the grade beneath them, if we only stoop down a little and look with care. If we listen to the talk of watermen on a cab-stand, we shall find therein exactly the same dull prolixity, the same windy prophecies, the same nods, and winks, and poutings of the under-lip, that are understood to mean so much among the quidnuncs in the bow-windows of St James's Street.

The idle, good-for-nothing fellows (as we call them) who 'loaf' at the corners of the streets, with a straw in their mouths, and perhaps a fancy-dog at their heels, we should recognise at once, if they had but a Club to lounge in. They are the fac-similes of a class of person in very good society who have an instinct for doing nothing, and a taste for horse-flesh. The conclusion to be drawn from these undoubted facts may be humiliating to human arrogance, but surely teaches us a useful social lesson. We should not only be kind to a fellow-creature in a lower condition of life, because he is, as he is Somewhere termed, and conventionally understood to be, 'our brother,' but because he may be *ourself*. Nature is always manufacturing these duplicates, but as none of us know ourselves, so we are not likely to know our fac-similes. We have not all that faculty of recognition which the Prince Regent exhibited upon perceiving Mr Turvey-drop near the Brighton Pavilion, when his Royal Highness did him the honour to inquire: 'Who is he? Who the devil is he? Why don't I know him? Why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?'

To be conscious of our doubles, is as rare as to have the gift of second-sight.

THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE OF CHINA.

We have all read, or at least heard, of the written language of China, that wonderful means of communication by means of which the 536,909,300 inhabitants of that vast empire, with its innumerable tribes and dialects, can make known their ideas to each other, when their speech would be unintelligible; and which, as John Chinaman is a wandering animal, is of use far away from the dominions of the Celestial monarch. Formerly, the Japanese was supposed to be one and the same language, but is now discovered to be an offshoot from the Chinese.

It is not our intention here to enter into a lengthy dissertation on the language, but only to give a slight sketch which will, we hope, be interesting to our readers, and render a study of it attractive. The utility of such a study we must all acknowledge, now that the land of the Chins and the Lins is thrown open to our enterprise, and the emperor is seeking barbarian officers to lead his troops against the rebels.

The Chinese and its cognate dialects or offshoots are essentially different from all other languages; they are picture languages, and speak to the mind through the eye. Their words are represented by characters which, like the Hebrew alphabet, were originally intended to represent objects; thus, the ancient characters (or, as they are more properly called, symbols) used to represent the sun and moon were ⊙ and ☽; in the lapse of time, they have been softened down into those used at the present epoch of the world's history. There is no alphabet in Chinese; each character represents a word, and has its own distinct meaning. Formerly, their number was greatly exaggerated; it was said that there were as many as 70,000 words in the language. If this had been the case, it would naturally have deterred any but a man like Mezzofanti, 'the walking dictionary,' from attempting the subject; now, however, this error is happily dispelled. The *Imperial Dictionary*, is found to contain only 43,496, of which 6423 are obsolete, and 4200 are without name or meaning. Nor is it necessary to learn anything like this number to gain a fair knowledge of Chinese; the New Testament contains but six or seven thousand different characters, and the Penal Code of China no more than two thousand, so all difficulty about the multitude of words to be learned is at an end. The characters are formed of the following strokes: 一 丶 乚 丿 乙 亅 Their invention is ascribed to Fuh-hih, an ancient king of China, or to Tsang-kee, the third king in descent from Fuh-hih, about 2600 B.C. Tsang-kee is always represented as having four eyes. The probability is, that they were invented by the former king and improved on by the latter. One of the legends respecting their invention runs thus: one day, Tsang-kee meeting with a tortoise, and observing its shell beautifully marked, he took it home with him, and formed the idea of representing objects. Looking up to the sky, he scanned the figures presented by the stars; he then considered the shell of the tortoise, the forms of mountains and rivers and the wings of birds, and at length formed the written characters; and it is added that, 'when the characters were formed, heaven poured down food in abundance, and evil spirits filled night with howlings.'* A collection

* Marshman's *Clavis Sinica*.

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of these ancient symbols may be found in Morrison's *Miscellany*. Pupils learn to write by drawing the characters with water on a brick, and on the water drying up, repeat the process till the character is correctly formed. They use a hair-pencil inserted in a reed handle, and hold it erect between the thumb, fore, and middle finger, resting the wrist and arm, up to the elbow, on the writing-table.

The best idea Europeans can have of the Chinese characters is given by the Arabic numerals; let them imagine figures applied to a whole language, and they will then have some idea of Chinese.

The language has no number, gender, case, or person, in the sense that other nations have them, their place is supplied by particles, and the position words occupy in a sentence is one of the chief things to be learned. The Chinese have also a peculiar class of words called numerals, which are either pre or post-fixed to a substantive, and are used when reckoning or in speaking of one alone, as *yih che* (num.) *chuen*, one single ship. The 43,496 words in the *Imperial Dictionary* are all arranged under 214 roots or radicals, called Taze-poo, 'directing characters' divided according to the number of strokes contained in each; now under these roots in the Dictionary are arranged all the other characters, and if you want to find a word, you must look under the root and the number of strokes added to form the character. Sometimes a slight difficulty arises to the beginner in discovering the root, as there may be two or more parts, either of which might be the radical, but it may generally be found on the left-hand side; this is not an infallible rule, as the root is sometimes to be found at the top, bottom, or middle of the character, and sometimes on the right-hand side; however, a very little practice soon enables the student to fix at once on the root. I will give an example, 元 *yuen*, the beginning, comes from the radical 人 *jin*, a man, at the bottom, and two strokes, the form of the radical being slightly altered. The Chinese call substantives living words, and verbs dead words; the gender of living beings is formed by adding particles signifying male and female to the substantive, things without life have no gender; the plural is formed by a particle of number pre or post-fixed, or by the repetition of the noun, thus: *jin jin*, means all men, everybody; *jin* meaning man. Two negatives make a strong affirmative. By this primitive grammar, the same word can be a substantive, a verb, an adverb, or a conjunction, by the use of a particle, or by its position in the sentence.

The Chinese words are divided into six classes: 1st, *Seang-hing*, those resembling the objects they are meant to express; 2d, *Che-tze*, those which point out some property, as above, below; 3d, *Hwuy-e*, those which express a combination of ideas, thus the characters for sun and moon make a compound signifying light; 4th, *Chuen-choo*, those which are reversed or inverted; 5th, *Keae-sheung*, those which express sound; 6th, *Kea-tseay*, those which have a metaphorical, which the Chinese call a borrowed sense.

The Chinese have five different kinds of writing: 1st, the ancient character called *chuen shoo;* 2d, the printing character, *sung tee;* 3d, the official style, *le shoo*; 4th, the running-hand, *hing shoo*; 5th, the *keae shoo*, which answers to our round text; lastly, the *tsaou taze*, a kind of short-hand.

The implements used in forming the characters are four in number, which they call the four precious elements. They consist of, in the first place, paper made of the inner bark of the bamboo; it is very fine, and of a straw colour; it is printed only on one side and folded double, the title and pagination being printed on the edge, half on one side and half on the other. The next article is Indian ink, on the cakes of which is generally depicted *Lung ma, foo tow*, the horse dragon carrying on his back the table, the figure of a dragon indicating royalty, and is meant to signify that the cake was made by the imperial manufacturer—they are said to have been invented about 600 A. D.: the third article is the ink-stone, a slab of brick or stone, hollowed out at one end to hold water: the fourth and last article is the pencil made of the hair of rabbits,* foxes, wolves, deer, cats, and the most approved of a species of squirrel; the handle is formed of reeds.

The Chinese write in columns, beginning at the top, and commence at the right hand. In forming the characters, they begin on the left side, and draw the horizontal lines before the perpendicular, excepting the lowest horizontal line, which is always made last. The outside of a square is drawn before the parts which are enclosed. Punctuation is seldom used; indeed, there are but two stops, a dot to point off a member of a sentence, and a circular mark O, used when the sense is complete. The notes and commentaries are at the top instead of the bottom, as in European books. To express the 43,496 characters in speaking, the Chinese have but four hundred and eleven syllables, so that the same name applies to many different characters and various meanings; thus, the syllable *che*, as it stands for the several characters, means to embroider, the teeth, a pig, an insect, soldiers, &c. In England, the Portuguese manner of spelling these syllables is adopted; the French have a way of their own. This small number of syllables in the language has caused a great deal of difficulty in translating the proper names which occur in the Bible, translators being obliged either to take the syllables nearest in sound to the word to be translated, or else the character bearing the same meaning in Chinese, which latter certainly seems to be the proper way, especially as in the former case the spelling cannot be exactly the same. For example, the nearest approach to Jesus is *Jay-soo*. Notwithstanding this, the Protestant missionaries have preferred retaining the sound to the meaning, the shadow to the substance, if we may so speak, and so the Hebrew and Greek proper names have been deprived of their right signification; and as each syllable and character have a meaning in Chinese, a reader of the Scriptures in that language attaches a wrong import to them. The Roman Catholic translations are better than the Protestant in this respect. The Protestant New Testament may be had of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the small sum of sixpence. The Word of St John has been happily translated *Taou*, the creating principle, the principle from which heaven, earth, and all things have their origin. There was a great controversy about the translation of the word God. Three words were brought forward, each of which had their supporters; they were the following—*Shang tee*, High Ruler, a word first employed by the Jesuits; *Shin*, a Spirit; and *Teen tee*, Heaven's Ruler. The first was ultimately chosen as the best. The Chinese words and phrases seem very curious to an Englishman; they say ten thousand ages for all time, the four seas stands for the world, their own country is called *Chung-kwo*, the middle empire. It is also a singular fact that their orders of nobility correspond to our own, being five in number, *kung, heau, pe, tze*, and *nan*.†

One great difficulty in the study of Chinese has been the high price and scarcity of books. Morrison's Grammar, until the last few weeks, with the exception of Marshman's *Clavis Sinica*, the only grammar of any use whatever, could not be obtained for less than a guinea, and the Dictionary, by the same author, could not be had under ten. Medhurst's Dictionary is not so expensive, but the type is indistinct, and, moreover, it is a book very rarely to be met with. *De Guignes*, dedicated to the Emperor Napoleon I.,

* See Summer's *Handbook of the Chinese Language*.

† See *A Lecture on the Chinese Language* delivered in King's College, April 1851, by J. Summers.

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has a splendid type, but is very imperfect. Mr Summers, professor of Chinese at King's College, has within the last few weeks brought out an excellent handbook, but unfortunately it is published at a price—twenty-eight shillings—far beyond the million: a second part, containing a Dictionary, is to follow. In France, M. Bazin has, by order of Napoleon III., brought out a Grammar of the spoken language, which may be obtained for a very trifling sum. If some enterprising person would do the same in England, it would, we think, meet the wants of the age, and render a study of this most interesting language popular.

SOLD AT SAVANNAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

When I was employed in taking surveys for the projected line between Warrenton, in Georgia, and Clarksville, in South Carolina, I made the town of Augusta, in the former state, my head-quarters. The line came to nothing; they could not find capital for it, considering the trifling amount of traffic to be expected, but that was no fault of mine. The directors paid me well; I was their head-surveyor; and my two horses were none too many for the long and rough rides I had to take, with muddy fords to cross, and tangled swamps to pick my way through. I was lodged in rather a quiet boarding-house, a hundred yards out of the town, where the people were kind and decent, and where I was free from the incessant noise and quarrels of the Augusta hotels. My board cost me, as usual so far south, three dollars and a half, and I got accommodation for my horses close by. Well occupied as I was, I had little leisure, and less inclination for picking up idle acquaintances among the horse-jockeys and card-players of Augusta. I knew four or five of the better sort of young men, but only one family. This was a Quaker household, very good, gentle, worthy folks from Boston, who seemed strangely misplaced among that fierce and dissolute population. There was Mr Boaz Bingley, and his silent wife, and his two demure children, and his talkative sister Ruth, thanks to whose perpetual mode of personally addressing him, the Quaker went by the name of 'Brother Boaz.' Far be it from me, however, to throw any shade of ridicule on those estimable people: kindlier hearts never beat beneath sad-coloured raiment than theirs; nor should I have dragged them into notice, but that it is necessary to mention them, if I would be understood in my future narration.

One day, I was riding home from a long exploring expedition among the fords and creeks of the Savannah river, which river, through its entire course, serves as a boundary-line between Georgia and South Carolina, when I came to a fork in the road, and had to choose between three several tracks. A glance at my compass sufficed to shew that two of these narrow bridle-paths would lead me with sufficient directness towards the west, where Augusta was situated. But there is always something of embarrassment in a choice, and in this case there seemed a most puzzling equality of merits between the rival roads. Both were strait and rugged, and passed beneath arches of interlaced branches and festoons of parasitic plants, and both shewed a vista of thick-bolled cotton-woods and giant myrtles. I let my horse choose, and on we went. There were hoof-tracks in the black earth, seamed with veins of sand, and dappled with tufts of moss, but I had not woodcraft sufficient to distinguish the date of their imprint. At anyrate, I was deep in the steaming depths of the southern forest. A swamp must have been near, for the frogs kept up such a diabolical diapason, with short intervals, as quite to drown the notes of the screaming jays, the chattering woodpecker, the many unknown songsters, and the wonderful mocking-bird, that counterfeited all their tones and tunes. Yes, a swamp must have been near, for there was a dank hot vapour in the air; the flies and mosquitoes were very teasing, even at that early hour of the afternoon, and my lungs quite panted for cooler and purer air. So on I went, seeing first a cypress, and then a myrtle tree, and then a cotton-wood, and then a pine, and then more cypresses in endless ranks before me. My horse had to push his way more than once through an encroaching wild vine that barred the road with its tough tendrils; but we made fair progress, until the angry growl of a dog, issuing from the thicket of wax-trees on the right, made Saladin snort and rear. In the suddenness of the motion, and deeply immersed as I was in a mental computation of the cost of so many thousand sleepers of live oak, and so much Pennsylvania bar-iron, I was nearly unhorsed; and as I regained the mastery over my frightened steed, I called out impatiently: 'Who 's there? Confound you, call off your dog, whoever you are!'

No reply was returned, but the dog's wrathful growl sunk into a mournful whimpering sound, and the animal came crawling through the brushwood, wagging his tail, and looking up at me in a beseeching sort of way. No very formidable Cerberus after all: a common terrier of the black and tan breed so usual in old England, gray with age. I like dogs, and I softened my tone as I said: 'Well, poor old fellow, how did you come here by yourself, eh?' The dog whined, and tried to jump as high as the hand I held out to him, and then gave a suppressed bark, and bounced into the brushwood again, where I now saw something white, like a wagon-tilt, among the myrtles. On drawing nearer, I saw that the white object was a small sailcloth tent, and beyond it were two more of these frail structures, and a country-cart stood near, while a gaunt mule was tethered and grazing in a little clearing near the camp. But, although there were heaps of dead-wood, and a pile of burned brands, that denoted an extinct fire, and though harness, and tools, and little household matters were strewed over the moss and turf, no sign of human life could I discern. The dog, now quite hushed, was looking at me wistfully from a few yards off, where he stood on a hillock. I rode up, and there, at my horse's very feet sat, unmoved, and apparently unconscious, a solitary female form. Dressed in a common gown of cotton print, such as emigrants wear, this girl was bending forward so that her head rested on her knees, and her face was quite hidden between her hands. Her figure was slender and graceful in the extreme, and her disordered hair was raven black, and streamed over her hands as she crouched beneath the hillock. A runaway slave! was my first thought. But no; there were no signs of African blood in the flow of her hair or the colour of the one pretty wrist which was visible. I was on the point of speaking, when my horse neighed, and the girl looked up with a start, and I could see her face—a pretty face, more than pretty, for it was downright beautiful, with its rose-bloom and pure white, and the dark lustrous eyes, and well-shaped mouth. But the bright eyes were dimmed and heavy with weeping, and there was something almost wild in the confused glance she gave me. How came she there? 'Surely,' said I, taking off my hat, in compliance with American custom, when addressing a female even of far inferior rank—'surely you are not here alone.' The girl looked doubtfully at me, then wrung her hands, and burst into a fresh fit of weeping, that it was painful to witness. I dismounted, and with the bridle over my arm, approached her, and asked if I could help her or be useful in any way.

'Perhaps,' I suggested, 'your friends may have left you here, and been detained at a distance, and their delay has alarmed you. If so'—— Here she interrupted me by stretching out one hand in the direction of the three tents, and sobbing out

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the words: 'Dead, all dead!' 'Good Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what has happened? Perhaps I may yet be of service. Speak to me; tell me what misfortune has occurred. You may trust me, my poor girl, for I am a stranger in the land, like yourself, and from the old country too.' For I had perceived that the deserted girl was Irish, one of the units in that immense emigration which has been called the Celtic Exodus. Bitterly as she wept, a few words of kindness, spoken in that savage wilderness, so far away from the old home and all its scenes, produced their effect, and Ellen Neale—that was her name—told me her short story.

She had come to America, being an orphan, with her only surviving relative, 'Uncle Cassidy,' and his wife and children, and for a time they had done well. John Cassidy had been a blacksmith, a sober, well-conducted man, and the family had thriven fairly, until, in an evil hour, the offer of great wages had lured its chief into the South. Cassidy had been to Charleston, and to Columbia, and to Savannah, and was, in company with another family from Ireland, making his way back to the north-west, when death stopped him and his upon the road. Under those tents lay the dead bodies of the smith, his wife and little ones, and those of their kindred, the Rourkes. In all, there were nine corpses. Cholera, reared and fostered like a snake amid the pestilent vegetation of the reeking swamp where the unlucky camp had been pitched—cholera had in twenty-four hours slain old and young, and left but one weak maiden alive to mourn for the departed. Such instances are but too common. In the deep forest or on the boundless prairie, many a nameless mound covers the grave of a whole household, cut off at once by privations, or sickness, or the arrows of the savage. I had heard of such misfortunes before, but never had they been brought so home to me. As I stood holding the rein of my fidgety horse, and looked at the utter desolation of that poor weeping mourner, crouching there among the weird semi-tropic trees, from which the silvery Spanish moss drooped like a shroud, I thought I had never before witnessed a scene so sad or so strange. It was long before Ellen became composed; but when I suggested that the day was waning, that the town was a long way off, and that she must of necessity repair to Augusta under my escort, she broke into the long wailing cry of hopeless sorrow peculiar to the women of her country. The dog pressed close to her, and whimpered, and licked her hands. At last, I bethought me of suggesting that, unless we hastened to the town, proper respect could not be paid to the lifeless remains of her dead kinsfolk, whose burial must be speedy. Then she rose submissively, and hastily tying up her hair, wrapped her shawl round her, and said she was ready. Some little difficulty now arose. I could not make my entry into gossiping, scandal-loving Augusta with Ellen Neale seated behind me on my horse, like a maid of romance behind a knight-errant; and although there was a cart, with a mule to draw it, the Irish girl had no skill in driving, and the road was rough and entangled. I was obliged to fasten Saladin behind the cart, in which I placed Ellen as comfortably as I could, and taking the mule's bridle, I prepared to lead the creature through the narrow forest track. Ellen gave a fearful glance at the tents; her heart smote her at the apparent desertion: 'O, sir,' said she, with eager supplication, 'will you promise me that we shall come back to-night, to-night? I could not sleep in a town, and they lying there!' I promised. We started, of course, at a foot's pace, and the old dog, barking, ran before us as we plodded on. And as we went, I drew from Ellen some further particulars of her brief history.

Left an orphan very early, she had been, it seemed, brought up in the house of her father's brother, an old parish priest in Connaught, who had taken pains with her education, as education is understood by ecclesiastics of his caste and country. This, at any rate, accounted for what had puzzled me, the propriety of diction and manner—perhaps elegance is a fitter word—with which Ellen expressed herself, and which seemed extraordinary in a peasant-maiden. Father Neale had taught her many things, even something of the foreign tongues he had learned at Douai, and had wished, in his simplicity, to make her a governess. But when the good priest was dead, no resource remained for the orphan niece but to accept the hospitality of another kinsman, Cassidy the smith, just then on the point of emigrating to America to better the fortunes of his family. Cassidy had been a good man, and his wife a motherly, warm-hearted woman; but I fancy the poor niece had missed, many a day, the cultured talk, the pleasant studies, and the higher sympathy of her former guardian.

'That was *his* dog, sir,' said Ellen, smiling on the faithful brute that looked up lovingly at her. 'Yes, poor Toby came with us from Ireland, the only old friend left!' And the bereaved girl sobbed and moaned as if her heart would break.

But now we were out of the forest, and among the fields, and on a road which was more deserving of the name than the irregular path along which we had hitherto journeyed. We had met one or two country farmers, too, trotting homewards on their rawboned nags, and they had stared at my companion and myself with a scrutiny the reverse of flattering. I began to cogitate on what might be the best course to pursue. I could not take Ellen with me to the boarding-house where I lodged, still less could I place her, alone and unprotected, in one of the noisy caravansaries of the town. In the first case, her reputation might suffer; and in the second, she was by no means secure from the annoyances which her great beauty and unfriended condition might bring upon her, in the midst of so much unbridled ruffianism. Here, then, was a dilemma, made only the more perplexing by the unconsciousness of the person principally concerned. The stunning blow of the sudden bereavement had in a manner served to benumb the girl's faculties, and she was but gradually recovering her accustomed powers of perception. For the present, it was for me to decide on what was fittest, and the responsibility puzzled me sorely. I made it my task, as delicately as possible, to discover from Ellen what acquaintances she had on that side of the Atlantic, and what might be her views as regarded the future. The information I received was not, at first, of a reassuring character. One or two names the girl had treasured in her memory as those of friends, or rather of friendly acquaintances, persons, at anyrate, who had shewn good-will towards herself and her unfortunate relations; but alas! they all belonged to dwellers in northern cities or to the farmers of the north-west. Ellen had not long been in the South; she had seen little that was pleasant there, but much to alarm and disgust her, and she shook her head hopelessly when I inquired who, in Georgia or Carolina, would afford her a temporary protection. 'Think again,' said I. 'Surely you must be known to some one who would not scruple to receive you beneath a friendly roof. Is there no lady, no grave and respectable citizen of Savannah, which town you have so lately left, who'——

'No, no!' broke out the Irish girl passionately; 'not one! I am known to no one but a few who are too poor to support me, were I willing to become a burden to them; and the only rich man to whom my poor uncle was known—the wretch! I would sooner die of hunger in the swamps than eat bread of his.'

It cost me infinite pains to soothe poor Ellen, so far as to induce her to explain her aversion for this person, whose very mention seemed so distressing.

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But at last she told me that her uncle had worked in the foundry of a wealthy ironmaster of Savannah, and that the employer had thought fit, though an elderly man, to persecute her with hateful attentions. For a long time, the girl had contented herself with silently repulsing the advances of the gray-haired sinner; but at last she had been so frightened as to complain to her uncle. John Cassidy had remonstrated with his employer, had been answered by sneers and taunts, had knocked the insulter down on the threshold of his own foundry, and had had to leave his work in consequence, and to set off on the journey in which the pestilence had barred his course.

'His name?' I asked indignantly; for although, I am afraid, such things have happened before, the sight of a beautiful woman in tears rouses all the champion in one's nature.

'Joel Mathewson,' said the girl, slowly and unwillingly.

'What!' cried I; 'Joel Mathewson that lives in the large bay-windowed house in Franklin Street, with the great garden and high walls; Elder Mathewson as they call him?'

'The same,' answered Ellen, flushing angrily at the detested name, which ought hardly to have surprised me. A bad man was Joel Mathewson, one of the worst of a bad genus of Americans: a planter, a manufacturer, a banker, and also, it was said, a slave-dealer under the rose, he was one of the most opulent men in Savannah, and in spite of his profligacy, was an elder of his church, a distinction due to his wealth and cunning. He was sanctimonious withal, and could talk unctuously and make canting speeches by the hour. He owned estates; his money multiplied amazingly; and he had twice married heiresses of fair plantations, who had soon been glad to hide their wedded misery in the grave. In person, he was a bony, cadaverous, tall old man, with iron-gray hair, a yellow face, and eyes, glaring intensely from under his shaggy brows. I knew the man, because he was a director of my railway company, and he had a house in Augusta, where he spent part of the summer. But all this did not help me to find a secure and creditable refuge for Ellen Neale, the poor waif I had found in the forest. We were getting near Augusta; villas began to dot the country round, and roofs to congregate. The black servants who were lounging about their masters' gates rolled their goggle-eyes as they espied us, and laughed with true negro enjoyment of anything singular or ludicrous. I began to feel uncomfortable, and to look forward with no pleasant feelings to my entry into the city as the leader of such a procession, when the upright form of Brother Boaz became visible in the distance. The honest Quaker, dressed, as usual, in formal drab, with broad-brimmed hat and stout walking-cane, was advancing at his customary sedate pace, when I espied him, and hailed him more gladly than I had ever done before. Mr Boaz Bingley, I own, looked in rather a scared way at first at the invading force under my command; but when in hurried words I explained the manner of my becoming acquainted with Ellen, and the sad events of the preceding night, the worthy man was much moved. He was the first to suggest his own house as the most fitting shelter for the lorn wayfarer, and he gave the invitation with such simple, eager kindness that Ellen could not choose but utter a grateful acceptance. Instead, therefore, of entering the streets, we turned off to the Quaker's pretty dwelling, with its great trees and admirably kept garden, and which was situated in the outskirts of the town. It is not every head of a family, even among the Friends, who could venture to bring home an unexpected guest, and that guest a beautiful young female, with the certainty that the invitation to remain would be echoed by his womankind. But if I had any doubts, they were dispelled by the tender courtesy and hospitality with which the tearful visitor was received by the quiet Quaker matron and her talkative sister-in-law. All primness melted at the sight of the girl's grief like frost in the sunshine. The stranger was made welcome indeed; and I declare that Mrs Bingley's somewhat homely features seemed to my eyes to grow absolutely beautiful as she took the hands of the friendless maiden in hers, and drew her towards her with motherly cordiality. Ellen's heart was very full; the presence and sympathy of one of her own sex were a real relief to her, and soon she was sobbing on the breast of her kindly hostess—the good Samaritan who had 'taken her in.'

Meanwhile, I proceeded in another apartment to discuss with Brother Boaz the arrangements for the burial of those luckless immigrants who were lying dead in the swamp, and whose interment could not be long postponed. At that time, there was no place of worship in Augusta for members of the Church of Rome; it was necessary to send by telegraph to Savannah, if the offices of a Catholic priest were required; while, without considerable expense and delay, it would be impossible to lay the bodies in consecrated ground. Such, however, is often the case in the wild West. A shallow trench is scooped under a giant tree, or among the waving prairie-grass, the dead are hastily laid beneath the earth by the hands of father, or brother, or comrade, and perhaps a half-forgotten prayer is muttered by a rough-visaged man, or a few verses read from an old Bible by a careworn woman, and the little mound is left like a speck in the wilderness. In this case, there *was* an opportunity of obtaining the services of a clergyman of the creed in which the wanderers had died; and although I was a Protestant, and Mr Bingley a sincere believer in his own tenets, we knew what a comfort it would be to Ellen Neale to hear the solemn service of her church solemnly read over the resting-place of the departed. I undertook to send off the message by telegraph, while Brother Boaz was hospitably active in pressing all sorts of refreshments on the visitor, and Sister Ruth was bustling to get ready for her use a chamber, already the perfection of neatness. The priest came, and we set out before moonrise for the forest, in a light-covered wagon, belonging to the Bingleys, and which was drawn by two good horses, and driven by one of their negro servants. When I say 'servant,' in this instance, I do not mean 'slave,' familiar as such a refining away of the ugly word is in the South. Although many of the most strait-laced members of various churches reconcile it to their conscience to become owners of human flesh and blood, Brother Boaz would neither buy a slave nor hire one from his proprietor. He was true to his inward monitor in this, although he incurred great occasional odium, at all times of popular ferment, by his uncompromising resolve to keep his hands clean from all meddling with the accursed thing. The Bingleys, therefore, were served by free blacks, men and women, lawfully hired at fair wages, and free to come and go; and I dare say I never heard of one tithe of the persecutions, the brutal threats, the grave remonstrances, and the mob-outrages which this quaintly honest family had to endure in consequence. To my great joy, I heard that they had quitted the South at the first signs of civil war and military violence, or I should indeed tremble for them *now*.

The wagon was driven by a negro, a middle-aged, industrious fellow, who had saved enough of the fruits of basket-weaving and tinkering to buy his freedom. He drove well, but at a great pace, as men of colour love to do, and Brother Boaz had often to repeat the mild reproof: 'Nay, friend Apollo—such being the heathen name by which I must still address thee, a Christian freeman—be not over-hasty; lay by thy whip, friend, and be merciful with the lash, or thee will spoil the cattle.' In the wagon sat, besides the Quaker, the priest from Savannah, Ellen, and myself.

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We had a long dull drive before we reached the little clearing, where the tents stood in a cluster, and where the axes, and kettles, and the rifle lay among the brush, or rested against a tree, just as they had been carelessly deposited by hands that never should lift them more. And there we dug the graves, in which we laid, with gentle touch and reverent hearts, the lifeless forms that a day before had been so full of life, and all its hopes and yearnings. Two strong men, the bread-winners and props of honest households; their wives, from whom in death they were not divided; a tall stripling; a girl not far from womanhood, but cut off in her spring-time; and three young children, who had played but a little while in the bright, fair world, the wicked, weary world—such were those whom we laid to rest beneath the sod. Ellen's tears fell thick and fast, and no one present was quite unmoved as the funeral-service of the Church of Rome, somewhat curtailed from its accustomed length, was recited over the uncoffined forms and the hurriedly-dug graves beneath the cypress clump. The moon, which had looked at us so placidly through the matted boughs of the forest, went down before the priest had spoken the last words of solemn hope and blessing; and it was by the light of a lantern that we filled in the earth, and arranged the turf, and planted a rude cross, round which the girl twined some flowers, which she had begged for the purpose from the Quaker's garden. We reached Augusta but an hour before daylight, but none of us grudged the slumber we had lost; and to the sorrowing mourner herself it was a great consolation that her kindred had received the last offices of religion, and had been placed by friendly hands in their lowly tomb.

For several weeks, Ellen continued to be an inmate of the Bingleys' house. Her conduct there confirmed the good impression which we had all conceived of her from the experience of that first sad meeting. She had no wish to eat the bread of idleness; and the cheerful, neat-handed help which she afforded in the domestic affairs of that honest family won praise from all. Her presence in the house, too, and her companionship, were delightful to Mrs Bingley and Ruth, who were necessarily severed from friendly intercourse with their equals in that slave-driving community. Even Brother Boaz, though as little accustomed to flatter as to upbraid, smiled a grim smile as he remarked that Ellen's sojourn with them was a sunshine, yea, as much pleasant sunshine. For my own part, I own that I called at the Bingleys' house much oftener than I had been in the habit of doing, and that Ellen had always a kind glance and a welcome for me; but there need be no mistake respecting the nature of my interest in the fair girl to whom I had been able to render some slight service. There was no commonplace story of romance there. The young surveyor did not lose his heart to her whom he had found forlorn in the forest, nor did Ellen's fluttering colour and downcast look betray any fatal secret of misplaced affections. On the contrary, the frank Irish girl always met me with perfect confidence, and a good-will which was only too respectful to be sisterly. In Ellen's eyes, the difference between her rank and mine was greater than Mayfair would allow to exist, and a civil engineer was a learned gentleman. It was by mere accident, by the casual mention of a name, that I one day discovered that Ellen Neale had already plighted her young faith in solemn betrothal to a countryman of her own, a certain James O'Shea, whom I had known and liked in scenes far remote. When I was employed in California, in the extension of San Francisco harbour-works, James O'Shea had been a sub-contractor there, and he had afterwards helped me to lay out roads in the interior. A lively, well-principled young fellow was James, and steady for an Irishman of three-and-twenty. He had good parts enough; the labourers would do anything at his bidding; and if he had but possessed more scientific knowledge of his profession, he might have outstripped many of us. I was able to tell Ellen of her lover's present abode, to her great relief, for she had not heard from him for months, and many a pang had this ignorance cost her. But O'Shea was employed in Oregon, a barbarous district, where the kid-gloved members of our fraternity were reluctant to accept engagements, and from which letters did not always arrive with regularity or safety. I myself was only aware through mere chance that O'Shea was there, earning a high salary in the midst of the sanguinary Indian war, but continually exposed to peril of no common order.

'Ah, sir,' sighed poor Ellen, 'it is all for my sake that he is so eager to make a fortune quickly. I begged him to have a care, but he has the heart of a lion, and never seems to think harm can happen.'

It appeared that the plan of these betrothed lovers had been, that when O'Shea was rich enough to maintain a wife in such simple comfort as that in which Ellen, a poor farmer's daughter, a poor priest's niece, had been reared, they should return home, and live and die where their fathers had died.

'Then,' said I, in some surprise, 'you and James had no idea of settling down in America?'

'Heaven forbid!' answered the girl. 'We are not avaricious, sir, and could be content with a farm at home, and plain living in the dear old country; but it must be in Ireland, sir, among the heathy mountains and swift rivers where we were reared, and where we played as children among the wild-flowers at the brook-side. I would not live *here* for all the gold in California. I have had too much sorrow and fear in America, sir, ever to like to live in it.'

Sorrow and fear! Alackaday! poor Ellen's portion of both was not yet exhausted. It was with a cloud on her brow and a trembling lip that she told me one day that she had seen Elder Joel Mathewson watching the house. He had paced up and down for a while, and had then stood under a great tulip-tree at the corner of the Quaker's garden, and had fixed his eyes on Ellen as she sat working in the verandah with a glare like that of a wolf outside a guarded fold; and when she rose to go in, he had waved his bony hand, and grinned a salutation. Another day, an old negress had brought a letter, written on perfumed paper, and accompanied by a present of jewellery.

'What did he say?' I asked.

'I cannot tell,' said Ellen, flushed and scornful. 'I tore the letter across and across, and threw it on the ground, and the jewel-case with it. The old woman carried both away. Oh, I hope I shall hear no more of the wretch!'

But next day the elder appeared again in the lane, and not alone; he was with his attorney, a man after his own taste, and two strangers of no pleasant aspect, keen-eyed, dirty Southerners, dressed in shabby finery. They hung about the house, staring at Ellen if she appeared at a window. For the next week, I was very busy, but at last I found time to call at the Quaker's residence. Everything was in confusion and dismay. The women were crying and lamenting; Brother Boaz was pacing the room, with an angry spot on his pale cheek.

'What has happened?'

'Ellen!'

'How?'

'Gone! carried off under warrant of law. The slave-catchers have been here.'

CHAPTER II.

It was not at once that I, with my comparatively short experience of the slave states, could realise the dismal and scandalous nature of the case; but Boaz Bingley, from his long residence among a people whose whole code of morals had come to be insensibly

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moulded on the 'peculiar institution,' possessed a key to the mystery, which the English surveyor was forced to grope for in the dark.

'What do you mean by slave-catchers? cried I, addressing myself as much to the weeping women as to the hospitable Quaker himself, whose excessive agitation rendered him a different person from the calm friend I was used to converse with. 'What have slave-catchers to do with the matter?' asked I. 'Ellen Neale, an Irish girl, was no slave, nor of African descent; she was not even an American born. No perversion of law, however tyrannical, could work such an outrage as you hint at. Some dark villainy must'——

'Ah, friend, thou little know'st the land we dwell in, a land accursed for the sin wherewith it is defiled,' exclaimed the Quaker sadly. 'The men of these parts are not wholly evil; but when any matter that relates to African bondage is in question, their hearts are hard as the nether millstone.'

'Ay, hard as Pharaoh's heart,' sobbed Mrs Bingley from her arm-chair; 'and they heed the prayers of the afflicted no more than the wolf heeds the bleatings of the sheep that he is rending.'

'But on what pretext,' demanded I, 'can a British subject—for such she still is, never having been naturalised in the United States—be claimed as a slave? Such a proceeding is too monstrous to be legal. No one shall persuade me that'——

'Friend,' cried Miss Ruth, turning her tearful eyes on me, and speaking in a tone utterly unlike her usual lively rattle, 'before thou canst know the truth, thou must remember where thou art a sojourner. In this land, the taint of African blood is enough to deprive the most innocent of the law's protection. It has been sworn before the tribunals, by lying tongues and men of Belial, that our dear Ellen, the young stranger whose face was grown beloved and familiar in our poor dwelling-place, that she was'——

'What? Not of African blood? Surely perjury itself would shrink from such a falsehood,' interrupted I, and I felt my brow knit, and my blood rush to my face like fire.

'Not only of coloured race; not only of the unhappy people—hear me, friend—not only that, but an escaped slave!'

A bitter execration which broke from my lips was rebuked, even then, by the sturdy Quaker, who lifted his hand, and said sternly: 'Blaspheme not, neither do thou curse them, for behold, they shall be judged.'

'When was this?' asked I of the mistress of the house.

'Scarcely an hour ago,' answered Mrs Bingley.

'Who were the persons engaged in it? Were they townsmen or strangers?'

To this query it was Ruth who replied: 'Friend, the only citizen of this place—except the officers of justice, so called—who intruded himself into our dwelling to-day, was the scribe named Williams.'

'Cressett Williams, the lawyer of Joel Mathewson, that hoary sinner!' cried I: 'then it is evident from whose hidden hand this foul blow has been dealt. But speak—pray forgive my rudeness—but what was done and said?' continued I, beating an angry tattoo on the wall with my horsewhip. Then the good folks told me, with many exclamations and quotations from Scripture, that the intruders had been headed by Cressett Williams, attorney-at-law, who produced warrants regularly signed by the authorities of the state, and who was backed by several policemen, in addition to a couple of professional 'negro-catchers,' or kidnappers of runaway slaves. The lawyer never mentioned Mr Mathewson's name, but professed to act for a client there present, one Hiram Cross, describing himself as a planter and citizen of Alabama state. This Hiram deposed—bringing papers to substantiate his assertions—that Ellen Neale was in reality a quadroon slave, Helen by name, who had been bought by the said Hiram Cross from a gentleman of Virginia, on whose estate she was born. The affidavit stated this with great and positive minuteness, giving dates and details; and this precious document was bolstered up by receipts, letters, and memoranda, all of which had been carefully docketed by Lawyer Williams. Moreover, the affidavit declared that the said Helen, being a lawful slave, had fled under cover of night from her master's house, being incited to the said escape by a wandering family of Irish, who, as Hiram Cross learned by report, had given shelter and protection to the girl, and had actually passed her off as a white woman, their relative. Twelve months had elapsed since the said Hiram Cross had been thus deprived of his lawful property; and having learned that she, the said Helen, was harboured in the house of a certain Quaker, a citizen of Massachusetts, Boaz Bingley by name, the said Hiram prayed the judge and sheriff that he might be put again in possession of the said Helen——otherwise Ellen Neale—his slave and chattel, &c. Formal warrants had been granted, at the request of the Alabama man, who had been permitted to 'resume' possession of his pretended slave; nor did Joel Mathewson appear at all as a mover in this atrocious affair, and yet we all knew instinctively that it was his vile hand that had set these puppets in action.

'Poor lamb, what could she do?' exclaimed Miss Ruth. 'She called on Heaven to witness that they lied; she pleaded and prayed, shewing letters and other proofs of her parentage and the land of her birth, and these they called forgeries, and flung aside. When she saw that it was but a mockery to look for justice, and that they were prepared to bear her away violently, she went meekly along with them, rather than bring more grief on our house, where she had dwelt lovingly; for these bad men swore with cruel oaths that if any resistance were made—seeing that our coloured servants were angry, and disposed to prevent their purpose, and that even Brother Boaz almost forgot that he had been a man of peace from his youth up, and would have striven to check that grievous wrong—swore that they would bring the mob upon us to spoil and burn our goods, seeing we sheltered slaves against their masters. Then the good maiden went forth captive with those hard men, the rather that the dog'——

'Ah, the dog!' said I, looking quickly round for Ellen's four-footed friend, her constant companion—'poor old Toby! I hope they did not hurt him. I am sure he would not have seen a rude hand laid on his mistress without doing what he could to pin the aggressor by the throat.'

'Thee judges rightly, friend,' said Boaz grimly; 'and the poor, faithful brute did indeed essay to do such battle as he could; nay, but I believe his teeth, old as they were, made Lawyer Williams to smart; and, indeed, to save that dumb friend's life was one reason wherefore the maiden submitted to be led away.'

'How?'

'One of the slave-catchers had the dog crushed under his foot, and would have slain him for his fidelity, but that Ellen begged his life so sorely, and promised to go quietly if they would spare the creature; and, in truth, she took Toby along with her; for the dog is hurt, though not much.'

There was little more to tell. From the moment Ellen had yielded, the men had treated her with a sort of sullen civility quite unlike their usual conduct towards recaptured slaves, and which was probably enjoined upon them by their unseen employer. They had consented that she should spend a few moments in collecting her scanty wardrobe, had allowed her to take her dog with her, and had permitted her to take leave of the family. A sad and distressing parting it had been, for Ellen was going through danger, not of

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death, but of what was worse than death to her. Finally, they had removed the girl in a carriage, guarded by the slave-catchers on horseback, and in which Hiram Cross, his partner, and the lawyer, were seated. This carriage had driven direct to the railway; and it was the avowed intention of the party to place Ellen in the jail of Savannah until her master should find a convenient opportunity for her removal or sale.

Long and painful was the consultation that ensued between my Quaker friends and myself. They and I were of one mind in fixing on Joe Mathewson of Savannah as the primary cause of this aggression. The hoary villain had been for some time at his villa in Augusta; indeed, it was the unhealthy season, in which no rich man stopped in the seaboard city who could get away from it. He had lurked round the Quaker's dwelling; he had sent messengers with gifts and billets; he had been seen to confabulate with Hiram Cross, his brother-rascal, and the unscrupulous attorney, close to the garden-wall itself. There could be little doubt that the wicked old man had devised this artful plan of representing Ellen as a fugitive slave, in order to put her without the pale of law, and have her at his mercy. But to save the lamb from the jaws of the wolf was no easy matter. My first idea—one which naturally suggested itself to a young and active man—was to resist force by force, and to attempt a rescue. Hurriedly I ran over the names of the half-dozen young gentlemen of Savannah with whom I was connected by some slight bond of friendship, and who were, I knew, never averse to a broil, or anything savouring of excitement; but Brother Boaz, cooler and more experienced, damped my ardour by reminding me that slavery was the Shibboleth of the chivalry; and that the hot-blooded youngsters who would back a friend in any personal quarrel, would never stir a finger in behalf of a woman with black blood in her veins. The craft of Elder Mathewson had cut us off from all Southern sympathy. I next proposed to make a personal appeal to Mathewson himself; but this was negatived most decidedly. 'His heart is hard, and his will is an iron one,' said Boaz, 'and thee might as well argue with the north wind as with that pitiless Pharisee. Ah, friend, I see thy eyes sparkle, and I doubt not thou wouldst threaten him with earthly vengeance; but this Joel is as a fox, subtle and bold. Be sure thou wilt not affright him, and be as sure that he will denounce thee to the Regulators as a British abolitionist, and so get rid of thee without risk. Seek another plan, I pray thee.'

Next, I bethought me of the British consul at Savannah, but Mr Bingley held out no hope on that score. 'Thou art not aware, friend,' said he, 'that the consul of thy nation is absent for a while, having been called to Washington to consult with the envoy of thy sovereign. And even were he at his post, what could he do when all the laws and lawyers of the land are banded together against one weak woman? Bethink thee, those papers are such artful forgeries, that they might stagger the faith of the most astute. And if Ellen be pronounced a born bondswoman, what can thy consul do but protest against the decision? Even thy ambassador might speak in vain, for the citizens are besotted in their blindness.' I clung to straws, indeed, for I next bethought me of the priest; but the Quaker assured me that the influence of that ecclesiastic would avail us nothing in a case where slaves were in question. Mr Bingley, however, comforted me somewhat by the assurance that, for the time, Ellen was safe. He did not doubt that her captors would really lodge her in the prison, until arrangements could be made for her sale by auction at the public mart of Savannah. Joel Mathewson's cunning would prompt him to keep in the background until he could appear as the legitimate purchaser of the unhappy object of his persecution. The worthy Quaker readily consented to accompany me to Savannah, and promised to leave no stone unturned to save Ellen from the dreadful fate to which the bigotry of the people and the villainy of the plotting elder threatened to condemn her. We went down to Savannah by the evening train. The yellow, dusty city, with the broad Sound below it, where the chocolate-hued waters of the Savannah river were struggling with the blue flood of salt waves, lay simmering in the heat; the pavements were baked with heat, and dust clung to the palmettoes and jack-trees. Having established ourselves at one of the hotels, we went straight to the residence of a lawyer for whom the Quaker had some esteem. The attorney seemed worthy of the good opinion of Brother Boaz, but he shook his head ominously when the case was put before him. 'Frankly,' said he, 'I am afraid I can do little to aid you. These acts of fraud are rare, but not absolutely without precedent; and you own, gentlemen, that the papers held by these unscrupulous persons are well arranged, and have an air of authenticity. To these you can but oppose—pardon me—hearsay evidence—the story told by the girl herself, which'——

'Good Heavens, sir!' said I, 'one glance, one minute's conversation, ought to be enough to rebut such an absurd statement. Nobody could doubt, on seeing Ellen Neale, that she is a white woman, and'——

'Excuse me,' interrupted the attorney, 'but you are begging the question. There are very light mulattoes, and I have seen quadroons whom it was impossible to know from full-blooded whites, except by some very slight signs, hardly perceptible. Our tribunals are not very patient or dispassionate on such a subject, sir. But I think, Mr Bingley, you spoke of papers belonging to the girl herself. May I see them?'

The few letters which Ellen had produced before the jeering kidnappers, and which had remained in the custody of Mr Bingley, were shewn to the lawyer. He read them carefully, but pronounced them insufficient.

'I don't say, gentlemen,' continued he, first opening his study-door to make sure no eavesdropper was behind it, 'that these letters are not good, as far as they go. They would cause a just judge to hesitate, if not to decide in the poor young woman's favour. But the partiality of our courts in the South is well known. In all negro cases, a judge is timid, and disposed to follow public feeling, and I regret to say we want stronger proof than you here furnish me. I will do my best, gentlemen, even at the risk of some injury to my person or property, but I cannot hold out false hopes. To-morrow, I will accompany you to the United States' district attorney, and we will lay the papers before him.'

With this, we were fain to be content. Before we retired to rest, we went together to the jail, and endeavoured, by bribes and entreaty, to gain an interview with the innocent captive. We were gruffly refused. Mr Hiram Cross, it was said, had especially forbidden that any one should have access to his slave. His slave! The word grated on my ears, and I almost doubted whether the whole affair were not a devilish dream. But, alas! in a Christian country, and a free country, such things were practicable, and it was only the accident of Ellen's birth which enabled us to contend in her behalf. Had she been tainted by one drop of African blood, and born in America, not all the beauty and purity of which she was possessed would have given us the right even to murmur on her behalf. As it was, matters looked ugly enough, in all conscience. The next morning, I found the dead-walls of the city covered with flaming posters announcing a 'Grand Sale of Negro Men and Women,' which was to take place at the Auction-mart on the following day. In the long list, in conspicuous red letters, figured the name of 'Helen, a quadroon of prepossessing

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appearance, age 18, educated, fit for a housekeeper, governess, or companion, the property of Mr Hiram Cross of Alabama; to be sold without reserve.'

I ground my teeth as I perused this infernal notice, but Brother Boaz was not surprised. He called my attention to the fact, that the many negroes who were put down in the same catalogue as Ellen were mere lay-figures, worn-out servants past work, or field-hands of inferior quality. The sale, therefore, he argued, was a sham one, a mock-auction, only meant for the purpose of keeping up established forms, and legalising the rascality of the whole business. No one was likely to outbid the wealthy elder, who would, moreover, be paying money from one hand to the other, since Cross, the pretended owner, was but a creature of his own. The local newspapers took up the topic of the approaching sale greedily enough, descanting on the beauty, the accomplishments, and the supposed romantic adventures of 'Helen, the quadroon,' in the inflated style, and with the luxuriant imagery peculiar to the New World journalism. One editor, more venturesome than his rivals, gave a timid hint that the 'animated property' that formed the attraction of the forthcoming auction had the effrontery to claim white descent and the rights of a free woman; but the general tone was such as might have suited sporting-papers when some horse of rare merit was to be brought to the hammer. Disgusted and sick at heart, I flung the journals aside, and repaired with Brother Boaz to keep our appointment. The lawyer had thought the matter over, he told us, but could not take a sanguine view of the case. However, he went with us direct to the United States' district attorney. We found the latter gentleman polite and attentive, but civilly incredulous. He listened to our story, read the few papers we had to lay before him, and shook his head blandly. The weight of evidence, he regretted to say, was in the opposite scale. But we pressed him hard, and as he appeared really to desire that the laws of the land should be properly administered, he did not refuse to sanction an application to the Supreme Court in Ellen's favour. To the Supreme Court we went; and after certain forms had been complied with, our prayer was granted, and a hearing vouchsafed us. We had, of course, to wait until the pending litigation was disposed of, before the case of 'Helen—calling herself Ellen Neale, a British subject' —could be attended to. There was a long dull suit dawdling on, and leaving our friendly attorney in court to watch proceedings, Mr Bingley and I went out, and again tried to gain admittance into the jail where poor Ellen was immured. We were rebuffed with the same gruff answer as before. All kinds of ideas, wild and crude, many of them, came rushing through my brain as we turned from the prison-door. The most hopeful scheme which I could devise, however, was to outbid even Mathewson, and become the successful purchaser when the infamous sale should take place. I had but my savings to contribute, however, some two thousand hard-earned dollars; and Brother Boaz, though he said simply that he would give 'even to the half of his substance,' to save the poor victim, yet felt himself forced to throw cold water on the project.

'Friend,' said he, 'for every piece of silver we can muster by clubbing our store, Joel Mathewson could lay down a piece of gold. His foundry alone bringeth in a revenue of thirty thousand dollars. Bethink thee, too, that he may safely bid the wealth of Ophir, seeing he is the actual owner of the captive maiden, wherefore he is as one who playeth with cogged dice.'

There was no disputing the truth of the good Quaker's assertion.

That afternoon and evening, the 'chivalry,' lured by the glowing paragraphs in the newspapers, came pouring into the town by train, or in vehicles of nondescript character. They did not all come to buy, but for the most part to look on, scrutinise, and exercise their critical powers, just as amateurs who never owned a horse frequent Tattersall's. It was a sore trial to the patience of Ellen's friends to have perforce to listen, in bar and saloon, in street and vestibule, to loud and idle conversations of which she was the theme, to empty jests and brutal ribaldry, and to stories equally false and revolting, in which the name of 'Helen, the pretty quadroon,' was bandied from mouth to mouth. The ignorant and profligate planters had no pity for the supposed slave; to them the sale was a pleasant piece of excitement. Mr Bingley held his peace, and restrained his natural indignation with the strength which long self-discipline gave him; but I could scarcely refrain, more than once, from giving the lie to some one of the foul-tongued braggarts who were prating at my elbow.

The next morning, we were early afoot. This was the day of the auction; it was also the day of the hearing in the Supreme Court, since our attorney had not been able to obtain the ear of the judge on the preceding afternoon. The court assembled at ten. The sale was fixed for noon. At half-past nine, Brother Boaz and I walked together towards the tribunal. On our way, I caught a glimpse, across the street, of a face at the sight of which I felt the same repugnant thrill that would have been caused by the sight of a serpent—Joel Mathewson! The old scoundrel had kept aloof from Savannah until now, and had arrived in time for the sale, ostensibly attracted, like other persons, by the advertisements and newspaper paragraphs. He was dressed in black, as usual, with a thick white cravat, and a jewelled brooch stuck in it; and his brown hands, on which the muscles and veins stood out like unravelled cordage, were gloveless. His face was less pale than usual—it was blotched with an unwholesome red; his wicked eyes were bloodshot, and his lips twitched nervously; but these tokens of excitement only added to the cadaverous look of the man. He winced a little as my eyes met his; but instantly recovering his boldness, he strode across the street, and fixing his scowling gaze on me, addressed me with extreme insolence. 'Why are you not at your work, sir, I should like to know? We don't pay young puppies to neglect their duties on the rail, I guess, and come here playing the champion to nigger wenches.'

I should have struck him, old man though he was, in the first impulse of anger, had not Brother Boaz pressed his heavy hand on my arm. I mustered all my self-control, as I saw, by the malicious twinkle in the elder's eyes, that he was trying to provoke me into some illegal act. Briefly telling him that he was no master of mine, and that to the Board alone was I responsible, I turned my back on the hoary sinner, and entered the court-house.

The court assembled in due time, and the judge heard the arguments of our counsel with tolerable patience, examined the evidence, and—took time for a decision. It was, he thought, a case for a jury. But we knew how little could be hoped from a jury of Southern men. We applied for an order to stop the sale; it was refused. The judge grew irritable and techy at the bare mention of a step so certain to inflame the angry passions of the populace.

We left the court with heavy hearts. A gleam of hope was now raised in our minds by the arrival of the British consul. This gentleman, though our tale appeared to him as most improbable and ill supported, still did what he could for us. His influence prevailed on the judge to promise an early decision, a barren boon, where all the chances were against us. We found the slave-mart thronged, and even the avenues to it crowded; but by bribery and elbowing, we made our way in. By this time, the town was in a ferment. The whole population, white and black, swarmed in the streets, and the chattering of tongues was incessant, and Ellen the theme of all. But there was more than mere curiosity abroad. The Irish labourers

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in the dockyard were in a state of fierce excitement and suspicion. A rumour had got wind to the effect, that a countrywoman of their own, an Irish girl from the 'ould counthry' was to be sold as a slave, on false pretences. Those who know the Irish most intimately best know the effect of such an appeal on their sympathies. Some hundreds of bronzed athletic fellows were collected on the wharfs and in the water-side streets, with cudgels and crowbars in their hands; and before the lowering menace of their gaze, the eyes of the turbulent mob of Savannah quailed in fear. As yet, by infinite pains on the part of the police and leading townsmen, the Irishmen had been kept from actual riot; but they swore loudly that, unless justice were done, they would 'wreck the city,' in revenge for the oppression of a compatriot. Just as we crossed the threshold of the mart, we heard the quick roll of drums, and two companies of militia marched down the street with shouldered arms, and drew up so as to present an imposing front to the Paddies on the quay, whose yells of derision and defiance instantly drowned the martial music of these holiday soldiers. Still not a stone was thrown, not a blow struck; the indignation of the Irish seemed to expend itself in angry cries. I have said the mart was very full; a space, however, railed off from the rest of the hall, was kept free. Here was the pulpit-like rostrum of the auctioneer; here, too, was the platform, technically styled the 'block,' on which slaves stood to be sold. A dozen negroes, clad in white cottons, old and infirm, for the most part, sat huddled together on a bench. A little door admitted into an inner chamber, and we noticed that many of the Southerners went by twos and threes through this door, and returned in a little time, laughing and chatting, with an air of superior wisdom. I whispered to Brother Boaz, to ask the meaning of this. 'They go to see the lamb offered for sale—even Ellen!' answered the Quaker, with an eye that sparkled wrathfully, though the good man's voice was calm. I almost choked with indignation. Ellen Neale, a girl as delicate and modest as any lady I had ever seen, to be subjected to the rude stare, the impertinent questions and remarks, perhaps the coarse affronts, of a dissolute and vulgar rabble of white tyrants, in whose eyes she was below humanity!

But now the auctioneer, hammer in hand, came out, mounted his rostrum, and bowed and grinned. He was a facetious, glib-tongued man, very popular in the South. He commenced business at once. As Boaz had foretold, the worn-out negroes were put up for sale as a mere sham. No one made a serious bid for any of the poor creatures. One man offered 'five cents;' another would 'take all the lots, weight for weight, against molasses;' and after many jokes, the valueless property was 'withdrawn.' Then a stir and an excited murmur ran through the crowd, and Ellen Neale, dressed entirely in white, with her dark hair arranged in simple braids, was led into the hall, between Hiram Cross and his partner, and compelled to place herself on the platform. In spite of the dark marks which tears and sleeplessness had traced round her lustrous eyes, in spite of her marble paleness, the noble girl looked gloriously beautiful. She entered slowly and timidly, and with drooping head; but when she was on the platform, and when, suddenly lifting her eyes, she met the gaze of all those unpitying strangers, she shrank back, and a flush of indignant crimson ran like flame over her fair pale face. But, alas! this did but add to her attractions, and the spectators clapped their hands and hummed applause, as to a favourite actress. She hid her face, and sobbed aloud.

'Be of good cheer, maiden; Heaven has not forsaken thee, nor have thy friends!' cried Brother Boaz, pushing the people to left and right.

Ellen looked eagerly up, saw us, and held out both hands towards us, crying aloud: 'Dear, dear friends! O save me, if you can!'

But the Quaker and I were roughly grasped by many hands, and many threatening voices declared that we should be cut into mince-meat—swindling abolitionists that we were—if we dared to wag tongue or finger. The light of hope died out in Ellen's eyes; but now she was calm, and with a womanly pride that awed the ruffianly crowd, she stood like a statue on the platform.

The sale began. 'An attractive lot this, gentlemen,' said the auctioneer: 'high bids are expected, for it isn't every day such angeliferous loveliness comes to the hammer. The famous quadroon, Helen, rising nineteen, and accomplished, yes, gentlemen, I assure you. Sings, I'm credibly informed, and has a very pretty talent for foreign languages. A very white mulatto, gentlemen, so light as to have given rise to absurd reports spread by Quaker rowdies and riffraff Britishers; but *I* never heard a fair skin objected to in a slave. A housekeeper, gentlemen, governess, *or* companion'——

But I have not patience to insert the auctioneer's whole speech, which elicited hearty laughter and plaudits. Every now and then, a hoarse roar from the Irish on the quay broke on our ears, almost overpowering the auctioneer's voice, and then followed the clank of arms and the word of military command outside.

The bidding began. 'Ten thousand dollars for the lot, gentlemen? Well, *one* thousand, just to start us. Who bids?'—A sallow youth, owner of a plantation, nodded assent.—'One thousand bid!'

'*Two* thousand,' said Joel Mathewson hoarsely; and a sharp contest began.

Partly to tease the old elder, partly moved by a desire to secure the beautiful prize, the chivalry made lavish bids. Joel Mathewson's yellow face grew crimson, and then purple; his eyes glowed like carbuncles, and his thin body shook with eagerness as he repeated his prodigal offers. The hammer hung poised. *Eighteen* thousand! The hammer fell. For eighteen thousand dollars, Ellen was the property of Joel Mathewson. There was a shout and a laugh.

Ellen drew herself up; there was an angry light in her eyes, and she looked almost sublime as she wrung her hands, uttering in a low distinct voice: 'I shall escape you yet: I know how to die.'

'We shall see that, my pretty lady,' cried Mathewson. 'Cross, remove her to the carriage; those Irish blackguards are louder than ever.'

But here a shrill feminine voice rose above all other sounds—it was the voice of Ruth Bingley, who struggled through the crowd, holding aloft a paper, and screaming: 'Saved! saved!' till the roof rang again. And with Ruth were her sister and the British consul, escorted by the States' marshal.

The paper proved to be a formal order from the Supreme Court, to 'bring away and liberate the body of Helen, otherwise Ellen Neale, recognised as a British subject.'

An all-important proof of poor Ellen's identity, forgotten by herself, and overlooked by all, had been that day discovered by Ruth Bingley among some clothes which in her hurry had been left at Augusta—this was a regular certificate of baptism, properly attested, a testimony which even the tribunal of Savannah could not deny to be valid. Perhaps the fury of the Irish labourers, who threatened to disarm the militia and 'tatter the town,' had its influence over this decision.

In a minute more, Ellen, rescued and safe, was in the arms of her friends, and drawn gently away. As we left Savannah in a carriage, to escape the publicity of the railway, some one pulled Boaz by the sleeve and whispered to him. The Quaker turned to me with a solemn awe upon his face. 'What?' I asked. 'Joel Mathewson,' answered the Quaker gravely, 'is in presence of his Maker. Wrath and disappointment have brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which he lies dead, even on the scene of his iniquity. Lo! the judgment of Ananias is upon him!' We said no more.

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I am happy to say that when I was in Ireland six months since, engaged on the Galway Extension, I spent a pleasant week at the snug farm of my friends, James O'Shea and Ellen his wife—that Ellen Neale who has been the subject of this story. They are loving, prosperous, and content, as handsome a couple as any in the Old World or the New. I ought to mention Toby, who is still alive, and a cherished pet upon their hearth, as a veteran who has twice crossed the Atlantic should be.

THE WONDERS OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

We Londoners are so accustomed to the immensity of the things around us, that they seem to us a matter of course; but if we could only place ourselves at a distance, to compare the English metropolis with other cities; or if we could view London as our great-grandsires viewed it, we should then become conscious of the mighty organism over which 'Milord Maire' is supposed by foreigners to reign supreme.

But it is only of the *port* of London, not of the stupendous metropolis itself, that we would speak here—of that commerce which enters the Thames, and finds its head-quarters in the 'City.' This 'Port' of London is by no means a definite area. The *Trinity-house* port of London includes a certain length of the Thames below bridge, where no ballast can be heaved up without the consent of the Board. The *Colliery* port of London goes down as far as Gravesend, beyond which point no ships laden with coal can pass westward without the harbour-master's certificate, or until certain dues are paid. The *Corporation* or *Thames Conservancy* port of London extends from Staines in the west to a certain Creek, near the Medway, on the east, and relates to the control over all fishing, dredging, banks, breaches, piers, stairs, mills, water-works, or obstructions on or in the Thames between those limits. The *Custom-house* port of London extends from London Bridge to the North Foreland on the Kent coast, and the Naze on the Essex coast; so as to include not only the whole of the Thames below bridge, but also that wide estuary which partakes as much of a sea as of a river. About three years ago, we gave in this *Journal* a little information concerning the ownership of the Thames, describing a curious transaction, wherein the Crown and the Corporation struggled for the rightful mastery over the great river; and we shewed how, not being able to vanquish each other, they made a drawn-battle of it, and agreed to the passing of the 'Thames Conservancy Act' in 1857, by which the Crown and the City appoint commissioners in common to manage the Thames. This relates to what we have called the *Thames Conservancy* port of London, with which we have nothing more to do in this place. The *Custom-house* port of London is that which figures in Blue-books in all that relates to 'entries' and 'clearances' of vessels, import dues, &c.

This mighty port has grown up, like other mighty things, gradually. There were no docks until the present century; and those vessels which could not draw up to quays and wharfs on the bank, were obliged to load and unload in mid-stream. There were 'legal quays' and 'sufferance wharfs' established from time to time, and 'bonded warehouses,' to protect imported goods until the duty had been paid on them; but still the trade grew more rapidly than the machinery for accommodating it; and the present century has witnessed the expenditure of twelve millions sterling in the construction of docks on either side of the Thames. *Six thousand ships* now annually enter these several docks, and yet still the cry is: 'They come!' We now ship off commodities to the value of *thirty millions sterling* yearly from the port of London alone, besides those from the other ports in the United Kingdom; and we import a still larger quantity of foreign and colonial produce. All the docks are filled (though some of them do not pay well, on account of the large original expenditure); they have railways and hydraulic lifts to aid their operations; and yet the Thames is as full as ever—nay, fuller—entailing on the harbour-master an immense amount of labour in marshalling his ships, in order to prevent collision of vessels and of tempers. The ships which actually belong to the port of London are no less than 3000 in number, averaging about 300 tons each, or 900,000 tons of commercial shipping in all—a stupendous quantity to enter and depart from one single river. It is one quarter of the total amount for the whole kingdom. No less than 500 of these 3000 are steamers, and of such large size, that one-half of all the mercantile steam-navy of England belongs to the Thames. These, be it understood, are the vessels that belong to, or are registered in, the port of London. If we notice the vessels that actually arrive in the Thames every year to finish their voyages, or that depart to commence their voyages, the number is ten times as great. No less than 30,000 ships enter the port of London yearly—more than 80 per day! Not all different ships, for some of them make many voyages; but there are 30,000 arrivals with 30,000 cargoes. It is found that these vessels, one with another, have an average of 200 tons each, giving an aggregate of 6,000,000 tons.

Perhaps the coasting-trade is the most wonderful among the many kinds in which the port of London is concerned. Of the 30,000 vessels just named, 18,000 bring cargoes to London from some or other of the British ports. Such a cormorant is the metropolis, so much more does it want to *receive* than to *give* in the form of supplies, that 9000 of these vessels go back empty, mostly to the coal-ports of Durham and Northumberland. Those vessels do not want, or cannot get, cargoes from London equal to those which they bring to London; they go back partly in ballast. Of the *five million tons* of coal that we now burn annually in the metropolis, three million and a half are sea-borne; and hence the prodigious number of coal-ships that enter the Thames yearly. Some person with a mathematical brain once began to calculate what sized wall, or what sized pyramid, might be built from the quantity of coal required to supply London for one year; the reader may do this if he pleases, taking as his basis the fact, that a cubic yard of 'nubbly' coal contains about eight bushels. There are about 12,000 cargoes of coal thus brought into the Thames annually—one every hour, and a handsome surplus over. Only a few of these ships are brought into dock; they mostly lie in the Thames, ranged in compact rows in the part of the river called the 'Pool;' and then lusty labouring-men, known as 'coal-whippers,' transfer the coal from the vessels to barges, for conveyance to the wharfs of the coal-merchants. This arrangement gives rise to no small portion of the bustle and crowd of the Thames; for the colliers and the barges together really occupy a large amount of the available space.

It is often mentioned, as among the many astonishing things connected with the trade of the metropolis, that the vast spread of railways seems to have very little effect in diminishing other modes of conveyance. 'The canal-boats,' says Mr Capper, in his *Commerce of the Port of London*, 'carry more than before railways were constructed; our coasting-trade is larger than ever it was; even the number of coaches, vans, and horses employed in Great Britain, the use of which railways were designed to supersede, is greater than it was before those railways were made, in consequence of the auxiliary means of communication and transit which railways necessarily require. It was stated in the Second Report of the Postmaster-general (1856), that the branch mail-coaches communicating with railways conveyed the side-mails over no less

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than 31,607 miles per day'—a greater mileage, probably, than all the mail-coaches of England performed before the era of railways. 'It cannot be doubted that the number of horses employed in connection with the railway traffic is much in excess of the number employed in connection with the coaching traffic of the country, even in its palmiest days; one proof of which is, that horses are dearer at the present time than they ever before were in England: and in proportion to the number of horses employed, we must estimate the number of vans and other vehicles.' In so far as concerns the coasting-trade, it still commands a preponderance in the conveyance of coal, and will probably continue to do so, let railways extend as they may; for there are certain elements of cheapness connected with the conveyance of *heavy* goods by water, though light goods will pay for quicker conveyance by land. The coasters bring quite as much fish to Billingsgate as ever they did; for the quantity brought by rail, now very large, measures the increase in the total quantity brought to the metropolis; the rail has not robbed the coasters, it has created a new or increased trade. With respect to the vast supply of corn to London from the various provincial towns, the railways have had a tough job to disturb the coasters, because the latter load directly from granaries built at the water's edge in the towns that look to London for a customer. 'In the eastern counties of England,' says Mr Capper, 'which supply London to so large an extent with corn, the bulk of the trade between the different towns and the metropolis continues, despite the railways, to be carried on by coasters. All the rivers of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—the Lea, the Stoit, the Blackwater, the Colne, the Stour, the Orwell, the Deben, the Alde, the Blythe, the Yar, the Wear, the Bure, the Ouse, the Nene, and smaller channels of navigation—all send their corn to market by various descriptions of sailing-craft. The coast-towns of these counties—Harwich, Ipswich, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Lynn, &c., send to market by coasting-vessels as much corn as is carried over the whole extent of the eastern counties system by railway.' The truth is, that facilities of old-standing attach to the use of river-side and harbour-side granaries, and the railway companies, knowing this, find themselves compelled to build similar granaries at many of their principal stations.

But although the coasting-trade of the port of London is thus vast, there is a grandeur about the foreign trade that strikes the imagination still more forcibly. All the corners of the earth are, as it were, brought to a focus in the mighty Thames. Twelve thousand ships now enter this river yearly from foreign and colonial countries, bringing nearly twelve thousand cargoes (for rarely, indeed, do any of them come in ballast) of all that the earth can produce of value and beauty. Every forty minutes, taking the year through, does a ship pass Gravesend, bringing us stores from some foreign or colonial clime; and in many cases they bring much more than London's own proportion of particular commodities; for instance—seven-eighths of all the coffee brought to all the ports of the United Kingdom; seven-ninths of all the live-stock; one-half of all the fruit; one-half of all the hides and skins; nearly one-half of all the bacon, ham, barrelled salt-meat, butter, cheese, eggs, and lard; one-half of all the rice; five-sixths of all the spices; two-thirds of all the spirits; one-half of all the sugar, tobacco, and wool; and no less than fifteen-sixteenths of all the tea. Let us not suppose that the Cockney appetite is so *very* exacting as these ratios would imply; that out of the thirty million people in the United Kingdom, the three million metropolitans devour or make use of so large a proportion of the good things imported. London consumes just as much as it wants, and sends the rest into the provinces. There are reasons, partly geographical, partly commercial, why certain kinds of trade centre chiefly in the metropolis. The trade from France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany naturally does so on account of the proximity of those countries to the Thames. The trade from India and China does so because it is an expansion of the old East India Company's trade, which was wholly centered in London. On the other hand, the American trade has got mostly within the grasp of Liverpool, for three reasons—because the Mersey is nearer than the Thames to America; because cotton, the chief import (until the present miserable war) is mostly needed in the county of which Liverpool is the chief port; and because the chief articles sold to America, such as metals, hardware, machinery, and earthenware, are obtained or fabricated nearer to Liverpool than to London. In reference to the trade with the Australian colonies, too, Liverpool beats London, as measured by the relative population of the two places.

Truly, it is wonderful where the commodities all go to, and how we manage to despatch from London that portion which is not wanted for our own use. Ten million pounds of *pepper* every year; why, the very sound of the words nearly makes one sneeze! Three million quarters of corn, and a million hundredweights of meal and flour, entered the Thames alone in one recent year. More than a million hundredweights of oil and oil-cake. Two ships every day, or thereabouts, enter the Thames from India and China alone, laden with the riches of the East; and these vessels are of considerable capacity, for they average 700 tons burden each.

If we were to go through the foreign trade of the port of London at any length, the reader would become almost bewildered at the amazing magnitude of the items. Of the exports, it is worthy of notice that no less than ten or eleven millions are in the forms of clothing and the materials for clothing. Only think of one million sterling for 'boots and shoes,' another million for 'millinery and haberdashery,' and a million and a half for 'apparel and slops'—all from one port in one year! Then, reverting to imports, it is curious to think of whole ship-loads of Dutch eels coming to London, in cargoes of twenty thousand pounds of eels each; of oxen, fattened expressly for the London market in those very Schleswig-Holstein provinces about which there is always such a pother; of the Ostend butter and Ostend rabbits, which are sure to find a market in spite of our own home supply, and which are shipped almost exclusively to London; and of the two million empty oyster-shells once brought over to London in one ship, for the sake of the beautiful iridescent lining which constitutes the mother-of-pearl for making handles, fans, buttons, boxes, and trinkets of various kinds. But if one fact more instructive than another is observable in this vast trade of the port of London, perhaps it is this—that whatever commodity is brought over, in whatever ship, from whatever places, and by whatever persons, it is sure to find a market: we may beat down the price, if the demand is languid, but we never think of saying: 'We don't want any.'

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

INADEQUATE MOTIVE.

It is not the mission of the writer of these papers, in spite of his didactic style, to open up the great question of crime and circumstance. Certain it is, that as most of us are good-tempered so long as we are pleased, so most of us are honest when there is no temptation to be otherwise. It would surely be as monstrous in any of their juvenile Royal Highnesses, brought up on 'the Slopes' at Windsor Castle, to take to abstracting pocket-handkerchiefs, or to removing pewter-pots from area railings, as for any youth of Whitechapel, reared in a 'guilt garden,' to

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consume his week-day leisure in improving study, or his Sundays in religious exercises. It is probable that there are at least as many ragged boys in the metropolis at this moment who are naturally looking forward to Thieving as their future calling, as there are young gentlemen in broad-cloth aspiring to Law, and Physic, and Divinity. And yet that is a dangerous theory indeed which avers that man is the creature of circumstance.

In the Dark Annals of which we write, it may seem probable that this theory would receive particular confirmation, since the restraining influences for good—such as Religion, Morality, and Example—are, of course, in many cases altogether lacking, and the criminal, Doomed from the womb, ripens, quickly or slowly, with every sun, as fruit for the gallows. No such general conclusion can, however, be drawn. A number of cases, indeed, seem to favour it; but others, too numerous to be mere exceptions, contradict it quite as decidedly. Some natures, as it seems, are so hard that nothing can bend them; others are so elastic, that though they do bend on pressure, the instant that the external force is removed, they spring back again to their old positions. One thing, however, is certain and noteworthy: among criminals, it is not the most determined characters who are the hardest to deal with. The will of these persons can be broken, if it cannot be bent; and indeed, when the Law resolutely takes it in hand to be 'determined' also, the most apparently Inflexible will, sooner or later, generally give in. The men of impulse, on the other hand, are beyond measure dangerous; they are affected by no consequences; and it is impossible to guard against their actions, since these are caused by motives totally inadequate. One of the greatest objects with the counsel for the prosecution is always to assign Motive for the commission of a criminal act; but, in reality, criminal offences—and particularly very grave ones—are often committed, if not out of wantonness, yet upon the very slightest provocation. Thus, the Marquis de Palcotti, the head of a noble Italian family, and brother of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, drew his sword upon his own servant (who had merely declined to attempt to borrow money for his master from one who had already given him frequent denials), and slew him in the open street. Yet this man submitted himself quietly enough to justice, although bewailing the vulgarity of the country which held the life of a nobleman of no greater value than that of a footman. When he suffered at Tyburn, he obtained from the sheriffs permission to have the *pas* of his fellow-criminals, so that he might die uncontaminated by their plebeian company.

In 1742, the murder of no less than eleven persons was committed in a country-house near Tuam, solely because the proprietor thereof did not allow his son such an allowance as that gentleman considered necessary. Oliver Bodkin, the father, had married a second time, of which union there was a son of seven years old. These two, Mrs Bodkin, and a visitor of the name of Lynch, were sitting at supper together, when John Bodkin, the elder son, fell upon them with three other ruffians, and killed them all; they then murdered four men-servants and three maid-servants—all the inmates of the dwelling, in fact; and not content with that, they destroyed the very dogs and cats. One of these wretches was foster-father to the boy, and made some attempt to save him, but otherwise there does not seem to have been a particle of human feeling among the whole gang. They had joined John Bodkin in his execrable enterprise without the least compunction, and without the prospect, or even the promise of reward.

The curious case of John Macnaughton exhibits a similar inadequacy of motive for the commission of murder, and remarkably displays the frightful results to which an overbearing and egotistic disposition may lead. It is not too much to say that if this man, instead of being an Irish gentleman of good birth and moderate fortune, as he was, had chanced to have been born a Despot, he would have made an excellent specimen of the class. When he was not crossed, he seems to have been an agreeable, amiable, and courteous person. 'To an outward form,' says his biographer, 'which was perfectly engaging, he added the genteelest demeanour;' and he lost his money (for he cultivated the gentlemanly vice of gaming) 'with a graceful and calm composure.' Under this smooth and smiling surface, there were, however, unfathomable depths of passion. Upon the occasion of a sheriff's officer obtaining entrance into his house, he was cast into such a whirlwind of rage, that his poor wife, who chanced to be in a delicate situation, was literally frightened to death—a circumstance which threw him into 'such a distraction,' that he withdrew himself from society, and did not return to the world and its gaming-tables for eighteen months. The penitent widower had by that time, however, so far recovered himself as to think of marrying for the second time. The lady whom this broken gamester designed for his second nuptials was only fifteen, of remarkable accomplishments, very beautiful, and the daughter of a country gentleman of property named Knox. Her father being unconvinced of the eligibility of Mr Macnaughton as a son-in-law, forbade him, as soon as he entered upon the subject, even to mention the matter again, and drew from him a solemn promise that he would not speak to the girl of any such thing, upon which understanding only his visits to the house were still permitted. Taking advantage of the opportunities thus offered him, Macnaughton still prosecuted his suit, and being one day in company with Miss Knox and a little boy (who stood for witness), he pressed her to let him read the marriage-service, while she made the responses, which she did—taking care, however, to make the proviso in every one, 'That is, if I obtain my father's consent.' This extraordinary ceremony he chose to consider as a formal marriage; and upon Mr Knox desiring him to leave the house, he put an advertisement into the papers setting forth that Miss Knox was his wife, and cautioning all male persons whom it might concern that they were not to marry her. This was replied to by a counter-advertisement from the father, with an affidavit of the whole affair annexed, and signed by the young lady. Besides this, he brought an action in the prerogative court, and got any shadow of legality which such a proceeding as Macnaughton's might have possessed, set aside as worthless. In spite of this, Macnaughton surrendered nothing of his pretensions, but hovered about the neighbourhood of Mr Knox's house, so that the poor girl 'had to lead the life of a recluse;' she could not even get the change of air which her failing health demanded, since this fellow dogged her wherever she went, in various disguises.

On the 10th of November 1761, having received information that Mr Knox and the young lady would set out on that day for Dublin in their coach and six, he concealed himself, with three armed accomplices, in a certain cabin by the roadside. One of these men he sent on to watch for the vehicle, and then to return and point out to him in what positions its inmates were placed. Upon the coach coming up, it was stopped by these people, in highwayman fashion; and on the windows being pulled up, Macnaughton ran round and fired into the coach obliquely with a gun loaded with five balls, all of which were lodged in the body of the unfortunate young lady, who expired in three hours. Upon his trial, Macnaughton defended himself with uncommon ability, protesting that he had no intention of shooting 'his beloved wife' (at the mention of whose name he wept), and producing a letter written to him by Miss Knox, in which she besought him to intercept her on the way to Dublin, and carry

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her off: he averred that he had no other object than to do this, but that being wounded by a shot from one of the servants, the anguish so distracted him, that he fired at he knew not whom, and had the misfortune to destroy the person dearest to him in all the world. This letter, however, was proved to be a forgery of his own; while the detailed information which had been given him as to what part of the coach Miss Knox was occupying, seems to dispose of his innocence of intention. The jury, at all events, found him 'guilty' without the least hesitation. This verdict Macnaughton received with indifference, only he besought the court to have mercy upon his accomplice Dunlap (the other two having made their escape), who was a tenant of his own, and *had been induced to join in his enterprise upon the promise of the renewal of a lease which was just expiring.* Both were sentenced to be hanged; but such was the popularity of Mr Macnaughton, that no carpenter could be found to make the gallows, which was accordingly constructed 'by an uncle of the young lady and another gentleman.' The sheriff was even obliged to take soldiers to a smith's shop, and force him to take off the criminal's 'bolts,' without which it would have been illegal to execute him. After all, the rope broke, and let Macnaughton down among the people, who fled to right and left, in hopes to favour his escape; but the executioner having borrowed (!) the second rope of Dunlap, the sentence was eventually carried out. To this miserable end was this gentleman brought, in his eight-and-thirtieth year, through a sort of petulant passion, an impatience of denial truly childish.

But perhaps the most curious instance of inadequacy of motive is that exhibited by Phineas Adams, who suffered what may well be called torture, both severe and prolonged, in order to avoid serving as a militiaman. In 1812, which was the date of Adams's volunteer martyrdom, I suppose the militia was a less agreeable service than it is now. Not many years before, indeed, Brighton—the now chosen theatre for the evolutions of thousands of willing and unpaid soldiers—was the scene of the execution of two of the Oxfordshire militia for mutiny. Two were shot, and three others received three hundred lashes each; 'these were all they received *then*,' observes the narrator, 'as, from their long durance and consequent weakness, the surgeon of the regiment pronounced that they could suffer no more.' During the infliction of these punishments, artillery were stationed with lighted matches in the rear of the Oxfordshire, to prevent any attempt at rescue, while the Colestown Hill was held by two thousand cavalry. A convincing illustration, truly, of the general content and cheerful discipline which prevailed in those good old times. Still it does not appear that Phineas Adams suffered any wrong, or had anything to complain of as a private of the 1st Somersetshire regiment of militia. In the beginning of the year, however, he applied for surgical aid, in consequence of an ulceration on his arm, which, it was quite evident, he had himself occasioned, by a course of persevering blistering. Upon his recovering in spite of himself, and failing to obtain his discharge, he deserted from the regiment; and being apprehended, was lodged in Taunton jail. On the 24th of April, he managed to have an excellent fall down some stone steps, severely injuring a person ascending them, and coming to the ground with such violence as to cause the blood to ooze from his own ears. This, a day or two afterwards, caused him to become stone-deaf. His medical attendant, however, suspecting his ingenious design, inquired of him, in a subdued whisper, whether he really was so very deaf; to which the patient indiscreetly answered: 'Very deaf indeed.' Upon this, he was informed that he was 'malingering,' and that 'it wouldn't do;' whereupon Private Phineas Adams immediately fell into a state of profound insensibility, and remained in it for about fifteen weeks.

Every disagreeable method of arousing him was tried in vain. His head and back were profusely blistered; snuff, cheap, but strong, was thrust up his nostrils, and pungent salts applied, without any effect whatever. They then tried 'nitrous oxyde gas, the operation of which,' remarks our hero's biographer, 'is known to occasion so extraordinary a degree of mental and bodily excitation.' The tube affixed to the gas bladder was applied to the patient's mouth, but his teeth were so resolutely closed that all endeavours to open them proved fruitless. His lips and nostrils were then compressed, and every means taken to compel him to inhale the gaseous fluid only, nor was the attempt discontinued until his pulse became intermittent from his ceasing to breathe. When his limbs were raised, they fell again with the leaden weight of total inanition, and all the sustenance he received was eggs diluted with wine, and sucked through his teeth. Various interesting experiments were resorted to, in vain, to excite sensation, 'and in particular, the thrusting pins into his finger-nails.' In this hopeless condition, the propriety of *scalping* the patient was suggested, in order to ascertain whether the fall, to which his illness, if genuine, was attributed, might not have produced depression on the brain. The consent, and even the attendance of Adams's father having been obtained, the doctor explained, in the patient's presence, what course of operation was about to be adopted. Adams senior then shaved his son's head. The incisions were made, the scalp drawn up, and the head examined, during all which the young man—he was but eighteen—once only uttered a single groan. No beneficial result appearing even from this, application was made to the regiment for the man's discharge. This order of release was brought to the insensible youth on August 20th. On August 29th, he was sitting with his father at his own home at Bickenhall, with a gun in his hand; and the next day, assisted him, as usual at his day's work. A report having reached his ears that a press-gang was coming for him in consequence of the imposition he had practised, Phineas Adams absconded, nor do we hear anything of him afterwards. He lived in an age and country that were ill adapted for the recognition of his virtues; whereas the Spartans—for his roguery, as much as for his endurance—would have unanimously elected him to be their king.

THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

It was glossy and brown, and clear and bright.
Oh, her large deep eyes, and her queenly brow,
Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip,
They were true to the life.—I can see them now.

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars;
There was the lip, so sweet and red;
There was the brow, broad, white, and pure;
And that was the way that she hung her head.

Ten years ago, and now, like our love,
It has faded, as snow in the latter spring;
Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face,
But day by day, it is vanishing.

Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun,
Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint,
Till it looks like the ghost of our bygone love,
Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift,
Should fade away like the summer rose,
And this poor frail thing be left as a type
Of that flower of the heart that should never close.

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THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

How strangely different are the noises of the night from those of the day, even when produced by the same means! What far deeper harmonies has the wind among the moonlit trees, than those evoked by their branches of golden green at noonday! What a weird and wondrous sound is that in a ship's rigging, to one who stands on deck beneath the quiet stars, although the same sound by day is but a shrill whistle in the cordage! How awful to the belated wayfarer when it goes 'a swooning over barren moors' at night, is that same breeze he hails at early morn as so inspiriting! There is something, of course, in the change of circumstances—in the solitude, and the absence of all other disturbance, and, perhaps, in the atmosphere itself which conducts the sound—but it is scarcely sufficient to account for this great diversity. The dog that barks by day, will howl and bay in the night-time, as though he too, like ourselves, were affected by the dread influence of darkness; but even his bark, at night, has something uncanny about it. It does not seem then to speak of watchfulness and safety; it has a complaining, woful ring in it; it is an appeal for help or for companionship that cannot be answered; and when it ceases for a little, how it intensifies the silence! I am much given to walk alone at night both in town and country, and next to the voice of the human Watchman, that of the canine guardian of our homes is the most sombre. The former, however, is now but very seldom heard; it has been found (in the rare cases where private watchmen are still employed) that they give warning to the marauder as well as assurance to the honest men whom it is their mission to guard, and therefore they cry no more. Their monotonous drawl of 'Past twelve o'clock, and a fine starlight night,' had a flavour about it, to one upon a sleepless pillow, that did not wholly smack of security.

Even the steady footsteps of the new policeman, as one hears them a street and a half off coming slowly and lingeringly up to one's door (where they seem to pause, as though something were wrong), and then die gradually away, are not altogether satisfactory. One doesn't mind their coming so much as their going. Why does not the fellow pay more particular attention to our own residence? Why does he go to others—so far, far off that we do not even hear the echoes of his steps—and leave us to be plundered, or perhaps murdered in our beds? There's a file at work already on the bars of the pantry window, or something that sounds like a file; there's a creaking of stealthy boots on the hall-floor; there's a muffled sound of stockingless feet coming up the stairs; there's a hand feeling about the bedroom door outside—in a word, all the Voices of the Night are playing at burglars. Why does furniture begin to talk as soon as all the household has retired? Why does the table complain of how it has been 'put upon,' when everything has been taken off it until to-morrow? Why do the chairs mutter imprecations when all the fat people that have done them wrong are in their beds? The nervous householder wishes the policeman's footsteps had never waked him to consciousness of these mysteries.

As for the rural constabulary, they are a positive terror, not to the Wicked, indeed, but to the Respectable. They consider themselves most efficient when they walk about solitary houses, feeling the window-fastenings, and rattling the doors, while the proprietress, who is an old maid, perhaps, with a prejudice against men-servants, lies in a profuse perspiration, awaiting her death by violence at the hands of the supposed robbers. It has been remarked by a philosopher that there is nothing so intimidating as a sound the origin of which cannot be guessed at by the solitary listener; but although the lady in question is perfectly certain that the noise is produced by somebody 'trying' the shutters, that does not at all tend to reassure her. It was a saying of my dear Aunt Margaret, now in a place where thieves do not break through nor steal, that but for the nights, her days would have been very pleasant.* She was always wishing that she was rich enough to live like Sir Darrell Glover, who turned darkness into daylight: he had his whole house lit up from dusk to morn; his hounds met at 10.30 P.M., and found their fox by help of the moon; his picnics, under that luminary, were held to be delightful; he used to fish between rows of lanterns, one on each side the stream. There were some disadvantages in this mode of life, of course; since he would never sleep except by day, his servants

* It was of Aunt Margaret that the famous story was first told of the finding the burglar under the bed; when she did see him there, at last, in the course of her usual nightly inspection of every possible hiding-place, she is said to have observed, notwithstanding her abject terror: 'Ah, you're the man I've been expecting to see here for these thirty years!'

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complained that the winter-nights were long; and when they left his service for that of a person who lived in the usual way, they found it difficult to get up in the mornings; but, in my Aunt Margaret's opinion, the advantages of the baronet's mode of life far outweighed its drawbacks. Sir Darrell is dead, or it would have been worth while to interrogate him upon the subject of which we write; he would have been able to tell us how much of our ideas respecting the sounds of night are due to fancy, and to our being unaccustomed to them. Perhaps the Voices of the Day struck *him* as being weird and unnatural, as he lay awake in the weary noon, and longed for the evening.

The circumstances of the listener no doubt greatly affect his reception of sounds: nobody listens with such earnestness and anxiety by day as by night; there are so many sounds abroad in the former case, that the watcher uses his eyes rather than his ears; but in the stillness of midnight, or a little before daybreak, the slightest sound insists upon a hearing. Ask the wife of the Drunkard or the Gambler, who sits up for the poor haggard wretch she loves until the dawn, if the Voices of the Night are not terrible. After the latest roar of the mere traffic has ceased, and the roll of the carriages from opera and ball is over, and only a solitary vehicle or footstep, heard a long way off as it goes and as it comes, relieves the oppressive silence, with the idea of human life—of others beside herself awake and up—what does she hear, as she listens at the open window under the star-strewn summer sky? She hears pitiful voices, which bring tears into her eyes, voices of the dead and loved, who warned her of her fate before she linked herself with her unhappy husband; she hears the sighs of angels overhead. These, 'Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,' engage her, rapt; but on her sensual ear, too, there fall unaccustomed sounds. The area gates creak harshly, slowly swinging. A muffled crow breaks ever and anon from the mews, where the fowls are silent all day long. The clocks, though the hours are small, seem never to have done striking; and there are echoes which are never born in daylight. Above all, there is the night-wind; never weary, yet never monotonous; whispering wonderful things—inexplicable secrets—winning her, even her, poor soul, into dreamland for a little, until awakened on a sudden, as by a dagger's point, at the fall of an uncertain step, half a mile away, but which she knows, ah me, too well! He is coming home at last: her watch is over just as the Voices of the Night are mingling with the breezy call of morn.

Even, however, if one is not the wife of a drunkard or a gambler, it is very disagreeable to be awake at night, and compelled to listen to all sorts of disagreeable noises; for instance, to the hideous and alarming sounds which emanate from cats. One never hears such things in the day—never. The police would not permit it. At first, one thinks it is the baby—and one's wife starts up at once and ejaculates: 'Listen; I am sure that I heard that blessed child!' But it is not the child; a whole nurseryful of children would be unable to compete with that abominable wail.

A solo executed by one of these animals is worse than a cat-chorus. In the first house which dearest Clementina and myself occupied after our marriage, we were grievously tormented by an artiste of this description. He was an Ethiopian serenader—a huge black Tom—with more powerful lungs than any creature, human or feline, I have ever listened to; and I have listened to *him* by the hour. He was generally located in the back-yard next to our own; but, as far as volume of sound was concerned, he might just as well have been sitting on our counterpane. We scarcely slept at all for the first fortnight of our residence in what we had hoped to call our home, because of this miscreant: he made night hideous, and retiring to rest a ghastly sarcasm. In the third week, we were delivered from him, but in a very frightful and unusual manner. It was deep, dark night, and all was still except for his hateful voice. Our enemy had got to the second bar or so of his feline overture, when he was interrupted by a succession of the most terrible explosions, each succeeded by flashes of peculiar light. The tardy vengeance of the gods seemed to have reached the creature at last. I thought it was nothing less than thunderbolts. 'My dear Clementina,' observed I, 'that cat has been struck by lightning, I do believe.'

My wife did not contradict me, whereby I knew that she must be very much terrified indeed. She could not, however, have been nearly so frightened as the Cat, who was dumb for more than half an hour afterwards, and whose voice, when again uplifted, had lost three of its highest notes, from excess of terror. The explanation of the phenomenon was simple enough, when we once knew it. The occupier of the neighbouring tenement, whose nights had been disturbed, perhaps for years, by this unmelodious Catalani, and whose soul was consumed by the desire of revenge, had procured a cracker, which, in the dead waste and middle of the night, he had cast with unerring aim at the common disturber of our repose. I only wish he had informed us beforehand of his intention, for never did cracker strike two human souls with such dismay. And yet neither Cat nor Cracker would have thus affected us had it but been day.

That Cat took his impaired vocal powers elsewhere after this circumstance, but not before he had caused us to hate all his kind to that degree that we would never keep one of them in the house. We were, in consequence, much overrun by mice. Every other household in our terrace kept a cat, so that the mice left those dangerous quarters, and concentrated themselves in our particular residence. Now, a mouse, with the exception of a scorpion (of which I have had but little experience), is the creature which, of all domesticated things, I dislike the most; and my wife shares with me the antipathy. Its scratchings, its gnawings, its scamperings, are all abominable to me; and these, again, are only heard after dark. Many a respectable house has lost its reputation, and been set down as Haunted, because of the Voices of the Night—uttered by rats and mice. The former, with a few pieces of old iron, can represent the spirits of murderers hanged in chains, or of knights who have died with their harness on their backs, and even be identified with them (by terror-stricken servant-maidens) feature by feature, provided only it be night; while mice—well, they can make themselves rather formidable too, when the candles are out. It may seem a small thing to some persons to lie awake and listen to these liliputian enemies assembling in force; to hear their bold approaches towards the couch, and their frantic struggles to climb up the bed-curtains. But it was not so with us. Even the valorous Douglas confessed he would rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, by which, it is likely, he meant delicately to hint that he was afraid of the latter noise: nay, scarcely would a professional vermin-destroyer altogether like to find a mouse under his pillow, as happened (along with an hysterical fit) to my beloved consort. When they took to bite her hair—attracted thereto by bandoline or other foreign cosmetic—we thought it time to invest in a mouse-trap. That experiment, so far as regarded the capture of the enemy at least, very considerably exceeded our warmest hopes.

I was awakened the first night we set this snare by the most hideous miniature discord ear ever heard. It was like the *Battle of Prague* performed by an unmusical snuff-box.

'I should think there must be one hundred and

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seventy mice caught in that trap,' observed I, as I sat up to listen.

'At the very least,' replied Clementina (whom I had thought to be asleep) in a tone of profound conviction. And yet, upon Night being dissipated by the lighting of a candle, we found it had greatly exaggerated matters. Only *one* mouse, enormously too large for the mouse-trap, had been caught by the neck, and was dragging the whole machine about the room to an accompaniment of the most piteous shrieks. Hateful as the creature was to us—and rendered inexpressibly more terrible by the peculiarity of his position—yet we could not bear to see him in so distressing a plight. As for taking hold of him ourselves, such an idea was not to be entertained for a moment; but my wife was good enough to fetch the cook, and that intrepid person, by the help of the kitchen poker, put an end to the intruder's existence. We kept the candle burning, however, until daylight, like another Sir Darrell Glover and his lady.

The shriek of a railway engine is at all times dissonant, but it breaks upon the startled ear at night like a cry from the very Fiend; its origin, however, once discovered, the prolonged, importunate whistle becomes reassuring, and what is called 'company' to the listener: he lies awake, and thinks of the night-passengers, who have not been to bed at all, and of all the life and business that are still going on in the world. Clocks, again, are scarcely so much as heard in the daytime; they even strike without our noticing them; whereas at night, as light after light goes out, and one is left alone, a solitary sitter-up, the whole house seems pervaded by their garrulous tongues. It is pre-eminently ticking-time; the cricket on the hearth, and the death-watch in the wall, and the clocks, all unite their voices. Death the scythesman who, in front of the big clock in the kitchen, is accustomed to do his day's work in silence, now lets his every sweep be heard in the second-floor front, 'Tick' as he leans backward for the stroke, 'Tock' as he lays low his imaginary corn: the hall-clock eschews the expression 'Tock,' as being vulgar, but is dreadfully distinct with its single syllable: the drawing-room time-piece, which is rarely right, and often stands still altogether by day, is now assiduous to the last degree, nor lets a single quarter of an hour escape without particular record: the watch that lies wrapped in the pocket-handkerchief under the pillow beneath your head, is as vocal as though you held it at your ear; and what it says, and what they all say, is something mysterious. They speak of the Past as well as the Present, of Eternity as well as of Time. They set themselves to whatever thought is uppermost in the mind, and lead it on and on. They are no longer Time-keepers, but miniature Voices—whispers of the Night.

If you make a morning call, there is nothing terrible in the sound of the door-bell, except in its association with the very wearisome ceremony you are about to perform; but if you ring the same bell at midnight, after the family have retired, it has a very different voice. I do not wish any reader of mine to do so merely to test the truth of what I say, for such conduct might give offence; let him be persuaded that it is so. Or if he be so eminently practical as to take nothing upon trust, the next time he wants a box of Seidlitz powders, or of Camphorated Dentifrice, let him put off going to the chemist till very late, and then ring his night-bell. I believe a night-bell is not cast in any peculiar mould, or shaped other than a day-bell, but it has a very different tone indeed. It cries Murder, Fire, Thieves, distinctly, all over the house, until the shivering inmates arise and procure lights, and, coming to the front door, discover that what it should have cried was Camphorated Dentifrice. An alarm-bell is no more than a dinner-bell, if rung in the daytime, and even a fire-bell heard at noon is but a noisy jangle; but listen to either of them, as it awakens the Sleep of night, and how dreadful is their note of Warning! A peal of bells, again, is almost always pleasant, if not too near; but what an exquisite melody, deeper far than lies in any full-voiced choir, and suggestive of all that is loved and lost, abides in that same peal when it cleaves the scented air of the summer-night, or, even yet more, when the old year is dying! It makes one almost in love with death to hear it.

As I write these words, and pause, the importunate clocks break in together upon me with the news that it is midnight—twenty-four o'clock, as I should say, by the time they take to tell it. 'Go to be—d,' says the vulgar time-piece in the kitchen, with a sulky whir. 'Now-do, now-do, now-do,' says the cuckoo-clock, hurriedly enough, upon the stairs; and all the rest are of that opinion. So I open the window to bid 'good-night,' as usual, to the drowsy deep.

> Calm on the seas and silver sleep,
> And waves that rock themselves to rest

with the old, old lullaby that they first sang when God divided the land from the water. Always sweet and sad, with memories of the past, with dreams of the future, but laden with divine mysteries more than ever, now, when among the Voices of the Night.

OUR DICK—A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

THE estate or the business to fortunate Mr Charles, the eldest son—the army or navy for his brother Tom—the family living or a purchased advowson, to be occupied by a warming-pan if it falls in before he is of age to be ordained, for John—but what provision shall be made for Dick?

This question clamours for answer, sooner or later, in all 'respectable' families with wealth of sons. Dick, youngest and scapegrace, is naturally mamma's darling; she presses the matter in his behalf very anxiously. Paterfamilias fences a few years with the query, until it is driven too strongly home to admit of further evasion.

'Well, I don't know, I'm sure,' he replies at last, rubbing his nose nervously. 'We must give him a good education, make him a fair allowance, and let him see what he can do for himself. If there's anything in the lad, it will be sure to come out. He must be the architect of his own fortunes, mamma, eh?'

Seeing no better prospect for the darling, mamma assents with a sigh, and the subject slumbers.

After Dick has scraped through his degree, a family council is held, at which the momentous question is again brought forward—What is to be done with Dick? It is settled, of course, that Tom will, one day, be commander-in-chief of the forces, or at the head of the Admiralty; John is the Archbishop of Canterbury of the future. For poor Dick there is nothing left but to govern the nation as prime minister, or bully lords from the woolsack. Thus his fond mother. He asks and obtains a given time for reflection. Boyhood and youth roll up behind him like a scroll as he comes out of his father's study; before him spreads large, fair, as yet unspotted, the open page of the future. Shall the acts it records, when the final line is drawn, be read by men with respect; or shall they bring shame hot to the brow of kindred for his lazy, useless life.

Much depends upon Dick himself. I am not supposing him either a genius or a fool. I take my specimen younger son as the average type of his class—a decent young Englishman, healthy in body and sound in mind, gifted with no particularly shining abilities, of fair intellect, high animal spirits, good common sense, desirous of honestly making his way in the world. Such a man feels the importance of the decision he is called upon to make.

My ideal Dick, therefore, who, if he knows anything, knows well enough that of the world in which he is henceforth to play his part he knows just nothing—

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consults a friend. Luckily for him, he possesses one upon whose judgment and experience he can implicitly rely. Phil. Lumley, engaged to Dick's sister, Constance, has been reading for the bar these six years. The apoplexy which carried off his father, and the accidental decease of his elder brother (drowned bathing in the Bosporus upon his journey home), have released Phil. from the necessity of legal drudgery, and Conny and he are to be married in the spring. The eight years he is older than Dick have been passed in acquiring a knowledge of the world, regarded by the younger man with wonder and awe. He thinks Conny a monstrous lucky girl to have secured so skilful a pilot for her life-boat through the storm. It happens that Phil. is just now at his place in Leicestershire, partly for shooting, partly to superintend the alterations and fittings-up the enamoured swain considers indispensable to convert the old manor-house into a bower of paradise for the nightingale he cages in May. So Dick runs down to join his future brother-in-law, and ask his advice.

The two have met. Keen-eyed and practised, Phil. detects from the first that there is something on his junior's mind, and waits for its disclosure with anxiety. Apart from the interest he takes in Dick for his sister's sake, he really likes the lad upon his own account, and warmly desires his welfare. 'Boys will be boys,' thinks Phil. 'Dick in a scrape again, I suppose, and wanting counsel's opinion.'

One fine October noon, the friends have punished the pheasants, and are lying out upon a breezy down. Empty sandwich-boxes and pocket-pistols shew that appetite, earned by exercise, has been stilled. The Young Man's Patent Digester, well known in these degenerate times as a prime Regalia, is exercising its soothing influence upon their frames. One heavy bag has already been sent on to the house; another, nearly filled, lies at Dick's feet, the gay plumage of the fallen birds contrasting strangely with the dun livery into which nature has thrown her verdure till grass and field-flowers blossom green and gold. Smoking and chatting, the young men touch on many themes, until a question from Phil. Lumley affords the wished-for opportunity to watchful Dick.

'So you managed to pull through at college, after all, Dick,' said Phil. 'Well, and what are they going to make of you, now you write yourself B.A.? It 's almost time you began to think about it in earnest.'

'True enough, Phil.,' answered Dick eagerly; 'and do you know that 's one of the very things I rather want to talk to you about?'

'Really!' returned Phil. with well-acted surprise. 'Say on, my boy. Consult the oracle, and the oracle will speak.'

Dick gave his friend at once the details of the family council, mentioned the period allowed him to make up his mind, and then continued: 'You see, Phil., the difficulty 's this: I've to decide upon what profession I like best, and upon my word I haven't a particular bent towards any. I know, of course, I must do something, unless I mean to settle down content upon my allowance. There are two reasons against that: first, I'm too lively and active a fellow to lead an objectless life; next, I fancy, somehow, when a man's parents have given him a decent education, and offer in addition to keep him afloat until he can manage to swim strong for himself, they've done their duty towards him. Then comes his turn to do his duty to them, by relieving them as much as he can of the burden of his maintenance. Look at my case, for instance. My father allows me two hundred a year; not a very brilliant sum, you 'll say, still I know it 's as much as he can conveniently afford, and it 's enough for me as a single man. Well, if I could get my own living, that money could go to the girls. It would be a relief to the governor, a benefit to my sisters, and more honourable to me. Don't you see?'

'Well said, Dick, my boy,' cried Phil. warmly. 'Shake hands.'

Dick laughed, but blushed with pleasure, too, as he went on: 'I haven't broached that theory at home, you may be sure. The dear old boy and my mother —bless her!—would have cut up very rough if I had. The governor would have asked what the deuce I meant by infringing his prerogative—wasn't it the duty of the old birds to feed their young ones, and all that sort of thing. My mother wouldn't have said much, but she 'd have pressed my hand, and looked into my face with that tearful, beseeching expression which I never can stand; I should have gone tender, and promised anything they liked. But I know I'm right, all the same. It 's settled, therefore, that I must do something for myself, and the only question that remains is, what that something is to be. Now, here, I want your advice, Phil.; you're the only fellow I know who can enter into my feelings, and will counsel me truly, disinterestedly, honestly. Tell me your candid opinion.'

Phil. pondered. 'You see, Dick,' he said at last, 'it 's rather a wide subject as well as an important one. I don't know that I could undertake to advise without a little previous consideration. First, it would be necessary to know whereabouts you think of spending your future life. At home?—abroad?—in the colonies?—in India? There are so many careers open to a young fellow of spirit, that this knowledge is indispensable.'

To Phil.'s extreme surprise, a vivid blush made its appearance upon his young friend's face; in school-boy phrase, Dick regularly 'smoked.' 'I should prefer doing something at home,' he stammered presently, 'for—for a particular reason. Or in India—I don't think there would be any objection to India.' And Dick was dumb.

'At home,' repeated Phil.; 'that narrows the field, certainly. Perhaps, then, we can consider it in this way: we'll take the courses open to you, one after another, and I'll tell you what I know of the advantages and drawbacks incident to each. How would that do?'

'The very thing!' cried Dick exultingly. 'I shall get your experience and advice, and a bird's-eye view of the world, all together. If you'll do that for me, Phil., old boy, I shall be everlastingly your debtor.'

'We'll begin by establishing the modes of life from which you are shut out,' said Phil., 'and that will simplify the subject. Army, navy, and church are allotted to your brothers. No distant relative whom you never knew, or ancient godfather after whom you were christened, has thought proper to bequeath you a legacy; so you are excluded from any undertaking which requires capital. That oversight limits the choice considerably.'

Dick ruefully admitted that it rather did.

'What results?' continued Phil. Lumley. 'That you must fight afoot instead of on horseback; unable to purchase a commission, you must win your way to a baton from the ranks. And Dick, my dear fellow, above all things, disabuse your mind of the notion that competence, or even self-support, is to be gained in any walk of life without hard and continuous work. You cannot go in and win anywhere in a gallop. It's not impossible, indeed, that you may labour all your days, and fail to do more than earn a crust; but it is thoroughly certain that you cannot succeed at all without keeping your shoulder at the wheel. We are agreed, then, that without command of money, you cannot embark in any occupation where money is rapidly made. Trade and commerce, my poor Dick, are not for thee.'

'Very true,' replied Dick; 'but I don't so much regret my want of means on that account. I haven't any ambition to make a colossal fortune. The very little I've been able to pick up has shewn me that a tremendous amount of tin entails a tremendous

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amount of annoyance. I'm not a lazy fellow, but I should like to get on in the world with as little trouble as possible, and to have some rational enjoyment of my life. Money-grubbing for money's sake wouldn't suit my complaint at all, Phil., thank you.'

'Fortunate that those are your sentiments, most philosophical Richard, for the temptation is not likely to be placed in your way,' returned Phil. rather dryly. 'But if the acquisition of wealth is not your object, young stoic, why come to me for advice?'

'Haven't I told you, man?' demanded Dick hotly. 'Or can't, or won't you understand? I want to take the burden of my maintenance off my father's hands. I'm old enough to get my own living; and why shouldn't I? Surely there must be plenty of ways in which a fellow can gain a modest competence without his possessing heaps of capital to start with. Well, I come to you to tell me one.'

Phil. Lumley looked at the enthusiastic boy with a melancholy smile, and shook his head. 'Ah, Dick, it's easy to see your lines have been cast in pleasant places. My poor fellow, you've got a terrible deal to learn.'

'May be,' said Dick boldly. 'Never mind that. Teach me. You were green yourself once, Phil., I dare say.'

'Very true, Dick, but I gained my experience in a harder school than you'll be called upon to enter. However, to continue. Without capital, you find yourself at once upon the same level with thousands of others. You can't be an employer; you must be one of the employed. You must take your talents, your acquirements into a market where hundreds of thousands offer similar, perhaps better wares. Now, Dick, what have you got to sell?'

'Education, honesty, intelligence,' answered Dick.

Again Phil. Lumley shook his head. 'Not enough, Dick. Others can offer the same, and the market is glutted. I don't for a moment doubt that your goods are of the finest quality. Knowing you, I can vouch for their excellence. But I tell you plainly—and the frankest course is the kindest—if I required the services of a young fellow in any capacity where education, honesty, and intelligence were wanted, I should expect to purchase something more as well. You have overlooked your most valuable possession, Dick, in your hurry. Think again.'

Dick knitted his brows, ran over in imagination the list of his perfections—he was a modest young fellow, and it was not a long one—but could think of little to add.

'I'm strong and healthy,' he muttered, half abashed to mention such common-place qualities.

'By no means your worst recommendations either,' returned Phil.; 'but a navvy possesses them in greater perfection. Think again.'

'I'm a fair shot, can fence, and ride to hounds.'

'Also good,' replied Mentor. 'We may find a use for those qualifications presently. But you haven't caught my meaning yet. Think again.'

Dick gave it up.

'Your most valuable possession, Dick,' said Phil. Lumley with a smile, 'is the very one with which you are most anxious to dispense. The two hundred a year you so particularly desire to return to your father, will prove the best friend you ever had, provided you use it wisely. Do you take me?'

'No, Phil., I'm dashed if I do!' asseverated Dick vehemently.

'Don't you see that it enables you to make Fortune wait upon you, instead of your waiting upon Fortune? Your allowance keeps you above want. You are not compelled to depend at once upon any profession you may adopt. You don't want to gain money immediately: in its stead, you win time, to make yourself of greater value. Now, do you see?'

'Well, yes,' replied Dick dubiously; 'I suppose I do.'

'Never mind; we'll make the meaning plainer presently,' continued his friend. 'Now, first of all, what do you say to the bar?'

'Hm!' said Dick. 'I don't think, somehow, I could do much in that line. I haven't much head for logic. It's too abstract; I can't grasp it; there's nothing tangible. Then, about the pleading—I'm an awful bad speaker.'

'Practice would give you fluency. The other objection—want of concentration upon an abstract subject—is more serious. You see, there are two kinds of barristers: first, the man who goes in for sound and thorough acquaintance with the whole theory and practice of jurisprudence. This is the plodding kind of fellow, who is slow to acquire, but tenacious of what he has once obtained. He is a breathing epitome of law, a walking statute-book. His opinion is sought with an eagerness which shews its value. I could tell you of instances where such men have been raised to the bench without ever holding a brief. Next comes the man who takes to the bar as an introduction to public life. Fluent of speech, and formidable in debate, not over-scrupulous sometimes as to changing sides, skilled in party tactics, he makes it worth the while of a ministry to secure his support or disarm his opposition. Without much real law, he has plenty of such superficial legal glibness as passes current with the world. To seem, is of as much consequence, sometimes, my dear Dick, as to be. I don't recommend either of these courses for your adoption, but you might find a steady conscientious reading for the bar an advantage. Even if you never practised, the knowledge would qualify you for many offices for which barristers are preferred. Only, the road is long, toilsome, and dreary. You may eat your heart out (figuratively), while waiting for the employment professional etiquette will not permit you to seek. There is little prospect in that direction of your being able to take yourself off your father's shoulders this many a year.'

'Then, that won't do, Phil.,' said Dick decisively. 'We must try something else.'

'What do you think of medicine?' asked Phil. 'Fine thing to be a great physician or eminent surgeon, you know, Dick. You may be called in to royalty itself, and send down the old name to posterity with a blood-red hand.'

'But there's an awful lot to learn first, isn't there?' asked Dick. 'There's walking the hospitals, and going through the dissecting-rooms, and hearing no end of lectures, and all that sort of thing.'

'You must study your profession, of course,' answered Phil. 'What is more, you must be investigating the phenomena of disease all your life long. A physician without interest or connections, may wait as long for employment as a barrister, and never earn fees enough to get cheese to his bread. A greater chance of advancement is open to a surgeon, but the work is harder and more repugnant to any one at all fastidious. Plenty of sentiment is talked and written about the beauty of aiding suffering humanity. If a man feels a bent that way, by all means let him follow it. I can understand, then, that he would take an absorbing interest in tracing the issues of life and death. Speaking for myself, I think it a nasty, butcherly business at the best. I saw an operation once, and never want to witness another. "Think of that, sir!" said Trephine, who got me into the theatre. "There 's a triumph of science. In two minutes and a quarter, a man relieved of a limb with which he couldn't have lived another week, all his arteries taken up, and himself in bed and comfortable without knowing what 's happened to him." It was very fine, no doubt. I only know I couldn't share Trephine's professional enthusiasm. The sight made me giddy, sick, and faint, and I couldn't eat dinner for a week.'

'Ugh!' shuddered Dick. 'We'll leave medicine alone, Phil., please.'

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'Did you ever think of literature, Dick?' was his friend's next question. 'Ever try to jot down stray thoughts, and lick them into shape afterwards, with a view to publication?'

'What! authorship?' cried Dick, appalled at the magnificence of the idea. 'Lord, Phil., old fellow, I never wrote anything in my life but examination-papers.'

'And letters, I suppose?'

'Well, of course, but you don't mean to call letters authorship, I should hope,' cried peppery Dick.

'What are they else?' inquired his friend. 'Your correspondence is original, surely—not constructed upon the model of some *Polite Letter-writer*. Why, Dick, you seem to be in the predicament of M. Jourdain, who talked prose all his life without knowing it. Here have you been covering quires with domestic authorship, ever since you drew upon imagination to shew the urgent necessity of a new knife, a cake, more pocket-money, and never knew you were a distinguished literary character. Seriously, though, old fellow, what I mean is, that writing letters may have enabled you to try your wings, may have given you an idea whether you possess the power of using your pen. Besides, you must have done themes and compositions both at school and college. How did they run off the reel?'

'Full of kinks, Phil.,' returned Dick sighing. 'I haven't got an ounce of imagination. Me an author!' ejaculated Dick, forgetting grammar in the extremity of his wonder. 'Lord, Phil., what ever made you fancy that!'

'You can't tell,' replied Phil quietly. 'Nobody knows what's in him until he tries to fetch it out. You may become one of the instructors of the age yet, Dick. Everything must have a beginning. I mentioned literature, because that, above all others, is a profession which that much-despised allowance of yours particularly qualifies you for taking up. You can afford to wait, to study, to observe. You can travel, pick up odd waifs and strays from the great ocean of human character, become acquainted with men and manners in various phases, and in many shapes. You would not be compelled, like so many of whom writing is the sole dependence, to rush prematurely into print with crude ideas and half-formed notions, of which you would be heartily ashamed in after-years. There are very pretty pickings to be got off the literary bone in this country, let me tell you.'

But upon this point Dick was immovable. Either his native diffidence or his sense of inability opposed themselves to all the seductions of the tempter, and he sturdily refused to be famous.

'Well, we are getting to the end of our list,' said Phil. 'I see only two or three branches left to which you can devote your talents. How would you like to go to India, and pick up orient pearl and barbaric gold?'

'Ah! that's nearer the mark than anything we've talked of yet!' cried Dick, brightening at the welcome sounds. 'Orient pearl and what-d'ye-callum gold would suit my book admirably, Phil.'

'I don't doubt it,' returned his friend. 'But, like most things worth having in this world, my dear fellow, the privilege must be worked for. However, your course is plain. All you have to do is to get nominated, and prepare to pass the examination. You may take your choice of the Indian dialects—Tamil and Bengalee, by the way, I think are indispensable—put yourself under a coach, who will drive you on to passing pitch in a very few months, if you work hard enough; then go up, get the requisite number of marks, and the thing is done. Your appointment follows as matter of course. You go out with excellent prospects, and are sure to rise in the service. In a couple of years from now, you may be a king of men, Dick—monarch of all you survey, almost uncontrolled satrap of a district as large again as England, and twice as thickly peopled. How do you like that idea?'

'Won't do, Phil.,' replied poor Dick, sadly shaking his head; 'I could never manage that examination business. It was hard enough, I can tell you, to get my degree. How the mischief am I ever to learn that Tamil and Cherokee—well, Bengalee, then? No, Phil.; if that's the only road to India, no orient pearls and barbaric gold for me.'

'Then there's the Civil Service at home,' suggested Phil.; 'although promotion is slow, it is sure. If you could get into the Foreign Office or the Treasury, and displayed talent, your superiors would soon have you in parliament. Ministries are always the better for a little fresh blood, and their own men keep away troublesome outsiders. If you were found useful in the House, you might become a junior lord, or be put into some other of the subordinate ministerial berths. If the Opposition came in next week, it wouldn't matter; having once borne office, you would always be upon the list for choice again. Has the life of a public man no charms for your unsophisticated mind?'

'I shouldn't so much mind the Civil Service if it weren't for that hideous examination,' answered Dick. 'I know it isn't hard—not half so difficult as the one I've already passed; but I should be plucked, Phil., to a certainty. If I had been coached up ever so well, the moment it came to the pinch, all I'd been grinding would evaporate like—like—ah! like that puff of smoke—regularly ooze out of my finger-ends.'

'Well, if it only oozed through your pen on to the examination-paper, that would be exactly what is required,' answered Phil.

'Yes, but it wouldn't,' said Dick piteously. 'I should recollect every bit of it next day, I know; there wouldn't be a question I couldn't answer then pretty decently, but at the decisive moment I should be an empty sieve.'

'There are two other ways of getting you on towards being prime minister,' continued Phil., after a further vain attempt to combat Dick's horror of examinations. 'What do you say to being private secretary to an influential member, perhaps even to one of the cabinet, if we could get you the appointment? Such a post would give you an insight into the requisites for statesmanship, a knowledge of what I may call the stage business and "carpenters' sets" of government, which would be inexpressibly useful. You'd find out how history is made, then, my dear Dick; and take my word, the discovery would be both curious and surprising. There is a path to parliament in this direction, if you have only patience enough to tread it.'

'Hard work, I suppose?' asked Dick.

'Very,' was the reply, 'and as fatiguing as unsatisfactory. You must be your employer's coach, keep yourself up to the mark of latest information upon every important topic, extract the marrow from the question, and administer it in a neat and compact little bolus, that his mental digestion can easily assimilate. Competition will keep you up to your work. Your patron's political rivals, if better coached by their respective secretaries than he by you, will not fail to twit him with his want of information—and *you* will suffer. You will have to write his letters, to reply to the innumerable applications he receives with every post. The importunate must be repulsed, the troublesome evaded, the pertinacious parried; yet none must be offended. Your patron will shine with your lustre, and you must congratulate him upon his brilliance. If he is sick, you must be sorry; if in good spirits, it is not for you to be sad. You must watch his countenance as if it were a barometer, and learn to read the moods the changes of his features portend. A hard life, Dick, my boy, but an instructive one. You will learn more here in a month than elsewhere in a year. How do you like the prospect?'

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'That's nothing for me, Phil.,' answered Dick shortly; 'I couldn't stoop to truckle to any man's humours.'

'There is one other course, then, left,' returned his friend. 'Suppose we could get you appointed *attaché* to an embassy? For the first few years, of course, you would be unpaid. In company with two or three other young fellows of your own standing, you would see foreign life and manners, mix with courts, and learn dissembling. You would practise the art—for it is an art—of conveying little meaning in many civil phrases. You would discover the deep truth of the saying, that speech is meant to conceal thought. You will become a master of tongue-fence, if you really study your profession; otherwise, you will simply pass an easy, lazy, well-dressed, comfortable life. By degrees, if found prudent, you will advance to the position of paid *attaché*, then of *chargé d'affaires;* and in the course of years, when skilled in diplomatic craft and wiles, you may perhaps obtain a mission. It is most probable, however, that if found really able, this promotion will never fall to your lot. You will remain the competent, trustworthy aid, upon whom the real work of the embassy will devolve, while the honours and the snuff-boxes with illustrious portraits set in brilliants, will be conferred upon a titled old gentleman, whose interest and proxy are useful to the ministry at home. Does this prospect please you better?'

'No!' roared Dick savagely. 'No, no; I tell you a thousand times no. What! I am to do the work, that another may earn the credit; my sickle shall reap the corn, and the harvest be gathered into another man's barn! Never! At anyrate, I'll have the reward of my own toil, however small or mean. Why, every labourer's worthy of his hire.'

'There is a notion of that description prevalent in the world, I am aware,' said Phil. Lumley calmly, blowing off a heavy cloud from his Regalia. 'When you've seen a little more of life, I think you'll find how rarely it is founded on fact.'

'Then it's a bad, ugly, wicked, vicious, sneaking state of society!' ejaculated Dick, 'to which I, for one, am determined never to submit. Now, do you really mean to say, Phil. Lumley, you who know every move, and are acquainted with the various ins and outs of life, that you don't know any other method than any of those we have discussed—none of which you see will at all meet my views—by which a fellow may get on decently in the world?'

'I should be very sorry to say anything of the sort, Dick,' replied Phil. 'All that I have done has been to impart to you, as well as I am able, my honest opinions upon certain subjects. It's unreasonable to quarrel with your doctor because you don't like physic. Remember that I have not been favoured with your full confidence yet.'

'How do you know that?' cried startled Dick, with a guilty blush.

'Never mind. Is it the case, or is it not?'

Dick hung his head; confession spoke in every feature.

'Of course,' continued Phil., 'I saw from the beginning you had a reserve. I don't reproach you, my dear fellow. Your confidence is your own, to bestow or to withhold as you think proper. Recollect this, however: whenever you consult your clergyman upon the condition of your soul, your physician upon the state of your health, your lawyer upon your worldly prospects, the fullest and most candid statement of your position is also the most judicious. No man can form a correct judgment, unless acquainted with every circumstance of his client's case. If you have anything further to tell me now, I shall be happy to advise. I shall not pay either you or myself so bad a compliment as to promise secrecy.'

'It wasn't that I doubted your discretion for an instant, dear old Phil., believe me,' returned Dick earnestly; 'only you see, the fact is, one feels a diffidence—it isn't my secret alone—somebody else's-er-er-happiness is bound up with mine—I didn't feel justified'—— And Dick's not over-lucid explanation died away in an inarticulate quaver.

'Oh, that's it, eh?' observed Phil. 'Well, no harm in that, Dick, so long as the party's suitable. Yes, of course you think so; I quite understand that. Now the murder's out, and nothing so very dreadful after all. In fact, it may be just what is required to steady and correct a certain—— What shall I call it? Well, a species of—let us say, flightiness, slanderers have attributed to otherwise as excellent a young fellow as ever breathed. Shake hands again, Dick; I congratulate you, my boy.'

'You're very good, Phil.,' answered Dick, performing the ceremony with some lugubriousness of demeanour; 'but it's a long way off yet, old boy, and an immense deal to be gone through first, I see now clearer than ever. Ah, Phil., and she is the dearest darling'——

'Naturally,' interrupted Phil.; 'always excepting Conny.'

'Conny!' interjected Dick indignantly. 'But of course it's quite right *you* should think so, though how any fellow with eyes in his head could ever'——

'Never mind, Dick; we won't pursue the subject. The reason of your anxiety to establish yourself in life is now perfectly clear. Tell me, as briefly as you can, what are your precise desires?'

'To relieve my father, start in life, make a pot of money, marry Hetty Wayne. There!' cried Dick.

'Hetty Wayne, eh? So she is the goddess at whose shrine our susceptible heart has deposited the first-fruits, &c. Hm! I rather like your taste, young fellow; but as for comparing Hetty Wayne with Conny, Master Dick, excuse me, but that's rather too—— Well, well, I'll say no more. However, I'm now in possession of all the circumstances of your peculiar case, am I? Good; then now for the cross-examination. How old are you, Dick?'

'Twenty next April.'

'Nineteen and a half!' ejaculated Phil., turning up his eyes, 'and thinking already of a race of future Dicks. Shade of Malthus, forgive his sin! You said April, I think. Anywhere near the commencement of the month?'

'No, Mr Cynic—the twenty-fourth.'

'Anniversary of the foundation of Bedlam,' observed Phil. gravely. 'Remarkable coincidence. Well, you're fond of country pursuits, are you not? You like horses, and know something about farming, don't you?'

Dick admitted the impeachment.

'Did you ever hear of a country called Australia, Dick?'

'Of course.'

'There's a field for your talents.'

'What, emigrate!' cried Dick, a whole flood of light suddenly streaming in upon his mind. 'By Jove, Phil., we've hit it at last!'

When last I heard of Dick, five years had passed since that October noon. The younger son had just written home the glad tidings that his wife had given him an heir. Some notion of the course which, by Phil.'s advice, he had pursued to conquer fortune, may be gleaned from the following extract:

'Next mail, your own correspondent will resume her functions. You know I was never much of a hand at writing, and I seem worse then ever since Hetty's elected herself secretary-in-chief. Important business matters which I didn't wish to speak of until they were definitively arranged, caused my silence for the last two months. Now everything is settled, and I have taken a partner. Hetty thinks she has told you already of Fred. Lorton, as honest a fellow as you ever

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saw. Well, he 's the man. You see, although we 've got on amazingly, considering the short time we 've been out, want of capital has always hampered us sorely. Fred. Lorton has lots of tin, but little experience; I was rich in experience, but poor in cash; we 've made a deal of it, and expect to do well.

'Give my love to dear old Phil., and tell him that (under God) I owe all my good-fortune to his judicious advice. But for him, I should never have dreamed of spending a year upon a Westmoreland sheep-farm; of visiting the stock-markets and fairs in Germany, to get acquainted with the best brands of wool; of passing six jolly months at punctilious old Don Ramon Yriarte's hacienda in Ecuador, and getting initiated into all the mysteries of the corral. I think Fred. was more struck with the persuasive way in which I lassoed a rebellious young bull, who thought he shouldn't like to be branded t'other morning, than with any other item of my stock-breeding knowledge.'

This younger son, at any rate, chalked out a path in the world for himself. He bids fair to found a family and to leave a name. It would not be amiss, perhaps, were many who experience Dick's embarrassment in choosing a profession, to adopt his remedy.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FROM THE DIARY OF CITIZEN DROUET, A PRISONER FIRST IN THE PORT LIBRE, AND THEN IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

WHEN dragged from the club in the Quai Voltaire, where I had been rash enough to denounce the cruelties of the tyrant Robespierre, I was thrust by three gens d'armes into a glass coach, and driven to the prison of the Port Libre, followed by a crowd of sans-culottes, who, waving their red caps, and brandishing their pikes, threatened me with death, and roared out as the prison-doors closed on me: '*Ca ira, ça ira!* more food for the holy guillotine.'

But directly I set foot in the prison-garden, I found myself by no means so unhappy as I had feared I should be. Our good old jailer, Brutus Benoit, was as considerate and merciful as he dared be. Above all, I had the great pleasure of meeting my old friends the Marquis de Fleury and the Count de Mirepoix, and above all, the brave and amiable old Marshal de Moncy; not to mention the Abbé Bazire, and the Duchess de Mereville, &c. Indeed, there was no lack of society at the Port Libre. There were ten of us in a room, and we lived like brothers; each in turn swept the chamber, went for water, and helped in the cooking, and each in turn paid the day's expenses of forty sous. The poor were supported among us by subscription.

We men occupied a large, three-storied building, with a long corridor, and thirty-two cells in each; at the end of each corridor there was a large stove. The first of these stories was called the Unity Room; the second, the Republican Room, and the third, the Sans-culottes. The ladies occupied a separate building, guarded by an iron door and sentinels; but in the evening we were all together. On the first floor there was a large saloon, where we dined at six tables of sixteen covers each. In the evening, we met together. The ladies had a small table, where they sat and embroidered and knitted; the men, at a larger table, read aloud, wrote, or listened. A strict silence was observed while the reading went on. Then followed a little supper, where every one did his best to forget he was in prison, and to amuse his companions. We were more like a family party in an old country château, than a band of unfortunates doomed to speedy death. It was at seven o'clock when the ladies appeared—on whose entry, the gentlemen resigned their seats—that the newspaper was read aloud; and two of our number, who could play the violoncellos, performed selections from the best operas of Rameau and Lulli.

We were allowed to walk in the gardens, where, after meeting at roll-call, we could stay till eleven o'clock. It was the cloister-court, formerly the cemetery of the monks; and four great yews and some dozen lime-trees furnished us with a cheerful shade.

In this delightful society, my great friend was the old Marshal de Moncy, our chief musician. In his square-cut maroon coat, long flapped waistcoat of black satin, his white silk-stockings, and trimly powdered head, an enormous three-cornered hat in his left hand, he looked the very picture of a gentleman of the old régime. He persisted in wearing the silver buckles so hateful to the true Jacobin; and all tricolor cockades, sashes, or carmagnole spencers he utterly abhorred.

It was the second day of my imprisonment that I met the brave and courtly old soldier staggering under the weight of a huge pail of water, which I insisted on carrying for him, in spite of all his protestations that the exercise did him good, and that the weight was nothing. He then left me, to sweep the room; and for half an hour I watched him askance with reverent pity as he bent his white head, dusting our rude tables and chairs with all the care and anxiety of the waiter of a café. This I bore pretty well; but when he began to rub a stewpan, clean our silver, and prepare to cook our humble meal, I could bear it no longer. All my reverence for age rose into my heart; and thoughts of my poor old father, just the marshal's age, brought hot tears into my eyes. I went up, and laughingly proffered my services as assistant-cook; with a kindly smile, the marshal bowed graciously, and thanked me, like a true old courtier. In another moment, we were both deep in the concoction of a stew, and shredding onions. It was delightful to see the air with which the marshal turned up his ruffles to peel the onions; delightful to observe the cheerful gaiety with which he tried to make the odious prison-task assume the character of a picnic. He soon got into confidential conversation.

'Does this confinement prey upon you, Monsieur Drouet?' said the marshal, reaching over for the salt, and sprinkling it as carefully as Vatel could have done. 'It is nothing, when viewed philosophically. Imagine the retirement voluntary, and you are at once free as Monsieur Robespierre himself.'

I was about to reply that I scarcely found my philosophy quite adequate to the occasion, pleasant as the society at Port Libre was, when the Abbé Bazire came tripping up.

'Bravo, my dear marshal!' he said; 'and bravo, Monsieur Drouet! How can we complain of the Port Libre meals when such cooks attend to our comforts! Good news, good news, *mes amis;* to-day is the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Glorious day that—ushered in the great men who now cram this prison with innocent gentlemen! I and the ladies of the prison have determined to celebrate it fittingly, with a *bal à la victime*, one of the last fashionable inventions of this glorious epoch. The ladies are to wear the red frock of the guillotine-day; and no one is to be allowed to dance unless he has already lost some relation by that sharp regenerator of the human race. Marshal de Moncy, your violoncello will be invaluable.'

'I shall be proud and happy,' said the marshal. 'We must strew this prison with flowers, or we shall all die of ennui. The best music of Rameau and Lulli shall to-night be at your disposal. Be kind enough to tell the ladies, and with my best wishes.'

At that moment, Jazard, a drunken, indolent turnkey, of whom the worthy Benoit was afraid, came down the corridor, a fierce mastiff at his heels, a pitcher in one hand, a huge bunch of keys in the other, and a huge sabre swinging by his side.

The marshal had by this time finished his cooking, washed his hands, and having brought his violoncello from its case in his bedroom, was bending over it in

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all the pleasant agony of tuning. Jazard stopped as he came opposite the marshal, and regarded him with an insolent leer.

'*Eh bien*,' said the brute, 'you seem to be enjoying yourself, old gentleman. One would think you were in Versailles, or one of Capet's parties, with your fiddling and rubbish. Why don't you play the *Carmagnole*—that 's something like music—or the tramping *Marseillaise*? You perhaps don't know what 's in store for you, or you wouldn't be fiddling like that. Did you ever hear of the Abbé, and what the brave citizens did to him?'

The marshal looked up at last, but quite calm. 'Away, brute, fool!' he said: 'your voice puts my *viole d'amour* out of tune.'

This calmness of the old courtier irritated Jazard. 'Take care,' said he—'take care, old *suspect*, or I 'll denounce you, and get you locked up till the guillotine is ready to shave you.'

Another instant, and I struck the rascal to the ground, and beat him with the flat of his own sabre.

The wretch's cries soon brought Benoit to his help, but he had no sympathiser in him.

'What! at your old tricks again, Jazard, tormenting quiet people? Get out of this corridor: you have no business in this part of the prison. You 're only fit to look after galley-slaves, as you once did. Out of the corridor—quick! or I 'll send for the guard.'

Jazard skulked away, muttering threats, and denouncing us all. Benoit stopped a moment behind to apologise. 'Jazard is drunk,' he said, 'and has been losing at dice; when he is sober, he is not so bad. Those soldiers will give him brandy.'

The evening came, and all was merriment. The dining-tables were piled out of the way, and the grand saloon made really a very tolerable ball-room. We were all as gay and noisy as if we were at a *fête champêtre*. There was a roar of thoughtless laughter when the Duchess de Mereville swept into the room, followed by all the ladies, dressed in the ominous red gown. The abbé had insisted on our all wearing little silver guillotines at our button-holes. The minuets were danced with a courtly grace worthy of Trianon. The marshal himself opened the ball with the duchess, and it was delightful to see him take off his three-cornered hat and bow. Presently he betook himself to the orchestra, and gave us some beautiful airs of his own composing.

I was just handing my partner to a seat, when I saw Benoit come in with a sad face, and hand a note to the marshal. I saw him go to the door and beckon to me. A great change had come over his face. I followed him out into the cloister, which the moon now spotted here and there with silver; we sat down together under a yew-tree, in the deepest shadow; one foot of mine alone caught the moonshine.

'My dear friend,' said the marshal, 'I have learned in this prison to love you. I must now tell you a secret that is now tearing my very heart in two. You know me to be a widower. You think me childless. I am not! I have one son; he is a debauchee, a godless vagabond; he broke his mother's heart. He broke all ties of birth; he deserted his regiment; he forsook his God. He is a wandering musician; a low, strolling actor, one of the vermin of Paris. He is lost to all shame; he has disgraced the noble name of De Moncy. My curse is on him; I have vowed never again to see his face. He now writes that I am in great danger, and that he could save me if he could once obtain entrance to the prison. He begs me to forgive him, and to allow him to get himself arrested and brought here. He even now waits at the gate for an answer—abandoned wretch!'

'And you have answered, you will forgive him?'

'I have but one answer,' said the marshal, moving into the moonlight, which seemed to turn him suddenly to a white stone image—'that I will *never* see him again. You are my friend: will you see this lost creature, and tell him so? I have no one but you to send.'

I saw it was in vain to argue. I undertook the painful embassy. I passed by the noisy ball-room into the quiet outer courts. I reached at last the outer grating. Through the bars peered a pale, care-worn face, the features of which strongly resembled those of the marshal.

'You come from my father?' he said, thrusting in his long thin hand for a letter.

'I do,' I replied.

'The letter—quick!'

'Alas! I have none.'

'The message, then. Quick! I may come to him?'

'It pains me to bring such a message from a father to a son, but I am compelled to tell you that the marshal has sworn to Heaven never to see your face again.'

'Didn't I tell you so?' said Benoit, coming up. 'The marshal is all steel.'

The young man clung to the grating, and groaned deeply. 'I thank you, stranger,' he said, 'for the sympathy your voice expresses. God knows, I have known but little from others. There is then but one hope left. Farewell! we shall meet again.'

I went back, pondering over his words; they implied some impending danger. That same night, I was awaked by a dozen lanterns flashing in my eyes. A crowd of ruffians in red caps surrounded my bed. They carried pikes and naked sabres, and the dogs that followed them growled and bayed at us as we sat up in bed to be counted. A wretch in a tricolor sash read aloud to us an extract from the *Republican Courier*: 'The Revolutionary Tribunal determines to crush the ci-devants. The aristocrats yesterday condemned sixty conspirators to death.'

We had scarcely risen the next morning, before our cruel enemy Jazard came to tell us, with brutal delight, that we were to be transferred that afternoon to the Conciergerie. That morning, as we waited for the escort, the abbé, ever gay, wrote the following verses to the tune of *C'est aujourd'hui mon jour de barbe*:

Pleasures, adieu; good-bye to you,
St Rose, St George, and dear Champagne;
Good-bye, my belle; good-bye, *ma chère*.
Why should philosophers complain?
The guillotine to-day will shear
The head its owner once held dear.

Good-bye, Port Libre, beauties all;
That graceful queen of ours, Julie,
Louise, Hélène, and Marguerite,
And above all, the loved Marie.
The guillotine cries: 'Come away,
En route, for Samson will not stay.'

With a bold heart, but tearful eyes, we took farewell of our friends. The duchess wept, as the marshal bent and kissed her hand; the abbé hummed an opera tune; Benoit shed more tears than any of us; Jazard growled and cursed under breath, and swore he would come to see us guillotined. Handkerchiefs and hats waved as we took our seats for the ominous journey.

It was with a heavy heart I entered the gloomy portals of the Conciergerie. Our days were now numbered. Even the marshal seemed weighed down with gloomy thoughts. I think that some love for that unhappy son, still half unconsciously to himself, weighed upon his mind. His gaiety had forsaken him; he seemed now to long for death. I observed this hopelessness even at the moment of entering the Conciergerie. We were waiting between the first and second wickets, to have our names taken down, when suddenly the tocsin sounded from a neighbouring church; and there came a rush of sans-culottes past

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the door, rattling their pikes, and shouting the *Carmagnole*. We heard the clatter of their sabots, and the roll of a gun-carriage. Even the governor of the prison turned pale.

'They are going to massacre us,' we cried in a breath.

'Then let me be the first to die,' said the marshal, striding to the entrance, and flinging his cocked-hat behind him.

We ran and tore him back. That moment the gates opened, and a crowd of men, armed with pikes, axes, and sabres, thrust in half-a-dozen unhappy fresh prisoners, and then withdrew.

'I had hoped that my time had come: I am weary of life,' said the marshal regretfully to me, as we walked together to our cell.

'We shall be martyrs,' I replied; 'but let us be like the martyrs, patient, and bear the crosses God sends us.'

'It is not the prison or the guillotine that weighs me down, coward that I am!' said the marshal, hiding his face.

The prisoners in the Luxembourg and the Port Libre spent their days in pleasant gardens and orchards, for their jailers were humane; but the Conciergerie, where I was confined, was an ante-chamber of hell, and few left its dark vaults but to pass to the guillotine.

You entered our prison through two wickets; each of these wickets was about three feet and a half high, and formed part of a larger door. If you did not take care, you either knocked your nose against your knee, or broke your head against the lintel. Each of these wickets had its turnkey, chosen for his strength as well as for his sharpness and sagacity. When a new turnkey was appointed, a bouquet was hung over the door, which he was in future to guard. The successful candidate got himself trimmed up by the perruquier, and treated his friends with wine.

Between the first and second doors, the governor, or one of the oldest turnkeys, ordinarily sat enthroned in an arm-chair, and with a table before him. Richards, the governor of the Conciergerie, was a person of supreme self-importance, and much courted and flattered by the relations and friends of his prisoners. They watched with the keenest eagerness to see if he smiled, for then he was in a good-humour to listen to petitions for interviews; but if he frowned, he was put out, and then they all trembled.

From this throne emanated the orders for the regulation of the prison, and here were settled all disputes between the jailers themselves, as well as those between the jailers and the prisoners. There was an old turnkey always standing near the first wicket, to observe all who went out or came in. When a new prisoner entered, the governor called out: 'Observe this fellow,' and the prisoner was then examined by all the guards, in order that they might be able ever after to recognise him.

On the left hand, after passing the wicket, was a place partitioned off by barriers, the one half kept for storing papers, the other being the place where those who were condemned to death awaited the *charrettes* or open carts that conveyed them to the guillotine. From this *greffe* enormous doors led you into the dungeons called La Souricière. These dungeons were very filthy from neglect, and full of rats.

Facing the entrance was the wicket that led to the women's ward and to the infirmary. On the right were two dimly lighted rooms, where the jailers slept, and where the women condemned to death were placed to await the charrettes. Between these two chambers was a wicket, leading to the most terrible part of the prison, having on the left, as you entered, the chapel and the counsel-room, both used as dormitories for prisoners.

On entering the court, there was a double iron door on the right, at the end of a kind of gallery. Passing through this court, you arrived at the various rooms of the prison by an old, shaky, and worm-eaten staircase.

There were three sorts of prisoners—those whose dungeons were never opened but by the jailers when they brought food or searched the prisoners; and those who were let out of their dungeon at eight o'clock in the morning, and locked up again at sunset. During the day, these poor creatures moped about the courts, or, in bad weather, huddled in the loathsome and filthy galleries, to escape the cold wind and rain. As for those innocent men, who, fifty in a dungeon, were crowded into the great towers of Le Grand César, St Vincent, Belair, they were carried off wholesale by contagious diseases, occasioned by the filth of the floor and the rotten straw of the neglected beds.

But it was not alone these miseries we had to endure. Every night, we had to endure fresh degradations when the doors were locked, and the names of the prisoners were called over. There were usually three or four half-drunken jailers, followed by half-a-dozen dogs that were kept to guard the courts at night. They had usually an incorrect, half-illegible list, which they could scarcely decipher. They called a wrong name; no one answered. Then they broke out swearing and threatening; then some one would explain the mistake, and at last they would pronounce the name correctly. One of the jailers then counted the prisoners as the others drove them in one by one. Three or four mistakes were usually made in the counting, and each time the wretched men were driven out again with shouts and curses.

It was in the enclosure between the first and second gate that prisoners were allowed to see their wives and children. There brave women, in spite of a thousand dangers, came to bid their last adieus. Seats were placed for them round the walls. These affecting scenes took place while gens d'armes were transferring prisoners, or waiting for the carts that were to convey prisoners to execution.

On the third day of our imprisonment, a gleam of hope shone out upon us—the excellent Benoit was appointed gate-keeper, the Port Libre being handed over to the tender mercies of that horrid Jazard. I was at the gate when he arrived, and I ran to inform the marshal, who now seldom ventured from his cell; but even this could scarcely rouse him. 'I have done with life,' he said; 'I wait only for the charrette that is to take me to the guillotine.' I did all I could to remove this despondency, but still he shook his head, and remained silent.

The fourth evening, just before our last meal, I was talking with Benoit at the gate, when there came a tapping at the wicket, and his face suddenly assumed an air of alarm and mystery. The door opened, and a man, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, presented himself. It was the unhappy son of the marshal. He thrust himself in hastily as the door opened, and started when he saw me; but Benoit reassured him by a whisper.

'Quick, quick!' he said, in an agitated voice; 'take me, Benoit, to my father. To-night, the monsters send for him. I have just seen the list, and his name struck through with red ink in Robespierre's own hand. Quick! I have the opiate here under my cloak, and the paints with which to paint our faces. Great God, give me strength in that hour!'

I looked at Benoit inquiringly.

'It is true,' he said. 'Monsieur here is so brave and good a son, that, though despised, abandoned, he has determined to die for his father. He will to-night, by my help, drug the marshal's wine, and while he is insensible, move him to his own bed, and take his place.'

'It is madness,' I said: 'it will destroy both.'

'It is not madness, monsieur,' said the young man;

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'it has been tried in other prisons, and succeeded. I have been an actor; I know how to paint a face in a few moments to represent either youth or age. You sleep in my father's room; you love my father—I see it in your eyes—you will help me to change his dress, and remove him from one bed to the other. The wretches who come for the prisoners will trust to Benoit's report. They do not know their victims personally. Before suspicion is roused, my head will have fallen.'

'But this heroic sacrifice,' said I, 'may not save your father; in a few days, perhaps, the order will come for your death; then he too will perish.'

'No, no,' he cried. 'There are signs that Robespierre is already tottering to his fall. His own friends fear him, and are plotting against him. He has compromised himself with those ridiculous mystics who have been arrested. The devil he has served so well is deserting him—the bond is run out. The few days' respite will bring more merciful rulers to France, and save my father. But we loiter. Quick! Benoit. Why do I prate here, when every minute death is approaching nearer to my father! Stranger, will you aid me?'

I made no reply, for something rose in my throat and checked my utterance; then I shook the brave man's hand warmly.

'You will see how soon I can disguise myself from my father,' said the voluntary prisoner, stepping into the guard-house, and placing himself before a small looking-glass that he drew from his pocket and hung on a nail in the wall. In five minutes he reappeared a bowed and tottering old man, his skin yellow, crows-feet round his eyes, his face wrinkled, even his teeth changed in colour—his hair was gray, his back bent.

'Have the other prisoners seen my father?' he said to Benoit, who was staring at him as if he was a magician.

'Only two of them: they were executed yesterday,' replied Benoit. 'The marshal came at night, and has since confined himself closely to his chamber.—Come,' said he to me, 'let us go, and lead up our new prisoner, since it must be, though I would give a year's salary willingly to save this brave and generous son.'

'Lead on, Benoit; you waste flattery on a man doomed to death.'

We led him up between us, muffled in a cloak.

When we entered the cell, the marshal was seated on a low stool, with his back to us, and busy stirring a small dirty saucepan. He scarcely turned round as we entered; when he did so, slowly, he said with a profound melancholy: 'What! another sheep to the shambles? O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'

'Our new friend is an old man, and sick,' I said, as we laid the marshal's son upon the bed near him, 'and he would sleep; so do not disturb him, while I go again below to hear the list read for to-night.' As I spoke, I contrived to turn my back on the marshal, and slip the opiate-powder into his day's allowance of wine that stood on the table.

'I will not disturb him,' said the marshal, still bending over the fire. 'I have suffered too much myself to have any wish to add to the sufferings of others. Let him sleep, poor old man: sleep is the greatest happiness left to us, God knows. Do you know, dear comrade,' said he, rising suddenly; and taking my hands between his as Benoit left the cell, with one long anxious look at the now apparently sleeping man, 'that I have a presentiment of coming evil strongly upon me. Our family have this presentiment in a sort of almost prophetic way. I think the order for my death will come to-night, and pray God it may, for now my son is lost to me, I no longer care for life!'

'Oh, these presentiments are the mere result of a momentary despondency. But your son, my dear marshal, are you so sure he is lost to you? Have you not been somewhat stern and unforgiving to him? Have you sufficiently remembered (pardon my preaching) Christ's own words: "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven?"'

'Enough!' said the marshal, stamping impatiently; 'he is utterly bad—the dregs of an old race. He is shameless, abandoned; he broke his mother's heart. Mention not his name again. Even under the very guillotine, I would not give him my hand. *Chut!* how long this pot is boiling.'

'Shall I take your place while you finish your supper?' said I.—By this time the new prisoner was audibly asleep.

'No—a thousand thanks—no,' replied the marshal, drinking his wine. 'You go down stairs, and hear the evening list read, and answer for me at the roll-call, and I will superintend the *cuisine*. Go, *mon enfant*, and leave the poor old marshal to his sorrowful thoughts, his dreary cell. Go, *mon enfant*.'

When I got down to the guard-house at the first wicket, I found a great commotion. The magistrates of the section had just arrived in full pomp, and were reading the list of persons that day condemned to death at the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was already dark, and one of them was reading by torchlight, which lit up his dark yellow face, and shone on his tricolor plumes and sash, and ponderous sabre. A crowd of pikemen in red caps surrounded him, and as every name was read, they clashed their pikes, and shouted:

'Ca ira, ça ira, la nation réusirra.'

The villain read in a cruel, mechanical voice: 'Achille Val de Grace, No. 23, Avocat. Jules Chaulieu, No. 41, Cordonnier. Pierre Baron, No. 14, Tapissier. George Pécourt, No. 12, Ferblantier. Le Marshal de Moncy, No. 38. C'est tout.'

Again the murderers clashed their pikes, and tossed up their red caps. The thought of an ex-marshal doomed to death was delicious to them.

Benoit grasped my arm. 'It has come,' he whispered; 'I thought it would.'

I did not answer, but I ran up stairs. The scene was indeed changed. The marshal was lying asleep on his bed, his face fortunately uppermost, for he lay on his back. The emptied tumbler stood on the table where he had left it.

His son was bending over his unconscious father, and when I entered, he beckoned me to come to him, leaving the light at a distance. I went to him, and looked at the sleeping man's face, no longer old, care-worn, but young, rosy, black eyebrows, and dark hair.

I looked at the *son*. He was still old, but of a different sort of old age from when I saw him last. He was the exact image of the old marshal, even in dress, for he had assumed that too, and the transformation was complete. It seemed the young man that was on the bed asleep; the old man who leaned over him with such watchful tenderness.

'Has the evening's list come?' he said, turning impatiently to me.

'It has,' I said: 'it has just been read.'

'And my father's name—it was there?'

'It was,' I said mournfully. 'The tumbrils come at daybreak.'

'Thank God!' he said, falling on his knees, and raising his clasped hands to heaven. 'I have prayed long and earnestly for this hour. Spirit of my mother, accept this atonement from thy unhappy son!'

We spent that night in prayer and solemn communion. The repentant son, devoting himself to death, to atone for the sins of a wasted youth, told me the story of his life; how he had abandoned his father's home, and turned strolling-player. It seemed to me that, though rash, heedless, and disobedient, he had fallen into no greater sin. Still, nothing I could say could induce him to relinquish his project of self-sacrifice.

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It was about an hour to daybreak, and we still sat talking in a low voice by the flame of the single dying lamp, when we heard a babble of voices at the outer gate, then the sound of heavy wheels, and the clang of bolts drawn hastily back.

'They come! they come!' he cried. 'Quick; blow out the light. I shall throw myself on the outside of the bed, that I may not keep them waiting, for fear my father should awake.'

As he said this, he stooped down and kissed the forehead of his sleeping father, then blew out the light, and threw himself on the marshal's bed.

'Farewell, brave Roman son!' I replied; 'may you be rewarded in heaven.'

'Hush, hush!' he cried.

We heard steps on the stairs, then doors opened in the corridor, the clatter of grounded pikes, the growls of the jailers' dogs, the unbolting of doors; then cries, sighs, and groans—passionate farewells—sometimes threats, curses, and scuffles.

The doors to be visited were always marked the night before with a large cross in white chalk. Soon the men moved on to our door, and stopped.

'This is No. 38,' said Benoit. 'Here is my cross. You will find the old marshal, poor soul! on the third bed to the left—the one nearest the wall. The other two are not ripe yet.'

'Oh, they'll soon be ready for shaving, I don't doubt,' cried a rougher voice; then there was a chorus of hoarse laughing.

The bolts jolted back, and five men with torches entered the cell. They went up to the bed described by Benoit, and pulled the disguised man rudely by the arm.

'Come,' they said, 'quick! Monsieur le Marshal de Moncy's carriage stops the way. Dress, and come down. You must be a cool-nerved citizen, Moncy, to sleep like that, when in an hour's time you will begin such a long nap.'

'I am ready,' said the brave son, in an admirably disguised voice. 'The waiting is tedious, but the death will be delightful. To-night, I hope to meet my king in heaven.'

'A game bird,' said one of the torch-bearers. 'As for you, citizens, go to sleep, and dream of being guillotined.'

'My friend here is ill,' I said; 'do not wake him. You have your man—go.'

'Come,' said the disguised man; 'I am ready—come. Adieu, my dear friend, adieu.' We tore ourselves apart. In another moment, my door was clanged to, and I was alone with the sleeping man. How can I describe my thoughts in that dark silence; how full of pity for the brave son, of pity for the poor, saved, but bereaved father.

About daybreak, the sound of the tocsin and the cry 'To arms!' together with the rumble of passing artillery, awoke me from a sleep into which I had fallen. Presently, the marshal moved and rose.

'My friend, they are going to break into the prisons, and massacre us,' he said. 'Where is our companion?'

'Our end may be near, marshal,' I cried, running to his side, 'and I have that to tell you, before we die, that will prove to you that you have not to mourn a heartless and degraded son. That fellow-prisoner of ours was your son; he came here to die for you, Marshal de Moncy: he is at this moment dying to save the life of you, who have abandoned him.'

'Bah! you dream; you are not yet awake.'

'Look, then,' said I, holding a small pocket-mirror to him; 'look; he has painted your face to resemble his, while he went to the scaffold disguised as you.'

'God be thanked!' said the marshal, falling on his knees. 'The brave, the generous; he was, then, still a De Moncy;' and in a passion of tears the old marshal prayed for the passing soul of his son. It was a sight I never shall forget.

The sounds had grown louder in the outer street; several guns were discharged, and there was a beating of musket-butts at the prison entrance. 'Our hour is come,' I said, and we arose and stood clasped in each other's arms.

At that moment, there was a race of feet down the corridor, and Benoit threw open the door of our cell. 'Vive la République!' he said; 'vive everybody! The monster Robespierre is shot: you are free; everybody is free; we are all happy. Gentlemen, there is some one at the door who wants to see you.'

At that moment, the door opened, the marshal's son ran in, and threw himself at his father's feet. The marshal raised him and embraced him.

The tumbril in which he was had been stopped at the foot of the guillotine by men from the Hôtel-de-Ville, bringing news of the overthrow of the government of Robespierre.

MRS GRUNDY *MORIBUNDA.*

MRS GRUNDY is great—greater than ever, in these days of crinoline—and she will doubtless prevail with the majority of our fellow-creatures to the end of time. But it is to be remarked that the minority of us, comprising all the wise, and almost all the good, have begun to throw off their allegiance to that lady, rather openly. To some of her social regulations they still submit, it is true, although with a very bad grace. When the second-cousin of my uncle by marriage died the other day, 'deeply regretted by all who knew him' (of whom I did not happen to be one), I breakfasted by gas-light until he was buried. Mrs Grundy observed that those front-blinds must be pulled down, and it was accordingly done; but I expressed my opinion upon that ukase pretty freely. When my fourteenth and latest infant was christened, there was an unwholesome cake purchased, with its initials engraved thereon, in vermilion and sugar of lead, and godmothers and godfather were invited (as a favour, mind you) to partake of this delicacy, in the middle of the day. Like unwilling children going to school for the first time, one brought with her a silver fork and spoon which were 'not to be returned,' and the others, mugs. Mrs G. was obeyed in every particular; but when the monthly nurse extracted a sovereign from the godfather's pocket, I heard him mutter: 'Black-mail, by jingo'—a remark which could certainly have had no reference to the florid female infant over whose unconscious body the tax was paid.

In those rare cases when my wife and family do not use my pew at church, I take care not to send my servants to occupy the vacant seats, out of deference to you, Mrs G., and to the feelings of Christian worshippers of distinction; but if ever the Devil enjoys a hearty laugh, it must be at such conduct as that. You do not see the blasphemy—the hideous satire of the thing, yourself, of course, Mrs G., but others do, I assure you.

Even in much less affairs, you are beginning to get found out, and your authority to be set at nought. You cannot induce two hundred people of fashion to come to your 'at homes' in Mayfair, and be content with standing-room on the staircase, so easily as you used to do. The old baits don't catch the young gold-fish, and the Misses G. remain single. I do not believe clubs would have been invented had you made yourself agreeable, and you have no suit to play against *them*, you know, you ludicrous old woman. This is a period when people please themselves, and consequently each other, and do not care so very much about pleasing *you*.

If this is so in amusements and social matters, it is very much more the case in weightier affairs. Custom no more is suffered to lie upon us with a weight 'heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.' We breathe the natural air without the medium of your respirator—we see with our own eyes, without borrowing your green goggles, Mrs G. We think without the

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encumbrance of your assistance. It is true a thousand hireling pens still await the least wag of your paralytic old head, but nothing comes of that but flutter and fuss. You cannot now treat philosophic truth, madam, like a strange turkey-cock who ventures into your poultry-yard, and drive him out by shaking your petticoats, and crying 'Shu, Shu.' I don't think you are much more foolish than you used to be; but men, and even some women, are wiser. They have got to think of you as the ancient philosophers thought of the heathen religion; other people may believe in you if they like, and welcome, but not *they*. This was, of course, in some degree, the case in days of yore. You had enemies then, even open and declared ones; but you used weapons against them such as you dare not use now—libels, calumnies, wicked Names, which stuck like mud on good men's brows—the very Greek-fire of argument—to which, if you now have recourse, even your very friends cry 'Shame!'

At present, no sooner has one of your mouth-pieces spoken, and all your 'organs,' as you call them, echoed him, than there runs a titter round Society itself, over whom you imagine you rule. It does not indeed break into open laughter, because that would not be well-bred. But in the library, there is contemptuous satire; in the drawing-room, there is an elevation of eyebrows; in the dining-room (after the ladies have withdrawn), there are the funniest stories, by no means in your honour; while I am told that even the servants' hall grins. It used to be a favourite trick of yours to identify yourself with Public Opinion; you were the first person to indulge in that untradesmanlike practice of 'It is the same concern,' with reference to the P. O. Now, you are no more public opinion than you are a post-office order. There are a number of Old Women (some of them males) who still cling to you, and honestly serve under your banner, and that is all the genuine following you have. Besides them, you have troops of mercenaries, who stick to you for what they can get, but they have no heart to fight your battles. They make no secret of their disloyalty over their wine and among themselves; but when your trumpeter squeaks a Charge, they don a little rusty armour (not in the least bullet-proof), and set their headless spears in rest. You preach a crusade against infidelity, but what you in reality levy war against is Christian Charity. There is a sort of lay virtue of this kind, called Minding your own Business—which stands to C. C. pretty much as a week-day is to a Sunday—and that you hate almost as much. You're a meddling, gossiping, selfish, wicked old woman, Mrs Grundy, and I am glad that your end is approaching. You're the incarnation of conventional morality and conventional religion, and resemble the genuine articles only as chicory does coffee. There are some people who like chicory in their coffee, but such are exceptional cases; there are more who must have their coffee cheap, at all hazards, and yours is the Unrivalled Establishment for cheapness.

You have had warnings even in our time, Mrs G., but you have not heeded them; Mr Thackeray and Mr Carlyle have done their best to point out your imperfections; but you are as blind to your own faults and to the virtues of others, as in the old days when you persecuted Galileo. You do not remember that gentleman, perhaps, or very likely you confound him with Gallio; but nevertheless you did persecute him, and you would do it again if you dared. You are as bad as ever, but you are not so bold. Not so many years ago, a certain man of letters wrote a short biography of Shelley. You knew nothing of the author of *The Skylark* yourself, for poetry is not in your line, but you received that interesting little sketch with a howl of execration. Your voice went up from Marlow (where he had once lived), protesting that he was not a man to be written about, insomuch as 'he had not believed in the devil.' This, if true, you should have taken as a great compliment; and indeed it evinces the kindly good-nature of Mr S. most completely, for he knew *you* (poor fellow!) only too well; but you chose to make it the ground of anathema; *you*—the same Mrs Grundy who prevents me sending my servants to occupy our vacant seat at church! If you think I am a sympathiser with the late Mr P. B. Shelley, you are very much mistaken; if I compare him favourably with yourself, it is only because I prefer a feverish and misdirected enthusiasm to a fanaticism at once intolerant and hypocritical; but so far from being that wretched man's apologist, I am a parish priest. I know you clapped your hands when I talked of my wife and family attending divine service, and exclaimed: 'He is an atheist; he does not sit in the pew himself.' That is true, madam, but it is because I stand in the pulpit. I have often said there that you are the greatest enemy to true religion I know, but those sort of remarks glide off your complacent soul like water from a duck's back. Well, then, with regard to this Shelley. A book came to my hand last week, written by a well-known lady, one of the foremost of her sex in those good works which even you, Mrs G., do not disdain to patronise—a disciple of Social Science, Woman's Mission, and a number of other things, the nature of which we poor folks in the country appreciate rather than understand. In this volume there is a little poem called *Two Graves*.

Two graves within one year I saw,
Where sleep, a thousand miles apart,
Husband and wife, whose living law
Was but to know one soul, one heart.

He sleeps beneath the Roman rose
And violets, like his verse divine;
She, where the tenderest snowdrop blows,
Amidst the heather and the pine.

And yet we hope they are not here,
But where the heavenly lilies bloom,
And amaranth, to the angels dear,
Mocks our pale buds which deck the tomb.

There no dark cypress grows, nor pine,
Where they, the husband and the wife,
Their long dissevered lives entwine,
And dwell beneath the Tree of Life.

With these pretty verses, I have, critically, nothing to do; otherwise, I might object to the word 'divine' in the second verse, as not being quite justifiable, notwithstanding the doubtless urgent demands of the word 'pine' that concludes the stanza. The remarkable circumstance, however, is, that though this poem refers to Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft, his wife, not even the feeblest shriek has been set up by Mrs Grundy! What is the matter with that vigilant lady? Only a few years back, she was in her ordinary health and spirits, chalking up *Satan's Revival* on the walls, on the occasion of Burns's Centenary; and now we hear nothing of her. The fact is, she is moribund—worn out;

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying queen.

I have, however, a much more convincing proof of this, if such be needed, and one which sets forth in the strongest manner the victory that genuine goodness is obtaining over that which is conventional.

In the year eighteen hundred and—never you mind what—the present writer was a freshman in the university of Oxford, and in his very first term his moral nature received the following shock.

The chum (let me call him Briston) that I had made for myself, after the manner of freshmen—my own familiar friend—I discovered to be not only no better than he should be, but a very great deal worse. A common acquaintance of ours sickened, and grew dangerously ill. Such things make an impression on

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youth, to whom the footfall of Death is terrible, even at another's door; and I feared as well as grieved. I went to see the sick man, of course; I even read aloud to him sometimes, and spent by his bedside a few hours that might have been more agreeably passed on the banks or bosom of Isis; but I feel now that I had much to reproach myself with in that matter, although I flattered myself at the time that I was doing my duty—and more. On a certain Sunday, after a long afternoon's walk, I called on the invalid, and upon entering his bedroom was beyond measure astonished to find him playing cribbage with Briston. The sick man laughed at my astonished looks, but Briston went on playing as though that occupation required the whole of his attention. I said nothing at the time, but I made a mental resolution to avoid the society of my ill-chosen friend for the future. I was not 'strait-laced,' as it is called, but a person that could play at cards on Sunday with a dying man was not, in my judgment, an eligible acquaintance. I dropped Briston from that moment, nor do I think I interchanged half-a-dozen words with him for twenty years. We met at the funeral of the poor fellow in question, and I am bound to say that Briston seemed a good deal cut up; but that was the last I saw of him—for afterwards, if we passed one another in the High Street, we did not even bow—for half a lifetime.

A few years ago, however, a certain well-known Religious Society requested my assistance in holding a missionary meeting in my parish; it was to be attended by several clergymen who had distinguished themselves in their profession, in very trying circumstances; who had gone through many perils among the heathen, and dared the pestilence and the sword with little enough of worldly recompense. A newly appointed colonial bishop, their leader, was also to be present, of whom most persons had heard something, but nothing to his prejudice, as I believe; a man both good and great, who, having had the choice of a pleasant life or a useful one, chose the latter; a saint of these days, indeed. When I remembered his toils, his hardships, his experiences by land and sea, I felt ashamed, as I welcomed him to my little parsonage, of its easily earned comforts and appliances; I could not help drawing a humiliating comparison between this veteran (who was about my own age, however) and a feather-bed soldier like myself. His modest diffidence overwhelmed me. He spoke not a word of his own sufferings, but only of the church's need. The clubs and spears, and other tokens of savage life which the Society had caused to be sent down, with a gentleman to explain their nature, rather shocked his sensitiveness; he submitted to the exhibition without remonstrance, but evidently without approval. It was his characteristic to blame no man, if possible, and certainly not one moved by good intentions. Only once, when something severe was said against certain missionaries of another denomination, whose field of action was also his own, the bishop interrupted the speaker somewhat authoritatively: 'There is no abuse of time,' he said, 'so great as that passed in abusing other people.'

Late that night, the bishop and I were sitting up together, talking over the events of the day. 'It is strange,' said I, 'but I seem to recognise your voice quite well, although not your features.'

'That is very likely,' returned he smiling: 'my skin has been a good deal tanned since we were at Oxford together.'

'Briston!' cried I, a sudden gleam of memory striking across my mind, and not without pain.

'The same,' said he. 'Had you, then, so entirely forgotten me as not to know me, even though you knew my name?'

'I had,' returned I. 'The fact is, I' ——

'You tried to forget me, eh?' interrupted the bishop, smiling sadly. 'Well, perhaps I deserved it. When I was young, I thought I would go on my way, being answerable to One only for my actions. It is no wonder that I was mistaken even by good men.'

'But to play at cribbage with a dying man!' urged I, aghast with the very reminiscence.

'Yes,' observed the bishop reflectively, 'I do not think, if the circumstances should recur, I should do so now; indeed, I have forgotten how to play at cribbage. I always hated cards most unreasonably; and from that very circumstance, I thought it my duty to play at them now and then. Poor Thorton was passionately fond of them, and used to forget his pains when engaged in any game: the doctor himself said they were as good as an opiate for him. Now, on a week-day, the poor fellow could get dozens of men to play with him, but on a Sunday there was nobody wicked enough to do so, except me. I had been reading to him out of some devotional work, up to within a few minutes of your coming in; but upon his pains recurring, he begged for a game at cribbage. I saw no more harm in so gratifying him, than if he had asked me to make a fan out of the stupid pasteboard things to cool his head with. Perhaps I should have explained matters to you at the time, but I was headstrong. "If this man chooses to put an evil construction on an innocent action, what is that to me?" said I.'

'I beg your pardon,' cried I, 'from my inmost breast. You were exercising Christianity, and I—well I have thought evil of you for two-and-twenty years, in consequence.'

'So would most people,' returned the bishop frankly. 'I am not at all certain that the Society would not withdraw my colonial allowance, if they knew of it even now. They would be afraid of my staking it at cribbage with the aborigines.'

The bishop and I parted with a most cordial shake of the hand. I believe him to be one of the very best men alive. But what can poor Mrs Grundy have been about, not to have raked up that old story of cards on Sunday, before he was consecrated to his distant see. If she don't take action, now she knows of it, that ancient lady must be moribund indeed.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The scientific and learned societies have ended their sessions, and are now taking holiday; some to prepare for the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the 26th August, with Sir William Armstrong as President, some to travel in foreign parts and among the mountains, and some to bring up arrears of work. Among a certain few, a hard-working holiday is looked upon as recreation. Of the papers read at the last meeting of the Royal Society, there were two or three by Dr Hofmann, that indefatigable chemist, in one of which he announced the important fact, that the colouring matter of aniline is not indigo, as had hitherto been supposed, but something else. It appears also that coal-tar is far from being exhausted of colouring matters; with every research, the saying current among chemists is verified, that the more they investigate a substance, the more do they find it fruitful.

Professor Roscoe of Manchester has been testing the brightness of different parts of the sun's disk, with a view to help on the inquiries into the constitution of the great luminary, and its effect on what it shines upon. The general result of his experiments goes to prove that the central portions of the sun's disk, as seen by us, are brighter and more active chemically than the outer portions. The same difference has been observed by astronomers with respect to the luminous and calorific rays. By means of a very delicate photometer, Professor Roscoe, in conjunction with Bunsen of Heidelberg, has devised a method of measuring every day the variation in the

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sun's chemical intensity, which can be registered as well as ordinary meteorological phenomena. This is likely to be found of great use by agriculturists and all who are interested in the vegetable products of a country; for it appears that mere observations of temperature are not sufficient to enable us to estimate the true climatology of a place, or of its plant and animal producing capabilities. 'For this purpose,' says Professor Roscoe, 'we require to have not only the amount of solar heat directly or indirectly reaching the spot, but likewise the amount of chemically active solar light which falls there.' This is strikingly shewn by a comparison of the mean annual temperature of Thorshavn, in the Farõe Islands, with that of Carlisle, which is pretty nearly equal. But though there is so little difference in the temperature, the difference of sunlight falling upon the two places is great. At the Islands, it is intercepted by almost constant moisture and cloud, which even the chemical rays cannot penetrate; hence the flora is scanty, there are no trees, and none but the hardiest kinds of shrubs. But how different at Carlisle! there woods and gardens flourish, and grain grows abundantly. A somewhat similar state of things prevails between Rejkiavik, the capital of Iceland, and Edinburgh; yet what a difference in the vegetation of the two places! These examples make it clear that a ready means for measuring the sun's light and heat cannot fail to be valuable. As Professor Roscoe remarked in his lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, 'it is only in the presence of the sunlight that the true function of plant-life can be exercised. It is the sunlight which, acting on the green colouring matter of leaves, decomposes the carbonic acid of the air into its constituent elements . . . . and only those of the solar rays which vibrate most rapidly are able thus to tear the particles of carbon and oxygen asunder, or to effect chemical change; and these most refrangible or violet rays have, therefore, been called the chemical rays.'

In his annual address to the Board of Visitors, the astronomer-royal communicates some interesting particulars of terrestrial magnetism. The observations shew that on the occurrence of aurora there is disturbance of the magnetic phenomena; and with respect to disturbances in the vertical direction, which are very rare, but very violent, producing what are called magnetic storms, he is of opinion that the idea of attraction should be abandoned. In its place, he suggests, as a general theory of magnetic storms, 'that they are to be referred to currents of a magnetic ether whose movements are closely analogous to that of air.' Ingenious as this theory may appear to be, Mr Airy yet takes care to mention that much remains to be done before it can be established. As regards practical applications of magnetism, we are informed that the time-ball at Deal is dropped every day automatically by a clock in the Observatory at Greenwich, and that time-signals are sent daily to various places, of which the two most distant are Glasgow and Cardiff. Pursuing this subject, Mr Airy states: 'I have heard that the companies, through whose offices the wires pass, have begun to distribute branch-signals to private factories. The clocks of the General Post-office are connected as formerly with the Observatory, each of four clocks being adjusted by current from our motor-clock once every day, and reporting itself to us twice every day. The clock of Westminster Palace has also been brought into connection, the attendant receiving a signal from us once every hour, and the clock reporting its state twice every day,' as in the former instance. All who dwell within sight of the great clock of Parliament House will learn with satisfaction that it does not vary one second per week from the true time.

The last number of *Proceedings of the Royal Society* contains a paper by Lieutenant-colonel Clerk of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, 'On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought Iron and other Metals when heated and then cooled by partial Immersion in Water,' which presents curious and remarkable results as to the behaviour of metal under the circumstances stated. It was one of these results which gave rise to the series of experiments detailed in the paper. A tire, to which it was needful to give a bevel of $\frac{1}{4}$ths of an inch, was to be fitted to a wheel. One of the workmen employed at the Arsenal mentioned that by heating the tire red hot and immersing it to one-half of its depth in cold water, the desired bevel would be produced without the labour of hammering. Trial was consequently made: the tire, four feet diameter, three inches wide, and half an inch thick, was taken from the furnace, and placed in its bath, when the portion out of the water shrunk, and by reducing the diameter, produced the bevel. After this, a number of experiments were made with rings and cylinders of wrought iron, steel, and brass of various dimensions, the results of which are shewn by engravings. The general effect on cylinders appears to be to draw in the metal to the form of a waist at the water-line, or a little above it. The effect on solid cylinders, three inches diameter, is shewn by a bulging out of the metal at each end, and in some instances by cracks. With cylinders of zinc and tin, the effect was still more remarkable.

An explanation of these curious phenomena is given in a postscript to the paper by one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, which perhaps may be of importance to workers in metal. He shews that there is a contest going on between that part of the metal under water and the part out of water, in which contest 'the cooler metal being the stronger, prevails, and so the upper part gets pulled in, a little above the water-line, while still hot.' Besides this, it has to contract in cooling, and the sum of the effect 'is to leave a permanent contraction a little above the water-line;' and the thinner the metal, the nearer will the contraction be to the water-line. In the case of the hoop or tire, there is not room for more than a general inclination of the surface; hence the hoop becomes bevelled. As regards the solid cylinders, the rapid cooling forms a sort of tough skin on the surface, which, as it shrinks, compresses the softer metal within, and so causes the bulging of the ends. Professor Stokes—for it is his initials which are signed to the postscript—concludes his explanation with the remark, that 'should there be a metal or alloy which, about the temperatures with which we have to deal, was stronger hot than cold, the effect of the cause first referred to would be to produce an expansion a little below the water-line.'

Mr Hartnup, Director of the Liverpool Observatory, has just published an unusually interesting report, for he has collected the particulars of error and rate of 1700 chronometers used on as many voyages, ranging in time from a few weeks to twelve months and upwards. These particulars are arranged in tables which impart most valuable information to seamen concerning the errors to which their instruments are liable. For example, taking the whole number of chronometers—1700—the average error in a voyage of one month is 6 miles; in twelve months, 186 miles. In other words, the ships would be 6 miles from the place, as shewn by the chronometer, in the one instance, and 186 miles in the other; and when such errors of calculation are possible, it is easy to understand how a ship may be lost through trusting to a faulty chronometer. But a different result appears on classification from the first best 10 in 100 through ten classes, down to the worst 10 in 100. With the best 10, the error in a voyage of a month is 0, absolutely nothing; and not more than 5 miles in a twelve-month's voyage. On the other hand, the worst 10 shew an error of 25 miles in a month's voyage, and of 524 miles in a twelvemonth's voyage. Ordinary readers will hardly believe that ships are sent out from such a port as Liverpool with such imperfect instruments on board. However, it is part of the

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function of the Observatory to rectify faulty chronometers, so that, on returning home, a captain now sends his chronometer to Mr Hartnup with a memorandum of its rate and error, and it is at once tested and placed in temperatures as extreme as those it has to pass through on a voyage from England to Calcutta or Kamtchatka. Hence, when the captain is again ready to sail, he receives his chronometer in an improved condition, or with such information concerning it as will enable him to avoid gross occasions of error, and calculate accordingly. From this it will appear that the Liverpool Observatory is doing good work, to which we can but wish a long continuance. Regarded in its results, it is a noble work to furnish true time to the great port, and send it forth to all the seas of the world.

From benefits to navigation we turn to horticulture and pomiculture. Mr C. Roach Smith is so much impressed by *The Scarcity of Home-grown Fruits in Great Britain*, that he has published a pamphlet on the subject; a subject which, as he thinks, has not been sufficiently considered. He points out the importance of an abundant supply of fruit for the preservation of health, and shews that apples were once abundant in Shetland, while at present they are disappearing from many parts of England. And yet there are gardeners who know how to make 'apples grow upon pyramids and dwarf bushes as thick in beds as gooseberry and currant-trees.' Mr Roach Smith advocates the planting of apple-trees in labourers' gardens everywhere, round about brick-fields and other waste places, and along the sides of railways. 'One mile,' he observes, 'would require about 250 trees, the cost of which, and the labour of planting, would be about L.15. As good strong trees should be selected, in three years they would pay their expenses; and in a few years more, we may calculate that, out of the 250, about 200 would produce five bushels each, which, at 3s. the bushel, would be L.150; and, of course, if both sides of the mile of railway were planted, the returns would be L.300; and for 100 miles we may calculate L.30,000. But make yet a deduction for contingencies, and the profit would be enormous. There is no reason, moreover, why our highways and byways should not be planted with fruit-trees (especially the apple); and also the vast tracts of land which surround hospitals, fortifications, and other public buildings.' As to the keeping of apples, Mr Smith states that generally they are allowed to hang too long on the trees. 'The ripening of every kind,' he argues, 'should be anticipated; the fruit should be gathered before the ripening commences; and this process should be allowed to take place in a dry cellar, from which the light is excluded. Guided by this sure and simple rule, I have preserved apples in perfection many months after my neighbours' heavier crops, allowed to ripen on the trees, have rotted.'

As the result of his experiments on the pear, Mr Smith states that a seedling of five years is shewing promise of fruit for 1864. He advocates the cultivation of the vine, not against walls, but in open grounds; yet even in the former case, he says that 'on every foot of wall, except such as face the north, it is possible to grow a pound of grapes.' Not only the fruit of the vine can be used for the making of wine, but the young shoots, tendrils, and leaves which are pruned in such large quantities, can, by the addition of water and more or less sugar, be made into wines 'so closely resembling those of Champagne and Anjou in France, and the dry Rhenish wines, that, at a most trifling cost, what is now the refuse of the vine may be converted into a wholesome and cheering beverage.' Mr Roach Smith further treats of the cherry and plum, gooseberry and currant; and we commend his pamphlet to all who are interested in the subject, or are desirous to ameliorate the condition of the labouring-classes.

We are glad to see that, in another way, the working-classes are taking pains to ameliorate their own condition; that is, by travelling. A prospectus now before us announces a *Working-men's excursion to Paris*, to start from Birmingham on the 10th August. The fare to the French metropolis and back is to be thirty shillings, besides a registration fee of one shilling; and the committee promise that lodgings, guides, and interpreters shall be provided, and arrangements made to secure the comfort of the travellers. The time allowed in Paris will be six days. The secretary, Mr F. Hine, 3 Provident Place, Ladywood Lane, Birmingham, will gladly furnish further information. We heartily approve of this excursion, and give it our best wishes for success. 'Such visits,' says Mr Cobden, in a letter to the secretary, 'are the commencement of a real personal acquaintance between the masses of the two countries. They will help to remove the veil of ignorance which has hid from each other these great neighbouring nations, who, in proportion as they become better acquainted, will renounce those feelings of hatred and suspicion which have for centuries envenomed their relations.'

THE CHURCHYARD LILY.

Slowly out of a summer grave
A pure white lily grew,
Its root was red in the heart of the dead,
Its cup held tears of dew.

Blanched as white as a first day's snow,
It sprang by a mossy stone,
An angel's smile turned into a flower,
And it blossomed there alone.

It was prisoned round with iron rails,
Cankering red with rust;
And it rose like a blessing upon a mound,
That covered poor human dust.

It sprang from a maiden's broken heart—
'Twas the purest thing on earth;
Yet its fibrous roots were deep in a grave,
And Death had given it birth.

It fed on sunshine and on showers,
It drank the warm bright air;
There was never a flower at Eden's gate
Grew yet more pure or fair.

White and pure as a virgin's soul,
Soft as an angel's wing,
It rose to hear the birds above
Of heaven in raptures sing.

The flower was as white as the maiden's shroud,
And graciously it grew;
And its offering of dewy tears
On the grave below it threw.

I could not think but it was a sign
Of happiness and rest,
For it seemed to whisper to us who're left:
'Your Alice is with the blest.'

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

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ASSOCIATION.

PERHAPS no subject offers more metaphysical difficulties, and at the same time finds more incessant illustration in the commonest, most thoughtless life, than that of Association. Association is the belt of the world—it embraces heaven and earth; God and man; life and death are contained within its bounds. It is the mystery of the past, present, and the future.

After a glimpse, we must be touched with a sense of its immensity; we may therefore more freely handle a few little tags in the fringe which borders it. Some subjects may well dismay us, for they appear to be within compass, and to expect an exhaustive examination, if they are examined at all; others are so large that the philosopher can really make little more impression upon them than the fool, and it is no more pretentious in the one than in the other to approach them. Here we are, then, by the brink of the great sea of Association, without horizon, sounding, or end; let us dip our little mug in and sip upon the beach.

Events widely severed are joined and meet together in some familiar scene. Take, for instance, the story of the groom and the eggs. A gentleman was driving, on a moonlight night in September, over a bridge, in a one-horse phaeton. He wore a white coat, and his servant sat behind him. Just beyond the bridge, on the right, was a wind-mill, and on the left, a church. The clock struck eleven. The gentleman turning round suddenly to the groom, said: 'John, do you like eggs?' 'Yes, sir,' said John, touching his hat.

Exactly twelve months afterwards, he was driving the same vehicle over the same bridge at eleven o'clock by moonlight, in a white coat. The clock struck. The gentleman turned round suddenly to the groom, and said 'How?' 'Poached, sir,' replied John, touching his hat.

The eye and the ear annihilate space and time. An unexpected familiar sound transports us in a moment. When we hear the whetting of a scythe, there is a vision of the hayfield, the harvest, or the lawn. If we were to hear it in Piccadilly, we should still see cabs and granite with the outward eye, but swaths of grass or bending barley would be immediately present to the true or inward seeing power. A passer-by says, 'Tick,' and horses come into the field of vision. The hiss of the groom recalls the stable-door, the bucket, the sponge, and ammonia. The bleat of the lamb carries us another way. The tom-tom of the Hindu beggar strikes the contrast between the East and the West. The peal from the steeple rekindles a mixed memory of weddings, victories, and elections. There are, of course, catholic sounds which suggest the same ideas to different minds with approximate certainty. The passing bell has one message to all. But each associates some private scene with some particular sight, or sound, or smell. I can never see a knife laid with its edge upwards without thinking of a particular picnic. There was a pause, and I suppose a moment of unusual receptivity in my brain; we talked about accidents in carving, danger of carelessness with knives, &c., when a gentleman, with much ceremony, set the large carving-knife in the middle of the group with its edge uppermost, and while we expected some conjuring trick, said: 'None of you will ever see a knife so laid without thinking of me;' and he winked at the prettiest girl.

Thus each of us has some scene which an unlikely, unmeaning incident rekindles. The most remarkable revival of past impressions, however, occurs sometimes at a combination or coincidence of circumstances. Did you never, for instance, come suddenly across or into a scene which at once is recognised as familiar, though you cannot remember having been present at it before? So strong is the impression at times, that we seem to know what will happen next, as if we had crossed the track of some past life, and, for a moment, were in possession of a little scrap of time, involving future, as well as past and present. No doubt, such an inexplicable appreciation of the view at an unexpected turn in our path has done much to strengthen a belief in the transmigration of souls.

There are sounds and sights which it is impossible to detach from particular ideas, or at least particular states of mind. Whose solemnity will not be disturbed by the squeak, pan-pipe, and drum of Punch? If a waltz could not justify itself at a funeral, it would disconcert everything else. The effect of certain tunes, especially when associated with national life, is notorious. In conscript armies, certain airs are obliged to be prohibited, lest the recruits from the districts where they are played should turn home-sick. A particular succession of notes excites the tarantula dance, and is not without its impression on the cruel snake. The fable of Amphion's influence is not mere poetic fancy.

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It is as difficult to account for the stream of our waking thoughts, as it is to analyse dreams; sometimes the course runs smooth, and then perhaps the eye rests upon a particular object, catches a peculiar gesture, and the whole tide is turned; some little idea comes up and takes the reason and the imagination by the nose; and we are not conscious of anything forced or unnatural in this; but we cannot see the association which makes the change natural. Occasionally, we ask others or ourselves: 'What made you think of that?' and we can trace the steps of thought, but commonly we take them as they come, without a wish to know the history of their birth. There is a moving, endless picture ever passing before the mind; we look at, we accept or dislike it, we can even call for particular scenes, detain or dismiss them, and think we provide the show ourselves; meanwhile, sleeping or waking, the moving panorama passes by, and we cannot tell who is the exhibiter, whose the secret hand behind the scenes which turns the crank of life's revolving view.

Association is powerful in office. Let a man get a place under government, or be ordained by the bishop, and he is changed. He is the same man; his appetite, memory, power are unaltered; he cannot see further, or speak louder, or reason better the moment he is admitted to his new office; but he is changed. In nine cases out of ten, the change appears, perhaps involuntarily, in more than professional conversation or dress. Originally, the man made the office; now, the office makes the man. It is not merely that his good-will is more valuable when he has such and such additional influence or patronage in his power, but the man himself breathes at once a new atmosphere. He turns his back upon the world, and sticks up for his profession. He judges by a professional standard, he accumulates professional gossip. I once knew a cats-meat man who displayed as keen a professional etiquette, jealousy, and pride as any member of the most learned bodies in society. He had a wooden leg, and stood upon his dignity with as much grace as if he had a diploma of knighthood. When I made some sensible remark about his business, he snapped me up, and shewed me how little I knew what I was talking about, with a smile at my presumption. Poor fellow! I was glad to give him that gratification. The traditional associations of office are among the strongest, though perhaps least suspected influences of civilised society. Conceive the consternation of Mrs Grundy, if every soldier, lawyer, parson, doctor, and merchant said what he thought himself, and not what he thought would be expected of a professional man, about war, law, divinity, physic, and trade.

The official mind is a distinct production of its age, as unlike others as the uniform under which it works is unlike our common dress.

Perhaps there is nothing, however, in which we are more conscious of the influence of association than in personal appearance. We connect character of the mind with that of the face, the attitude, the step, the voice, the waistcoat, the umbrella, the boots. Perhaps the waistcoat is the most expressive garment; it is a test of theology and taste; it measures not only our girth, but our social standing, pursuits, and opinions. Does not the black satin vest convey a distinct impression? Is not the waistcoat with sleeves expressive? What do flaps and a multiplication of pockets indicate? In the tightness or otherwise of the waistcoat, we may measure the vanity or good sense of the wearer. It is a great social meter, to those who can read it aright. Boots, again—can we not judge most men fairly by their boots? Indeed, clothes are almost as expressive as faces, which are unexhausted, and will yet produce many a Lavater. A man of discernment will invariably get near the mark in judging by appearances, and form some accurate opinions about even the details of a stranger's character, from the mere examination of his outside. Do not let us, however, suppose that there is any law or set of rules by which we could work out an opinion. We don't go deliberately to work, assigning this to the nose, that to the brow, that to the lips, that to the stride; no such thing. But by an undefinable process of association, we come to a conclusion which we are conscious to be just; and yet we are unable to trace, much less explain, the steps which lead to it.

There is really no great triumph in getting a character from a phrenologist off the cast of a Swedish turnip. We laugh at his discomfiture, and then set off at once judging by appearances which we cannot decipher ourselves.

The effect of association is seen remarkably in the case of company or companionship. The man and wife grow alike. The obstinate conservative farmer's head does become at last like the Swedish turnip which he grows. But about man and wife. The approaching similarity of their features, figures, manners, voices, has been too repeatedly noticed to be questioned. There is something in it, a great mystery, which cannot be physically explained. The rule of contrast often seems to guide the courting. The black bewhiskered Edwin woos the delicate blonde Angelina. But from the day the knot is tied, up to the longest tether of life's rope, they grow less and less unlike, until at last, when the old couple come into the room together, you see that you might often make a magnified Angelina by putting a cap on Edwin's white hair.

There is association in death. Skulls are alike—let the phrenologist say what he will, let the eye and the lip have been ever so diverse. Perhaps that is all we learn from seeing the gradual resemblance between a husband and a wife. It is because they are approaching the great assimilating crucible, and being together, we notice most in them the common converging lines which point to the last focus of life. Indeed, I fancy it must be so. Most old people of the same habits are alike. Look into the workhouse yard, at the shrunken, toddling paupers in the sunny corner. They are associated in decay. Once, one was strong, and another was weak; now, they are all weak together. Their voices, gait, are as similar as the workhouse coat—a trifle looser and more threadbare here or there than the other, but alike throughout. What period of the man's life fixes his character? What, so to speak, decides his place in the great household? Hardly death, in which not only all the delicate shades of distinction between one and another are often confused, but the most striking contrasts are done away—when the pulse flutters in the athlete and the infant, and the orator and the idiot moan alike.

Look into the penal prison, and see the bullet-headed, close-cropped felons. Here is association in crime. A life of skulking stratagem has set that cunning gleam in the eye; a life of lawless indulgence has stamped that air of sensual abstraction and vile absence of mind upon the lip and brow, which marks the criminal face. These men catch each other's features like small-pox, and all are scarred. How can the comparatively uninfected escape, when the law compels inoculation? You might as well hope to cure an incipient convict in jail, as to dry damp clothes in a pond. The licence of crime is notoriously contagious; there is a wicked charm in it almost irresistible. When a man cannot resist it, although free to choose an honest course, how can he do so when brought into daily contact with criminals, and depressed by the loss of personal liberty? Why should prisons be more than tanks to hold our 'social sewage,' till it be carted off, and spread somewhere upon the soil. It asks to be put into the crucible of nature, and associated with its freshest material. One great problem of the day is, where to 'deodorise and utilise' our felons. They are 'men in the wrong place.' It would be something if we could set a thief where he

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could rob nothing beyond a bird's nest, and a burglar where he could break into nothing but the ground, where, in short, rogues would have to associate themselves in honest labour or perish outright. Success to the search for such a Reformatory!

But let us leave the felons. The power of association is seen in the influence of the sound man as well as in that of the sick. One fool makes many, so does one hero or saint. Isolated independence is impossible in good as well as in evil—no man liveth to himself. The solitary devotion of the prophet quickens a thousand pulses. The one brave outspeaker frees the caged-up thoughts of his sympathetic but shrinking kindred—he brings together the hundred drops which hang upon the social window-pane. Thus an opinion gathers weight, and truth makes its way.

This illustration, however, reminds me of a danger. The little raindrops on the window-pane are lost in the big one. As this pursues its zigzag course, it grows fat on the bodies of its companions. Not so with the human centres of association. No man, however small a contribution to the great body, can afford to be lost in it. He is himself throughout, he cannot be merely the part of another. There must be a sense of completeness and totality within his little waistcoat, or he ceases to be a man. By retaining his individuality, he does not withhold his support to others; nay, the very charm of his support depends upon this. Let him be lost in another, and he has thenceforth nothing to give.

But this danger is avoided if we are associated in some principle, and not merely in support of some man. There must be something common to the whole associated body, head and members alike, which quickens it. Take, as example, the words 'knit together in love.' There we have one superior motive life, which holds each up from being lost in his neighbour's, and yet provides an irresistible, pervading bond for all.

Some associations, however, are of course temporary; men combine to carry out some definite legislative enactment, to remove some distinct abuse. It would be well if some of these societies could be wound up with less suspicion of disgrace. There ought to be no more shame in dissolving than in forming an association. The side at cricket or football is dispersed when the game is played. But I fancy there are associations which linger on long after they have done their work, from sheer dread of censure for dying. Some, of course, are kept alive by paid officers, merely for the salaries they produce, but some hang together from the mis-directed obstinacy of directors and committees. Wind the thing up, gentlemen; proclaim your task done; set yourselves free to take up another; but do not carry on a work, when all about it has grown stale and sour.

True wit depends on association. It lies in the unexpected aptness of ideas, just as false wit lies in odd contrasts or incongruities. False wit is very funny. No one can, for example, remember the Irishman's recipe for a cannon, 'Take a hole, and pour some brass round it,' without a little spasm of the chuckling apparatus inside us; and yet we see it lacks a lesson, which is part of true wit. We will illustrate this by the next familiar example which comes to hand in the mind. Lord P. is asked why he does not get the order of the thistle for Lord Q., and replies: 'I'm afraid he would eat it.' This old joke is good, but it is more than a joke; it is full of sense as well as of humour.

Perhaps association is most obviously active when we travel. Then the ignorant, unobservant man sees without seeing. To him, the Forum at Rome is a shabby plot, with shabbier ruins and bullock-carts about it. It touches no store of learning, kindles no dead history within him. In travel, we find the value of accumulated facts, which otherwise would probably lie barren in our memories. Even the dry memories of school-lessons give out a charm to a classical route, which makes us forgive the dreary hours we spent over them. It is all very well, too, to laugh at book-students of nature, but they carry that about with them which gives an interest to every flower, cloud, and stone they see. They see the object, and then, by the magic of association, the true beauty, fitness, history, which surround and accompany it, reveal themselves. A leaf or a bird is but a letter in the great book, which is read only by those who can put letters together; that is, who have the faculty of Association.

SCHOOL LEGENDS.

When a sight-seer who is a 'distinguished stranger' visits any of our old foundation schools, he is often conducted over the place by the head-master himself, who is not always all affability, even on such occasions—and crammed with historical *ana*. 'Here,' he is told, 'is the wing devised by King Alfred, but not entirely completed until the reign of Henry VI. That statue in the niche over the gateway is Henry VIII., of pious memory, who built the chapel. We never disturb the birds that build in his royal crown; visitors have often objected, but they should provide themselves with umbrellas. That gorgeous pile is the library; no, it is never used by the boys, but they are allowed to play beneath it in wet weather. A hundred and forty of them sleep in the Gallery Chamber; a dormitory for which we are indebted to the Lady Margaret, sister of—I beg your pardon, Mr Tallboys, I did not know you were within. That is a monitor's room; they have apartments off the gallery chamber to themselves—formerly cells. These are the Cloisters. The blessed martyr, Charles I., caused them to be erected at his own expense, and doubtless would have paid for them, but for the unhappy troubles that subsequently overtook him. Observe the monogram beneath the sculptured flower at the eastern end. One of our wits observed that it would not have escaped the fanatic rage of the Puritans had it not been "under the Rose." Yes, we have produced many wits—statesmen, warriors, poets, men of science, divines. Atterbury lived on yonder staircase; I mean, of course, in one of the rooms off the stairs; we speak technically here. We expect others to learn our language, not we theirs. His favourite game was fives. He is said to have been the first who broke the great painted window above the communion-table. It was often done, however. It was renewed, at vast expense, in 1760, and the wire-work placed outside. Yes; that is the reason why the whole place looks, as you say, as if it wore a fencing mask. Otherwise, there would not be an entire window. Boys will lithoballise. Newton occupied that room; we did not make much of him, since we give our attention to the classics mainly. He gave no indication of his future fame, except in his extreme partiality for apples. Keats—Keats—Keats—I never heard of him; there may have been such a boy, but not in my time. His name is not upon the screens. All names of eminence will be found there—Howard, Cavendish, Dacre. See how long ago the upper rows were carved. There is a Wolsey, look you, supposed to have been somewhat too near kin to the great churchman. The porter carves them still for a small fee. The view through the Oriel is considered fine. The trees, as you remark, would grace a park indeed; there are few parks so noble—the fields about the river are very rich. Yes; all is ours, as far as you can see. Princely—you say. Why not? It was given by a line of kings; hence youths of royal descent possess, while with us, considerable privileges. We have had three dukes at once here. True, everything here is old, and plain, and cheap, and simple; that is what we pride ourselves upon. Do

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you insist on seeing the flogging-room? Sir, I do not defend the system: I am not aware that the system needs defence. About thirteen a day is our average for punishment. I am not aware that the disgrace has ever impelled a youth to self-destruction. An occurrence of that nature may have been described in the penny papers, or you may have read of it in a foreign novel; such reports do not certainly affect our numbers. Yes, we had Byron here; I daresay he knew this block; he was very troublesome, it is said, to the authorities. Would you please to see his room? After that it will be luncheon-time; may I beg the favour of your honouring "the Lodge" by partaking therein of some refreshment?'

Now, all these things the head-master speaks of you will find in the *Guide Books* to Winchester, Eton, Westminster, &c.; and the 'distinguished stranger' might have got all he obtains from that dignitary (except the lunch) for the small charge of one shilling. And, after all, he has not been put in possession of one *bonâ fide* tradition of the place. Its genuine legends do not concern themselves with kings and queens; or with the divines, or poets, or historical personages of any kind, who may in their youth have inhabited its sacred shades. One or two students may indeed be excited to emulation by the thought that Milton once lived in the chamber above him, or Barrow underneath, but to the vast majority, such things are nothing in comparison to the interest that hangs about Fib Corner, for instance, where the fifth-form boy was killed in fight by the fourth-form boy, in the nine-and-thirtieth round.

Fib Corner is a pleasant pastoral spot in the great play-grounds close to the winding river, a very haunt of peace and solitude, but with advantages for single combat within a ring of personal friends, that are unequalled. In the first place, the lofty elms grow thick about it, and intercept the view of the school authorities, in case they should think it incumbent on them to interfere in a 'mill,' which, to do them justice, they are very slow to do; and secondly, the water is convenient to wash off sanguinary stains, and to revive the drooping energies of a youthful gladiator. New boys are brought here by their friends who have come up to the school before them, and informed of all the circumstances (and more) of that fatal encounter; how the fifth-form boy had endeavoured to 'fag' the fourth-form boy, as it was his right and privilege to do; and how the fourth-form boy had resisted, and dared him to combat; whereupon the fifth-form boy, waiving his dignity, and calling in no extraneous power, as he might have done, to make himself obeyed, accepted the challenge, and how they fought under the sheltering elms in the summer night from tea-time until 'lock-up'—the hour for retiring to rest. How all the fifth and sixth—the upper house of the school—rallied round *their* champion, and all the rest, the oppressed juniors, around theirs; and how each had a pair of seconds, who were anxious to fight too, but a Court of Honour decided against that chivalrous impulse. How at first the fifth-form boy had the better of it, being taller and having a longer reach, but how presently the other, who was more strongly built, obtained the supremacy. Then the long detail of the conflict, described by the narrator in a style half-romantic, half-real life, or rather *Bell's Life;* the awful point of brandy being served out as an artificial stimulus being greatly dwelt upon; also the last knock-down blow administered by the victor, and the horror of the bystanders, when the vanquished was found unable to stand up, or speak. 'He was dead, you know,' explains the narrator, in a tone adapted for such a calamity; 'and since then all "mills" have been stopped at the eight-and-thirtieth round, and no fifth-form boy has ever fought a fourth-form boy.'

'Does he—does he *walk?*' inquires the new-comer with hesitation.

'I believe you,' replies the oldster; 'and especially up and down the west cloister, into which, by the by, if I remember rightly, your bedroom-window looks.'

Without doubt such a fight occurred, and with a fatal result. But it had no more to do with a question of fagging than with the abolition of the corn-laws. That poetical rendering of the matter grew up long after the event, although it now forms the most popular portion of the legend, and that most implicitly believed in, particularly by the fourth form.

The British Boy is Father to the Man in his submission to authority, as established by usage and precedent; he opposes his pastors and masters much more obstinately than the unwritten power abiding in monitors and the upper forms; however distasteful this may be to him, he bows to it in almost servile fashion—very, very seldom, and only in the extremest cases rising in revolution—but the legends of liberty are dear to him; he does not resist, but he cherishes the records of resistance. Perhaps, when he becomes an upper boy himself, he has doubts of the authenticity of such stories, but while in a subordinate position he accepts them like a religion. When suffering under tyranny, he reflects upon the reputed conduct of school heroes, such as Hampden *major*, with savage exultation. Hampden was a big boy of small wits, who remained in the lower forms, through inability to compose Sapphics, for an unparalleled period. He welcomed many generations of small boys with kicks and cuffs, who passed him, one after another, in the educational course, and became in a position to kick and cuff him with delightful impunity; but somehow they didn't do it. A remnant of their ancient respect for him forbade it, or perhaps his gigantic proportions were not without their preserving influence still. Moreover, there was a Hampden *minor* high up in the school, whose power protected his elder brother from annoyance; this was reported to arise, not so much from fraternal love, as from the fact that Hampden *major* used to 'take it out of' him in the holidays, for it was observed that the latter was much more affectionate towards the former, whenever the vacations were drawing near. However, the younger of the two departed for college, and Hampden *major* was left, still in the lower departments, without a natural protector. It was whispered that his brother had let it be known that he, for his part, should not be displeased if he heard, in his retirement at Oxford, that his too formidable relative had 'caught it' after his departure. At all events, a certain monitor, being displeased, requested the giant's presence in his private apartment, in order to receive a thrashing. The giant, grimly sarcastic, replied that the young gentleman had better come to *him* to enjoy the amusement in question. The monitor, being of a wary disposition, or perhaps endowed with less of personal courage than of personal authority, declined this invitation, and referred the matter to his brother-monitors in council assembled. The council sent word, that Hampden *major* having thus committed an act of gross insubordination, must receive 'a monitors' thrashing,' administered by the whole twenty-four—and for that purpose appointed an hour and a torture-chamber. The giant, more recalcitrant than ever, sent gruff reply that if they wanted him, they must fetch him, and straightway barricaded himself into his own room. The four-and-twenty, burning with indignation at this contempt of court, thereupon besieged him, each with a knotted handkerchief in his pocket, for the purpose of inflicting due and proper punishment. The giant, armed with a strong fire-shovel, awaited events with calm determination. When the door was broken in, and over the shattered bedstead and smashed chest of drawers clambered the leading monitor, he clove his nose with such accuracy, that no anatomist could have divided it more satisfactorily with a scalpel. It lay, one half on each of

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his cheeks, like epaulettes. At this most discouraging sight, the dauntless twenty-three are reported to have turned their backs and fled ignominiously away. So at least is the story told and credited. What matters it though Hampden *major* was taken in hand by the authorities, and expelled forthwith; he went forth victorious, and his memory is dear to all who suffer. 'Oh for those tents which in old time whitened the sacred hill!' 'Oh for Hampden *major* and his well-directed fire-shovel!' is the cry of many a public school-boy before he rises from the ranks, and perceives the beauty of implicit obedience to one's superiors.

In one great school there is, or was, an ancient iron fender to which, it is whispered, a small boy was once tied in front of a blazing fire and roasted to death. The intention had been only to singe him a little, but the school-bell happened to ring during the operation, and his persecutors ran away and forgot him. At another school, there is a bedroom-window pointed out to whose iron bars a lad was once fastened, in his night-clothes only, and left out for a winter's night. Both these legends are untrue, but their very existence proves the atrocious cruelty that was permitted in old times to be exercised by juvenile despots. Such things are happily of the past, and will never be repeated; but there is little chance of their records being altogether obliterated; one generation tells them to another, in the very place where the catastrophes are said to have taken place, and the attraction of them does not diminish. Why should it? The juvenile Public has a right to its Sensations as well as we. Besides, the belief that such things have happened reconciles one to minor inconveniences. That roasting story has comforted many a youthful bosom, while making toast (happily of slices of bread) for a fastidious 'fifth form!'

School legends are rarely droll. It is a mistake to suppose that a boy is a humorous creature. In all my school experience, which has been extensive, I only remember one good practical joke. This occurred at a private and preparatory school, where, however, some boys were tolerably old. It had a certain usher, learned, lethargic, ignorant of the world, who was a character in his way; he made excellent contemptuous remarks upon his employer, the head-master, and was in consequence popular amongst us, but we could not resist playing him tricks. We persuaded him that being so wise and superior in every respect, as he was, he ought to set up a school on his own account. He ought to advertise for pupils at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, at the very least, and he actually did so. Having shewed one of us—a lad of the name of Griffith—the advertisement in question, with considerable pride, it was considered only grateful by that young gentleman to invent a reply to it. The boy had a very rich relative, who had quarrelled with his family; the property was entailed on Griffith, in case this gentleman had no more direct heir, and he was childless. This circumstance was extremely obnoxious to him, and he could not bear any allusion to it. Under these circumstances, Griffith forged a letter purporting to come from this old gentleman, in answer to the usher's advertisement; it set forth that he was the father of three sons, all of whom he was anxious to have privately educated; money was quite a secondary object; but a personal interview with the advertiser was indispensable. That unfortunate usher travelled into the heart of Wales after these apocryphal pupils. He presented himself at the irascible old gentleman's house, and was admitted into his library, but only to emerge amid a torrent of Welsh invective, and not, it is whispered, without some personal violence. He came back to us gloomy beyond measure in temper, and with two black eyes. We, who were in his class, had enjoyed a delightful holiday during his absence. I think he had his suspicions of Griffith, because he gave him such very long impositions ever afterwards; but that was Griffith's 'look-out' and not ours. The humour of the thing, as far as we were concerned, was perfect, and we never thought of it without a chuckle. We stilled our scruples by reflecting that it was very mean of the victim to advertise for pupils, in opposition, as it were, to his own employers; the school-boy conscience is easily quieted; and I daresay that trick upon the usher is now one of the most favourite legends of the school where it took place.

Again, at a public school, to which I subsequently went, a noble lord misbehaved himself. I forget what precise misdemeanour he committed, but the punishment awarded to the same he took in dudgeon; or rather, he did not take it at all, for he ran away. Arrived at his ancestral home, he was received by no means with rapture, and indeed his father insisted upon his return to school forthwith. This, however, was easier said than done. The head-master was obdurate; no boy who had committed the offence of running away could ever be received again in that royal foundation school over which he had the honour to preside. The noble parent of Lord Robert Fitzlollypop was an object of sincere respect to him; but he must perform his duty. There was one condition, and only one, upon which his son could be received once more, and that involved some disgrace and considerable exposure. Lord Robert must submit to a public flogging.

Now, as a matter of fact, all floggings at this famous seminary were administered in public. All the personal friends of the victim were admitted to the scene of torture, and the only limit imposed was the number of spectators that could be accommodated in the apartment; but, upon this occasion, the scene of operations was transferred to the Great Chamber, so that the whole school might attend, if they thought proper; and they did think proper. It is impossible to describe the ceremony. I cannot set down on paper what has befallen half the present statesmen of Great Britain in their adolescence, for the same reason that forbids the worst police-cases to appear in print: 'the details are totally unfit for publication.' Suffice it to say, that the birch was a fine specimen of its kind, and was charged for in the subsequent bill to the victim's noble father in the sum of twenty-one shillings.*

A juvenile duke stood by to see that his noble friend (whose peculiar position precluded his looking for himself) was not too severely punished by the head-master raising his hand above his head, or to exact the dozen of wine in his behalf, which, according to an immemorial School Legend, was his due, in case that wrong was done. The two foundation scholars, whose duty on such occasions is so unexampled, were chosen from the best families. Altogether, the Fitzlollypop 'Swishing' was a ceremony which will never be forgotten. You may not only read his noble name upon the screens, but you may perceive his initials on 'the Block' itself, clumsily engraved (as it is averred) by his own fingers and a penknife, while under punishment. A youthful earl lent him the india-rubber, which it is usual to place between the teeth, lest any unmanly cry should be extorted. An immense section of the junior peerage assisted in subsequently applying the balsam—made up in the town for this especial contingency, and sold at 4s. 6d. the pot, with a reduction to bad boys who purchase a quantity—to the Lord Robert Fitzlollypop's wounds.

I have no doubt that the above circumstances, which I perfectly well remember, have long ago become a popular myth in the place where they

* It is fair to state that all of us—whether lords or commoners—paid that precise sum for birch—whether used or not—at the school in question; new birches were applied to each offender, albeit we would have much preferred their being second-hand; for the buds came off in the infliction, and it was the buds which more particularly caused us to wish, on the ensuing day, that the school forms had cushions upon them.

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occurred; but, as I have already said, this class of School Legend is rare. The youthful mind is less attracted to the Ludicrous than to the Terrible. No narrative can be constructed too horrible to please a boy. He is interested in the cannibal scenes of *Robinson Crusoe*, but for a half-holiday, or Sunday reading, he opines there is no literary effort—take it all the way through—equal to the *Autobiography of Sawney Beane*.

The ghastliest school legend I ever heard was at Mr Poppleton's academy for young gentlemen from nine to fourteen years of age. I have since had reason to believe that some particulars of it were borrowed from a dreadful incident that happened during the last century at the university of Cambridge, but all Poppleton's boys believed it to be original, indigenous, and true in every particular; and so, of course, did I. The discipline of the school was severe even in my time, but my Poppleton was said to have been an angel of mercy compared to his father, who presided over the establishment before him. In his latter days, however, his conduct had been almost Christian; he came in (to the educational business) like a lion, but went out like a lamb, in consequence of the following incident: A young gentleman—Bodger by name—had been sent to this school at the beginning of the Easter term; whereas, from his delicate constitution and nervous temperament, he ought to have been sent to a girl's school. The wicked Poppleton so terrified him, that he ran away the next day, but was overtaken by P. upon a pony, and brought back captive, it was averred, with a rope round his little neck. He was sent to his dormitory with the comforting remark to sleep upon, that on the morrow morning he would be caned to within an inch of his life; but no measures were taken for his security. It was thought the broken-spirited youth would not dare to run away again. When the morning came, however, no Bodger was to be found. The wicked Poppleton started off once more on ponyback with the rope, but when he returned in the evening, he had nobody at the end of it. The country was scoured, and a number of wandering little boys were taken up, but none of them the right one. Bodger's papa arrived post haste on the fifth day of his son's absence, and 'pitched it into' Poppleton to that extent, that there was no school for a week afterwards. There was even a vague report that Bodger *senior* had slain the common enemy; but the delight which that intelligence infused in every youthful bosom was only temporary. The head-master reappeared, but without his cane. His evil temper was subdued, and the boys took the greatest possible advantage of it. They chalked up, 'Who killed young Bodger?' and 'Who hid the body?' upon the palings round his private garden, in the largest of Roman hands. On his front-door were once found the words: 'Who ate him?' engraved so deeply, that they had to be erased with a plane. And yet these terrible inuendoes were hardly less awful than the thing which had actually occurred. There was a certain room over the laundry, where the boxes which the boys brought with them were kept until they went home for the holidays; and nothing else was kept there, so that it was not visited for months together. Into this apartment poor Bodger had fled, and shut himself up in his own box—which was dear to him, perhaps, as having come from his home. It was the story of *The Mistletoe Bough*, with this sad addition, that he could have got out if he liked, for there was no spring lock. The unusual number of blue-bottle flies which came in and out of the room through a crevice in the door at last attracted somebody to the spot. This hideous incident was the thing most insisted upon by the narrators of the story, and considered most satisfactory by the hearers. We never saw a blue-bottle fly at Poppleton's without exclaiming: 'Hooray, here's Bodger!' or something to that effect.

One very gratifying circumstance is to be observed concerning School Legends—namely, that they do not increase; they are the same that they used to be, although they never fail to please; and the reason of this is, we may fairly conclude, that the circumstances which gave birth to them no longer exist. Masters dare not now be inhumanly severe, and the cruelty of boys to one another is greatly mitigated.

THE LAST OF THE QUORN.

The mere mention of Leicestershire is associated in most people's minds with a vision of hunting over large pasture-fields, with very large but practicable fences. Nor is this picture incorrect, at the present time, although railways and modern civilisation have done much to alter the purely sporting view of this county. Hunting, in its essence, implies a certain wildness both in locality and sportsman, and cannot, in its legitimate form, be carried on in the midst of dense population and manufacturing prosperity. But notwithstanding the immense progress of these in Leicestershire, it is still the centre of hunting, and acknowledged, by common consent, to be the best county to shew sport. Fox-hunting, as at present conducted, is entirely artificial; and although the animal hunted is very properly considered vermin, from the fearful raids he makes on game and poultry of all kinds, yet so valuable is he esteemed as the source of amusement by the majority of the landed proprietors of the kingdom, that full liberty is given to him to indulge his extravagant appetite free of restraint, and the only recompense demanded is the satisfaction of a gallop after him whenever he can be discovered. As his very existence is artificial, so is his death; for the 'legitimate' end of a fox is a kill in the 'open' after an hour's burst across country.

Much is required to insure the full enjoyment of fox-hunting. In the first place, the district or country to be hunted must be naturally suited to the sport—it must not be mountainous on the one hand, or a marsh upon the other—grass is generally admitted to be the perfection of surface both for scent and riding; and while brooks of moderate dimension give zest to the pleasure of crossing large pastures, impracticable rivers are terrible troubles. Again, small compact woods are admirable for holding foxes, and preserving game; but large, many-acred forests are annoying beyond measure, for they encourage a fox to skulk and dodge, instead of facing the open, like a gentleman. Forests are, however, valuable as forming nurseries for young foxes, who can be driven to more convenient localities, when they have arrived at maturity, when they will learn courage to face the country. What is desired, then, is a fine open grass district, well drained by numerous rivulets, with plenty of fences to try and to shew horsemanship, and numerous coverts or small woods, well supplied with foxes of the right sort—that is, inclined to shew sport. This is just what Leicestershire affords. It is there, and generally with the Quorn Hounds, which hunt an extensive district around Leicester, that almost all the celebrities of the chase, at some time or other, have graduated. The Mastership of the Quorn Hounds is the Lord Chancellorship of the chase, and in the opinion of many, the pigskin of the one is more enviable than the woolsack of the other. The mastership of hounds is no sinecure, and demands very heavy expenses; for to hunt three days a week in any style requires an annual outlay of nearly three thousand pounds, which may or may not be borne in part or in whole by a subscription in the neighbourhood. There is an incessant call for personal superintendence and attention on the master, to perform

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his office satisfactorily; he must select and keep up an ample and efficient stud of horses for his huntsmen and whips; he must breed and train a large kennel of dogs, which require incessant care to keep them docile and in prime condition; he is dependent on thoroughly efficient servants for the maintenance of his stud and kennel in good order; and when all this is secured, he needs the assistance of owners of woods and coverts to preserve foxes. Then, before his triumph is complete, the seasons must be propitious: a long frost, which is generally considered seasonable by non-hunting people, is his despair; and a long-continued dry season is destructive to all scent.

In fact, to insure sport, a combination of a great variety of circumstances is necessary: you must have an intelligent, active, and popular master, with ample funds at his disposal, a good stud of horses which are real hunters, a pack of hounds which can make out a weak scent, with power and breeding to carry them well together after a game fox; the huntsman must be a proficient in the science of hunting, must be a good horseman, and determined to keep with his hounds; and must be well supported by the whip. The owners of coverts, and their keepers, must be really attached to the sport, or they will never sacrifice their pheasants and rabbits; and then you are at the mercy of the elements, either to crown or to prevent your triumph. Leicestershire has ever been fortunate in attaining the greater portion of these conditions; it is there that you will find everything done to insure sport. The late Master of the Quorn Hounds, Lord Stamford, kept nearly eighty horses in his stable for hunting purposes. The value of these can be imagined when we state that they fetched about fifteen thousand pounds, or about two hundred pounds apiece. These eighty horses had nearly forty grooms and attendants—or one man to two horses—who, of course, were enabled to 'turn them out' in perfect condition and 'trim.' The hounds and their attendants, the huntsman and his whips, and the expenses of presents to gamekeepers and others, were all defrayed out of the private income of the master; so we can readily imagine how large was the sum absorbed.

The 16th May 1863 was a great day in Leicestershire, for on that day the Quorn stud was to be sold by auction, in consequence of Lord Stamford's retiring from the mastership. The quality of the horses was so well known all over England, that a great sale was anticipated, and, actuated by curiosity to see so fine a collection, an enormous number of huntingmen, from all quarters, collected to see them sold. Quorndon Hall, where the hounds are kept, is about nine miles from Leicester. It has been the traditional residence of the master almost from time immemorial. Charmingly situated on the river Soar, which flows beside it, through rich pastures, with Mount Sorrel, a genuine mountain, close at hand, and everywhere a pleasant undulation around it, it is almost the beau-idéal of a hunting residence. The house itself is not prepossessing, but it has classic memories, and these are not to be despised. The stabling and kennels are old-fashioned, even to quaintness; and although the former was tolerably capacious, it was utterly incapable of holding the whole of Lord Stamford's stud, which overflowed into the village of Quorn. The Long Stable alone gave standing for twenty-eight horses in stalls and boxes, and it was here that the cream of the stud was kept. We must ask our readers to imagine twenty-eight of the finest hunters in the world standing side by side. As you walked along, catalogue in hand, you were literally bewildered in your mind to find 'the horse' to which you would give the preference—so many were there that seemed faultless, that a choice appeared useless and impossible.

To those who are unacquainted with the highest type of hunter, it may not be amiss to mention a few of the characteristics which distinguished one and all of these horses. If you had seen their heads alone, you would have felt confident that you were looking at thorough-bred racers, so symmetrical and high-bred were their shapes; their necks were light and supple about the throat, gradually swelling towards the shoulder, which invariably possessed the happy angle which combines speed and security; deep girth, indicating endurance; long and strong arms; short below the knee to the fetlock, with straight and finely chiseled legs. Behind the saddle, all shewed power and propulsion: wide hips, strong loins, powerful thighs, and, when set in motion, the stride of each horse, and his power of lift over deep ground, or over fences, seemed enormous. There was in their every movement that freedom of action which facilitates motion to themselves and their riders, and gives riding a charm. No wonder, then, that these twenty-eight horses realised eight thousand five hundred guineas, or more than three hundred guineas a horse, for the worst of them would have been thought excellent in a stud of less extraordinary merit. It was almost impossible to believe that any of these horses had been doing any severe work, so little did they shew any signs of wear and tear; while their condition, the glossiness and freshness of their coats, was almost indescribable. The crowd of visitors pushing eagerly along the Long Stable was continuous, and their expressions of admiration loud and frequent. Bentinck, a magnificent chestnut at the beginning of the stable, held a continual levee, and it is seldom, indeed, that one sees a horse of more royal presence.

Wandering round the labyrinth of boxes and covered ride, we come upon the kennels, easily detected by their very doggy smell. We obtain admission to a paved courtyard, and find the new master inspecting the choice spirits of his pack, surrounded with distinguished judges of hounds. They are let into the yard two and two, and the whip, who knows them all, and all about them, gives their pedigree: 'Ranter, sir, by the Belvian Ralleywood—a third-season hunter.' 'And an uncommon good dog, too,' remarks the best judge of hounds in England; and so they are looked over and disposed of two by two.

It is the sale-time now, and so we proceed to the enclosure devoted to that purpose, in a field close by the stables, where a barrier has been erected since the morning, with a pulpit for the auctioneer. The first row of places round this barrier has been occupied this long time by country people, who can hardly, from their appearance, be thought likely purchasers; and many gentlemen who might very probably be anxious to secure a good view of the horses as they appeared were prevented seeing anything. It would be only reasonable, on occasions of this kind, to charge for admission to the sale enclosure, and so to give real purchasers an opportunity of seeing what they are willing to bid for. But on this occasion there was a terrible crush; and a crowd six or seven deep, firmly wedged together on a warm May day, is not exactly a pleasant thing to be a component part of; but there is an interest about an auction which makes one forget smaller miseries, although the heat is considerable, and the odour of bad tobacco no less so. Before lot one makes his appearance, Mr Tattersall makes a few remarks on the character of the stud about to be sold. 'It was no ordinary lot, but the finest stud of hunters that has ever been seen in Leicestershire. Lord Stamford had selected these horses himself—price had never stopped him—and there was a family-likeness about them which spoke to the model his lordship had in his eye. They had nearly all fine shoulders and beautiful heads, full of intelligence, while they were almost without exception good hacks. It was only necessary to say further, that every horse would be sold without reserve, except in one instance only,

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that would be declared when the horse came up.' The first five lots, as usual, in a great sale, where every one is waiting for the cream of the collection, excited no interest; they looked serviceable but oldish horses, and no one seemed inclined to bid more than sixty guineas for any one of them, and they were sold with a feeling of disappointment, as if, after all, this sale would not be a great one. Lot six is a very pretty mare, and the price rapidly rises to one hundred and fifty guineas, at which she finds a purchaser. There is more or less hesitation in the biddings till the Long Stable is reached, as if everybody was waiting to see what the 'crack horses' fetched before investing. No. 1 in the Long Stable is Bentinck, the royal chestnut; it is impossible to imagine anything more symmetrical in form, and at the same time noble in aspect: the biddings for him rose by hundreds, from two hundred to five hundred guineas, at which price he was purchased for the Prince of Wales. He looks worthy of his master; but they say that he is not quite an easy horse to ride, and that he needs a certain weight to steady him. Lot two fetches four hundred guineas; and lot three goes to the Prince of Wales at three hundred and ten guineas; and after these, lot after lot at prices varying from three hundred to five hundred guineas. Admiration might seem exhausted; but there is so much individuality in the merits of these grand horses, that though alike in general characteristics, they stand separate and unique in their special capabilities. There is a horse, too, that jumped a turnpike-gate, and saved his rider's life, very properly called Protector, which story certainly tends to enhance his value, as he fetches three hundred and eighty guineas. The most charming horses of any, and those which fetched the best prices, had been ridden by Lady Stamford—Pilot, Comet, Phœnix, Sultan, Rocket—and made from three hundred to five hundred guineas. There is only one horse on which a reserve price has been placed, and that is a horse called Trumpeter, a great favourite with Lady Stamford; the reserve is six hundred guineas, and as no one offers more, it remains as the last relic of this great stable. When the Long Stable was exhausted, the prices for the remaining horses rather fell, but several came quite up to the average, and well deserved their price. In fact, as there was really nothing inferior in the stud, the interest and excitement were maintained till the end of the sale, which concluded with a large lot of saddlery and clothing; and thus ended this eventful day, which will long be remembered and talked of in hunting countries, in the same tone as the Stowe sale is mentioned in artistic circles. Ten or more masters of hounds, dukes and lords out of number, hunting and racing men of renown, were all to be seen in the paddock; and owing to their eagerness to possess relics of Quorn, the dealers, as a body, were unable to buy anything at a price that could give any opportunity for re-sale.

DOMINION OVER THE FISH.

'A GIFT-BOOK for Christmas. A poem preferred. Limited text, and profuse illustration.' What should it be?

As if by invocation, the Ancient Mariner rose before me! He stood in the doorway of my office, and held me with his glittering eye. He lifted his skinny hand to his long gray beard, and then gravely tipped his oiled hat. 'The Reader for Spry, Stromboli, and Smith?'

I had that honour, and handed him a chair. He sat in it after the manner of a flounder, concentred his eye upon me like a star-fish, and produced a roll of manuscript with the fluttering claws of a lobster. Then he stirred and squirmed, like an elderly eel, looking distrustfully into the vestibule. I closed the door, and begged to be informed of his business.

'I have a great work for you,' he said mysteriously, proffering his manuscript. As he leaned over to do this, I saw a shining something on the top of his head, but the thick white hair concealed it when he resumed his place. The manuscript smelled as if it had contained mackerel, and looked as if it had come from the bottom of the sea. I found, curiously enough, some fish-scales adhering to it, and its title very oddly confirmed these testimonies—*Five Years in the Great Deep.*

I glanced at the author with some surprise. He was the quaintest of mariners, and if I had met him leagues under the sea, I should have thought him in his proper element. His locks were like dry seaweed; his cheeks were so swollen that they might have contained gills, but this was probably tobacco. When he wiped his nose with a handkerchief like a scoop-net, some shells and pebbles fell from his pocket, and his ears flapped like a pair of ventrals. I remarked as he pursued the lost articles over the floor that he wore a microscope strapped in a leathern case, and a geological hammer belted to his side. He walked as if habituated to swimming, and when he shrugged his shoulders, I expected to see a dorsal fin burst out of the back of his jacket. He might have been sixty years of age, but looked much older, and behaved like a well-born person, though, superficially judged, he might have lived in Billingsgate.

'A good title for a fiction,' I said encouragingly.

'I never penned a line of fiction in my life,' exclaimed my visitor sternly.

Referring to the copy again, I saw that it purported to be the work of 'Rudentia Jones, Fellow of the Palæontologic Society, Entomologist to the Institute for Harmonising the Universes, and Ruler of Subaqueous Creation, excepting the Finny Mammalia.'

'Ah! I see,' said I—'a capital title for a satire!'

'Life is too grave, and science too sacred,' replied my visitor, 'for the indulgence of idle banterings. The work is mine; I am its hero; and it is all true.'

He wore so earnest a face, and looked so directly and intelligently at me, that I forbore to smile.

'I have travelled in strange countries,' he said; 'nature has been bountiful in her revelations to me; indeed, my experiences have been so individual, that I sometimes discredit them myself. I do not complain that others ridicule them.'

He spoke in the manner of one devoted to his species, and an easy dignity, which some trace to high birth and the consciousness of dominion, became him very naturally. The eldest of the admirals, or old Neptune himself, could not have seemed more kingly; but once or twice he started, at a noise from the publishing-house, as if longing to get back to his legitimate brine. I told him to leave the manuscript in my hands for a fortnight, that I might form an opinion as to its claims for publication.

'No!' he said quickly. 'It is not a girl's romance, or a boy's poem, or the strollings of a man-errant: it is of such rare value that gold cannot purchase it; it is so priceless that I cannot own it myself; it is like the air, or the water, or the light, or the magnet—the property of all the peoples. It must not leave my sight: I must read it to you now!'

He literally held me with his eye. He stood erect, dilating, until he seemed to reach the height of a mainmast, as long, and lank, and brown as the subject of the veritable *rime*, and his ears contracted and flapped like the pectorals of a flying-fish. It was uncertain whether he was going to fly, or swim, or

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seize and shake me. I believed him to be either a lunatic or an apparition; but when the frenzy of the moment was over, he became a very harmless, kindly, and grave old gentleman, who begged my pardon for transgressing decorum in the enthusiasm for his 'great work.' He still smelled abominably of fish, but I could not take it into my heart to be harsh with this most pertinacious of authors. I had been but a short time in the service of Spry, Stromboli, and Smith, and my nerves had not yet been exercised by sensitive and eccentric writers. I had led a vagabond career myself, and had frequent reason, in my incipient literary days, to be grieved with publishers' 'readers;' and when promoted to the same exalted place, I resolved to be charitable, careful, and obliging—to do as I would be done by—to crush no delicate Keats, to enrage no Johnson, by slight, prejudice, or deprecation. But to suffer the infliction of a crack-brained old naturalist, repeating an interminable manuscript in my own office, went beyond my best resolve! Still, there was little to do. It would be a paltry task to select a poem for illustration, and had not this same Ancient Mariner suggested an admirable one?

'I can grant your request in part, Mr Jones,' I said at length; 'you may read one hour; and if, at the end of that period, I do not think favourably of your article, you must promise to read no further.'

The old gentleman gave his parole at once, took a pair of great green spectacles from a sea-grass case, and blowing his nose again, rained pebbles and marine-shells over the whole office. When he took the manuscript from my hand, I saw the shining something distinctly on the top of his head, and when he sat back to read, he was a perfect copy of a dry old king-fish, looking through a pair of staring, glaring, green eyes. Without more ado, and in a rippling kind of voice, as of the rushing of deep water, the old naturalist read the following introduction to a most wonderful manuscript:

'At a very early period of my life, I manifested an inclination for the study of the sciences. In my eighteenth year, I submitted a theory of inter-stellar telegraphing to the Gymnotian Academy. It was my purpose to have placed the papers, simultaneously, before the scientific bodies of each of the seven planets in our constellation, but having no capital, the design failed, though I was complimented thereupon by the "Institute for Harmonising the Universes," and elected a contributing member of that society. For several years I petitioned annually, for outfit and transportation to Scilly Islands* on the Ecliptic Circle, where I purposed to develop my scheme of transferring a portion of our globe to the system of Orion. In this I was opposed by the Palæontologic Society, on the ground, that some valuable fossils were presumed to be there; and parliament, opining that my protests were subversive of the law of gravity, rejected them. A number of projects, each of which, I firmly believe, would have benefited my kind, and facilitated correspondence between all created beings, terminated unfortunately, and my relatives at length placed it out of my power to continue these philanthropic exertions. For some years I was denied the ear of man, and in the interval my hair grew gray, and my body a trifle faint. But the lofty impulses of youth survived. My mind could not be imprisoned, and I held communication with the stars through the grating of my chamber in the still midnight. At last, the relief came. I had long prayed for it! My deliverer was Sirius, the brightest of the celestial intelligences. He shone upon my window bars with an intense, concentrated light, and they reddened and melted before daybreak. I fled to Glasgow in the month of April 184–, and obtained a captain's clerkship on the whaler *Crimson Dragon*.

'We took in water at the Shetland Islands, and sailing north-westward, skirted the coast of Greenland, whence, cruising in a southerly direction, we lay off Labrador, and waited for our prey. Our crew was fifty men, all told. Our captain had been a whaler thirty-eight years, and had killed five hundred and six animals, or eight more than the renowned Scoresby. We carried seven light boats for actual service, and twenty-seven thousand feet, or more than five miles of rope. Three men kept watch, day and night, in the "crow's-nest" at the maintop; but though we beat along the whole coast, through Davis' Strait, and among the mighty icebergs of Baffin's Bay, we saw no cetaceous creatures, save twice some floundering porpoises, and thrice a solitary grampus. With these beings I endeavoured to open communication, but they made no intelligible responses. The stars also of this latitude failed to comprehend my signals, from which I concluded that they were less intelligent than those of more temperate skies. But with the animalcules of the sea I obtained most gratifying relations. A series of experiments with the *infusoria* satisfied me that they were not loath to an exchange of information, and finally they followed the ship by myriads, so that all the waves were full of fire, which the sailors remarked; and fearful of being observed, I ceased my experiments for a time.

'On the evening of the fifth Saturday of our cruise, I waited till the changing of the watch; then I stole noiselessly upon deck, and secreted myself behind a life-boat which hung at the side of the vessel. The helmsman was nodding silently upon his tiller; two seamen sat motionless in the bow, and the look-out party in the crow's-nest talked mutteringly of our ill-luck as they scanned the horizon. The Northern Lights were pulsing like some great radiating heart, and the sea was alternately flame and shadow. The headlands of Labrador lay to the south—bare, boundless, precipitous—and to the east, a glittering iceberg floated slowly towards us, like a palace of gold and emerald. The ship rolled calmly upon the long swells, the ripples plashing in low lulling monotone, and her hull and spars were reflected darkly beneath me. I drew a long gray hair from my temple, and subjected it to a gentle friction between my palm and finger; then I pricked my wrist, and leaning forward, placed it against my heart: five blood-drops—symbols of the five types of organised creation—fell simmering into the depths, and the scintillant hair, floating after them, described a true spiral. In an instant, the Aurora grew bright to blindness; there was a rush of infinite stars, and a host of beautiful beings fluttered to the surface of the sea, within the shadow of the ship! A gull darted along the water, and in the far distance I heard the bellow of the huge Greenland whale. All animate nature had acknowledged my message: I had touched the nerve of the universes!

"Blow me, if there warn't a whale, Ben!" said one of the men in the maintop.

"My eyes! but it wor like it," replied the other.

'Fearful of being remarked, I slipped below, a second time disappointed, but with such exultant feelings that I tried in vain to sleep. The intimacy of species and their common language, lost in the degeneracy of the first human beings, were about to be restored by me. Confusion had overcome the counsels of the countless things which had talked and dwelt together in the past, but science was about to win back from sin the great secret of communication. I should translate the scream of eagles and the cooing of doves; I should hear the gossip of my household kittens, and speak familiarly with the mighty hippopotami. The serpent should teach me his traditions, and the multitude of molluscs should develop the mysteries of their sluggish vitality; nay, the plurality of worlds should be demonstrated, and with the

* This group of Scilly Islands is in the South Pacific; not off Land's End.—ED.

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combined intelligences of all the systems, we should wrest the mysteries of life, matter, and eternity from their Divine repository!

'I lay awake all night, revelling in these anticipations, and at dawn was quite weak of body. It was now the Sabbath, and at nine o'clock, all hands were summoned to the poop-deck, for the customary worship. I lay upon a coil of rope, when the mate commenced to read the service, and a deep drowsiness came over me. The lesson was a part of the first chapter of Genesis—the weird history of creation. He had reached the twenty-eighth verse, when I dropped asleep. It could have been only an instant's forgetfulness, for when I woke he had not finished the reading of the same verse, but in that instant a vision passed before me.

'A female of marvellous beauty rose from the water. I had seen the long green locks, the eyes of azure, and the glossy neck before—it was Tethys, the queen of the sea-nymphs. She was begotten of humidity in the remote beginning, and seemed even now cloudy and incorporeal. Euripius, the divinity of whirlpools, lay in the waves at her feet, projecting a spectrum of spray, in an arch, above her head.

"Man," she said, or rather rippled, for it was like the even voice of waters, "your love of nature, the boundlessness of your kindness, the daring of your speculation, the profoundness of your introspection, have made you one of us. Awake, and hear our decree!"

'She melted into vapour, and disappeared. I opened my eyes. The crew were grouped about the deck, the mate was reading the lesson, the words which I heard were: "Have dominion over the fish!"

"A fall! a fall!" was shouted from the maintop. The men on watch had discovered the long-expected prey.

"Man the boats!" cried the captain; "all hands be spry! Where away, look-out?"

"Sou'-west!" answered the crow's-nest, "about two leagues. There must be hoceans of 'em! They 'eave like water-spouts, and, lor! how they lobtail."

'The seven boats were arranged in curved shape, so as to form a semicircle around the animals; and the captain's, of which I took the helm, formed the left tip of the crescent. We pulled steadily for a half hour over a smooth sea, and came at length so close to our victims that we could count them. Truly it was "a fall!" A few cubs played recklessly around the surface; but there was an enormous bull, whose bulk was much greater than that of the ship's hull, which came once in full view, dived vertically, and beat the water with his terrible tail, making such billows that a storm seemed to be raging. The other animals swam in the froth and foam thus developed, now plunging to the far depths, now shooting their huge bodies into the air, and falling with a splash, as of the emptying of the ocean. The scene was so exciting, that even my wonderful discoveries passed out of mind. Our oars dipped noiselessly, the crews were silent, the harpooners stood, each in the bow of his launch, with naked weapons extended, waiting to strike. The first opportunity occurred to the launch on our extreme right. At the distance of twenty yards, the executioner hurled his javelin full into the back of the great bull; a roar ensued, and a frightful leap. The other creatures repeated the agonised cry, and they swam southward with the velocity of a ship under full sail.

"Now, lads, bend your oars!" shouted the captain through his trumpet. The entire length of rope unwound directly from the reel or "bollard" of the first launch, and the line of a second boat was attached forthwith; a third and a fourth were annexed, but the whale exhibited no sign of exhaustion, and dragged his pursuers like the wind. A fifth and a sixth line spun out. The captain's cheeks grew pale, and he opened his clasp-knife with a curse upon his lips. There remained the line of our boat alone: unless the monster stopped within ten minutes, we should lose every foot of the ship's cordage, and this last rope would have to be severed. Tremulously, a seaman attached it; it was whirled out as if by a locomotive. The oars moved like light, but no human activity could approach that of our victim. He nearly swamped the launch, and the friction of the bollard threatened to set it ablaze.

"What devil of the deep is this?" said the captain, bending forward with his blade. The sailors ceased with hot faces and stared aghast. I seemed to hear calling voices; I grew faint and blind. The bollard snapped with a dead dull sound; I was entangled in the stout twine, and tossed into the sea. Some oars were thrown overboard, that I might be buoyed up. Three of the launches were turned toward me, and the seamen called aloud that I should keep up courage. But the line pulled me downward; my heart ceased to beat; I beheld with indescribable terror the pale surface receding, and the dark shapes of the vessels above me were finally lost to view. I knew that at the first inhalation the brine would fill my mouth and lungs; I held my breath hard, and tried to pray. Down, down, down into the blue depths—a cycle of protracted years it seemed! My ears were stunned with strange noises; my lips parted, and at length the sea rushed into my throat; for an instant I seemed to strangle, but I did not perish.

'The fluid was mysteriously expelled from me. I breathed as freely of the water, as a moment before I had breathed of the air! A weight was lifted from my brain, which had before been crushing it, and my temples grew suddenly cool. A spiracle had developed at the apex of my cranium, and I exuded water through a cavity or "blow-hole" in the top of my head, like the Cetacea around me!'

The naturalist here paused and ran his hand through his hair. The shining something among his gray locks revealed itself as a plate of silver, circular in shape, covering what had evidently been an opening in the skull. He looked less like a man than ever, and when, consulting a glutinous old chronometer, like a jelly-fish, he found that his hour was passing, he begged so earnestly to be allowed to finish his 'Introduction,' that I gave him leave. A boy coming in with copy so frightened him, however, that I thought he was going to turn upon his stomach, and swim away through the window.

'I became sensible directly of three organic changes: my heels clave together; my feet flattened, and my toes turned out, like a caudal fin; my integument grew thick and hard, and my blood thin and chill. But these conditions being novel to me, and my fears only equalled by my wonder as yet, I was paralysed, and continued to sink. I had descended about one hundred fathoms, and was experiencing a strange oppression, as of the forcing together of my bones, when I heard a sonorous voice close below me say: "If you go any deeper, you will sustain a pressure of twenty atmospheres, and may not get back at all."

'I looked beneath, and, to my horror, a huge whale was coming upward with extended jaws. His half-human eyes were turned benignantly upon me, but he was evidently in pain, and from a point in his back, where a broken harpoon still remained, gouts of blood curdled upward, colouring the water. His vocal power lay in his spiracle, and he said again: "I should have been asphyxiated in five minutes."

"Who is it that speaks?" I faltered. "Leviathan! king of the sea! be merciful!"

"I am called *New Zealand Tom* by the creatures of the upper element," answered the whale, "although falsely thought to be of the family of the Spermaceti; but though my exploits have recommended me to my species, I am not equal to the high title you have

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given me. *That* is possessed by you and our sovereign Jonah only!"

'The conviction rushed upon me that I had indeed "dominion over the fish!"

"I have suffered this wound for your majesty's sake," said the whale again; "for I had been deputed to wait in this latitude for your arrival, and convey you to our sovereign. But though I am now in the third century of my age, I can survive a dozen such prickings, and if I chose, could shiver the *Crimson Dragon* with a blow of my tail, as in 1804 I stove the *Essex*, and made driftwood of her spars."

'In an instant I was seated within the mighty maw of this famous monster. His jaw-bones were forty feet in length; the roof of his mouth was fifteen feet high, and formed of a spacious arch of "balleen" or whalebone. His crescent-shaped tail, thirty-five feet from tip to tip, swept the depths twice or thrice; and when we emerged into the air, the blood spouted from his pores, and he threw cataracts of water through his spiracle. I saw the *Crimson Dragon*, some miles away, but there were no traces of her boats. The crews of the launches were fathoms deep in the ocean!

'I passed the cape of Greenland, rounded the base of Mount Hecla, and was escorted to the abode of the king of the Cetacea by a multitude of his subjects. A submarine island, forty fathoms from the surface, had been occupied three thousand years by this venerable person. He came out to meet me upon the back of a mighty "rorqual," and a body-guard of four hundred picked narwhals swam before him. Fifty white whales surrounded their monarch; and a host of dolphins, grampuses, and porpoises brought up the rear. Banners of dyed seal-skin bore his arms—three gourds, *argent*, upon a field *vert*, and with these were carried as trophies the wrecks of ships, including the identical shallop whence he was expelled on the voyage to Tarshish. But, marvellous beyond all, the "great fish" (falsely so translated, since no cetaceous creature can be denominated a *fish*) into which he was received still lived, and accompanied him. It was now the eldest of the species, but very sprightly, and burdened with dignities. The Seer-king saluted gravely, and gave me a draught of spirits, distilled from the fronds of a rare sea-tangle. His long tenure in the deep had obliterated much of the similitude to man, but his memory of terrestrial matters was extraordinary. The weeds were wrapped about his head after the manner of a crown, and he carried a sceptre of walrus-tusk. He told me that his original three days' experience under the sea had so cooled his blood, that the suns of Nineveh parched him, and he had cried for cooling water. I informed him that Nineveh no longer existed, at which he was gratified beyond measure; for his only knowledge of events happening on the earth had been derived from the wrecks which had sunk into his domain. I found that he was badly informed upon matters of science, and he heard my theories of harmonising the universes with impatience. In his days, he said, no such ideas were broached, and he was indifferent to the intellectual development of his subjects.

'My visit was brief, for though the palace of Jonah had a sepulchral grandeur about it—a mighty cavern beneath the waves—yet the glittering stalactites which studded the roof, and the cold columns of ice supporting its halls, nearly froze me, and at length I made ready to depart.

'An escort of "thrashers," or grampuses, accompanied me. The Seer-king would have detached a cohort of white whales, but the animosity of my tribes might have provoked combat. I left the Cetacea with some foreboding. They were allied in some degree to man; they were capable of some humane impressions; their blood was warm like mine; they breathed with lungs; they had double hearts; and nourished kindness for their offspring. But I was now about to be delivered over to the cold, cruel, gluttonous tribes of the fish. The family of Sharks received me. They could not be counted for multitude. The terrible *requiem* of the storm—the cannibal white-shark—welcomed me with open jaws; the blue-shark flung up his caudal for joy; the fox-shark lashed the sea; the northern shark glared through his purblind orbs; the hammer-head dilated his yellow irides; the purple dog-fish made a low purring huzza; and the spotted eyes of the monk-fish glistened with satisfaction. The hound-shark, the basking-shark, and the portbeagle were not less loyal, and these, the most perfectly organised of my cartilaginous tribes, handed me over to the deep-swimming Norwegian "sea-rat." Thus I kept steadily southward, the water growing warmer hour by hour, now riding on the serrated snouts of saw-fishes, now moving in the midst of battalions of sword-fish, now acknowledged by the great pike, now vaulting above the surface on the backs of flying-fish, now clinging to the spines of sturgeons, now passing through illimitable shoals of cod, now borne by the swift sea-salmon, now dazzled by the golden scales of the carp, now passing over miles of flat-fish, now hailed by monster conger-eels, now swimming down files of leering hippocampuses, now received by congregations of staid aldermanic lobsters. The torpedo telegraphed my coming to the tribes before, and at last I reached my abode, on the line of the equator, in mid-Atlantic.

'The magnitude and beauty of my court no mind can realise. A truncated cone of granitic rock, whose base extended to the profoundest depths of the sea—even to the region of perpetual fire—formed with its upper plane a circular lagoon at the surface of the ocean. Geysers or volcanoes of fresh water gurgled up through the centre of this palace, and vast submarine groves, intermixed with meadows, extended for leagues along its sides. My household consisted entirely of silver and golden carp, but my guards were of the loyal and gentle, yet courageous and powerful xiphias (sword-fish). These barred the unlicensed ingress of my subjects, and if the adventurous foot of man should profane my lagoon, I could close its inlet, and cover it with floods. The dim aisles of the waters were full of wonderful lights: combinations of colours, unknown above, were here developed in gigantic *fuci*, around whose boles the scarlet tangle climbed, and parasites of purple and emerald preyed upon their rinds. Some of these forests pointed upward toward the sun; some grew downward, deriving light and heat from the incandescent gulfs. My state-apartments were built of coral, in wondrous architecture, and trumpet-weed clothed their battlements. Some cavernous recesses were lit with constellations of shining zoophytes, and there were floors of pearl, studded with diamonds. I could stroll through marvellous archways, gathering jewels at every step, or wander in my royal meadows, among the wrecks and spoils of hurricanes, or rising through the mellow depths, sit among the palms of the lagoon, watching the white sails of ships, or studying the awfulness of the storm.

'For a time I secluded myself, theorising upon the policy of my government. My dominions were vast and venerable; they comprehended two-thirds of the surface of the globe; no deluges had destroyed them, and they had been peopled ages before the coming of man. Life here inhabited forms, vegetable and animal, to which the greatest terrestrials were puny. But the darkness, which of old rested on the face of the deep, now shadowed its depths. There was no *mind* here. These gigantic beings were shapes without souls. How should I reason with creatures who could not feel, whose heads could not know till to-morrow that their members had been severed to-day—some of whom, in a single moment, passed their whole existences, and fulfilled all the functions of eating, drinking, and generating—who were not only incapable of

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thoughts, affections, and emotions, but who could not see, smell, hear, taste, or touch? But such subjects are among the afflictions of all wise rulers, and I resolved to conclude upon nothing till I had visited every part of my dominions.

'During three years of travel, I classified the fishes anew, all previous enumeration being paltry, and made the notes and queries which form the staple of my manuscript. I found fresh-water creatures to which the sheat-fish would be a morsel, and hydras to which the fabled sea-serpent would be a worm. I ascended the rivers with the salmon, and fathomed the motives of the climbing-perch. I heard the narrative of a *siluris* tossed out of a volcano, and talked with a haddock which produced at a birth more young than there are men upon the globe. I have noted the harlequin-angler which lived three weeks in Amsterdam, hopping about on his fins like a toad; the sucking-fish which adhered to Mark Antony's galley and held it fast; the horned-fish *(fil en dos)* which the savages discard from their nets with terror and prayer; and the sprats which rise with vapours into the clouds, and are rained back into the sea. I have collected the traditions of many of these beings, and have translated some of their ballads. There is music under the ocean, but most of the fishes sing with their fins, beating the water to rude measures. Among the traditions of all the tribes is that of a time when the waters were peaceful, and the fishes happy, when none were rapacious, when death was unknown, when no storms lashed the ripples into billows, and when beings of the upper air bathed at the surface, and the fishes rendered them homage. But some foul deed, of which the finny folk were guiltless, brought confusion into the waters; the ocean covered all the globe, corpses sank into the depths, and were devoured, nets were let down from above, strange fires were kindled beneath, and whirlpools, waterspouts, storms, and volcanoes began.

'I devoted a fourth year to perfecting my system of organic communication, and made some advance toward developing life in inorganic matter. From this latter attainment, it would be but a step to *perpetuate* life, and I should thus restore immortality to man. But the Shark family having threatened to revolt, I left off my investigations for some months, and organised a military force, with which I massacred the malcontents till my subjects swam in blood. Returning victoriously at the head of my legions, a sad incident occurred. A ship was crossing our line of march, and I had an unaccountable curiosity to hear something of terrestrial affairs. Five saw-fish, at my bidding, staved in the ship's bottom, and she sank almost instantly. The corpses of the drowned drifted slowly down, and as I passed among them, turning up the faces, I recognised in one the features of my mother!

'After a season of remorse, I continued my investigations, but a novel and unexpected discovery deranged my plans, and wrought a change in my destiny.

'The subtlest forms of matter, as commonly known, are the imponderables—light, heat, magnetism, and electricity. I had concluded that these were manifestations of some still subtler form, and that this was *life*, beyond which lay the ethereal elements (called *principles*) of mind and soul—soul being ultimate and eternal. To demonstrate this, I resolved to descend as far as possible into the depths of the sea, and examine the beings which dwelt in the remotest darkness. The conical shape of my island allowed me to descend within its shelving interior, and yet sustain no great atmospheric pressure. I selected a sturgeon, whose body was so powerfully plated that he could not be crushed, and his long pointed shape gave him great facility for penetrating dense waters. I attached a phosphorescent light to his caudal, that I might not lose him in the gloom, and he preceded me along the sloping interior. We passed the foundations of my court, bade adieu to the deep-swimming hydras, left the profoundest polypi behind, and came at length to uninhabited regions, three thousand fathoms below the surface. My pioneer here suffered great inconvenience, and only by the most vigorous efforts was able to progress at all. The blackness was literally tangible, and our lantern, at most, only "darkness visible." By threat and persuasion I forced him forward, hardly able to make headway myself. He swept the almost solid element with his powerful tail, depressed his sharp snout, sucked a long breath, and we darted forward simultaneously. There was a cracking as of bones forced together, and my cranium seemed to split. We shot out of the density into lighter water, and the momentum carried us fifty fathoms beyond!

'We had passed out of the limit of solar attraction, and were being drawn toward the centre of the earth!

'Before, we had been descending; now, we were rising. The fluid grew rarer and warmer as we proceeded, the darkness more luminous, and at last we became visible to each other, swimming in a ruby and transparent liquid, unlike any aspect or part of our native domain. The fluid became so rare, finally, that the sturgeon was unable to go further, kept down by his superior gravity. Some lights glimmering above us, and some mysterious sounds alarming him, he turned and fled. I was left alone.

'I reached the surface of this peaceful sea. A scene lay before me more beautiful than any wonder of the deep. I knew that I was among immortals, and that this was the "Happy Archipelago!"

'The surface was calm. Some purple islets were sprinkled here and there, and creatures marvellously fair were basking in the roseate waters. They looked like angels half way out of heaven. Their faces were of a silvery hue; their hairs shone on the stream like tremulous beams of light; their eyes were of a tender azure, and their bosoms rose and fell as if they were all dreaming of blessedness. Some strains of ravishing harmony, that were floating among the islands, ceased when I appeared, and I thought I heard the snapping of a lute-string. All the spirits started at once. They were crescent-shaped, and stood upon their nether tips. A star upon their foreheads shone like a pure diamond. They saw me, and vanished!

'All but one! She was the fairest of the spirits, and looked, thus frightened, like the pale new moon. The violet veins faded from her lids, and her blue eyes were full of wonder. I felt as if, for the first time, a sinless being had looked upon me, and my heart grew so black and heavy that I sank a little way. I feared to breathe, for she might vanish. I wished to lie for ever with her face shining upon me. What were science, and dominion, and the secret of man's immortality to one pure glance like hers? In the agony of my soul I spoke: "Spirit! immortal! woman! O stay! speak to me!"

"Who are you? Whence do you come? You are not of us, nor of our element."

'The voice was like a disembodied sound, coming from nothing, floating in space eternally.

"I am a creature of a cursed race—ruler of a blighted domain—a realm filled with violence: it lies beneath you."

'The pale face grew tender; the star on the forehead grew dim, like a tearful eye. She pitied me.

"There are beings above us," she said—"winged beings, that talk with us sometimes; but nothing below. Are *they* sorrowful as you are? Are their brows all heavy with sadness like yours? Why are they unhappy?"

'I wept and moaned.

"They have not your pure eyes; they cannot hear your voice. They have sinned."

'She glided toward me. I felt my gray hairs

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dropping one by one; my heavy heart grew light; my groans softened to sighs.

'A shape came suddenly between us.

'I knew the long green locks, and the glossy neck. It was Tethys who spoke. "Man," she said, "you were made one of us, not one of these. Go back to your domain, for you are mortal. Resume dominion over the fish, or, striving to win more, lose all!"

'I turned my face seaward bitterly. I looked back once; the blue eyes were gleaming—oh, so tenderly!—and I could not go. I muttered an execration at my bitter fate. Straightway the sky rocked, the sea rose, the pale star vanished. I had spoken a wicked word.

'I was consigned to Euripius, the divinity of whirlpools. In vain I struggled in his watery arms; the swift current bore me circling away, and finally whirled me with frightful velocity. My feet were shaken asunder, my integument softened, my brain reeled. I was passed from eddy to eddy; I became drunken with emotion; I suffered all the tortures of the lost. A waterspout lifted me from the clutch of the sea, and deposited me upon the dry land, close to the home of my infancy.

'I have passed the weary hours of my penance in arranging the memoirs which follow. Science has again wooed me with her allurements; the stars continue their correspondence. I have not despaired of the great secret of immortality, and though these hairs are few and white, I shall be rejuvenated in the tranquil depths of the water, and re-assert for ages my rightful dominion over the fish.'

I was in doubt whether to laugh or wonder when the Ancient Mariner concluded; but I was relieved from passing judgment upon his article by the unceremonious entrance of a tall, lithe, gray-eyed person, who wore gold seals and carried a thick walking-stick. The naturalist appeared to be bent on diving through the floor, and swimming away through the cellar; but he caught the stern, keen eye of the stranger, and cowered. The tall man lifted his cane, and struck the manuscript out of his Highness's hands; he demolished the microscope at a blow, and flung the geological hammer out of the window.

'Come along,' he said. 'No! drop that trash—every article of it, or else you'll be experimenting again. Come along!'

They went away together, leaving my office littered with broken glass and sea-shells. With some astonishment I followed through the warehouse to the street; they had entered a carriage, and were driving rapidly away. The next morning's paper explained the whole occurrence in the following paragraph.

'*Much Learning hath made him Mad.*—Yesterday noon, an elderly lunatic, named Robert Jones, committed suicide by leaping over the parapet of London Bridge. He was in the custody at the time of Dr Stretveskit, the celebrated keeper of the Asylum for Monomaniacs. He had been at large some days, and was traced to several publishing-houses, whither he had gone to contrive the publication of some insane vagaries. He was finally overhauled at the office of Spry, Stromboli, & Co., and placed in a carriage; but seizing a favourable moment when travel was impeded upon the bridge, he burst through the glass-door, and cleared the parapet at a bound. Jones was an adventurous and dangerous character. Some years ago, he set fire to the Shrimpshire Asylum, where his family had confined him, and went abroad upon a whale-ship; but meeting with an accident, he underwent the process of trepanning, and came home more crazy than before. At one time, he attempted to drown his mother, in furtherance of some strange experiment; but it was thought at the date of his death that he was recovering his wits. Among his delusions was a strange one—that he had been made viceroy over all the fishes. His body has not been recovered.'

I read the last sentence with a thrill. My late visitor might even now be presiding at some finny council; and as I should have occasion to cross the sea some day, an untimely shipwreck might place me in closer relations with him. I determined, therefore, to print the manuscript which remained in my hands, May it appease his Mightiness, the King of the Fishes!

BRITISH RAINFALL DURING 1862.

EVERY one is interested to some extent in the daily variations of our fickle climate. It was reasonably thought that collections of statistics relating to it would be useful, and therefore Mr Symons, a well-known meteorologist, has, for the last two or three years, published annually such reports as he could obtain of British rainfall. We purpose to make a few remarks on his *Distribution of Rain over the British Isles in the Year* 1862, comparing it with the rain of the previous year. Were any one suddenly asked his impressions of last year's weather, he would probably find, unless he had taken some observations of its checkered hours, that his knowledge of it would be much like English weather itself, as it has been ungratefully described—decidedly hazy. From this distance, all its peculiar grievances of rain—frequent rain—constant rain—much as they were vilified at the time, have lost their sharp outlines, melted into each other, and left but a general impression of an ordinary season. All would remember, indeed, that the longest day of last year was about the prettiest specimen of English weather one would desire a Frenchman to experience before writing *cher Eugène* a glowing account of our climate. The honest citizen of whose diary a sample is given in the *Spectator*, might have described it thus—'8 to 12 A.M., cold; called for small-beer. 12 to 6 P.M., wet; smoked Virginia. Evening, cold and wet; smoked my pipe, and took a dish of tea. Mem.—A villainous day. Never to buy shoe-buckles again on the 21st of June.' Summer came in autumn last year, much as the spring of this year has frequently forestalled the summer. Most of us, however, find excuses for these and sundry other little peculiarities of 1862, and look back upon it as being no worse than its predecessors, to say the worst we can of it. Kindly Nature soon rubs off the keen edges of our grievances on the score of bad weather, so that no one year may be specially remembered with reprobation; she would have no one speak severely of the past. But the remorseless statistics of science give no quarter, and do not even spare the departed. The slightest peccadilloes of Father Time are faithfully recorded; for instance, they assure us that in England generally the rainfall last year was three inches more than in 1861. As if that were not enough adequately to characterise its atmospheric infamy, it is further alleged that the British rainfall has been nearly identical during the last three years, and—*horresco referens*—about six inches above the average of the preceding ten years. What a feast for alarmists! Will no one write to the *Times* about it? What if the amount of our rainfall should be slowly but surely rising, as some continents yearly elevate themselves by inches above the sea?

Do not let us suffer these reports to deter us from looking carefully at Mr Symons's figures. Thirty-six inches may be taken as the average rainfall of the United Kingdom; during the ten years from 1850 to 1859, it was 33·27 inches. This last year there was an excess of 5·70 inches. Although this was a higher amount than that of 1861, in very many stations the fall was less. Seathwaite still maintains its unenviable reputation of being the most rainy place in England (indeed, in the United Kingdom); 170·03 inches fell there in 1862. Least rain fell at Thetford, 16·78 inches. Empingham, in Rutland, during the last year has lost this honour. Mr Symons, having been

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examining gauges in different parts of England, has seen fit to disfranchise this place, and suppress its returns, owing to the objectionable position of its rain-gauge. In Wales, the maximum of rain fell at Ystalyfera, Swansea, 67·07 inches. The minimum was at Rhyl, 19·03 inches. The maximum of Scotland was Ben Lomond, 114·70 inches; its minima at Dalkeith Park, 22·81, and Dunrobin, 23·65 inches. As for Ireland, Valentia had again more rain, 62·19 inches, and Monkstown, Dublin, least, 20·75. It is remarkable how similar these results are to those of 1861. Another curious fact is the small amount of rain that falls at the three capital cities of Great Britain.

With regard to the rainfall of the different months, Mr Symons gives monthly tables during 1862 from twenty selected stations representing the United Kingdom. February is usually regarded as one of the rainiest, if not the rainiest English month; but this, it seems, is a vulgar error, the very reverse being actually the true state of the case. At only three of these stations was it otherwise than the driest month of 1862. March and October are really our wettest months, and July (which generally obtains this credit) was so last year only at Dublin.

Every one knows what a rainy day is, but it seems that, like many other familiar things, no one can yet exactly define it. Mr Symons suggests that either the number of hours during which rain falls should be stated in returns, or else that any day on which an appreciable quantity of rain should be registered shall be denominated a rainy one. Why should not every day be called rainy for meteorological purposes, when so many hours' rain, say three, fell before and after 12 A.M., or eight altogether out of the twenty-four? If some fixed number of hours were agreed upon, it would, at all events, be one step nearer towards correctly measuring 'the useful trouble of the rain.'

Leaving this moot-point, it will be found by glancing at the map of England, taking a few towns as tests, and then turning to the tables, that the general results agree with those of last year. The East Riding of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire is the area where least rain falls in the British Isles. The figures to the north and south of this area gradually rise, culminating in the west of England and the Lake district. Subjoined is such a table of stations extracted at random to prove this. They begin at the north, and so go round England.

	Inches.		Inches.
North Shields,	23·02	Southampton,	26·68
Darlington,	21·25	Portland,	36·22
Scarborough,	19·83	Teignmouth,	34·61
Patrington,	18·72	Helston,	38·48
Grimsby,	17·24	Penzance,	44·64
Holkham,	23·72	Lampeter,	43·22
Dover,	24·96	Bangor,	45·52
Bournemouth,	27·99	Lancaster,	46·31

Taking a few inland counties as tests, we might roughly arrange them from last year's rainfall thus, beginning at the least amount: Notts, Oxford, Wilts, Hereford, Derby. In the last two, elevated ground naturally attracts rain. This sketch will supply a fair analysis of English rainfall last year, and taken with the similar figures of 1861, a presumption that England's pluvial characteristics run broadly in the lines we have pointed out.

The western counties of Scotland, compared with the east, are noted at a much higher rainfall. Its deeply indented glens have sea-sorrows poured over them in profusion, being, indeed, 'long deep channels for the Atlantic's voice.' For the same reason, Ireland has a rainfall considerably above the English average. So, too, over the blue Tors of Devon, the cloud-collecting south winds hang many a fleecy treasure of the deep, to gladden the ferns and mosses of its humid climate.

Meteorology may be pursued either analytically or synthetically. By far the larger number of amateur meteorologists study it in the former manner, regularly registering their rainfall, and then transmitting the returns to Mr Symons. He arranges them and files them, so to speak; but the genius who is to strike out laws from the chaos of 'the monthly depth of rain as observed at nearly a thousand stations for various periods from 1677 A.D. to the present time, the total number of years copied and tabulated ready for discussion being rather more than 7000,' is not at present forthcoming. Mr Symons will gladly welcome any additional figures to swell this ponderous list; but where is the man brave enough to wade through these statistics? They are copious enough already to satisfy the assimilating powers of the most ardent member of the Statistical Society, even if he had the digestion of an ostrich. It is quite possible to be smothered under the weight of facts, compiled from all quarters, as it has ere now happened to a sheep-stealer to be strangled by the prey he was bearing off in triumph. The 'tables' of this last year shew an increase of nearly a hundred observers, to say nothing of returns from some fifty Scotch light-houses. Surely, sufficiently accurate figures will be collected, before many more years pass, to warrant some sweeping inductions. Even now, we think that a hungry world has been picking up meteorological barley-corns long enough—will no one give us a cake at once?

In all that relates to the preliminary processes of such inductions, Mr Symons has deserved well of his fellow-countrymen. It is not every one who will do the hard work of science from pure love of the subject. Each year sees him extend our knowledge of British rainfall. He has now set afoot a plan of sending 'monthly rain circulars' to observers who may choose to avail themselves of these valuable helps. Those who depend mainly on figures in their pluvial researches should remember, however, that a more perfect knowledge of nature's secret forces, magnetism, electricity, &c., might materially aid meteorology. It seems probable, for instance, that could we measure the amount of electricity contained in the atmosphere, we might be able to calculate the rainfall. But it is equally certain that every inquirer into the laws affecting rainfall must fortify his conclusions with figures. They will always remain the crucial test of meteorology.

At the first blush of these tables of figures, it might be conjectured that a progressive increase of rainfall should be expected for every rise in the position of stations above the sea-level. There is, indeed, for the most part, a perceptible increase, but one that cannot as yet be traced to any law. And it may be useful to remember, as another caution, that nothing is so delusive as apparent analogies or symmetrical agreements in science. Thus, in the phenomena of temperature, up to last year many researches had apparently settled a uniform rate of decrease of one degree of Fahrenheit's scale for every increase in elevation of 300 feet. The results of Mr Glaisher's balloon experiments have shewn that, when the sky was clear, a decline of one degree took place within 100 feet of the earth, while at the height of 30,000 feet a space of fully 1000 feet had to be passed for a change of one degree of temperature. Similarly, the present law for increase of temperature as descent is made into the earth, stands at one degree to every 50 feet; therefore, the earth is assumed to be in a state of fusion at the depth of forty miles below the surface. But, doubtless, could a descent really be made for even a fourth part of that distance, different results would be experienced. We quote these instances of symmetrical numbers to point our warning against too readily jumping at conclusions respecting rainfall from apparent harmony in collections of figures. Valuable as they are, they must be handled with extreme caution. The results of rainfall during 1860, 1861, and 1862 are remarkably similar in many

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points; but another year may entirely overthrow any conclusions we may be tempted to build on so light a fabric. As well might we infer that because Cromwell and Napoleon died in tremendous storms of wind and rain, therefore Alexander the Great and St Louis perished also in a tempest. Indeed, considering the enormous extent either term of such an analogy must range over, a man who would theorise on rain from insufficient premises, might just as well give out at once, that no eminent man could die except in times of violent atmospheric disturbance.

A RAFT ADVENTURE.

It is now some years since that, accompanied by my brother, and under the guidance of an experienced hunter, I started for three months' shooting in the Canadian wilds. Our plan was to travel by canoe to the lower end of Lake Huron, and then plunging into the primeval forest, to make a circuit that would bring us out somewhere on the St Lawrence. Never was a pleasanter excursion. Those aged woods, so gray and grim in winter, seemed to have grown young again beneath their affluence of leaves, while every sunlit glade was filled with flowers, and blossoming bines of every hue hung in garlands from the branches, as if the woods were decked for some high festival. But more pleasant still to the sportsman's heart was the abundant game—the timid deer, which fled at our approach; the great grisly bear, ready to bid us defiance; and the panther and wolf lurking within the coverts; not to speak of the partridges and bustards, and the brilliant small birds flashing like errand blossoms among the trees. Meanwhile, despite our pleasure, our time grew short, and it became necessary to bend our steps homewards.

We had not travelled long in this new direction when we came to the banks of a considerable river, flowing across our route. We had no boat to take us over it; and Jerome, the guide, searched diligently beneath the overhanging alder and hemlock boughs, in case some hunter or backwoods traveller might have hidden there his canoe. But none was to be discovered; and we were ruefully beginning to follow our guide's advice, and travel round by the river's sources—which would involve some ten or twelve days' extra journey—when one of those huge rafts in which backwoods timber for exportation is conveyed down country, came in sight. It was floating slowly along on the almost imperceptible current, its single large sail giving just sufficient way to the floating island to allow the enormous tiller to guide it aright; while the smoke from the half-score shanties scattered over its surface, rising against the deep green forest, the ever-changing groups of figures, and the lines of washed clothes fluttering in the breeze, added to its picturesque aspect. As the raft drew near, we perceived that a canoe was towed astern; and hailing the lumberers, we requested its use to cross the river, which they readily accorded. But while the little bark was being paddled to land, a new idea struck us—we would ask them to take us as passengers. Rafting was a mode of travel entirely new to us, and the thought of that smooth summer sail was a great temptation to travellers weary with plodding through the woods. The needful negotiation was soon concluded; and in half an hour we found ourselves not only on board the raft, but the happy possessors of a shanty some six feet square. Never do I remember anything more delightful than to sit within its shadow, and as our raft glided noiselessly along the widening river, to watch the ever-varying scenery through which we passed—the dark pine-forests, alternating with bright-green oak, and birch, and sycamore woods; the swelling hills shewing their picturesque outlines against the clear blue sky; and the occasional tributary streams, some dashing down their waters in silvery cascades, others bearing on their placid bosoms some small raft, with its tiny shanty and little family group, to be linked on to the floating island.

We found, also, endless interest in watching the doings in our migratory village. The tall, brawny lumberers indolently lounging about their easy duties of trimming the sail, taking their turn in steering and drawing the trolling lines, which rarely failed of fish; while their wives, grave, rugged women, clad in dark petticoats, and snow-white sun-bonnets, were perpetually busy, knitting, cooking, washing, or chasing their rebellious children about the raft, or else, in feeding the cocks and hens that stalked among the logs, and, with a wrathful turkey-cock, completed our list of passengers. And when night fell, and the frying of fish and eating of supper were past, and jest and laughter had given place to silence and sleep, it was beautiful to hear the voices of those quiet women swell over the starlit river in the long-drawn cadences of some old hymn.

For two days we pursued our tranquil voyage through the same silvan scenery. But gradually our pace increased, as the current gained in strength; and after a time the river began to break into occasional rapids, over whose rugged ledges we thumped and bumped, and down whose surging slopes we slid, thanks to the lumberers' skill, emerging from their dangers unharmed; for in those days there did not exist on even the most frequented spots any contrivance to lessen the hazards of such descents.

It was the fourth evening of our river-voyage, supper was past, and the vesper-hymn sung, and my brother and I had wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and fallen asleep on our bear-skin couches, when we were suddenly awakened by a rude shock, followed by the surge of broken water. Supposing we were descending a rapid, we lay still for a moment and listened. But the turmoil of water appeared louder than usual, and in another instant there arose a wild cry that made us start to our feet, followed, ere we could leave the hut, by many others yet more terrified, and echoed by the shrill screams of women. Some disaster had evidently occurred. But when we rushed out upon the raft, the cloudy darkness prevented us distinguishing what it was, while the confusion of voices and the hoarse cries of the lumberers added to our bewilderment. However, as we hastened across the logs to learn its meaning, we all but stepped into the rushing rapid, rendered visible by its pale wreaths of foam; and then the truth flashed upon us, that some violent blow had broken the huge raft into the number of small ones of which it had originally been composed, and that our own portion had separated from all the rest, leaving my brother and me alone, for Jerome slept on another part of the raft.

As soon as we discovered our position, we called to announce it to the lumberers, but in the tumult of voices, ours remained unheard. Again and again, we repeated our cries, but with the same result; while gradually the voices grew fainter, proving that the divided portions of the raft were already scattering; and at length all sound ceased as they passed entirely out of hearing.

We were men not easily daunted, but ours was no pleasant position—alone in the darkness among the rapids, which might at any moment break up the raft beneath our feet; while of what means were available to save ourselves, we knew nothing. There seemed nothing left us but patience; and divesting ourselves of our heavier clothing, in case of emergency, we sat awaiting daylight, and what it might disclose. Meanwhile, the waves still foamed around us, as if the rapid was interminable, and the raft grated and ground incessantly against the rocks. At length, just as day dawned, revealing, to our astonishment, our raft wedged among the rocks near shore, she gave a sudden jerk, and whirling round into

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the full force of the rapid, was soon swept down into the smooth water below.

We had now leisure to look around us. As we expected, none of the other rafts were visible; but great was our disappointment to discover that the river now flowed between steep rocky banks; and that if, as we meditated, we swam to shore, to pursue our journey on land, we should be unable to climb the wall-like barrier. The only resource left us, little as we understood its management, was to remain aboard the raft, and float along at the will of the current and rapids, until some change in the shore might favour our landing.

Meanwhile, out of a loose plank, we contrived a tiller, to get some command over the unwieldy craft, which still held its way down stream. But as the hours passed by, shewing no break in the stern banks of rock between which we glided, our hopes of landing began to fade; and when night again fell on our loneliness, our helplessness, and our ignorance of what dangers might await us on that unknown river, we felt nigh despair. Almost to our surprise, the night was got through safely, and morning found our shapeless craft still floating down the solitary stream, with those dark precipices, crowned with pine forests, still frowning upon us from each side, and those frequently recurring rapids still checkering our course. About noon, we entered on the fiercest we had yet encountered. Our tiller was useless among the breakers, which roared and raged around the raft, and leaped after her in crested waves, as she was hurried on by the impetuous current.

I grew almost terrified as I noted how swiftly we sped past the rocks, which here and there stood up from the waves like silent warners; and yet more was I alarmed when, looking ahead, I beheld the long vista of leaping, surging cascades, down whose troublous course we should be driven, if the fabric beneath our feet still held together. But backwoods rafts are made for such encounters; and fearlessly the log-boat plunged from ledge to ledge. At length, a deep, reverberating roar rose above the surrounding tumult. My brother and I started at the unexpected sound; then we looked eagerly forward, and perceived, but a short way ahead, a cloud of silvery haze floating like a halo above the surface of the river. It was the confirmation of our newly awakened fears, the unerring indication that a cataract was before us, and that we were rushing, at railway speed, on a terrible and speedy death, from which no earthly power could avail to rescue us.

Never shall I forget the pang of that fearful discovery; the bitter prospect of dying in health and strength, and yielding up the hopes and aspirations of our unclouded youth; the thought of the distant home we should never see again; and the beloved and loving ones so soon to be doubly bereaved; and worst of all, the knowledge that the dear brother must share our impending fate. With a warm impulse of fraternal love, we clasped each other's hands—all remaining to us now was to die together.

Meanwhile the din of the fall swelled to a thunderous roar that reverberated through the surrounding woods; the tumultuous rapids surged into a fiercer fury, and urged the raft to a speed which made her tremble; while we, her hapless passengers, stood silently awaiting our inevitable doom, to be swept over that relentless fall, to be tossed in that horrible abyss, and finally cast forth, disfigured and bruised, among the seething eddies of the still rushing river.

It was a fearful interval. Nearer and nearer the raft drew to the fatal brink—nearer, and yet nearer, until we could almost look into the dark void beyond. Her last moment and ours alike seemed come, and in the deep anguish of such a parting, we clung closer to each other.

Suddenly, the raft approached another rock; it was nearer to us, as well as larger than those which had preceded it, and presented a narrow footing. Thought at such moments is swift as lightning, and action little less so; and almost ere I had seen this ark of hope, my brother bounded across the raft, drawing me with him, and with a desperate leap, only to be ventured in peril such as ours, sprang over the fathom-broad space of rushing water, on to the rock beyond. Another moment, and I too had leaped it; and standing in comparative safety on that small but immovable refuge, we watched the raft, whose fate we had so nearly shared, plunge over the foaming cataract, to be dashed into the deep chasm below, a mass of shattered logs.

Still we were girt round by many dangers. A single slip might detach us from the rock, a single wave still sweep us over the falls; while looking landward, nothing was visible save a few dark jutting rocks round which the river foamed. Their wet slippery points afforded little hope of escape, yet it was our only one, and therefore must be tried; and with rigidly braced nerves and concentrated energies, we commenced our hazardous task of leaping from rock to rock, closing our ears to the deafening roar, and our eyes to the hurrying current over which we passed, as we pursued our perilous way, until, by the mercy of Providence, the fourth rock brought us to the shallower water, through which we waded to land.

The now rugged bank gave easy access to the land above; and a few hours' travel southward brought us to Lake Weno, where, to our surprise, we found our companion-rafts in safety, and learned that we had passed, without observing, the narrower but safe outlet to the river furnished by the Weno Creek, and thus not only missed Jerome and the lumberers sent back to aid us, but encountered that most fearful incident of our lives, our narrow escape from the Weno Falls.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? 'For Somebody's wife,'
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
'Somebody' keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman *is*?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, 'for better or worse,'
To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be 'Somebody's wife?'

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ATHIRST ON THE LINE.

It was in the year of grace 1859 that the ship *Maharajah*, merchantman of Liverpool, bound with a miscellaneous cargo for the East Indies, lay becalmed on the equator in the South Atlantic Ocean. The heat, as may be supposed, was intense; so much so, that we, the crew of the ship, did not dare to touch the deck in the daytime with our naked feet; nor the hand-rails and other exposed metal portions of the ship with our naked hands. The wind left us, or, I should rather say, we left the wind, on the 15th day of December, and none of us could tell when we might be likely to meet with it again; moreover, we were short of water and provisions, as we had far exceeded the time calculated for the voyage, owing to adverse winds, which had driven us considerably out of our course; therefore, the dead calm into which we had fallen was looked upon with considerable anxiety, and not without reason, by all of us.

The ship was officered by a captain and three mates, the former having his wife on board; besides which lady there were two others, going out as passengers to join their husbands in Bombay. The crew, to which I had the honour to belong, numbered forty able-bodied seamen, besides the bo'sn and three boys, and hitherto we had all enjoyed the most perfect health. At the time of which I write, we had been on half allowance of water for some time; but this was owing mainly to the captain having inconsiderately supplied a homeward-bound troop-ship, which had spoken with us and expressed her wants, with a portion of our supply.

Our skipper was a kind-hearted man enough, but with little firmness of purpose, and a perfect passion for psalm-singing. He had organised a kind of a choir from amongst the younger hands, to conduct the church-service on Sundays, which he always regularly performed, weather permitting, and the rehearsals were his chief amusement during the week. His lady, who accompanied him, was kind and considerate also, and many a kindness have we rough, weather-beaten men received at her hands.

It was, if I recollect rightly, on the 22d of December that our third mate made the astounding discovery that the iron tank, in which was contained almost our whole stock of water, had proved leaky, and that, with a slight remainder, the whole contents were lost. Upon this lamentable occurrence being communicated to the captain, we were all immediately called aft, and the dreadful intelligence communicated to us, and a committee of ways and means appointed to consider what was the best to be done in this extremity. Upon search being made, we found that we had but a few gallons—few compared with the number of souls on board—of fresh water, to sustain life during a period, the limits of which we were afraid to conjecture. 'Men,' said the captain, 'we must restrict ourselves to half a pint a day. Every soul on board will fare alike, and we must trust to God's providence to send us succour and comfort.'

We were unwilling that the ladies, and especially the captain's lady, to whom, for reasons noted above, we all entertained the utmost respect, should suffer equally with us hardy seamen, and, through our spokesman, we told the skipper so, and represented to him that, if needs be, we would undergo even greater restrictions. The captain's lady, who, standing hard by, had overheard this proposition, here stepped forward, and with tears in her eyes thus spoke: 'Men, this is an infliction from Heaven, and we must bear it with all the fortitude and resignation we can command. I thank God I am placed amongst brave men, for men who in such an emergency can act as you have acted must of necessity be brave and good. But it shall never be said that I accepted indulgence at the cost of brave men's sacrifice. This is the Almighty's affliction upon all of us, and we will all bear it alike, comforting one another as best we may, till, in the wisdom of His providence, He shall send us relief and assistance.'

When this noble lady had made this speech, we gave her three cheers, out of admiration; and I do not believe there was a man amongst us but felt the stronger and the better able to bear his share of the affliction, from listening to this noble lady's words.

We were compelled to forego the luxuries of our tea and soup, preferring to have our modicum of water in its pure state, and this was served out to us in quantities of a gill each morning and evening. Our sufferings in a few days became intense. The sun's rays were unmerciful, and the calking pitch in the seams of the deck became liquid, and ran about in little streams. We were compelled also to forego the greatest comfort of a seaman in times of difficulty and hardships—the use of tobacco; and many a longing look did we cast at our beloved pipes, which, dreading consequences, we feared to light.

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Even with the small quantity of water we now consumed, our stock diminished so rapidly that it became necessary to reduce our allowance one-third, in order to spin out our existence as long as possible, for we waited hourly for a breeze to spring up, which we earnestly prayed and hoped might speedily bring us within hail of a friendly ship.

We continued in this state of suffering till the 24th of December, Christmas Eve. We smiled faintly as we reminded each other of the day, and the memories of home which it engendered. The men lay about the deck under the awning, which we had rigged out of a mainsail, with swollen tongues and parched, fevered lips, while the sun poured down its vertical rays with shadowless intensity. I ventured on the forecastle, in the vain hope of detecting signs of a coming breeze; but the sky was cloudless, and the sea lay calm and still, like a vast looking-glass—there was scarcely even a swell. Looking into the pellucid water, I could detect the hideous forms of sharks hovering about the ship, ready to seize the pieces of salted meat which had been thrown overboard in disgust. A feeling of horror crept over me, as I thought of the probability of these monsters soon receiving other food, of which they were waiting in momentary expectation.

We had managed to augment our stock of water, by the adoption of a plan suggested by the captain: we brought up our blankets, and suspended them over the coppers in the cook's galley in such a manner that the steam arising from the boiling sea-water beneath might be received into them, and condensed into water, which was afterwards wrung out, and added to the common stock; and things were at such a pass now, that on the supply thus obtained we mainly depended. But this operation, simple as it may appear, was not attended to without considerable trouble and exertion, as most of the men were unable, from weakness, to draw the water to fill the coppers, or unable, from the same cause, to endure the heat and fatigue of attending to the fires. Of eatables, we scarcely touched a morsel, beyond a little biscuit, although what was left of the cuddy stores was freely placed at our disposal.

I had been watching on the forecastle, as above noted, and was coming down the companion-ladder, when a man clutched me by the arm, whispering hoarsely: 'Come in here,' leading the way into the forecastle. I followed, and there, in his berth, I found a poor lad, one of the three I mentioned as belonging to the crew, in the high delirium of fever. His eyes were bloodshot, and starting from their sockets, and his tongue, discoloured and swollen, protruded out of his mouth. Poor boy! my heart ached for him, and I hastened to moisten his poor lips from my own scanty supply of water. He had always been a favourite with us, from his willing and cheerful demeanour. The rough, bearded men crowded round, each anxiously ready with an offer of water from his scanty store; and the captain's lady came, as soon as she had heard the news, and tended on the stricken boy with all the compassion of a mother. He was too weak for his delirium to manifest itself in violence; but he sank rapidly, and in a few hours he had passed from his misery to where hunger and thirst come not. On undressing the poor lad, we discovered, suspended round his neck, a little bag made of silk, on opening which we found one tress of hair—just one curl—wrapped in silver-paper, and it was *gray*: his mother's, perhaps. We replaced it tenderly, as a sacred deposit, and it went down into the fathomless deep with him. It was sunset when the last solemn rites were performed. The sun sank royally into the stilly deep in floods of orange, crimson, purple, and gold. The whole sky was a mass of gloriously interwoven colours, into which the rays of the dying sun shot like flames of living fire. We had all assembled on deck, and the captain, in a low voice, not untinged with emotion, read the solemn, hopeful words of the service; and ere the bright colours had faded out from the sky, one heavy splash broke the silence, and all was over.

I remained on deck, watching the changing sky, long after the rest had sorrowfully gone below. A broad, dull, crimson streak alone remained of all the recent splendour in the sky. The great canopy overhead was of a dusky, greenish blue, like that which Raphael and the old masters delighted to paint as the background for their sainted pictures. The stars came out one by one, and shone with a brilliancy I never saw them assume elsewhere in the world. The sea seemed like a vast desert, so motionless was it, and the atmosphere was close and oppressive. What thoughts then came across me of home and the merry Christmas-time that was being spent there! The bright, clear, frosty night; the snow-decorated trees and house-tops; the cheerful, lighted rooms, in which merry faces might be seen, and laughing voices heard—all forced themselves vividly on my imagination. I even seemed to hear the music of the waits as I had heard them in my boyhood scores of times; but all my dreams vanished as my eyes, glancing downwards, caught the forms of the hideous monsters waiting below for another victim. Then, in my agony, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, for the Divine compassion; my soul wrestled in agony as I poured forth my untutored ejaculations. It was late when I went below. Some of the men had turned into their berths, others were collected in a knot, recalling memories of bygone days. They even attempted to sing a song, but it was found impracticable. The atmosphere below was so close and stifling that I was compelled to come again on deck. I stood leaning over the bulwarks, lost in thought, when I was aroused by a hand laid gently on my shoulder, and turning round, I saw it was the captain's lady who had touched me. I saluted respectfully, and made as if I would have gone, but she laid her hand on my shoulder again, and restrained me. 'Do not go; I want to speak to you,' said she: 'I want you to comfort those poor men below in their sufferings. You are a strong man, and a brave man, and a better educated man than the rest; and I feel that you can comfort others, because you bear up so bravely yourself. I am sure that we shall have help shortly, if we can only bear up. Trust in God, and do not lose heart.' Speaking thus, she glided away like an angel of mercy; and in my inmost heart I blessed that woman, who could speak thus bravely in our time of desolation.

Although most of us were very weak, we all stuck to our usual routine of duty, and the watches were regularly kept. It was the turn of the watch to which I belonged to be below; but I was restless and uneasy, and knowing it was impossible that I could sleep, I seated myself on the bulwarks, and gazed out over the great solemn ocean. Infinitely greater in its solemn impressiveness than either sea or sky was the awful silence; not a sound or a movement of any kind was to be heard. After a time, this dreadful silence grew, to my weakened faculties, almost intolerable. I felt a strong inclination to shout aloud, in order to break the terrible spell which seemed to be working its influence over me; but I resisted, by a strong effort of the will. My thoughts became confused, and at times my mind became a blank; then consciousness would suddenly return, and with it a profound sense of desolation and despair too unutterable for description. So, never fully asleep, I passed the weary night; and when the crimson flush on the horizon announced the coming morning, I experienced a lassitude both of mind and body that I found it impossible to resist. I feared that I was becoming overpowered, for I reeled and staggered like a drunken man. I was leaning wearily against the main-mast of the vessel, endeavouring to concentrate my faculties, when an unusual noise and commotion proceeded from the

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direction of the forecastle. I think I owe it to this circumstance that I escaped total prostration; my curiosity became stimulated, and all my faculties were aroused. Presently, the captain came running towards me, with alarm visible on his countenance, and on seeing me he cried excitedly: 'Where is he? Have you seen him?'

'Who?' I said in reply.

'The boatswain,' said he. 'He has got a bottle of rum, and he will drink himself mad. Come with me, and find him, for Heaven's sake!'

I mechanically followed him in the direction of the forecastle. The noise and tumult increased; and by the time we reached the entrance, a terrible sight presented itself. Scattered about lay a miscellaneous débris of articles—bed-clothing, knives, mess-tins, and other necessaries of the crew, all in the wildest confusion, in the midst of which, in a frantically excited state, was the bo'sn, with two men endeavouring to hold him back. His eyes were protruding in an awful way; the veins in his temple and about his neck were swollen greatly, and he was shrieking and yelling with the fury of a wild beast; in one hand he held a bottle of spirits, which he waved wildly over his head. Our appearance was the cause of still greater excitement in the unhappy man. He cast the two men from him, and with uplifted bottle ran at the captain, but happily effecting no injury, as the latter, by a quick movement, evaded the blow. I endeavoured to seize him as he rushed past me, but he pushed me back as if I had been a child. In an instant he sprang up the companion-ladder: almost by an instinct divining his purpose, we rushed after him, but too late, for the unfortunate man, with a cry which thrilled our souls with horror, had plunged madly into the sea. The cry of a man overboard was quickly raised, and with as much agility as in our enfeebled state we could command, we manned and lowered a quarter-boat. In his wild excitement, the maddened man had swum a considerable distance from the ship. 'Gracious powers!' I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eye caught a flashing light in the sea—'be quick. Look at the sharks!' 'Pull, men!' cried the captain from the ship's side; 'the sharks are after him.' We *did* pull. A horrible monster glided past the boat. 'Pull, mean!' Every nerve was again strained, and the boat shot through the water like a thing of life. The man had sunk, but he might rise to the surface again; there was yet hope; but what a fearful suspense! Yes, he rose again; the sharks had not got him yet.

'Pull, pull, men!'

We strained again every muscle, but this time he had again sunk, and when he rose again he was further off than before.

Great Heaven! a horrible head protruded from the water close to the miserable man, a ghastly glare in the sun as the monster turned on his side to secure his victim, and then both sunk together. A crimson flood rose to the surface, and we knew that all was hopeless. Wearily, we rowed back to the ship. The captain's lady was ready to greet us, and to thank us for our exertions on our comrade's behalf, as she was always ready with words of consolation and comfort. As for myself, I lay down on the deck, and wondered why we should have made so much exertion to save a shipmate from death, when all of us were trembling on the very threshold of it, and a day or two at the most would see the last of the strongest amongst us. I lay thus in a kind of dreamy abstraction during the whole day; I did not think, for I was unable to think, but vivid pictures of my past life presented themselves to my imagination without the intervention of my own will. As evening closed in, I revived a little, and felt more hopeful; I cannot explain why it was so, but I felt assured that we should not be left to perish. So strong did this feeling at last become, that my shipmates, who heard my observations, attributed them to the weakness of my intellect.

It was about eight bells, that, leaning over the side of the ship watching the deep, silent, wondrous sea, I felt a sensation on my cheek like a cold breath. It was very faint, but I knew it instantly. My heart literally leaped for joy. A breeze, a breeze at last! 'Trim sail!' cried the captain, and presently every hand had turned out to obey the welcome summons. The sea was covered with ripples, increasing each moment in size. I opened my mouth, and drank in the pure cool wind. Oh, what a glorious sight it was to see the gallant ship cutting through the waves, her canvas bellied out, and her stun-sails set! As the morning broke, a yet greater joy awaited us, for a sail was espied on the leeside. As we came within hailing distance, we signalled distress. She willingly agreed to supply us with sufficient water for our use till we could get into port, and presently we lay to, while a couple of boats were despatched for that which was veritably to us the water of life. No man, however, would touch it till the captain's lady and the other ladies had first drunk, when we all fell to, yet not too greedily, for the captain's wisdom had forestalled that, and we each had an allowance served out. I thanked God that day for the delicious draught; and I thank him for it still, though many years have rolled away since that Christmas-time spent under the equator.

SOME GRAVE WORDS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

ENGLISHMEN are proverbially undemonstrative, but they are not ungrateful. They can appreciate, and verbally, at anyrate, acknowledge benefits conferred on them, even by those of their own household—no slight or easy stretch of magnanimity. The Volunteer army has had ample proof of this. All its sound sense is needed to save it from becoming the Spoilt Child, not of victory, but of compliments. Every type of rhetorical flourish has been lavishly expended in its honour; there is scarcely a single complimentary adjective in the English language, from pretty and nice to sublime and magnificent, but has had its superlative half worn-out in the service; while in after-dinner orations, no small proportion of the honeyed eloquence which used to be concentrated on 'The Ladies,' now flows lusciously on 'Our Volunteers.' All this laudation is very well in its way, and if the Volunteers are gratified and encouraged by it, no one can have the smallest objection to its being persistently administered. Certainly, we have none. On the contrary, as applied to the genuine Volunteers—that is to say, to about half of the nominal force—we request our readers, who must have a great deal of this personal glorification by heart, to consider it all here repeated, in effect, and only omitted *in extenso* to save space.

But there are spots in the sun, and the best-praised folks can best afford, though they generally least relish, a little occasional fault-finding. Some little discrimination is also necessary to give the highest value to great praises, and avert the ill effects which over-indulgence in sweets is apt to produce. There is a savour of absurdity in extolling the sacrifices, the patriotism, the proficiency, the assiduity, and so on, of a man whose expenses are paid by his captain, whose time is given by his employer, who has joined under pressing solicitation, and against his own inclination; who never attends a drill which he can avoid, and who, when he does attend, is deliberately awkward and inattentive; of a man who rarely dons his uniform save for a dinner or a ball, where he is usually ridiculous, or for a review, where he is always an unmitigated nuisance; of a man who makes a trade of shooting at prize-meetings, and never drills at all, but enrolls himself a Volunteer solely to gain a

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qualification for competitions; or of one against whom physical weakness or mental dulness has hopelessly barred the path to military proficiency. That rank and file should be treated with equal justice and with rigid firmness, no man should pass from the recruit squads to a company until he had well mastered his drill; and whenever, from any cause, he became by absence 'non-effective,' a relegation to recruit-drill and another 'pass' should be inevitable. No recruit or non-effective should ever be permitted to join the ranks of his company on a review or inspection day. Volunteer prizes for shooting should be strictly limited to *bonâ-fide* effectives, and it should be clearly understood, that from all the privileges of a Volunteer soldier the non-effective should, for the time being, be *ipso facto* debarred.

After a recent inspection, the commandant of the battalion, a really zealous and conscientious Volunteer, asked the inspecting officer, an old 'chum,' for as frank an exposition of the faults as, on parade, he had given of the merits of the corps. He was enlightened thus:

'You are in every respect fully up to the average of the corps hitherto seen by me, but yet you are very far from the standard you ought to reach. The first thing that strikes an old soldier is, that your men, individually, do not shew to the best advantage; they want "setting up;" four out of five are either round-shouldered or slouching in gait: a little more outdoor drill, moreover, would give them more colour and firmness of flesh. The chief personal benefits expected from volunteering—its strengthening and straightening results—have in most cases been missed through neglect of elementary drill. Then there is a general lack of smartness, and even of cleanliness, in accoutrements. The uniforms, though neat and good, are often put on carelessly and unbrushed; the belts and cap-peaks dull and "bloomy;" the rifle-stocks look gray, rough, and unpolished; the brass furniture stained and grimy; the barrels and sights either smeary with old oil and dust, or clouded by rust. If locks and insides of barrels be judged by externals, the shooting will be very queer in a year or two. I suppose, when men have not sufficient military self-respect to keep themselves clean and smart, it would be difficult for officers to make them do so; but the arms should most decidedly be more thoroughly looked after, or there will be a Horse Guards' breeze one of these days.

'How did you get through your work? Well, very fairly, on the whole; but in every movement there was evidenced the presence in the ranks of men who had either forgotten or never learned their drill. It is a grand mistake to permit this. Two or three negligent or ill-drilled members in a company are quite enough to spoil everything it attempts, and mar the appearance of the whole battalion. They are always a pace behind in stepping off, and take two or three after the halt; perpetually lose "step," "touch," and "dressing," and, of course, throw out every one between whom and the pivot they happen to be; talk incessantly; crane forward, to stare up and down the line, or turn round to see what the supernumeraries are doing; cripple every wheel; open gaps or get crowded out in every deployment; turn up in the wrong place from fours; and, in doubling, rush, plunge, and stumble, alternately in front and rear of their comrades. In volley-firing, they divide their strength; one fires an ambitious signal-shot just as the rest are coming to the present, and another waits till all is done, and then pops off his solitary piece, by way of finishing off neatly. In file-firing, they prefer, when the first round reaches them, to stand still and do nothing, until the silence brings an impatient inquiry from the captain, and a sharp "Go on, next file," from the sergeant, when they explain, with dignity, that "it is their turn;" deliberately make their preparations, and find the piece will not go off, whereupon they say "Stop a bit," and ask for a pin to pick out the touch-hole withal. I have no doubt you do much better at your ordinary field-drills, simply because these men only shew themselves on grand occasions, when their power of doing mischief is at its maximum.

'Among the officers too—I do not speak of your corps particularly, but of the service generally—there are many marked instances of incompetency. Some appear utterly incapable of estimating time or distance. In the intervals between divisions they are constantly wrong; and, in giving the executive word, invariably either too soon or too late; form line in knots or fragments; and make the square a marvel of confusion and incoherency; they forget the proper word of command, and either hesitate, till it is too late, or take a long shot at it, and shout the first thing that comes to their lips, the chances being about ten to one against its being the right thing; get nervous, out of temper, hopelessly and helplessly bewildered, bitterly vex the soul of the adjutant, enrage the colonel, and thoroughly disgust the men. Some officers are incorrigible absentees, others in feeble health; some are too careless, others too stupid or too old to learn; some are too fat, and, left behind in one rapid movement, do not recover breath enough to speak until they lose it all again in another. Some depend helplessly on their covering-sergeant or "nurse;" others are too conceited to be taught by any one, and act as if they believed themselves born Cæsars. Some are too much afraid of their men to tell them of misbehaviour when they see it; others consider it "smart" to imagine faults, and scold snappishly about nothing. The fact is notorious that there are among Volunteer officers many whose imperfections of temper, will, or capacity are seriously detrimental to the practical efficiency and numerical force of the corps to which they are attached, and great blame must be attributed to those who selected them.'

Here our Volunteer friend, feeling an opening, interposed on the defensive. It was not, he said, quite just to so severely reprehend those on whom the onus of selection had been imposed. Military proficients were not available, and in selecting from those who had the qualifications of position and influence, and a wish to serve, they could only assume that success in civil life indicated qualities favourable to the acquirement of soldierly efficiency. Having been so guided, they could not be blamed if the popular country gentleman, successful merchant, shrewd banker, or clever lawyer occasionally proved utterly impracticable in the hands of drill-sergeants and adjutants, and became negligent, offensive, or ridiculous.

This plea was admitted, with the qualification that the field of selection had been unnecessarily limited by a solicitude to secure wealthy men—an error partly growing out of another, namely, the most objectionable mode resorted to of filling up a battalion by soliciting men to join, paying for their uniforms, and even, in some cases, bringing employers' influence to bear upon them. Still, it could readily be granted that a difficulty of the kind suggested did exist, as mercantile and professional successes were generally due to habits of cautious calculation and comparisons of chances, strongly opposed to those of quick apprehension, mechanical precision, and prompt decisive action, which formed the officer. Accepting this concession, the somewhat depressed Volunteer appealed to the efficiency of his non-commissioned officers, some of whom had been in the regular service, as a redeeming feature in the organisation of the battalion.

'They ought to be good,' replied the critic, with the same uncompromising candour. 'For faulty selection in their case, there is but little excuse, and the captain who appoints an incompetent personal friend, gives the best evidence of his own unfitness for his position. Men who have been some time in the corps, and who, in the largest measure, combine the

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qualifications of regular attendance, good knowledge of drill, popularity with their comrades, and general smartness, should always be chosen as corporals, and the best of these as sergeants. Under the present régime, the status of the non-commissioned officers is far from satisfactory, though, on the whole, better than that of the bearers of commissions. There are many idle, careless, and incompetent men amongst them; many fidgety, fussy, unpopular ones; many absentees; but there are also many active, intelligent fellows, who have been at some pains to learn their duty, and are anxious to do it, and who are too often only disregarded by the rank and file, and snubbed by the officers, who fear to offend touchy and unsuitable men, and fancy that they thus enhance their own popularity. Then, men who have served in the regular army are invaluable on the drill-ground, and, in the early days of a corps, as *attachés* to companies in battalion; but no corps which has reached its second anniversary should require their assistance on a field-day. When an old soldier is permanently attached to a company, he too often becomes the "nurse" of the captain, who, relying always upon promptings, is saved the trouble of ever properly qualifying himself for command. Even when this is not the case, the benefit which is derived from the promptitude with which a practised soldier detects and remedies an incipient blunder, is far more than counterbalanced by the humiliation of officers by audible corrections, and the irritation of the men by the incessant "nagging," impatient rebukes and imprecations, intensified by incomplete suppression, which are wrung from men who have learned to be intolerant of the small loquacities, unsteadinesses, and inattentions which are considered so venial by Volunteers themselves. Where a smart, intelligent soldier is, by his manners or position in society, really debarred from holding a commission, he should have some staff appointment sufficient to secure him respect, and prevent his becoming the exclusive property of any particular company.'

The gallant commandant had not been prepared for an indictment so heavy and so multifarious in counts, and having no pleas thereto ready just then, he reserved his defence, and asked for an opinion as to what ought to be for the future the principles on which Volunteer corps should be managed, so that such evils might be banished. This was the programme sketched for him. 'Where an officer is incapable of manœuvring his company without nursing, or has not sufficiently the confidence and affection of his men to keep the strength up to a minimum of sixty in all, and forty effective; and where he continues for six months so incapable, or so under strength, it should be the invariable rule of the service that his command should be resigned by him, and that the adjutant should intimate as much to him, if he himself failed to observe it. In the future, no one should be intrusted with a company who had not first, in a subaltern post, given satisfactory proof of his capacity for command, and who was not also believed to be sufficiently conciliatory in demeanour to avoid giving needless offence to those committed to his care; no subaltern commissioned who had not been tested and proved efficient in the ranks. No officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, should be retained against whom absence had scored the mark of non-effective. Every complaint not evidently frivolous against an officer should be promptly, thoroughly, and honestly investigated; but it should be impressed on all Volunteers that the orders of the officer or sergeant, under whose command they may happen for the time to be, must be always instantly and unhesitatingly obeyed, right or wrong—the giver of the order, and not its executants, being alone responsible for it. The authority of the sub-officers should always be sustained by the superiors, but any abuse of it signally marked. Subaltern commissions should, as a rule, be the rewards of the best sergeants, and exceptions only made for exceptionally cogent reasons, in which I concede the inclusion of defective education, vulgarity of manner, and the occupancy of a social position inferior to that of a large number of the rank and file of the corps in which the vacancy may exist.'

The Volunteer's countenance brightened, and he laughed out cheerily: 'Almost everything that you prescribe is already embodied in the rules of our corps.'

Gravely, to him, said his censor: 'So much the worse; good rules disregarded are worse than bad ones—worse than no rules at all. In military organisations, above all, the non-observance by the chiefs of their own rules is fatal to discipline, giving an example and a justification to every sort of licence and disobedience among subordinates; rules should be in themselves liberal, should be most cautiously framed, but while existing, inflexible.'

The Volunteer's countenance fell, but yet he found an answer, and pleaded that so strict and severe a mode of dealing with Volunteers would result in causing a serious diminution in numbers; that many men could only be kept in by solicitation and indemnity against expense; and that others, including some of the best marksmen, if debarred on account of non-attendance from effectives' privileges, would be lost altogether. But the martinet rejoined: 'So much the better; such men only swell muster-rolls to diminish the number of those who answer, and disgust men who, anxious to do their duty well, are honestly jealous of the reputation of their corps. Reform would only weed out such officers and men as you would be well rid of. Even on paper, the reduction would be but small; on parade, there would be an improvement not only in efficiency but in numbers; the disappearance of the few speculating pot-shots who would not submit to drill would be more than counterbalanced by the increased efficiency of those who remained, and by the larger participation in prize competitions of the other effective members, and the consequent improvement in the regimental averages. The practice of filling up unpopular companies by bribing and soliciting men to volunteer, should be thoroughly discountenanced. A sense of perfect independence on the part of the soldier deprives submission to discipline of all taint of humiliation; and the cessation of this most illegitimate tax on the officers would make commissions tenable by retired military men, and others of admitted efficiency, but of limited means. Above all, the whole tone and character of the service would be elevated, and the important question: "What would be done with some of our officers and men in the event of our being called out for active service?" would be capable of a more satisfactory answer than can now be made to it in more than two or three battalions in England. If such a question have no meaning, or a more satisfactory answer be not required, then the whole Volunteer movement is a sorry and expensive farce.'

THAMES MOUTH.

In the spring-time, 'when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,' *my* fancy, which, alas! is juvenile no longer, turns to the sea-side, and to getting out of London by all means. I am well aware that it has no sort of right to do so; that my pursuits being commercial, and my place of business the City, I am bound to remain steadily in harness until August, or even September, since I am not the senior partner, and have not the *pas* in the matter of summer holiday. I ought to be content during the spring and summer with such indications of bud and blossom as the streets afford in their twopenny lilies for the buttonhole, in their shilling nosegays with wire stems, or, at all events, with stocking my drawing-room windows from those well-named Spring carts, which scatter fragrance over the town from geranium and mignonette during May and early June. Or, if I must be running into the country, says schoolmistress Commerce, 'is

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not an excursion from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, sir, sufficient to satiate such an unbusiness-like desire; and will not Greenwich or Richmond content you with their river and their parks?' To which I reply: 'No, madam; very far from it. I know I'm a naughty boy, but I want to run away from the counting-house altogether. The excursions you speak of only make me crave for more; more air, more trees, more view, more of the bountiful gifts of Nature, and longer time to enjoy them; while the river only taunts me with its silver laughter, because it is running to the Sea! I faint and fail for a sight of the blue boundless Ocean, and I long to catch the murmur of her majestic speech; I sigh for the quiet glory of the sunset, and the cool salt air of the morning. I am sea-sick in the sense of home-sick. I am prostrate as I sit in district E.C. with a pen in my hand; but place me on the beach, on any coast, with some flat stones about me, and I could play at 'dick, duck, drake' for hours against the strongest man alive.

It is needless to say that I keep this predilection to myself as much as possible, since it is not one conducive to commercial success; but I never fail to gratify it upon the sly. When the Exhibition of Paintings in Water-colours opens with its tempting country scenes, and especially when the house-agents begin to expose in their windows those flattering sketches of marine mansions to let for the season, I am to be restrained no longer. A hay-cart passing by me in the City fills me, if I stay later, with such a longing for the fields, and such a loathing of bricks and mortar, as cannot be expressed in words. So surely as the latter part of May comes round, every year, I bid my wife consult that charming little volume, called *Where shall we go?*—believed by many to be a tract, and avoided upon that account—and while I sit in my arm-chair, after dinner, and when the little folks have all been sent to bed, we decide upon our clandestine trip. Nobody is to know that we are going out of town at all. It is essential that some place be chosen from which I can come to and fro without my absence being discovered. Wales and Scotland, and even the English lakes, are therefore quite out of the question, and belong to another season of the year.

'Look at the tabulated index, my love,' observed I, upon the last occasion of consulting this admirable volume, 'and pick out any place you like; but let us go somewhere where we have not been before.'

'What, then, do you say to Malvern?' replied she.

'Well, I should say it could scarcely be called a sea-side place,' remarked I. 'Look in the column "Sea-side, or Inland," my dear, and spare me these topographical errors.'

'The column says "Sulphurous,"' returned my consort tartly.

'You are looking under "Mineral Springs," madam.* Oblige me by looking out Bognor. I think that would be an excellent place for the children. It is small and quiet, I believe. What is mentioned about its population?'

'Only fourteen!' replied my wife with admiration. 'How calm and retired we shall be.'

'There must be some mistake,' urged I; 'pray, look again.'

'You are always thinking that I am mistaken, Charles; but here it is—Fourteen! Oh, that's the page of the book where one is to find all about it—so it is.'

'At all events,' said I, 'I am afraid it is too far off for me to travel up and down every day. How many miles is it from town?'

'One thousand nine hundred and thirteen!' returned my wife with gravity. 'You'll never do that before breakfast, Charles; and what an hour you'll have to start of the morning to be in the City at ten!'

'You dear, good creature,' cried I, 'that's the population!'

'O yes, so it is,' replied she; 'but even seventy-seven miles is a long journey for my Charley to accomplish twice a day. Now, what do you say to Thames Mouth?—that is the nearest sea-place to town in all the book.'

'Well, I should say, judging by the name, that it was upon the river.'

'It is not so, however. It is "Sea-side." The water there "is found by the highest analytical authorities to be as saline as that of Brighton." You can get from it in an hour and a half to Fenchurch Street, and arrive at the office in the morning five minutes before your usual time.'

'At all events,' I assented, 'we can easily get home again, if we don't like it. Good.'

On the third day, we removed from Bayswater as secretly as though we were defrauding the landlord of his rent, leaving instructions with the servants in charge of the house, that when visitors called they were to be told we were out for the day. I had left plenty of margin for the usual twenty-five minutes' 'block' in Gracechurch Street, but upon that particular morning we were blocked for forty minutes, and thereby missed our train. Bachelors got out of their Hansoms and shouldered their own portmanteaus; old maids even left their vehicles, and carried their parrot-cages themselves; but poor Paterfamilias, with a diminutive family scarcely to be reckoned on the fingers, and with one article of luggage at least—the children's bath—not to be managed by any but a professional hand, what could *he* do but sit still and anathematise the Lord Mayor! The patriarch Job is highly eulogised as a philosopher, but he probably never waited at Fenchurch Street Station for two hours upon a very warm day. If he did—and the place looks old and dirty enough to have existed since the Flood, when it got its last washing perhaps—there may have been a waiting-room there in his time, which is not now the case. There is a duodecimo edition of the Black Hole of Calcutta, it is true, upon the platform, but only for five minutes before the train starts are you permitted to enjoy the sensation of suffocation in that retreat. It is also fair to state that oranges and porter are to be procured upon the company's premises. The entire terminus seems to be built of black oak, with a magnificent polish upon it; but this appearance is solely due, I believe, to the effect of the human hand upon deal.

At last our train started, and we got away, and after the third station, began to breathe something beside lamp-black, oil, and condensed steam, which, with a large admixture of foul air, make up the atmosphere of Fenchurch Street Station. Now, too, we began to know why it bore that title. Around us lay those green and fenceless meadows which at once suggest, even to the untravelled mind, the scenery of Holland. We were in the country of the Fens. Instead of trees, there rose in the most unexpected places, inland, in the very heart of the fields, the masts of vessels; instead of clothes hanging out to dry, there were sails and cordage. A score of little creeks ran up to us, and under us, from the unseen river, and brought with them tiny vessels, moored in front of farm-yards, and opposite cottage doors, in a monstrous and unnatural fashion. The home produce was being exchanged in the most convenient manner for articles not to be obtained within hundreds of miles. There is no sort of reason, unless the coast-guard can be called so, why a chest of tea from Howqui's garden in China should not be delivered at the door of a farmer in the Essex marshes without leaving shipboard. Nor were these level flats without a picturesqueness of their own; each little village was nestled in a bunch of foliage, like an oasis in the marsh; and wherever a single tree appeared, there stood a cottage. The Fen-people regard a tree much as the

* It is very odd that females can never understand any Tabular Statements. That is why Bradshaw is a sealed book to them.

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Arabs of the Desert cherish a well. Their churches—which are among the oldest and smallest in the land—are each perched upon a little eminence, as though, in the scarcity of hills, it was held but right that God's house should enjoy the monopoly of them. Thus, churches are seen far and near in Fen-land, as wind-mills are elsewhere. On all sides graze cattle and horses in herds as large as those of the patriarchs of old; and for a connoisseur in grasses—equine or bovine—there can scarcely be a better feeding-ground. In addition to the usual pasture-grass, there is 'the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool;' besides the grass *piquant* of the salt-marshes, much recommended by the faculty of horse-doctors.

That 'speckled enthusiast,' the Lark, loves the marshes above all places, and is never tired of singing their praises. Nor are they destitute of human songsters, for, remarked a passenger in the same carriage with us, 'yonder is where Miss Eliza Cook lived, and wrote most of her beautiful poems.' The same authority informed us, when we reached Tilbury Fort, that Queen Elizabeth once resided there 'when alarmed by the Spanish Armada'—as though it had been an epidemic, to escape which she had sought that favoured spot. At Tilbury, opposite Gravesend, and convenient for Ramsgate and Margate, and other Cockney haunts, all the world (and his wife) took leave of our train, and left us to pursue our almost solitary way to Thames Mouth. Henceforth, the journey resolved itself into a mere expedition of pleasure, and we got on by fits and starts, here dawdling, and here rushing tumultuously forward, like a child in chase of a butterfly; stopping at little stations which were not even set down in Bradshaw, and playfully running past others at which we were advertised to stop. Our local authority, however (who still remained with us) assured us that all was right; 'The guard knows everybody that is left in the train now, and where he wants to get out; and the engine-driver keeps a look-out for anybody who wants to get in.' As for running past Thames Mouth, we had no fear of that catastrophe, because it was the terminus, and there was nowhere further to run to, except the Nore.

The Nore is the palladium of Thames Mouth, and always advanced when her title to the character of a marine watering-place is impugned by the sceptic. 'There is the Nore,' we say, pointing triumphantly to the boundless stretch of ocean on the East. This is generally conclusive, for nineteen persons out of twenty have heard of the Nore without having any clear idea of what it is. They have read that it gives great delight to the returning seaman, whose eyes fill with tears upon beholding it; and they have also heard of the Boy at the Nore, which they are half inclined to think a hoax. Altogether it is a perplexing subject, and not to be rashly handled.

Thames Mouth itself is a matter of much debate and contradiction. Those who have seen it only at high-water protest that it is as much on the sea as the Shetland Isles; while those who have seen it only at low-water protest that it has nothing to boast of but river and mud. My wife and myself are both enamoured of what is called 'the smell of the sea,' and would not believe in the Atlantic Ocean itself without that aroma; so the first thing we did was to go down to the beach and sniff.

'My dear Charles,' said she, 'do you not smell the sea?'

'I smell tar,' said I; 'I smell nothing but tar—and pitch. Let us go to windward of that boat which the men are calking.'

'My dear Charles,' asked she with eagerness, 'try again: do you not now distinctly smell the sea?'

It was really pathetic; like Fatima crying to her sister on the tower: 'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?'

'Well, my love,' said I, 'I smell *something*. Yes, it *is* the sea. I was dreadfully afraid that that lump of sea-weed was a deceased animal; but I am thankful to say it is not so.'

It was high tide at the time, and I thought I had rarely seen such a beautiful spot. A shrubbery of full foliaged trees came down to the water's edge; the sparkling flood—quite open sea in one direction—stretched eight miles broad in front, laden with every description of ship, from the East Indiaman, making her own stately way to London, or, if outward bound, assisted by a tug, down to the clumsy coasting barge, piled half-mast high with trusses of hay. A fleet of various ships lay motionless at the river-mouth, bound each, it might be, for some different and distant port, but all waiting for the same favourable wind to start them. What hopes, what fears, what regrets must be hidden in the breasts of many of those on board of them; some leaving their native land for the first time, and some for ever! What memories, again, of distant lands; what anxious thoughts on the old folks at home, or on the young, perhaps, in whose tender faith they had trusted when they set sail years ago, must abide in those who man the vessels homeward bound. How swiftly does that fast clipper from America cleave the opposing tide, and cast the white-lipped wave to left and right, and yet to some on board, doubtless, how slow she moves! How the blue sky is everywhere flecked with bars of smoke, from the steam-ships coming and going, here broad and black as a pirate's flag, and there, on the blue horizon, thin as gossamer. A scene that not Turner's self could image in all its grandeur, and one replete with thoughts that scarce a Shakspeare could express! There are people, of course, of the yellow primrose order, to whom a ship is a ship, and nothing more, and Thames Mouth a place remarkable only for the tide going out there uncommonly far. It certainly does go out a good long way. An unsanguine person, or one who takes his science on hearsay, may be excused for doubting if it ever means to come in again: acre after acre of spongy earth, and dark-brown sand, and black and green sea-weed, is laid bare, and yet the sea draws back, and leaves the oyster-beds exposed, and the muscle and the winkle beds, and pillar after pillar of the long, long pier with all their wealth of barnacles.

Messrs Kingsley and Gosse would delight above all things in groping about this submarine property, but it would be a highly dangerous pastime. Notices are stuck up all over the Thames Mouth beach warning mankind against touching so much as a cockle. These delicious *crustacea* are sent by the truckful to town, and eaten, with a crooked pin, by the best society in Whitechapel; so the lord of the manor cannot let them go for nothing. As for oysters, they are protected as stags were in the reign of William Rufus, and I believe it is death to pick up a specimen of that precious shell-fish. Whitebait are also netted upon the coast, but they, too, are bespoken for the rapacious maw of the metropolis, and can with difficulty be procured by the visitor or the aborigo. The community at Thames Mouth is simple, and long-suffering, and easily satisfied. The chemists do not open their shops upon a Sunday; and the post, it is whispered, is not delivered in the afternoon, unless there are a great number of letters.* It has no amusements except an occasional conjurer, and the driving about in open flies. There are about four flies and a pony-carriage to every adult, and it is almost impossible to avoid being whipped up, and carried away into the country by their importunate drivers. The same danger awaits you from the

* This report (which is, however, a scandal) reminds me of a postal regulation in a certain British dependency, where the postman (who is a person of intelligence) always reads the letters committed to his care, and delivers them only if important; otherwise, he waits for the next mail.

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maritime population, who have always a 'nice new boat,' excellently adapted for the prevailing wind. This latter persecution, however, does not last after the tide goes down, for then the nice new boats begin to slant, and presently to fall upon their sides, and so they lie strewn upon the mud immovable, unapproachable, huge, like animals before the Flood —and after the ebb.

Of the patience of the aborigines, our own little landlady affords a curious example: she lent me a latch-key, with which I could never open the front door, and upon my remonstrating upon this circumstance, she explained that the west wind prevented the lock from working. 'It don't work in a west wind, sir; and often and often in the winter, when I have no servant, and chance to have gone out, I have been kept out of my own house for hours—and on one occasion all night—from the same cause: there is nothing for it but to wait till the wind changes.'

Certainly the wind is paramount at Thames Mouth, not only keeping fleets in waiting on the water, and jamming doors to their posts on land, but if a chamber window and door be opened simultaneously, taking your shaving-glass into the garden-plot with its face downwards, and all the contents of the toilet-table, in one fell sweep. But, on the other hand, nowhere else is it laden with such exquisite aromas; it blows over the bean-fields and the wild mustard-plots, and the patches of clover, culling the perfume of each; and when you are lying off the land in your fishing-boat, indolent, dreamy, blissful, it bears with it the freshness of the wave, making a perfect odour, as ice in a claret cup of many condiments makes up a perfect drink. Thames Mouth is the only place where I ever ventured on the wave for pleasure. At many a sea-side place I have given elaborate orders overnight for fishermen to call me in the morning, but prudence has always resumed her sway with the daylight; the wind may be everything that can be wished, and the man may be even right for once in that stereotyped affirmation that 'there isn't a ripple;' I know better, however, and don't go. But at Thames Mouth the waves never run mountains high, and no matter how far you go out, there is always the pier to disembark upon. There is no end to that pier. Fine by degrees and beautifully less, it tapers off into the infinite, to those who look upon it from the shore. There is a legend that a contractor of the middle ages registered a vow that he would build it out as far as low-water mark; his own lifetime only permitted him to effect a tenth of this magnanimous purpose, but the vow was kept in remembrance by generation after generation of his descendants; and so, in the present century, it got concluded. Another legend states that to the lamented Princess Charlotte —who, as far as the fashionable world is concerned, discovered Thames Mouth—we owe the commencement of this extraordinary undertaking. Her memory, as the only royal personage by whose visits this spot has been hallowed, is religiously preserved amongst us. The Assembly Rooms are still extant which she once graced by her distinguished presence. There are now, it is understood, but three sedan-chairs in the universe; one is at Trinity College, Cambridge; and the other two are at Thames Mouth. These latter are celebrated for two peculiarities, beside their excessive rarity. In the one, the Princess Charlotte was once conveyed from the beach to her hotel; in the other, she was not. But since it is uncertain to which the sacred association clings, they are both retained, and exhibited by their proud proprietors. One of these individuals purveys 'ginger-beer, muscles, and mushroom catchup' to the nobility and gentry; the other offers tea at 8d., or hot water at 2d. each, to a less fastidious public. Wherever, indeed, a few bushes can be got to grow at Thames Mouth, they are constituted a tea-garden; and on Saturdays and Sundays excursion-trains bring down many hundreds of persons to occupy these leafy bowers. All other days of the week, there is no quieter spot than this, which, from eight till six does not contain a single male visitor; we men all going up to town by the morning express, and returning at eve.

It is pleasant to leave the din of London, at its very height, and slide down into this calm. The children meet us at the station, with their little spades and baskets, and anecdotes of their tremendous encounters with half-inch crabs. The seven-and-twenty flies drive away despondent as we each walk home with our prattling darlings, to find mamma in the balcony with a wave of welcome from her kerchief, as we come in sight. Then, after dinner, we watch the white-sailed ships, or listen to the pulse of some great steamer beating, for miles, across the sleeping ocean, and through the scented air; till presently the Night draws in her noiseless curtain, and the Deep is set with stars as countless as in the firmament above; stars on the forehead of each silent ship; stars in the armed town across yonder, scarce seen by day, whence the great guns boom forth at dawn and sunset; stars on the pier-head, red and luminous; and one revolving star that cleaves the murkiest dark for leagues and leagues, and tells the coming ship here lies her home.

MY FIRST GOVERNESS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVERY one said that I was running wild, and I suppose every one was right; and yet it did seem hard that the very people who had once indulged my slightest whim, should turn round on me now. My mother, who had never dreamed of objecting when I ran races with Tiger in the drawing-room, or made playthings of her jewellery and china, suddenly began to lecture me on my loud voice and boisterous movements. Old Grant the butler, who used to be so proud to do my bidding, and carry me about upon his shoulder, now grumbled incessantly about the trouble I gave, and would not seem to hear when I ordered him about in my imperious way. Nay, even quiet, much-enduring Laurence would lift his dreamy eyes from his books or writing, and murmur to my mother that 'something ought to be done.' Ah, it is very cruel that early spoiling, and the reaction that comes afterwards! Often and often, when they thought I did not care, I would steal away by myself, and cry quietly by the hour together over the change. I did not know what had brought it about; I did not know that the wilful ways, which may be winning in a little child, lose their charm in a girl of fourteen; I only know that no one seemed to love me now, and that I, like Ishmael, had my hand against everybody, and everybody's hand was against me. I think if my mother had spoken gently to me of my faults, I might have tried to mend them, but that was not her way. Kind though she meant to be, she could not be tender or loving to any one—but Laurence. It seemed as though her very heart had been chilled by the griefs of her early days, griefs such as it is given few women to know.

One frosty Christmas-time, many long years ago, she had been the glad mother of four blooming children, and ere the snow had melted on the ground, three out of the four were lying in their graves. I have heard Nurse Preston say that for years after the day when the last of her three little ones lay dying in her arms, Lady Cranstoun never smiled. Laurence escaped the fever, and for six years he was the only child in that sad house. Then I was born. They had given up all thought of other children, and my coming lifted for a while the gloomy cloud—for a while only. Before my baby-lips could speak his name, my father died. They say that his death did not change my mother outwardly, as the shock of

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her children's loss had changed her. She was calm, and in time, even cheerful. She went about among her poor, and directed her household as of old, but there were deep lines on her brow, and a weary sadness often in her eyes. And yet what a noble face she had! Child as I was, I would sit and watch her, and think that I had never seen anything so beautiful as her tall stately form, delicately-chiseled features, and deep brown eyes.

One February afternoon—how well I remember it—we were in the long drawing-room together—my mother, Laurence, and I. I had been in disgrace again that morning, and now I was sitting in sullen despondency in a low arm-chair by the fire, a huge fairy-tale book open in my lap, but my eyes wandering often from the grotesque pictures and quaint marvellous stories, to my mother's figure, as she stood working near the window. The room was very dark and gloomy. The low ceiling and heavy oak-furniture made it sombre, even when the summer sunshine was streaming in; but there was no sunshine now; and through the three long windows we saw only the gray, leaden sky, the leafless trees in the garden, and the slopes of the park, already growing dim in the winter twilight. The rapid scratching of Laurence's pen alone broke the stillness, till my mother spoke. She had laid down her work, and was looking towards the further end of the room, where he sat at his desk. 'Shall I ring for lights, Laurie? Surely you can't see.'

He raised his head, and the gleam of the fire fell upon his face—a face that had something of her beauty, but not all. There were the same clear-cut features, but the outline of the cheek was sharp and thin, the soft bloom was wanting, and there was a look of weakness about the handsome mouth, and a dreamy, abstracted gaze in the large brown eyes, so like hers in shape and colour. 'Yes, I can see,' he said slowly, 'quite well enough for this work.'

'What is it you are doing?' and my mother went nearer to him.

'Only re-writing these notes that Mabel lost.'

'Ah, that girl! Laurence, I must decide on something.'

My mother had forgotten that I was in the room, but Laurence saw me, and silently pointed the feather of his pen towards the fire. She turned then rather hastily. 'Mabel, are you there? Run away now, child; I want to talk to your brother.'

As I carried my big book upstairs, I wondered, sadly enough, what my mother was going to do. Had I offended past all forgiveness, and would she send me to school? Hitherto, she and Laurence had taught me, with the help of a music-mistress and French master from the neighbouring town, but once already she had threatened to punish my wilfulness by sending me away. I felt as though I could not go to bed with that dread on my mind; so, when I bade her good-night, I brought out a question: 'Mother, am I going to school?' I was no coward, but yet I trembled at my own boldness.

'I am not sure, Mabel,' she answered, as she kissed my brow, and put me gravely from her. 'Your brother thinks it would be best. Remember, if you go, that you have brought it on yourself.'

I was too proud to plead, to entreat; so I turned, and crept up silently to bed, but that night my pillow was wet with tears long before I fell asleep. Nearly a fortnight had gone by, when, one morning at breakfast, my mother laid down two letters, thought a moment, and then handed them to Laurence.

'There is a choice, you see,' she said; and then, as she looked at me, she saw my eyes anxiously following the letters. 'Yes, Mabel,' she exclaimed, 'they concern you,' and she looked again at Laurence. He read through both very carefully.

'The school sounds well,' he observed. 'Do you know anything of Miss Rockington?'

'Nothing; but I thought of driving to Hamerton to-day, and calling on her. It could do no harm, and I might judge how far she would be suitable.'

'Quite so;' and without another word, Laurence resumed his breakfast. That afternoon, my mother went to Hamerton. It was a long drive, and she started early, leaving Laurence and me to entertain each other. We were not a very congenial pair. It was hardly likely that we should be, for I was only fourteen, and he was eight-and-twenty; and then, too, I was full of life and spirit, and Laurence was strangely unlike other people. Grave and shy, he cared for none of the things that rejoice the hearts of most young men. He never carried a gun, or mounted a hunter, or made a public speech. He was a scholar, and a scholar only. Sometimes my mother would try to rouse and interest him, striving with caressing love to draw him from his books, to find other pleasures for him, but always in vain; and then, though a sad shadow would rest upon her face, yet her tenderness and patience never failed. Years afterwards, I knew that she blamed, not him, but herself. In those days, when the sound of laughter could hardly be endured within his home, and when no young footsteps but his own ever echoed there, she had left the lonely boy to find his only comfort in reading and musing, and had never roused herself to cheer his saddened youth until it had borne fruit in his strange dreamy manhood. Then it was too late. She could not give him back the glad spirits that had been quenched, or teach him the tastes and pleasures he had never known. Yet he would have done much for her, for he loved her with deep devoted love. To me, he was kind and gentle; but I knew always that my mother's little finger was more precious to him than my whole body. Of late, too, there had been a cloud between us. That quiet reserve of his had deepened and strengthened, and when my mother was absent, his lips were rarely opened, and he seemed ever lost in thought. So this day we ate our cutlets in silence, and then I wandered out alone into the garden, and across the lawn, to my old seat under the great elm. There before me was the dear old house, with its gray, weather-beaten walls and gabled roof, the smoke from the many chimneys rising slowly into the still air, the bare branches of the large acacia-tree drooping over the windows of my old nursery, the thick belt of shrubbery beyond, and, far away in the distance, the long range of blue hills. I sat gazing at it lovingly, thinking of the happy days that were gone, until the tears welled up into my eyes, and blinded me. I dashed them away, and strolled off to feed my pony in the paddock, and to watch for pheasants in the wood; but everywhere the thought of that school-life among strange girls seemed to haunt me, and I went wearily back to the house, and ensconced myself in the library window-seat, to watch for my mother. Laurence was writing at the table, but presently he laid aside his papers, and came to sit beside me. It was such an unusual thing for him to do, that I looked up wonderingly into his pale face; but he only smiled, and asked what I had been doing. Perhaps he thought that he had neglected me that afternoon. I told him; but he still stayed on, not talking, but gazing out across the park, his hand resting on my shoulder. We had sat so for nearly an hour, and it was growing dusk, when the carriage came rattling along the drive. The next minute my mother opened the library door. 'Well, Laurence,' she exclaimed, 'I have settled it.'

'Settled it!' He started, and my heart beat very fast.

'Yes, I thought you would be amazed; but Miss Rockington pressed for my decision; and as she referred me to Mrs Hastings, and the rectory was close by, I went on there. Mrs Hastings was full of her praises, and urged me so warmly to try her, that I engaged her at once. There are some drawbacks, of course;' and then my mother hesitated, and looked at

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me. I knew she wished me away, but Laurence's arm held me fast, and she, leaving her sentence unfinished, glanced anxiously at his downcast face. 'You are not vexed at my haste, are you, Laurie?' she asked. 'You don't mind my not having followed your advice?' He looked up at her then, smiling. His smile could be very pleasant sometimes.

'Vexed, mother mine; how can I be? When does the new governess come?'

'Next Friday week.' And then my mother went up to her own room, and I knew that I was safe at least from school. Even a prim, starched governess would be far better than that. I heard no more. The drawbacks of which my mother had spoken were told to Laurence alone, and I waited in mingled dread and curiosity for the day which was to bring Miss Rockington to Fernhill. The day came and wore away, and she did not arrive. It was evening now, and we were again in the long drawing-room; the crimson satin curtains were drawn close, the candles were lighted, my mother and Laurence sat on either side the fire, the one busied with her embroidery, the other slowly turning the pages of a review; while I, in my stiffest white muslin, bent over the table, apparently intent upon my Chinese puzzles, really listening for sounds without. They came at last: wheels grated on the gravel, and the clang of the great bell echoed through the house.

My mother looked up. 'That must be Miss Rockington,' she exclaimed. No one answered her; Laurence was buried in his book, and my throat seemed parched. There was a murmur of low voices in the hall, a sound of footsteps; then the drawing-room was thrown open, and Grant announced 'Miss Rockington.' My head bent lower, while before my eyes there rose the picture of a stern, grim woman, gray-haired and spectacled. I heard my mother advance with words of kindly greeting; I heard a faint low voice, and once again my mother's clear tones: 'Sir Laurence Cranstoun, Miss Rockington,' and then I looked up. There, timidly acknowledging Laurence's grave bow, stood a young girl, clad in a dark cloak, and with fair drooping hair falling below her bonnet.

My mother turned towards me: 'Your pupil, Miss Rockington. I trust Mabel may prove a good pupil.'

The earnest, frightened eyes gazed wistfully into my face; the cold, trembling hand clasped mine close; but no words came.

'You must be chilled and tired with your night-drive. Come nearer to the fire, and let me help you off with your wraps.' And my mother spoke gently, almost pityingly, as she drew the girl forward, and lifted the heavy cloak from her shoulders. What a contrast they were, as they stood together on the hearth—my mother with her rich dress and stately bearing, and that slight, shrinking figure in the dark, scanty merino! I wondered if Laurence noticed it as I did; hardly, for his eyes were fixed musingly on the fire, and he seemed to hear or see nothing, till my mother said presently, looking at him: 'My son knows Hamerton well; he often stays at Clisthorne Park.'

He started then, as though his thoughts had been very far away. 'Yes, I know it,' he said; 'it is a curious old town.' And he leaned back again in his chair, and his fingers began to trifle with the book upon his knee.

A few minutes more, and my mother rose. 'You will like to see your room, Miss Rockington; you shall have some tea there; and do as you like best about coming down again.'

'Oh, thank you;' and the voice, so low and timid hitherto, grew suddenly eager, and Miss Rockington pushed back her chair, and hastened away without even looking at Laurence or at me. There was silence in the room when she was gone. I sat lost in wonder; this was my new governess! this was the dreaded Miss Rockington! I could scarcely believe it. When my mother came back, there was a slight cloud on her face, a tone of annoyance in her voice.

'She is painfully nervous—more so than when I saw her before; but that will wear off. Does she look younger than you expected, Laurie?'

'No, I think she looks her age. About twenty, I believe, you said she was.'

'Yes, past twenty. She has been teaching for three years, but she has not left her home before. Poor thing! it must be a trial at first.' And then my mother took up her work, and no more was said about Miss Rockington. She did not come down stairs again; nothing more was seen or heard of her that evening.

CHAPTER II.

It was ten o'clock on the following morning, and Miss Rockington and I were sitting opposite to each other at a round table strewn with books and slates, in the schoolroom at Fernhill. The March sun, pouring in through the thick glass, danced on the old-fashioned horse-hair chairs, the long rows of dingy books which lined the walls, the brass fender and door-handles, fell softly on my governess's fair hair and bending figure. We were both busy, she reading, and I writing, but from time to time my pen stopped, and my eyes were furtively raised towards her quiet face. It was scarcely a pretty face. The delicate features had no girlish roundness, and there were traces of deep care and anxiety on the young brow and in the large pleading gray eyes; even the soft silky hair that waved back from her cheeks seemed of too pale a hue against her colourless skin; and yet withal I felt as though it were a face that I could love, and the low tones of the gentle voice sounded pleasantly in my ears. I did not hear them often that morning, but still the time sped quickly away, and I looked up in surprise when my mother put her head in at the door, and said that it was past twelve. 'So, Miss Rockington, I think Mabel might put away her books now, and shew you something of the grounds before luncheon.' We went out together through the garden and across the park. The morning was lovely: the bright sun, the fresh, keen air filled me with glee, and every moment my step grew lighter, my voice more eager; my shyness had vanished, and even Miss Rockington lost her timid, shrinking manner, and seemed more at ease.

'There,' I said, as we halted at the foot of the Hawkscliff, 'if you are not too tired to climb up to that old fir-tree, we shall see over the country for miles away.'

'Tired, O no'—and she turned towards me with a beaming smile—'how could I be tired with a walk like this!'

We scrambled up the steep, broken side of the cliff, and paused, panting for breath, beside the fir. Beneath us lay the fair green slopes of the park, the wood stretching away on the left, the clear waters of the lake glittering like silver in the morning sun, and beyond, the gray old mansion, backed by the blue hills. 'How beautiful!'

A flush of pleasure rose to my cheek, as I heard Miss Rockington's exclamation, and saw her earnest eyes following my finger while I pointed out each several feature of the scene.

'And all this is yours?' she said at last.

'Not mine,' I answered laughingly. 'It is mamma's now; it will be Laurence's one day.'

'It is not his yet?'

'No, for it never belonged to our father. He was not rich; but mamma was a great heiress, and this was hers long before they married.'

Miss Rockington listened attentively. 'You seem to know all about it,' she said, with a quick glance at me.

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'O yes; Nurse Preston has often told me.'

Once more her eyes turned to the landscape. 'It is very lovely,' she murmured—'very different from my home.'

'What is your home?' I asked.

'A narrow, red, brick house, in the dullest street of dull Hamerton—that is my home,' she said almost bitterly.

'And your father and mother live there, I suppose?'

She shook her head sadly. 'I have neither—they died years ago. I live with my aunt.'

'And do you like it?' I exclaimed.

'Not very much; but there is one thing I do like'—and her voice grew eager—'one thing which made even Hamerton pleasant to me—the organ in the old abbey-church. I used to go there every day when my teaching was over, and play until the church grew so dark that I could not see the keys. I shall miss the organ.'

'No, no,' I broke in impetuously; 'you won't miss it, you won't, indeed, for there is one here. It stands in the long gallery. My grandfather had it built, and mamma says that he would sit there playing on it nearly all day; but no one ever plays upon it now. I will take you up there this very evening.'

She did not answer me immediately; she turned, and suddenly began to descend the hill. When I regained her side, I saw that her eyes were downcast and her lips quivering.

'I don't think I could play here,' she said in a faltering voice; 'Lady Cranstoun might not like it.'

'Ah, but she would, and Laurence too, for he loves music dearly. I'll ask mamma.'

'Pray, don't;' and she almost stopped in her earnestness; 'indeed, I would rather that you did not speak about it.'

I looked up at her in amazement. Her calm, quiet manner seemed changed in a moment, and she hurried along with a rapid, uncertain step. I was wise enough to say no more then, for it seemed as though the bare thought of appealing to my mother shook and frightened her; but that evening, when we were in the drawing-room, I stole round to my mother's side, and whispered in her ear. She looked across at once to the distant corner where Miss Rockington sat reading. 'Is Mabel right?' she asked: 'do you really play the organ?'

The book nearly fell from my governess's hand, and her startled eyes were turned reproachfully on me, as she breathed out a faint 'Yes.'

'Then, indeed, you must let us hear you: it would be the greatest treat;' and my mother rose deliberately, and led the way to the door. Miss Rockington stepped forward, as though about to stop her, hesitated, and then silently followed. My heart almost accused me as I saw how hard she was trying to control her trembling, and yet I had meant kindly. We went together, we three—Laurence was in his study—across the hall, up the broad oaken staircase to the long gallery. Often, on wet winter days, I had spent happy hours there with my ball or skipping-rope; and yet now a thrill of awe came over me, as the taper in my mother's hand shewed dimly the gloomy, blackened pictures of knights and dames frowning down upon us from the wall, and the high uncurtained windows, and I heard the hollow echo of our tread as we passed on to the further end, where stood the organ, once gay with paint and gilding, now faded and dingy. My mother looked round. 'I forgot,' she said, 'there are no candles, and this light'——

Miss Rockington interrupted her hastily: 'I don't want light; I can play better in the dark; may I put it there?' and she pointed to a bracket on the wall behind her, and held out her hand for the taper.

'You like a strange mysterious gloom,' my mother said smiling as she yielded it. 'Very well; to heighten the effect, I'll retreat into the shadow,' and she moved away to a distant window. Strange and mysterious it seemed, indeed, to my eyes, as I stood beside the organ, slowly moving the handle—the long ghostly gallery, the tiny flame gleaming on the wall, my mother's form standing out sharp against the moonlit sky, and that other slight figure close to me bending down over the organ. A moment's dead silence, then a few notes came forth—faint and slow at first, as though struck by an unsteady hand, but growing ever more full and rich, till the sad solemn melody filled all the gallery. As it died softly away, a step sounded on the stairs, and a tall figure appeared in the doorway. It was Laurence. He stopped for an instant, and then came slowly on to the window where my mother sat. Again the music swelled out, rising and falling with almost unearthly beauty, and I listened breathless and entranced. Once glancing away towards that far window, I saw the dark shadowy forms of Laurence and my mother sitting, hand clasped in hand, motionless as statues. The clear sweet tones of the organ rose high, and the strain grew milder; there was one grand burst, then a perfect stillness. My mother's voice, almost awe-struck, broke it. 'It is most wonderful. Where can you have learned to play like that?'

Miss Rockington had risen and turned towards her. 'I have learned very little,' she said in a quiet voice; 'but it is not so wonderful, for my father was a musician, and I love it as he did.'

So the new life began—a peaceful, uneventful, happy life. Each day, when our morning's work was over, we two would go forth for long wanderings over hill and dale, returning only when the sun was low in the heavens; and in those wanderings, I heard much of my governess's past history—of her solitary childhood, spent in a dull, small London house; of her mother's death, and her father's lingering illness; and of the yet sadder days when he was gone, and her mother's sister had brought her down to Hamerton. A weary life that had been for the orphan girl. Her aunt had striven to do her duty, but it had been sternly done. The child knew that she was a burden, and there had been little love between them. A weary, weary life; and Amy—she had taught me so to call her—would turn from it abruptly to ask, with strange earnestness, about *my* life; and I told her, recalling dim memories, going far back into the olden days. From time to time it happened that, in those pleasant rambles, we came upon Laurence taking his solitary ride, and then he would turn his horse, and pace on slowly by our side, through the deep shady lanes and over the breezy hills, guiding us to lovely spots which I had never seen before, or speaking in low dreamy tones to Amy, while I hunted for ferns and foxgloves in the banks and woods; and when we were at home again, and I sat in the dusk beside the old organ, listening to Amy's mournful music, then, too, Laurence would often be there, still and silent, his pale rapt face peering out from some dim, distant corner. Sometimes my mother came and lingered for a while; but always at the rustle of her dress, or the sound of her step, Amy would start, and her cheeks would flush, as on that evening when she first came to Fernhill. Try as she would, and I saw that she did try hard, she could not conquer that nervous dread. It was very strange, and it angered my mother. At first, she had striven to be kind and gentle to the stranger, but she had not the gift of a winning manner; and when time went on, and Amy still shrank at every sudden question, and still had that scared look in her gray eyes, my mother lost patience, and grew cold and hard. Yet, though she might not like, she had learned to value the young governess, for she knew the good that she was working, and the influence she had gained over me. I do not think my mother understood the secret of that influence. She saw Amy's talent, her skill in teaching, and her blameless conduct—she saw all this, and

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no more. But in that hourly companionship, I had learned—how, I scarcely know—to recognise, through her timid gentleness, a spirit more strong and steadfast than my own, and I bowed willingly before it.

CHAPTER III.

The bright spring-time sped away, and now, in the glowing summer afternoons, Amy and I sat for hours beneath the deep blue sky, in shady woods and beside running streams, and, oftener and oftener, Laurence was with us there, or lingering in the sunlit gallery silently listening to the organ's solemn strains. One evening, while Amy was yet playing, old nurse came to the open doorway, and beckoned me out. She wanted me up stairs, and, promising to come, I went back to tell Amy. But on the threshold of the gallery I stopped suddenly in surprise. The music had ceased, but Amy still sat before the organ, and by her side was Laurence, speaking in low earnest tones. As I stood gazing at them, his voice grew more clear, more emphatic, and some words reached me: 'The day will come—only wait.' That was all. I did not go in; I turned, and with those strange words ringing in my ears, I ran up stairs to my bedroom. All the while old nurse was dressing me, I kept repeating to myself: 'The day will come—only wait.'

'You are very grave to-night, Miss Mabel,' and nurse left off brushing my thick curls, and bent down to look in my face; 'what are you thinking about?'

I hesitated a moment, and then, with a sudden impulse, I told her.

She did not look startled or astonished, but she shook her head sadly, and sighed. 'I thought so,' she said.

'Do you know what he meant? Oh, tell me,' I exclaimed breathlessly.

'Hush, hush, Miss Mabel—don't speak so loud. I think it means that Sir Laurence is getting to care more about Miss Rockington than my lady would like. I've misdoubted this many weeks that it was so!'

I looked at her in bewilderment; then her meaning flashed upon me. 'Care about her! O nurse, what can make you fancy that?'

'There 's a many things, Miss Mabel. I have sharp eyes still, though I am an old woman; and I can put this and that together.'

'Does mamma know?' I asked in a tone low as her own.

'No, indeed; how should she? It isn't often she looks into the gallery of an evening; and you don't tell her when Sir Laurence meets you in your walks, do you, dear?'

'I don't tell her because she does not ask; I never thought of telling her.'

'My lady goes out for her drive or into the village,' nurse went on, 'never dreaming but that Sir Laurence will be writing in his study or riding about alone all the afternoon.'

'But why don't you tell her?' I asked.

'No no, Miss Mabel; I won't speak a word, and don't you either. It might only do harm, and maybe all will go right still.'

I sat for a while musing. 'Will Laurence marry her?' I asked at last.

'That 's more than I can say, Miss Mabel; perhaps, some day, he will, if he can get my lady to consent, and if some fresh liking doesn't drive this one out of his head. And now you must go down to tea.'

For many days after this, I went about with a secret weight on my mind. I loved Amy dearly—no sister in the world could have been more to me; but I had been bred up to regard rank and birth, and I could not forget that she was a music-master's daughter. Nor would my mother forget it. I knew her passionate love for Laurence, her hope that he would one day marry; but I knew, too, her pride, and I thought it would almost break her heart if he made such a marriage as that. How would it be? I might trace the beginning, but I could not divine the end.

The corn was ripening in the fields when the first break came in our quiet life. Laurence left home for a time. Long ago, he had promised a visit to one of his few friends, and now all at once he went. His going did not seem to sadden Amy. She was more bright and calm than ever before, and her words never went astray, as they had been won't to do when Laurence and his chestnut horse came in sight at the end of some narrow lane or winding wood-path. In one way, his absence was plainly a relief. Now that he was not by, she learned to meet my mother almost with composure, and in time even to smile and to speak freely with her. I think if they had been left alone together then, they might have grown fond of one another; but before Laurence had been three weeks away a letter came, which absorbed my mother's thoughts, and brought about great changes at Fernhill. There was a half-sister of hers, a Mrs Wilmot, who, many years before, had married, and gone out to South America. They had only once met since, for Mrs Wilmot had always lived abroad; but now she wrote that her health was failing, and that the doctors had ordered her to England. Perhaps, though she said nothing, she looked for a welcome at Fernhill, and if so, she did not look in vain. My mother sent to meet her on her landing, and the next day she and her daughter Helen came to find a home with us until Mr Wilmot could wind up his affairs, and join them in England. Just at first, it all seemed very strange to me; but before many hours were over, my aunt had set every one at his ease, had gone with me to visit Amy in the schoolroom, and old nurse upstairs, had completely learned the ways of the house, and sat at work in the drawing-room as composedly as though she had been settled in there for years. She was a little slight woman, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, a clear pleasant voice, and animated manner. There was nothing in her movements or habits to indicate ill-health, but her face bore traces of suffering, and of a life spent under a tropic sun. In her youth, she might have been like my mother in features and complexion; but now her skin was sallow, there were dark rings round her eyes, and though nearly ten years the younger, she looked the elder of the two. I think my mother was well pleased to have the sister who brought back memories of her girlhood beside her once again. And then, too, she was charmed with Helen, as who would not have been, who heard her blithe young voice and ringing laugh, and looked into her bright loving eyes. She was just nineteen, only a few months younger than Amy; but care and sorrow had never touched *her* yet; and it was refreshing to gaze at her arch gipsy face, or to watch her flitting about the sombre old house. She took all hearts by storm, and even Amy's quiet face gladdened at her approach. Laurence was still away. I wondered if he lingered in shy dread of the two strangers at home.

HISTORY IN COMMON WORDS.

MANY English words, and the names of many common objects, retain such *scintillæ* of history as render it interesting to trace how we have derived them; and we find many an exotic word or name, now current in English speech, which has so brought down to us the memory of a forgotten custom, or to the descent of which such a story is attached, that its derivation is matter of more than merely etymological curiosity.

Our language is full of words evidently derived from distant sources. Every country of the globe seems (as Professor Max Müller has remarked) to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England; and Celtic, Greek, and Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian, Saxon, Danish, and German, nay, even Hindustani and other

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oriental words are mixed together in the English dictionary. So, too, the names of many common objects of manufacture or commerce preserve the memory of the place or country from which they came to us. The following are examples:

Arras, which took its name from the place where this kind of tapestry was manufactured.

The *Bayonet*, which tells us it was brought from Bayonne.

Currants, which came to us from Corinth, as

Cambric from Cambray; and

Calico from Calicut.

Camlet, which derived its name from being woven of camel's hair.

Cherry, a tree which was called *Kerry* by the inhabitants of Pontus, from which Lucullus brought it to Europe. (It is to be remembered that the *c* in *cerasus* was pronounced as the *ch* in *cherry*.)

Chestnut. In *Chataigne* (that is, *Chastaigne*) we have *Castanea nux*—nuts of Castania (or Kastania) in Thessaly. In imitation of Lucullus, Cæsar is said to have brought the first chestnut-tree to Italy, from Sardis, in Lydia; and, through France, the tree had passed into Britain before the time of Henry II.

Cordwain (or Cordovan) tells us it came from Cordova.

Damask, from Damascus.

Dimity, from Damietta.

Indigo, from Indicum; and

Muslin, from Moussoul in Asiatic Turkey.

Many other examples might be given; but in the present article we are concerned chiefly with the words derived from ancient languages and distant sources, and now naturalised in English speech, which have brought with them some historical association or memorial; of this class of words, the following examples occur to us:

Arena.—In this word we have a remembrance of the Roman amphitheatre, which was called an *arena* from the sand with which it was strewn.

The *Boa* is said to derive its name from *bovine*, and the reason given is that, according to Pliny, this formidable serpent fed on cow's milk.

Bust.—The word *bustum*, in its primary sense, seems plainly derivable from the word *combustum*. Probably, when the human body was consumed by cremation, the ashes of the heart were enclosed in an urn or a vase; and if this vase was placed upon a monumental structure as a relic of the departed, it might well come to be regarded as an ornament to a tombstone, and the term *bustum* would be applied indifferently to the ornament and the tomb. We have an instance of the word in Marcellinus (who wrote the history of the Roman wars in Germany); he says the Germans called the Roman cities sepulchres encompassed by nets: 'Oppidæ ut circumdatu retiis *busta* declinant.' Thus we have in Horace (Ode 3, Book iii.):

> Dum Priami Paridisque busto
> Insultet armentum.

If we suppose that in process of time a *likeness* of the deceased, or, as we term it, a bust, was substituted for the old funeral-urn, it is easy to see how the name would be transferred from the one to the other, until it obtained the special meaning which we give to it.

Comedy.—This word takes us back to the *Komai*, or villages of ancient Greece, for, according to Aristotle, comedians were so called from wandering among the villages, when expelled from the city.

The *Days of the Week* derive their names from the gods of Scandinavia and the northern nations. From the Sun and Moon, which were worshipped by the northern nations, we have Sunday and Monday; from *Tuisto*, Tuesday; from *Woden*, *Thor*, and *Freya*, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; and from *Seater*, Saturday. When the Romans came to mix with the Gothic races, Woden, as the god of wit and power, was identified with Mercury; Thor, with Jupiter; and Freya, as the goddess of love and plenty, with Venus; Tuisto was identified with Mars, and Seater with Saturn. Thus the days of Woden, Thor, and Freya, find their Latin equivalents in Dies Mercurii, Jovis, and Veneris; and so with the rest. The most ancient nations of the East, the Chaldeans, Arabians, and Egyptians, concurred in consecrating days of the week to deities; and it is worthy of remark that, even at this time in Ceylon, the planets give their names to the days of the week, as in Europe.

The word *Church* has a curious history. At first sight, the connection is not apparent between the word 'kirk' (our 'church') and the French *cirque* or the Welsh *cyrch*, a circle—words which are evidently allied to the Celtic *giraca* (to form a circle), the Anglo-Saxon *cyrran* (to turn), the Latin *curro* (to go round), &c. We have the same root in the name of the gyr-falcon; and there is a hawk which, in the Greek tongue, still bears the name from which our word 'circle' is derived. The word was applied by the German and the Celtic nations to their places of worship, for in early times their temples were almost invariably circular, like the ancient circular temple of earth at Kirkdale, in Cumberland, which is called 'the Kirk' to this day; and thus a term derived from the form of a heathen temple has come to designate our Christian edifices. In other words, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers possessed as heathens the term which, after their conversion by missionaries of the Latin Church, they gave to the temples of Christian worship. *Cyric* is the Anglo-Saxon term for a temple or church, and this word is evidently related to the old Norse *Kyrkia*. It is true that Dean Trench has derived the word church from the Greek κυριακή; and to account for the presence of a Greek word in the vocabulary of tribes of the Teutonic stock, suggests that, before the missions of the Latin Church, some of the Goths on the Lower Danube had been brought to the knowledge of Christ by Greek missionaries; and that thus the word had come round by Constantinople to England. It is, however, more probable that both the Gothic and the Greek word had a common origin.

Earth.—This word, in form and meaning, preserves the name of *Hertha*, under which the ancient Germans worshipped Ceres. Ceres, the *Mater Tellus* of the Romans, was the divinity worshipped by the northern nations as Mother-Earth.

Ember-days have no connection with ashes. The word is corrupted from *Quatuor tempora*, or *quatre-temps*, through the intermediate German and Swedish forms of *quatember*, *kottember*, *temper-dagar*, and *ymber-dagar*.

The *Guinea* is said to have been originally coined of gold brought from the Guinea Coast, and to have thence derived its name, and the impression of an elephant which it used to bear.

India tells some story in its name, for, as Professor Max Müller has remarked, we derive it from the Romans, who had it from the Greeks, by whom it was received from the Persians, in whose country an initial *s* is changed into *h*, so that the land of the Sindhu was called Hindia, but the initial *h* was dropped in Greek.

Musket.—This word (derived from the French *mousquet*) has no apparent connection with *muscatus* (dappled); but, curiously enough, the bird of prey which had been formerly used in hawking, derived its name, *mosquet*, from its dappled plumage, and when hawks were supplanted by firearms, the name was transferred to the new weapon.

Orkneys.—These islands—'the wind-swept Orcades'—probably derive their name (they are called Orcades by Pliny) from the Gaelic *orc*, a kind of dolphin (*Delphinus orca*), which, as early as Pliny's time, was called *orca*, probably after this Gaelic word. This creature is found especially in the region between Scotland and Ireland.

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Palladium.—In this word, as is well known, we have a remembrance of the statue of Minerva, with the preservation of which in the temple, like the famous coronation-stone formerly at Scone, and now at Westminster Abbey, the safety of the people was believed to be connected. It was, of course, from Pallas Athenæ herself that the name of the sacred symbol was derived among the Greeks.

Rodomontade is said to be derived from Rodomonte, a boastful, boisterous hero in Ariosto. By James Howell (writing in 1623), the term is applied to a picture.

Prevaricate.—This word has a somewhat curious history, as Dean Trench has pointed out; for, among the Romans, *prevaricare* was the term applied to him who ploughed crooked (the characteristic of Roman ploughing was precision); and the phrase having been originally applied to those who went crooked in their ploughing, came to be imported into the courts of law, and applied to those who went crooked in their speech.

The word *Reindeer* has been much brought into discussion lately through a bet which was made notorious by what has been termed 'a turf scandal.' The word has an old and satisfactory history. It is derived from the Scandinavians, but, as Dr Dasent has pointed out, the first part of it (the word was originally *rane-deer*) was Turanian or Lappish—the language of a nomadic race whose wealth was chiefly constituted by this kind of deer. But the way in which we have derived it is the interesting part of its history. When Alfred the Great was superintending the translation of *Orosius*, he was helped, with respect to the north of Europe, by a Northman, from whom the Great West Saxon King first heard of Finns (Lapps), and of a kind of deer 'which they call hranas.' This is the only instance known to Dr Dasent in which the word is found in Anglo-Saxon, nor does it make its appearance in English until 1599, when in Hakluyt, under the year 890, in a translation from Othere's voyage, the word occurs as *rane-deere*. We have the authority of Dr Dasent for the statement that, long before the time of Alfred, the Northmen used the form *hr'einn*, the original of *ren*, the Swedish form of the word, and which is used in the Orkney Saga for the red-deer in Scotland.

Satire.—In this word, we have the remembrance of a Roman custom. The dish of first-fruits offered to Ceres was called *satira* or *satura* (rich, full of variety); and the word, according to the Dean of Westminster, was transferred from a varied dish to a poetical composition, which admitted of variety in materials and shape. Satires were known to the Roman stage from the early days of the empire. The word is very different from *sarcasmus*, a cutting reproach (*sarcasmos* in the Greek), which the dictionaries derive from *sarkitos*, the snarl of a dog dragged from eating flesh.

Salary.—The etymology of this word is ingeniously explained by the Elder Pliny (lib. xxxi. s. 7). Human nature, he says, cannot exist without salt, which is so much an element of life, that, passing from bodily sensation, it has now become a metaphorical term for the pleasures of the mind. Salt is agreeable to the palate, and is therefore transferred to the mental taste. By that name we call whatever is pleasing to our mental faculties, whatever is gay, poignant, lively, or agreeable; but the word is still more extensive, for it is used to signify civil honours, and the pay of officers and the governors of provinces is called their *salary*. The word *salary* seems to be connected, in a sense not metaphorical, with the salt-mines which the Romans worked at Droitwich and elsewhere in Britain, for they seem to have paid *in salt* a part of the *salarium* or pay of the soldiers.

The Norman words *Sir* and *Madam* must, as Professor Max Müller has observed, have come to the Anglo-Saxons of Britain through Norman masters, and have been derived by the Normans or Northmen themselves from a Roman province where *madam* was a corruption of the Latin *mea domina* (my mistress), and *sieur*, a corruption of *senior*—a translation of the German *elder*.

Treble, a modern word, is derived from the thuribularii or incense-bearers, who formerly took part in the ritual of the Church of England.

Tribulation.—This Latin word (like prevaricate) is derived from the agriculture of the Romans. As thrashing separated the grain of wheat, so by tribulation the moral character was to be refined, and the trivial separated from the good. The instrument which separated the corn from the husk was called *tribulum*, and the term tribulations was applied by a Christian writer in an early age to sorrows, as a means of fitting man for the heavenly garner.

To the examples which we have now given, many others might of course be added; but the above instances will suffice to shew that there is a mine of historical interest in our familiar words and terms. How truly has it been said that language is fossil history!

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

'A STRANGE thing is human natur, sirree,' remarks a profound American philosopher; but how much stranger is Chinese human nature! It is inscrutable, unfathomable, unknown; it is unique, inasmuch as there is nothing like it, but yet so variable, that experience of any amount of it teaches little. Sir Henry Parkes himself could calculate upon it with no more certainty than the midshipman arrived but twenty-four hours in Canton River. To call a Chinaman inconsistent, would be a misuse of language; you might as well accuse a spider-monkey of being undignified; he is wayward, perverse, fantastic, to the last degree. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi;* one never knows where to have him. The Flowery Land, and all that belongs to it, may well be called The Chinese Puzzle. Little bits of it, in the shape of Travels, Sketches, and Journals, are constantly being brought over to us, but we find it impossible to piece them together, far less to make any guess at what the great Whole may be. The last contribution* of Colonel Fisher's concerning it is one of the very best that we have yet had; his writing is sparkling, clear, and pleasant in every way. But then he is graphic; his sketches are Chinese lifelike; and therefore he leaves us as ignorant and astonished as ever. What is to be concluded from it all? How is one to deal with a people who do not fear death at all, but cannot stand having their pig-tails cut off; who sometimes fight like demons, and sometimes flee like sheep, and sometimes do neither, but calmly cut their throats when the enemy takes possession of their town; who writhe under the most stupid despotism on the face of the earth without a groan, and yet who are perfectly well aware how they are fooled?

Sing-chong, the contractor employed by the British army of occupation, incurred thereby the imperial displeasure, and received a most characteristic punishment. It was delicately hinted to him, that for the valuable services he had rendered the foreigners at Canton, he should be advanced to the dignity of mandarin, and that a white button was ready for his acceptance, upon the payment of the necessary fees, which, in the case of such a distinguished individual, would amount to a thousand dollars. Sing-chong could not refuse this greatness, but he well knew what it meant, confiding to our author in a mysterious manner, that it was 'All the same squeeze.' The upper classes seem to believe neither in Man nor Joss. This same intelligent contractor used to keep his business affairs, or 'pigeon,' apart from his

* *Personal Narrative of Three Years' Service in China.* By Lieutenant-colonel Fisher, C.B. Bentley.

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religious principles, just as the most 'serious' stock-broker with us would divorce his 'seriousness' from any transaction on the Exchange—only far more openly. 'Joss pigeon, fool pigeon,' was his favourite aphorism, and yet—such is Chinese nature—he was the honestest man the army had to deal with! Confucianism, a mere code of morality, having failed to satisfy the natural craving after objects of worship, the natives have made to themselves gods; but being much more influenced by fear than love or reverence, these deities have been endowed by them with evil natures. The national religion is therefore a system of propitiation. When, however, the Josses came to grief—as in the case of the allied invasion, when the British and French united in devotion to these sacred objects for the sake of a certain piece of silver always found under a little trap-door between their shoulders—they did not receive the respect of their former worshippers. 'I saw,' says the colonel, 'a big clay Joss, which had been tumbled out of the temple we occupied, having the gilt scraped off his back by a quondam devotee.'

The contradictions and anomalies that exhibit themselves in every phase of Chinese life are nowhere more striking than in their industrial departments. They are the most clumsily ingenious people extant. A vast number of their 'infernal machines,' intended for the destruction of our fleet, fell into our hands. Some were mere tubs, with false bottoms filled with powder, and charged with harmless filth; others were made to go off by the breaking of a glass tube containing sulphuric acid in combination with chlorate of potash; others were fired by clockwork, set so as to discharge a flint-lock into the powder at any given minute. In others, flint-locks were held cocked by a bar of wood attached to a leathern bellows screwed down on the bottom of the box, and the bellows, when inflated, would rise, and the hammers be relaxed; there was a pipe leading up from the centre of the bellows to the lid of the box; when the vessel passed over it, it would become submerged, the water would rush down the pipe, inflate the bellows, release the hammers, and cause the explosion. Of one description alone of these mechanical prodigies there were no less than forty-eight varieties; and yet, being Chinese, not one of these inventions did us sixpenny-worth of harm! Again, many of the Chinese cities are really very strongly defended, encircled with broad and lofty walls, and carefully guarded on all points—except the key of the whole position: they are generally entirely commanded from a hill outside, which is gained possession of without coming under fire from the walls.

The imitative genius of the Chinese race is wonderful; it is probable that they could construct a steamboat at sight, but it is certain that they would never make it move. Their futility and unreason are almost beyond belief. Our author once stopped to watch an itinerant vendor of crockery who was carefully riveting together the fragments of a saucer of the commonest description; a thing that was scarcely worth mending. However, it was ultimately completed, and the payment tendered of three 'cash;' but the workman demanded five, and an altercation ensued which lasted longer than the operation had done, and ended in his taking out all his rivets again, and in the proprietor of the saucer carrying it off to seek some cheaper man. And yet what sense and judgment is this nation capable of displaying! Our city police, nay, even our metropolitan, might with advantage borrow from the regulations of Canton. The St Giles's murder could hardly have taken place *there* without the discovery of the assassin. The whole town is divided and subdivided into sections, for the good order of which certain individuals are completely responsible. The head man of the Quarter busies himself to settle any crime, disturbance, or whatever offence may have been committed, on the particular street where it occurred; and the head man of the Street must lay his finger on the house and on the offender. Not only are these good folks made answerable, but they get punished in lieu of the criminal, if he escapes. The whole nation accept this principle of responsibility, and abide by it. In a case where some timber was purloined from an English barrack, no clue whatever could be found of the thieves themselves, but they were tracked over a wall into a certain street, the residents of which not being able to prove that the timber ever went out of it, cheerfully paid the estimated value of the property stolen.

The Chinese, too, have an eye for their solid interests, which other semi-barbarous people seldom have; they are not shortsighted, nor addicted to killing their goose with the golden eggs. The baker to the British army was offered eight thousand dollars to poison his employers, after the fashion of Alum, the well-named baker at Hong-kong; but he made answer that he received very nearly that sum per month for lawful baking; and fortunately the Chinese treasury was not just then in a position to make him alter his views. Colonel Fisher well suggests that China is the proper field for the employment of our sepoys (blended, of course, with a small European force), and not the least advantage which he believes would accrue from this would be the destruction of their inconvenient ideas of Caste. The Chinese are quite unable to understand such stupid superstitions. The scenes between them and the fastidious bigots of India were the most entertaining episodes of the war. 'I was very much amused one day. A wretched Chinaman prowling about their cooking-places, by chance invaded the sacred precincts of one of them. Up started the grim occupant, presenting to the view of the trespasser an apparition naked all but the merest apology for a cloth round his waist, with a piece of string round his neck, and his face daubed over with an ornamental pattern done in clay. This was perhaps a smart havildar, or native officer, dressed for dinner. Of course, away flew poor John Chinaman, in his terror going regularly across country over the little enclosures of mud used as cooking-places, defiling the dinners in every place where he set foot; the swarthy figures, disappointed of their delicious ghee-flavoured mess, rising in rage after him. He ran all down one row, when being indiscreetly pursued, he got headed, and up again he tore through another series of kitchens, and was unable to make his escape until he had caused the greater part of the company to go without their dinners. I really could not pity them, for it was not that the food had been touched, but merely the dirt-pie-like arrangement of a kitchen of which the sanctity had been invaded. Nor was it because the Chinaman was dirty, for had it been the governor-general of India himself who had been steeple-chasing through the kitchens, their disgust would have been just the same.'

The fun which our colonel got out of John Chinaman and his brethren is admirable; he made quite a study of their pigeon-English, and has preserved some beautiful specimens. The engineers wanted a verandah made to their mess-room, which was a difficult thing to explain to a native architect; but he understood it perfectly when he received his order, couched in the following terms: 'Make one piecy makey walkey topside, makey look see'—the two last words not being tautological, but used for intensification; 'to prospect,' as an American would say. And why not 'topside' and 'bottomside,' as well as inside and outside? The Paddle and Screw steamers are well defined by the Celestials as 'outside walkee' and 'inside walkee' vessels. Their portrait-painters, far more ingenuous than our own, always make preliminary inquiry of an intending sitter as to whether he really wants his likeness, or a complimentary edition of himself. 'How you likey? You likey handsome, or you likey likey?' If, after saying you

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want an actual presentment of yourself as you are, you object to the picture on the score of its ugliness, woe betide you! A sitter did once venture to do so, upon which the aggrieved artist turned round to the collected audience, and with upraised hands exclaimed in expostulatory tones: 'Suppose no have got handsome, how can?' Great was the sympathy evinced for the professional, and overwhelming the confusion of the painted.

The Chinese pick up English modes of expression very quickly. Our author having killed a huge snake which had twined itself round his leg, made his native servant carry it home, notwithstanding some slight remonstrance. 'Is it venomous?' asked he of the Chinaman, who replied as follows: 'Suppose he makey bite you, you walk home, and no makey die, I cumshaw you [present you with] one dollar.' Which is exactly our idiom, 'If it didn't kill you, I 'll forfeit five shillings.'

Our exclamation, 'I say,' they believe to have a great charm, and always use it as a means of attracting attention. Sometimes they speak of us as 'I says.' A delinquent, when undergoing the cat-o'-nine tails, will interlard his own native cry of 'Ayah' with exclamations of 'I say, I say,' called forth by every blow. Similarly, Acha, or 'good,' being the constantly recurring answer of our sepoys when spoken to, the Chinese invariably called them 'Achas.' 'I remember once, on the march, a sepoy had failed through fatigue; whereupon a stalwart Chinese coolie, passing by, half kindly, half derisively inquired: "Acha hab die? No? Then come on chop chop"—that is, quickly.'

Colonel Fisher furnishes us with a very complete account of the manner of kidnapping coolies for foreign service; it seems precisely the same as our old press-gang system, the Chinese themselves being the Crimps. It is vain for foreign consuls to attempt to stop this traffic, even when receiving the genuine assistance of the authorities, since no Chinaman is safe from his own familiar friend. The usual mode with the kidnappers is to evince a desire to serve their acquaintances by furnishing them with employment on the river, and thereupon to take them to a Coolie vessel, and sell them for twenty dollars. Gambling, the Chinese passion, is sometimes made an instrument of temptation; and a native will sometimes risk being deported from his country for the sum of ten dollars, thus: he is given that sum to gamble with against the avowed crimp; if he wins more dollars, well and good; if he loses, he becomes a coolie. But, generally speaking, he has no such chance. Once on board the crimp-vessel, he is ducked, and beaten, and tortured until he professes his willingness to serve abroad as a coolie, without which asseveration no ship-captain dare receive him. Often, when transferred to the ship, the poor wretch recants his promise, whereupon he is remitted to his floating prison for more duckings and beatings; eventually, he is carried off, in reality a slave, and seldom, indeed, sets eyes again upon the Flowery Land. The coolness and simplicity of the kidnappers when brought before the magistrates for this offence are Chinese indeed. 'Honoured by a trial,' says one, 'I beg to confess at once. On the first of the tenth month of the present year, I met an old friend in the street outside the great south gate [of Canton]. His name is Ho-a-leu, and it occurred to me that I would kidnap him. I told him that I would recommend him on board the Hsia-kow boat for work, where he would receive six dollars each month. I took him on board and sold him, getting six dollars. I never thought that on the eighth the mandarin soldiers would seize me and bring me up to examination. *Yet such is the case.*' We talk of Irish impudence, but how it pales before an example of this kind. And yet, it is quite possible that with the Chinaman it may not be impudence at all; the simplicity may be quite unfeigned. No deduction of any kind can be drawn from the conduct of the proprietor of a pig-tail.

The behaviour of the French towards this curious people was very bad; Colonel Fisher tells us some stories about our allies, with which we will not sadden the present paper. 'Give us peace in our time, O Lord,' quotes he, with unfeigned earnestness; and still more may we be delivered from invasion, and above all, from the invasion of the French. As for the alliance: 'My experience of an alliance,' says he, 'is that it makes you look out very sharply for yourself. The appropriation of store-houses was a point on which it was very soon necessary to come to an understanding. I saw, one morning, a French marine, with a great pot of paint, inscribing on the doors of the houses, in letters a foot high, "Magasin Français No. 1," "Magasin Français No. 2," and so on. I knew that the subject of appropriation had not been discussed, so I got a piece of chalk, and marked all the others as "British Military Stores;" and as my chalk was more expeditiously used than his paint, I got the best of it.' One may suppose what these people were in relation to the conquered; but it cannot be read in detail without a shudder. Our author, on the other hand, believes that the British occupation of Canton has had a most excellent effect in doing away with the hideous notions about us inculcated by the mandarins. 'How often must the phrase, whatever it is in Chinese, "They are not half such bad fellows after all," or "They are not such fools as we took them for," have been heard in the domestic home, on the return of travellers from their periodical visits to the provincial capital.' Our author is hopeful of this; and it would certainly be so with any reasonable people, not Chinese.

There is one matter of congratulation for us, however, which is certain. Colonel Fisher bears frank and cordial testimony to the hospitality and good-feeling of our civilian countrymen in China. 'I went to China not knowing a soul, but never was at a loss for bed, or dinner, or even a home; a hospitality which we soldiers, in our dens at Canton, had not the means to return.' This we can readily believe, and, moreover, that there were few guests in the British army more agreeable or more welcome than Lieutenant-colonel Fisher.

ALL ALONE!

When the swallows flee away,
And the thrush has ceased its lay,
Then the robin, all alone,
Perches on the mossy stone,
All alone!
Mourning for the summer flown,
All alone!
For the joys all gone away,
Like the leaves and their array,
Like the flowers the last year sown,
Passed away!

When the berries ripen red,
And the last leaf fallen—dead;
Then the robin, all alone,
Sits upon the churchyard stone,
All alone!
Mourning for the swallows flown,
All alone!
Where Death reigns as on a throne,
Stone at foot, and stone at head—
Things that Death can call his own—
Cold the lassie's bridal-bed,
Cold the pillow at her head;
All alone!

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DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

You saw that he was doomed to disappointment—in the drooping eyelid, in the raised eyebrow, in the seamed forehead, in the shrugged shoulders. You saw it everywhere about him. Melancholy had marked him for his own, as distinctly as small-pox—he was, so to speak, pitted with melancholy. Poor fellow! he was a disappointed man, with all the perverseness and irritability of his tribe strong within him, and an irritable and perverse tribe they are. Nothing pleases them; nothing satisfies them. They have a grudge against the world in general, and they lose no opportunity of paying this grudge off upon any individual member of the world that may come in their way. Of course, disappointment acts differently upon different people. Add blue to yellow, and you get green; but add blue to red, and you get purple. So, one man will wear his disappointment on his sleeve for every one to see, and will try to raise himself to the level of the successful world, by shewing that it was only bad-luck and adverse circumstances that kept him down; while another will put his disappointment into his pocket, say nothing about it, and try to bring the world down to his level, by sneering off the merit of its success.

There are, of course, some natures that no disappointment can subdue—men who, though struck down time after time, rise again, and fight on undaunted, till Success, wearied with their importunity, or ashamed to bully them longer, throws up the sponge, and resigns the battle-money. I knew a man of this kind who, after suffering disappointments for a series of years in England, resolved to abandon his ungrateful country, and start in life afresh. Accordingly, leaving his wife and children behind him, and giving way to no such weakness as the consulting of other people's opinions on the step he was taking, which would only have delayed him, or even to communicate the fact of his departure to his nearest and dearest, which perhaps might have prevented his going altogether, he took shipping promptly, and went to Australia. There, determined to make an entirely new beginning, he took a new wife, begot new children, and flourished.

But the disappointed man, proper, has none of this Antæus quality about him. He is a weak creature, who can't stand much punishment; and who, after a buffet or two, resigns himself to his fate, puts his tail between his legs, and for the rest of his life snarls at fortune, at merit, and at all mankind, himself included.

Well, *he* was a disappointed man. And what particular line had disappointment taken in his case? Why, if you asked him, he would tell you that he had been disappointed in every mortal thing. Disappointment dogged his footsteps like a blood-hound, and had done so ever since he was born. He was disappointed in his very cradle. Nay, he was an incarnate disappointment, for he was not only a disappointed man himself, but he had been a disappointment to all who were connected with him. He was a disappointment to his mother, who had wished him to be a girl, and to his maternal grandmother, who had expressed a desire that he should be twins; to his father, who had made up his mind that he would be clever, and to his uncle, who had cherished the hope that he would be six feet high. It was, he supposed, plain to everybody that he was not a girl, or a pair of twins, or six feet high; and as to being clever, he could take his solemn oath that he was not that. But was that his fault? No, of course it wasn't. He had not the choice of sex or height. If he'd had any voice in the matter, he'd have been twins, because, then, surely one of him would have got on in the world: but pshaw!

Would he mind stating how he had been disappointed?

Why, in everything that a man could be disappointed in, of course.

Well, but in what? Had he been disappointed in his—ambition, say?

Hadn't he? The extent of his ambition was a small farm, at a moderate distance from town, and near a railway station; and had he got it? No, of course he hadn't.

Well, in what else? Had he been disappointed in friendship?

In friendship! Don't talk of it. He could not bear it. In friendship, indeed! He supposed that if a man took up a person, and wore him next his heart, and kept from him neither his personal property nor his personal history, and this person were to abscond, and betray the confidence reposed in him, with regard to the dearest secrets of one's heart, the tenderest emotions of one's nature, the respectability and private history of one's relations—not to mention a pair of sugar-tongs, Hall-marked, a silver tankard worth pounds, and fifty-four and six in hard money—all of

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which articles he had been totally unable to recover, though he had brought the case before a judge, who was as blind as Justice to the rights and wrongs of the matter; and before a jury, who were as deaf as adders to the voice of reason and common-sense—he supposed that, after that, a man might be excused for vowing that, for the future, the world should not be his friend, nor the world's law, and for turning his back upon the viper for ever.

Ah! very disappointing conduct, truly. But was that the extent of his disappointments? Had he——

Oh! don't ask him. What was the good of reopening old wounds? He had been the victim of disappointment not only in great matters, such as ambition and friendship, but in those smaller things, to lose which was to lose, so to speak, the ices and the lemonade of life.

What did he mean?

Why, he supposed it was plain enough what he meant.

Would he explain?

Well, he had explained, hadn't he? Or if he hadn't, he didn't know how to explain it better.

Would he give an example, then?

Well, you know, the kind of thing he meant was this. If you asked a boy what was about the most delightful thing he had ever seen, he would most probably answer, his first play. Well, you know, that was one of his disappointments. How did he make that out? Why, he supposed that if a boy were to be taken to a theatre for the first time, and if, after sitting for half an hour, anticipating the most rapturous pleasure when the curtain rose, were to find ten minutes after it rose that the house was on fire, and then had to be dragged to a window by his relatives, and compelled to slip for some hundred yards down a fire-escape, and, when he reached the bottom, to be handed out like a parcel by a fireman, and turned loose into a crowd of dirty people till he was lost, and then had to be taken home ignominiously by a policeman, with the conviction all the while that he was looked upon by every one he met in the light of a person whose crimes had brought him within the grasp of the law—he supposed that that might be considered a disappointment, a serious disappointment. Oh! that was granted, was it? Well, then, perhaps it would also be granted that if a boy whose dream for years had been a pony, had at last been presented with one by a treacherous relative, who, to gain some mean end, had taken care that the pony should be an unbroken one; and if, directly the boy mounted, the rampant animal had stood perpendicular for full two minutes, making such extraordinary gestures with its fore-legs, that the only conclusion to come to was that it fancied it was delivering a speech upon the corn-laws; and if, after what, to judge from its action, must have been an amazingly eloquent peroration, it had taken the bit between its teeth, and bolted for two miles; and if the beast had chosen to stop exactly opposite the house where the queen of this boy's affections resided, and had then and there rolled—perhaps it would be granted that this was also a disappointment, eh! something like a disappointment? Well, both those cases had been his own; nor were they the worst that he could relate. Disappointment dogged him wherever he went, dropping bitters into the cup of pleasure, and stripping the gilt off the gingerbread of life. Why, what was that, the song of poets, and the theme of romancers, to which youth looked forward with rapture, and which age looked back upon with fond regret? Why, the first kiss of love, of course. Well, there he was done again. Yes, disappointment was beside him there once more. How was he to be always keeping in mind that Amelia was weak in the chest, and that there was a leaning towards consumption in the family? Who can remember those things always?

What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with the first kiss of love?

Why, everything in the world, or else he supposed he shouldn't have mentioned it. What was the good of asking absurd questions like that? Why could not he be allowed to tell his tale as he liked, instead of being put through a kind of catechism, as if he were a charity child? It cost him pain enough to tell the tale at all, goodness knew. What had Amelia's weak chest got to do with it? Why, if it hadn't been for that, he might perhaps have been a very different creature to what we saw him. That sunken cheek might have been plump, that eye gay and lively, that heart and that voice alike unbroken. He might have been—— But it was useless speculating on impossibilities. Amelia had a weak chest, and that was all about it; that was why she always wore two veils when the wind was cold; and when they were out walking together, used commonly to keep her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, so that her part of the conversation was carried on in a singularly muffled, not to say husky, tone of voice. But the voice of love is always sweet; and though to the passer-by there might seem nothing attractive in those half-smothered accents, yet, to the lover, his mistress's voice, even when hoarse, discoursed the sweetest harmonies. Now, he must say he thought that after a fellow had been formally accepted, per letter (for a proposal by word of mouth was, he candidly confessed, more than he dared venture upon), by the girl, and after his proposals had been entertained and agreed to in a solemn and unspeakably horrible interview by the family, he must say he thought that a mother with any good feeling would have seen the propriety of sometimes leaving the parties most interested in the affair alone together. But did Amelia's mother do so? Did she act with that propriety? Not a bit of it. The persistent way in which that woman sat and stared at them was shameful. How was a fellow to make love, he should like to know, when he felt that he was being stared at all the while, as if he were acting in a play? For his part, he was one of those people who found love a difficult enough thing to make under the most favourable circumstances, but found the manufacture of the article quite impossible under inspection—especially under the inspection of a neutral woman, who was in all probability drawing invidious comparisons between his behaviour, and the conduct, when similarly situated, of Amelia's father, deceased, a man of rude and violent bearing. And then, again, was it likely to do him any good, or make him any the more at his ease, to overhear that woman mentioning him, Amelia's intended husband, to her daughter as a young man of, she dared to say, very good principles, but sadly wanting in fire? Household duties did occasionally, of course, call that woman away for a few minutes, that Medusa whose unblushing stare had the power of turning him in this manner into stone, but even then, what security could a man feel with a glass door in the room? Ah, he had felt for years before that disappointment had laid its cold hand upon his shoulder, but never had he felt the icy chill of that fell touch so acutely as on that Sunday afternoon when, that woman having gone to church, and

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Amelia and himself being alone in the drawing-room, the love which was burning in his heart rose supreme, and passing his arm round her waist, he was about to taste the nectar of her lips, when he perceived on the glass door three white spots, arranged in a pyramidal form—the noses of Amelia's two little brothers and that of their nurse, all livid from intense pressure.

When Amelia and he walked out together, they certainly were alone; but he was bound to say that Amelia's inclinations, as a rule, led her to shops, and how was he to go kissing her in the front of shops, and in the eye of the world? It was out of the question—quite out of the question. Disappointment, as he thought he had mentioned once or twice before, was evidently his portion, and there was nothing for it but to endure patiently.

But did he then never kiss Amelia? Did he quietly yield without an effort? If so, the case was surely less one of disappointment than of neglected opportunity.

No! he had not yielded without an effort.

Then he had kissed her?

Well, no! He did not think it could be said that he had kissed her.

Then, perhaps, she had boxed his ears when he tried—eh?

On the contrary, she had borne it like a lamb. The fact was—his nerves had never quite got over the shock—but the fact was, that one fine frosty day he had persuaded Amelia, who had wrapped up carefully, and taken all the precautions that her delicate health required, to leave the streets and shops which in general were the scene of their walks, and to ramble with him in the country. So good an opportunity of sealing his love upon her lips was not to be lost. The bright sunny day, the cold clear air, seemed for once to dispel the clouds of melancholy which usually hung about him like the clouds about the top of Snowdon, and to leave his brow open and free from care, like the summit of the same mountain on one of those rare occasions when it condescends to reveal itself to the eyes of the fortunate traveller. Amelia's hand was on his arm, Amelia's voice was in his ear, Amelia's crinoline rasped his legs, keeping the fact of her sweet presence constantly in his thoughts. Everything that could gladden his heart and rouse his courage was at hand, and, upon his life! his heart was glad, and his courage roused accordingly.

'Amelia,' he had exclaimed, with all his overpowering affection gleaming in his eyes, and trembling on his lips—'Amelia, this is a delicious morning!'

Amelia thought the same.

'A morning that makes all the better and nobler feelings of our nature rise to the surface, purifies the air, and kills the slugs.'

Amelia quite concurred in this opinion, but pitied the slugs.

'Amelia,' he continued, his courage rising still higher as he proceeded—'Amelia, I love you.'

Amelia supposed he did, as he'd asked her to marry him; at least, if he didn't, it was a great shame.

If he didn't! The moment he had longed for was evidently approaching. He squeezed her hand—she returned the pressure. He put his arm round her waist—she did not repel him. He caught her to his breast—she seemed rather to like it. The moment was come! He hurled away his umbrella, raised the two veils with all the impetuosity of his nature, and pressed his glowing lips upon—a respirator! yes, by all that's horrible, a respirator!

Now, wasn't that enough to make a man run wildly across country, whither he knew not, nor cared to know? And was there cause for surprise, that when he came to himself, he found that he was sitting alone by the side of a pond, attaching a heavy brickbat to one end of his handkerchief? But better feelings prevailed.

And was not that something like a disappointment?

Well, really! We were obliged to confess that it certainly was.

COMMODORE WILMOT'S VISIT TO DAHOMEY.

It seems that, after all, the poet Close did not make a bad choice when he selected the king of Dahomey as the potentate to whom to appoint himself poet-laureate. Who better suited to be the hero of a poem than a monarch more intelligent and wiser than either his subjects, who, while he clothes thousands in gay apparel, is himself content with a strip of calico and a silver chain, brave in war, attentive to his religious duties according to his lights, and upwards of six feet high, and of corresponding breadth? Yet such is the description of the king of Dahomey given by Commodore Wilmot, the account of whose visit to this African sovereign has just been presented to the members of the House of Commons. The king's only faults seem to arise from excess of religious zeal, and an over-earnest desire to benefit his own subjects; the latter causing him to wage incessant war against surrounding tribes, in order that he may procure slaves, by the sale of which he may be enabled to give gifts to his people; and the former manifesting itself in the, to us, objectionable practice of sacrificing human victims to his fetich, or to his father's spirit, as it may happen.

It is true, he modestly disclaims a portion of the credit which the missionaries have given him on this score, and instead of sacrificing fifty victims in the performance of 'custom,' he only immolates six or eight; but inasmuch as he performs 'custom' pretty frequently, the aggregate number sacrificed in the course of a year must be rather large. The ceremony thus termed must be a very striking one in its performance. There is first of all a great crowd of people as spectators, drawn from all parts of his kingdom. The festival opens with a procession of troops, several thousands in all, including male and female. These march with drums beating, umbrellas of divers colours spread abroad; some dancing, and others singing, the king participating in the last two diversions with intense gratification. Then there is ball-practice, in which the king likewise bears a part, and not without distinguishing himself even above his own soldiers, most of whom are very good shots, especially the Amazons. The king's treasures are also paraded in front of the palace, including some rickety state-carriages, presented to his ancestors through the governor of the English fort at Whydah, as a testimonial of the satisfaction of England with the liberal manner in which they dealt with this country in supplying our forefathers with slaves. After the treasures comes the procession of victims; first, men with poles, with strings of live cocks attached; then men leading goats; then a bull; and, last of all, men with baskets on their heads, in which the human victims, bound hand and foot, are seated. The bearers halt with the last in front of the throne, upon which an Amazon steps forward, and gives each of them a glass of rum; then they march three times round the square, and finally pass out by the gate to a place about half a mile away, where the ceremony is completed, of which more presently. At the place where the sacrifices are performed are erected four platforms, two large, and two small; in the centre of one of the former is a tower about ten yards high, and at some distance from it a hole is dug in the ground, and beside this a block is placed, on which the victims are beheaded.

On the arrival of the king, he ascends one of the larger platforms, followed by a detachment of the female guards, the background being filled with the chiefs who are admitted to the honour of occupying

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places beneath the many-coloured royal umbrellas. Bags containing cowries are placed in readiness for him, together with heaps of pieces of cloth. The expectant mob, who are assembled below in a costume suited for a scramble, are told by his majesty that if any of them are killed by misadventure, nobody will be considered responsible. He then throws a bag of cowries, and the sport begins. The cowries are followed by pieces of cloth; then there are more cowries, till the king is tired; upon which the Amazons take his place for a time, and presently his majesty feels himself equal to the task of resuming and concluding the distribution. When this is over, two or three men mount to the top of the tower already mentioned, and the bearers of the sacrifices approach in succession in the order in which they defiled before the king in the court-yard of his palace. The men on the tower receive first the poles to which the strings of fluttering fowls are attached, which they hold up in the sight of the gazing multitude, and then unceremoniously throw down among them, to be borne away to the pit's mouth, where they are beheaded, and their blood drained into the pit. After these, the goats are hoisted up, and disposed of in a similar manner; then comes the bull; and lastly, the human victims are brought forward.

No distinction was made in dealing with these unfortunate creatures. They in their turn were hoisted to the top of the tower, and precipitated from thence among the mob below, by whom they were seized and dragged to the block, cruelly maltreated on their way by the savages who were near enough to get a blow at them. After their heads had been cut off, their bodies were thrown into a pit, and the former carefully boiled, with a view to the preservation of the skulls for decorative purposes. This ceremony formed the climax of the day's festivities, which was closed with music and dancing, the king inviting Commodore Wilmot to join him in the latter amusement.

The population of Dahomey, as far as their means will permit, are essentially a rum-drinking people; neither wine nor brandy has the same attractions for them; and in this respect the taste of the king is the same as that of his subjects, but, in his case, indulged with moderation. Not that he is at all backward in the performance of the rites of hospitality in the matter of ardent spirits, every person admitted to the royal presence receiving a present of rum before quitting it; the same custom was observed towards our representative and his companions, only they drank theirs in the company of the king, who drank his behind a screen held before him by his wives, it being contrary to etiquette that any person should see anything enter the royal mouth. This custom of drinking together is as general in Dahomey as in any part of the world, and the commodore complains that they were put to considerable expense in consequence. It is a misfortune that the people do not pay the same attention to eating as to drinking; for, notwithstanding the fertility of the country, there is such a scarcity of food, and especially of animals, that the chiefs rarely eat meat, and the mass of the people subsist entirely on maize and palm-oil. Perhaps this scarcity of food, and of products which find a ready sale in European markets, is in great part due to the sparseness of the population, which Commodore Wilmot thinks would be over-estimated at 180,000, three-fourths of whom are women and children. There is no difficulty in assigning a reason for this excess of females over males, for the men are constantly engaged in warfare with other tribes. The total number of male soldiers which the king of Dahomey has at his disposal is about 6000, while his Amazons number about a thousand less. These latter are not only the favourite, but the most favoured troops, and not without reason. They are better marksmen with their muskets, which are of the old flint pattern, but in their hands make far greater havoc than they ever did in the hands of our own troops. They are also extremely expert in the use of the short sword with which they are armed; and it is to be presumed, from the extensive practice they have, that they are not less so with the huge razor with which they are provided for the purpose of cutting off heads. Commodore Wilmot describes these female warriors as remarkably fine troops, active to an extraordinary degree, strongly built, and well put together. Their bearing is distinguished by a little swagger, but they are modest and well-behaved; and this defect is pardonable, considering their feats of arms, and the fact that the king lives constantly among them, they being the chosen guardians of himself and his hundred wives. He does not, however, fall into the error of keeping them merely as a body-guard, and for show purposes; they take their share of the real fighting along with the male soldiers, and occasionally have the misfortune to meet with the fate which the Roman historians so constantly ascribe to the enemies of the Roman troops, that of being cut to pieces, though, like the former, there are always enough of them left to come again. Their losses are supplied from the cadet corps attached to each troop. They occupy the foremost place in honour and importance, are the mediums of communication between the king and the chiefs, and when they approach their master, are not compelled to prostrate themselves, and cover their heads and shoulders with dust, as the men are. Among their duties is that of fetching water for the use of themselves and the royal household from the swamps, some three or four miles from Abomey, the capital. All day long, detachments of these female warriors may be seen marching along the road which connects the capital with the swamp, the leader having a bell hung round her neck, to give warning of their approach to the men who may happen to be travelling on the same road, to get out of the way, which they do very rapidly, as, in the event of one of the Amazons breaking her pitcher, either by falling down herself, or of letting it fall from her head while a man was near, it would be assumed that it was his fault, and he would be imprisoned for life or put to death.

Whydah, which is the town on the coast where we have a fort or factory, is of considerable size, about three miles from the water's edge; the journey to it is a very disagreeable one at all times, and in the wet season very difficult indeed, if not impossible. It was to this place that Commodore Wilmot proceeded when he landed with Captain Luce and Dr Harran of the *Brisk*, for the purpose of accepting the invitation of the king of Dahomey to pay him a visit. They were well treated at Whydah, and at all the principal villages they passed through, until they reached Cannah, where they had their first interview with the king. They were received by his majesty very graciously, and the account which Commodore Wilmot gives is sufficiently interesting to be transcribed. 'At 10 A.M., on the morning of the 10th, the king sent to say he would receive us. We accordingly went in full-dress, and remained under some large trees in an open space of some extent. After a short time, the chiefs arrived in succession with their followers, according to their rank, and were introduced to us, the same drumming, firing, dancing, and singing being carried on as at Whydah. This occupied a considerable time; and when finished, we got into our hammocks, and went to the palace, outside of which, in a large square, were assembled all the chiefs with their people, as well as large bodies of the king's soldiers. The sight was most interesting: the gaudy colours of the large umbrellas, the dresses of the headmen, the firing of the muskets, the songs of the people, the beating of the war-drums, the savage gestures of the soldiers, and their ferocious appearance, made us feel indeed that we were amidst an uncivilised nation. All, however,

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treated us with marked respect; while, according to custom, we were carried three times round the square. After the third time, we got down, and entered the palace-gates, passing through a row of chiefs on each side. The court-yard is of great extent, and presented a spectacle not easily forgotten: at the further end was a large building, of some pretensions to beauty in this country, being made of thatch, and supported by columns of wood, roughly cut. In front of this, and close to it, leaving an open space for admission to the king, was placed a large array of variegated umbrellas, admitted only to be used by himself. Under these were congregated his principal chiefs. On either side of him, under the building, were his wives, to the number of about one hundred, gaily dressed, most of them young and exceedingly pretty. The king was reclining on a raised dais, about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe. One of his wives held a glass sugar-basin for him to spit in. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetich charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth round his waist. . . . . We advanced close to where the king was sitting, with due form and ceremony, and when close to him, all the respect due to a king was paid by bowing, &c., which he gracefully acknowledged by bowing himself and waving his hand. We then sat down close to him in chairs that had accompanied us from Whydah. The conversation commenced with the usual compliments. He asked about my health, and how I had got on with my journey. He then inquired about the Queen and all her family, asking many questions about the form of government in England. I said the Queen sent her compliments to him, and hoped he was quite well, at which he seemed much pleased. This being only a visit of introduction, not of delivering messages, nothing political was entered into.' After some military manœuvres, the principal persons of the kingdom, male and female, were introduced to our countryman singly or in batches, the ceremony of drinking rum and water was gone through, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and the king rose to accompany him part of the way to his quarters.

The object of Commodore Wilmot's visit to Dahomey was stated by him at a subsequent interview he had with the king at Abomey—it was to persuade him to abolish the slave-trade, and instead thereof to employ the persons he was accustomed to sell in cultivating the ground, in the production of coffee, cotton, &c., and in breeding silkworms; and to ascertain what he would take to enter into a treaty with us to discontinue the cruel traffic. In the next place, he pointed out to his majesty how greatly all Europe was shocked by the reports of the human sacrifices he was in the habit of offering, and how utterly useless such sacrifices were to propitiate his gods. After this, he urged him to abstain from making war against Abbeokuta, and if he did, to be merciful to his prisoners, and to spare all Christians. He requested him to send a chief to England, to report to him what he saw there of the wonders of civilisation, promising him a favourable reception. He then asked his majesty to allow those who wished to send their children to the missionary-schools to do so. The king asked sundry questions during the delivery of this message, but deferred giving an answer at that time, and the interview was closed, as usual, with the inevitable grog.

About a month after this the king gave his answer, which in substance was as follows: 'That the slave-trade was an institution of old date, and furnished him with the means of maintaining his people and carrying on the government; that if white men did not come to fetch slaves in their ships, he had no means of sending them away, and therefore, if we wished to put a stop to the trade, we had only to prevent ships from coming there. He would not take any money to give it up, but he would try to do so by degrees, and also to discontinue the human sacrifices, though this too must be done by degrees, as he would lose his own life if he stopped the custom abruptly. As to the Abbeokutans, they had insulted his brother, and he meant to go to war with them, and all he asked of the white men was, that they would stand by and let him fight it out with his enemies. He had no objection to the mulattoes sending their children to the missionary-schools, but he was not to be persuaded to allow those of the black people to be sent there. As to sending a prince to England, he would do that when Commodore Wilmot came to pay him another visit, and brought him the Queen's answer.'

In return for the presents which the commodore made him, among which was included a portrait of her Majesty in her coronation robes, which excited his interest very strongly, the king gave him for the Queen, 'a large umbrella made of different coloured velvets, with the devices emblematic of their customs; a large carved stool, which no one but kings are allowed to possess; a pipe-stick and bag; a bag made from the leather of the country, with a lion worked upon it; a very handsome country cloth, and a long stick ornamented with silver, which can only be carried by the king; also two girls, one about twelve, the other sixteen, very pretty and intelligent.'

MY FIRST GOVERNESS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

'He ought to be here now;' and my mother's eyes eagerly scanned the park. It was a lovely August evening, and the songs of birds and the sweet scent of flowers came in through the open window by which she was standing. Aunt Laura looked up from the writing-table opposite.

'You are not anxious?' she asked.

'Not anxious; only impatient;' and my mother smiled. Just then the drawing-room door opened, and Amy and Helen entered. They had been strolling in the garden together, and Helen's hand lay confidingly on Amy's shoulder. My mother glanced at them with the smile still on her face, and then turned again to the window.

'There he is,' she presently exclaimed, as a figure on horseback emerged from the wood.

Aunt Laura put down her pen. 'Now you are happy, Hester, and we poor mortals sink into insignificance again,' she said laughingly.

My mother hardly heard her; she had stepped out on to the terrace, and was hastening round to the front of the house. As I followed her, I gave one look back at Amy; she sat with her head bent over her work, calm and quiet, only with two pink spots on her pale cheeks. So she still sat when a few minutes later we brought Laurence into the drawing-room; but when his grave greetings to Aunt Laura and Helen were over, and he came towards her, then she laid aside her work, and stood up. Their hands met, some brief words were spoken, and Laurence turned away. Aunt Laura's keen eyes followed him as he went to my mother, and told her, in his shy, hurried way, about his journey; but Amy's were riveted again upon her needle. No one but I saw that she did not make a single stitch; no one but I heard her tightened breathing when Laurence and my mother left the room. The clock struck nine soon after they were gone, and she rose.

'It is late,' she said; 'come, Mabel.' I lingered a moment. 'Come, Mabel,' she repeated more decidedly, and then we both bade Aunt Laura and Helen good-night.

So the day of Laurence's return ended; so he

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came back to the new faces, and the new life at home. It was late in the afternoon of the next day, and we were resting, Amy and I, beside the brook in the Holme Wood, nearly three miles from home, when there was a sound of steps behind us, and Laurence came crashing through the fern. He sat down at our feet, and began to speak of his visit and his friends, but soon he grew silent, and lay gazing dreamily at the running water. I knew why he had come, and I got up and wandered off alone into the wood. I was away some time, but when I went back, Amy and he were still sitting as I had left them. He moved as he saw me, and came slowly up the path.

'You deserted us,' he said, as we met; 'that was unsociable.'

His words and his light tone made me angry. Did he think me so blind and silly?

'I did what you wished me to do,' I answered, looking up at him significantly. A red flush came into his face, and he walked on a few paces without speaking; then he laid his hand on my arm: 'Mabel, if you have any romantic fancies in your head, try, for my sake, and for—for Miss Rockington's, to forget them, and in kindness to us both, at least be silent. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' I answered coldly, 'I understand; you may trust me.'

We were close to Amy then, and without another word he struck into a side-path, and left me. Always hitherto, he had gone part of the way home with us; long afterwards, I knew why he did not do so this day. That was the last time he met us in our walks. I think Amy watched for him often; her eyes would wander restlessly over the fields and hills, and she would start and glance round at the tramp of horse's hoofs. But he never came; and by and by that restlessness of hers settled down into a haggard, wistful look, most sad to see. In the midst of my lessons, I could often hear her deep smothered sighs, and sometimes she would break off, and lean her head, oh! so wearily, upon her hand. And still she did not seek him. The old organ was silent now, for she never cared to play; and when I tried to beguile her to the drawing-room with me, she only shook her head, and said that she would rather be alone. Even on the bright autumn mornings when we now and then made holiday, she would ask my mother for some errand to the village, and would toil there across the sunny park; and while she spent hours in the schools and cottages, or sat through the long evenings in the lonely schoolroom, Laurence would be lingering with my mother and her guests, or riding and driving, sometimes with Helen by his side, through the very woods and lanes where he had once strolled with Amy and me. My aunt's keen eyes watched him, well pleased; my mother's face wore a happy smile. They knew nothing of that past time; they only looked on to a bright future; but I, remembering all, recalled old nurse's words, 'Unless a new liking drives this one from his head,' and wondered once again how it would be. I saw how, through all Laurence's eager deference to my aunt, there was a strange uneasiness; how, while his eyes were resting on Helen's sweet face, while he was listening to her frank, joyous words, his brow would cloud, and his lips quiver, as though some sudden pain had smitten him. What was it? I could not tell, but I knew that his mind was not at rest, and I fancied that he noted with secret anxiety the change that had come over Amy. Some one else began to see that change.

'How long has Miss Rockington been with you?' my aunt one day asked my mother in a low voice.

I had seen her watching for some time, as Amy moved up and down the terrace, gathering flowers with Helen, and passing and repassing the open window against which Laurence leaned. My mother thought a moment: 'About eight months. Why do you ask?'

'Only because I am interested in that pale, thoughtful face of hers. I forget how you heard of her.'

My mother explained, and Aunt Laura listened attentively to the simple history, and then rising from her sofa, joined Amy on the terrace. Not long after, as I was standing at the end of the long corridor upstairs, I heard my aunt knock at my mother's bedroom door, and say, as she went in, that she had come for a quiet talk.

That evening, when I went, as usual, to the schoolroom to bid Amy good-night, she looked up from the letter she was writing, and told me, in a calm, steady tone, that she was going away, and going very soon. Her words came like a shock, and for a moment I stood bewildered; then throwing my arms round her neck, I exclaimed, amidst my tears, that I loved her, and could not spare her. She did not return my caresses, or answer my fond words. With cold, stern decision, she undid my clasping hands, and only saying that it was my mother's will, she touched my brow with her lips, and sent me away sad and wondering to bed. We did no lessons the next morning. Amy asked leave to go to the village, and my mother consented with a kind of pitying readiness that contrasted strangely with Amy's cold restraint. I watched her hastening across the park, and then went to seek my mother. She was alone in her dressing-room, and at my first words, a look of surprise and vexation came into her face, and she said gravely: 'Miss Rockington should have left me to tell you.' To all my anxious questions she made one reply: 'It is for her own sake, Mabel; you must rest content with knowing that. She will be happier in some other home; but I am sorry for you, my little girl;' and then, with a kind kiss, she left me.

I wandered out into the park; I thought I would go and meet Amy, for I could not bear to be away from her now, and so I went slowly round the lake and through the wood to the old gate that led into the lane. I halted here, for Amy might come home either by the lane or by a wood-path that branched off to the right. The birds were singing gaily overhead, the breeze softly moving among the trees, shaking down the yellow leaves, as I climbed the bank beside the gate, and sat down in a nest of fern to watch for her. I sat there long, pondering over my mother's words, and thinking, too, of Aunt Laura's sharp eyes. At last, far away down the lane, I saw Amy coming towards me. I had half risen from my leafy seat, when the sound of footsteps in the wood-path fell upon my ear. I looked back, and through the drooping branches caught one glimpse of Laurence's tall figure. With a sudden impulse, I sank down again. She might meet him now, perhaps for the last time alone, and with this thought of mine there mingled a strange wish to see *how* they would meet and greet each other. In my excitement, I never remembered that I had no right to play the spy upon them; so, hidden by the waving ferns which grew above me and around, I lay and watched. With a slow tread, Laurence passed the bank, and went on to the gate; then, for the first time, Amy caught sight of him; her steps quickened almost to a run, but he still moved on slowly, and, as it seemed, unwillingly. In another minute, they had met—not with the grave, formal salutation I was wont to see daily exchanged between them, and yet not with that lovers' greeting I had pictured. Amy's hand was laid impetuously upon his arm, her face, all flushed and agitated, was raised towards his; I saw the rapid movement of her lips, and heard her passionate tone, and ever and anon the low murmur of his reply, as with bent head he stood there before her. Long they stayed so, talking together, then they turned and came on side by side, till at the gate they halted once

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again. Amy was still speaking, and now her indignant words reached me clearly enough.

'If you have no pity for me, if you *can* be so cruel, then, indeed, you must be changed, or I never truly knew you till to-day.'

She paused, and he said something hurriedly about 'madness' and 'my mother.'

'Your mother! yes, you can always think of her. I am going now, Laurence, for I can say no more; but I shall never forget, although you may, how I have appealed to you, and how you have answered me.'

Her trembling hand unlatched the gate, and she passed through. Laurence did not try to stop her. With a gloomy irresolute face he stood leaning against the paling, until she had gone on several paces, then he abruptly called 'Amy!' She turned, and looked back at him. 'At least you will not forget your promise—you will not betray me?'

Her eyes flashed with anger, and her answering tone was full of scorn. '*That* is your only care. No, you need not be afraid. I would give much never to have made that promise; but I *did* make it, and I will keep it.' And without another word, she sped away.

Laurence stood gazing till her retreating form was lost among the trees; then, with a weary step and troubled face, he went on his way towards the village. When he was gone, I, too, left my hiding-place, and sliding down into the path, crept guiltily homewards. Amy's bitter anger and Laurence's gloom were indeed mysteries to me, but greater even than my wonder was shame at my own part in that strange scene, a shame that made me almost dread again to meet Amy's unconscious glance. She was in the schoolroom by the window, reading so quietly that I half fancied that passion in the wood must have been a dream of mine. She lifted her head as I entered, and spoke some kind, careless words of welcome, and then I saw that her face was calmer and more still than ever; but it was a rigid stillness, as though it had been cast in iron.

CHAPTER V.

All through that day, and for many days to come, that fixed look never left Amy's face. To my mother she was still respectful and submissive, but her old shyness had given place to a stern composure, and even in her gentleness towards me, there was something that I had never seen before, something that made me almost afraid of her. Often, when we were alone together, I longed to confess the secret spying which lay so heavily on my conscience, but when I looked into her face, the words died on my lips. My aunt's courteous attentions, Helen's warm kindness, she met all with the same calmness, the same icy reserve. And Laurence! he still lingered in the drawing-room, and rode through the flowery lanes by Helen's side, forcing himself to talk and smile. He strove hard to conceal *his* burden and *his* wretchedness, and he succeeded. No shadow of doubt or anxiety darkened my mother's or Aunt Laura's face while they watched him; but I, who knew so much, could see him flinch when Amy's voice or step met his ear suddenly, and guessed that, despite that calm, dreamy manner, his life was very bitter. But the day of his release, the day of Amy's departure was near at hand now. The last afternoon came, and she and I went out together for our last walk, our last talk. I do not know whether it was from Amy's fancy, or by chance only, that we took the way to the Hawkscliff. The sun was setting when we reached it, yet we did not turn homeward; she had pointed up to the fir-trees, and said softly: 'Let us go up—I want to see it all once more;' and so we climbed the hill and sat down on the very spot where we had stood together on that day eight months ago, when we were strangers. My eyes filled as I remembered it and our happy summer, and my hand clasped Amy's yet more closely as it lay in my lap. It seemed as though the thought of our near parting touched her too, and she looked round at me for one instant with a faint loving smile—only for an instant, then her gaze returned with hungry eagerness to the gray walls and red gables of Fernhill.

'I want to learn it all by heart,' she murmured, almost as if speaking to herself, 'that when I am back in the little dark room at Hamerton, I may shut my eyes, and fancy myself here.'

'Are you going to live with your aunt again?' Much as I wanted to know, I had never ventured to ask about her future until now.

'Only for a time, till I can find some other home. She would not care to have me with her, even if I wished it,' was the quiet answer.

'But you will not go far away from Hamerton,' I said earnestly; 'you will let me see you sometimes, Amy?' A strange expression crossed her face.

'I may go far away, but do not be afraid; we shall meet again some day, though, perhaps, not for a long, long while to come.' She paused, then went on rapidly: 'Mabel, you will never need patience as sorely as I have done, but try to be patient now; and, *remember*, that we shall meet again one day.'

There was some hidden meaning in those words that I could not divine, and she did not leave me time to dwell upon them; she began to say that we must write often to each other, that I must tell her everything; but then, all at once, she stopped, as though her thoughts were wandering, and following her eyes, I saw afar off in the park Laurence, riding rapidly towards home. We both watched him silently. On galloped the chestnut steed over the soft green turf to the little brook which fed the lake. It was an easy leap, but for some reason, the horse this day refused to take it. We could see Laurence urging him on. Perhaps he grew angry, for his temper had been less gentle lately; but be that as it might, the horse swerved violently at the very brink, and flung his rider headlong to the ground. How Amy and I got down the Hawkscliff, I never knew; I have a dim vision of our rushing through the long grass, she far in front of me, and then I can remember no more, till I saw her kneeling on the ground, with Laurence's white deathlike face resting against her. His eyes were closed, and when I stooped and touched his hand, it was chill and damp. With a cry of affright, I threw myself down by his side, beseeching him to speak to me. Hush! it was Amy's voice, hoarse and low, which answered mine: 'There is no time for crying; go to the house as fast as you can; run and get help. Don't linger—go!'

Something in her tone of command, in her impatient gesture, jarred on my proud spirit, even at that moment, and a jealous pang shot through me as I saw my brother's head lying on her knee, her arm supporting him. 'You go,' I said; 'I will stay with him; I am his sister.'

Her despairing eyes met mine. 'His sister! yes,' she panted out, 'but not his wife—not his wife.'

Still I did not stir, for amazement rooted me to the spot. His wife! She bent down suddenly, as though listening, then once again lifted her face, no longer passionate, but piteous and imploring: 'O Mabel, my darling, there is not a minute to lose. He may die; indeed, I would go if I could.'

I waited to hear no more. With swift feet, I flew past lake, shrubbery, and garden, to the open window of the drawing-room: it was empty; but I caught the distant sound of voices, and hurried across it to the library beyond. My mother was there, and some one else, but I saw only her, as, trembling and breathless, I gasped out my tidings. There was a sudden stir and exclamation; then the room seemed to reel, I felt kind arms round me, and heard a gentle voice speaking in my ear. The voice was not my mother's;

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the tears that wetted my cheeks were not hers, but Helen's, and as my dim eyes sought Helen's face, I fainted away. When I came to myself, I was lying on my own bed, and old nurse sat beside me. I tried to move, but I was strangely weak, and lay back again in bewilderment. Gradually my brain grew clearer, and I asked feebly: 'Have they gone to Laurence?'

'He is here, dear;' and nurse bent over me and spoke soothingly; 'they have brought him home.'

'Then he is not dead? Amy said that he would die.'

'No, Miss Mabel; he is still alive.'

'Who is with him?' I asked, slowly raising myself on my elbow.

'My lady and Grant. They sent for Dr Gordon, and he ought soon to be here.'

Another question hung upon my lips, but it was not uttered; I only said that I would go down stairs. Old nurse would fain have kept me quiet, but she yielded at last, and guided my unsteady steps to the drawing-room. I looked round eagerly as I entered, but only Aunt Laura and Helen were there. They came to meet me, and spoke softly and cheeringly; but their faces were very, very grave. For a while I stayed with them; but I could not rest long, and on some slight plea, I stole away to seek Amy. As I opened the schoolroom door, I saw her sitting motionless at the table, her head bowed on her clasped hands. She started up and looked in my face without a word; but her imploring eyes, her parted lips spoke for her, and I said: 'There is no change; and Dr Gordon has not come yet.' She sat down again still in silence, only I heard a low stifled groan as she turned her head away towards the window. I stood hesitating; there was something which I had it on my mind to say, and at length I summoned courage to bring it out. 'Amy, do you know what you said to me just before I left you in the park?'

She did not look round, but in a low tone she asked: 'What was it?'

'You said, when I wanted to stay with him, that, though I was his sister, I was not his wife.'

'I feared so,' she murmured to herself.

'Did that mean that you are his wife?'

She turned now and caught my hands in hers with vehement earnestness: 'Mabel! you will not tell our secret—*his* secret—to your mother?'

'I will tell no one. But is it true? Only say whether it is true?'

Almost in a whisper, she answered: 'It is true.' There was a pause; then still holding my hands, she spoke again more quietly, more steadily. 'Mabel, I must trust you now. I will tell you how it happened; and oh, remember that he may be dying, and do not blame him, even in your heart. I am his wife; we were married long before I came to Fernhill, or ever saw you. More than a year ago, when he was staying at Clisthorne Park, he came one day into the old abbey-church when I was playing, and listened. After that, he often came, and we learned to know each other well. I think it was my music that first made him care for me; but I had loved him long before he asked me to be his wife. He was going home then; but before he went, we were married one morning at a quiet village church three miles beyond Hamerton. No one knew. He thought it best so, and I yielded to his will in everything. My aunt had never taught me to confide in her, and in her stern honesty, she would have revealed all; so I promised silence, and tried to quiet my conscience when Laurence left me with her while he came to break the truth to your mother. But the weary weeks crept by, and I was still in Hamerton, and growing ever more sick at heart as I saw how he delayed and dreaded his confession. At last, you wanted a governess, and the thought came into his mind that if I could but gain your mother's love, it would make his task more easy. So I came here full of dread. I could not meet your mother's eye; I could hardly move or speak in her presence, lest I might betray the truth. I was happy sometimes in the woods or at the organ; but the shrinking and the fear always came back, and my life was hard to bear. Then Laurence went away, fancying that so your mother and I would be more drawn to one another. It might have been, if Mrs Wilmot had not come between us; but I soon saw the vain wish that was in her heart and in your mother's. And Laurence feared her quick eyes, and shunned her as he had never done before. I was very wretched; when suddenly your mother said that I must leave Fernhill; and from some words dropped, I saw that she suspected me, though not Laurence. Then I implored him to brave all, and to own me, and—he would not do it. O Mabel, I was angry; my heart was full of bitterness, even this very day, and now I may never be able to tell him how I loved him.' And her head drooped, and her frame shook with stifled sobs. I tried, in my girlish way, to comfort her, but she did not heed me till I said: 'If you are his wife, Amy, they cannot keep you away from him.'

She checked her weeping then. 'They must not know. No. I will bear it. The thought of that time when I was alone with him in the park will help me. And, Mabel, you will help me too—you will bring me news of him. Don't stay, now, dearest. I would rather be alone—only remember that I trust you.'

I left her; and as if in a dream, crept through the hushed house to the door of Laurence's room. All was still within; but after a while, old Grant came out, and whispered that the doctors did not despair; and with these tidings I went back to Amy. Many times that evening I stole from Laurence's door to the schoolroom, always bearing the same sad report, 'No change.' The long night passed, and the morning dawned, the morning of the day when Amy was to have gone. The hours went by, and still Laurence lay insensible; and as I stood at his door, I caught glimpses sometimes of my mother's face, almost as white, almost as mournful as that other face ever watching for me in the schoolroom. Another night and another morning, and then at last there came a change; he was conscious, and though the danger had not passed yet, there was hope. The gloomy stillness of the house seemed broken; all faces wore a brighter aspect; the hushed voices were full of glad relief; and when I went to tell Aunt Laura, I found my mother there already, talking with her. They were not speaking of Laurence, for I caught the words: 'We never once saw her, but she did not go;' and then my mother said: 'I will settle it,' and turning to me she asked where Amy was. I told; and with a vague fear I followed to the schoolroom. I had been there long before, and Amy's pale face was calm and almost happy as she rose to greet my mother, saying softly, 'He is better?'

'He is, indeed: we think the worst is over;' and my mother held Amy's hand, and went on in a kind cordial voice. 'Now that I am able to think of other things, I can arrange about your return to Hamerton, if you will tell me what hour will suit you best.'

There was a moment's silence, while Amy stood with downcast eyes, and one hand resting heavily upon the table; then she answered slowly and faintly: 'I cannot go.'

I am not sure whether my mother heard, for she only said gently: 'I must not stay now; but if you will decide presently, Mabel can bring me word;' and with a look of pity turned away.

But Amy stopped her, and spoke with head erect and almost defiant voice: 'I cannot leave Fernhill whilst he is so ill. I *will not* leave it.'

There was no pity in my mother's face now, only

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utter surprise and strong indignation as she haughtily exclaimed: 'Will *not* leave it! These are strange words to me, Miss Rockington. For your own sake, try to control yourself.'

Once again, Amy spoke: 'When he is quite safe, I will go—not before.'

My mother's eyes flashed. 'His safety is my care—not yours. In an hour's time, the carriage will be at the door; and I would warn you, in all kindness, to leave without a scene. And now, good-bye; it will be better that we should not meet again.' And she was going, when her eyes fell on me. 'Mabel, come; you ought not to be here.'

I hung back. 'Let me stay with Amy till the last, mamma.'

'No,' and my mother's tone was sharp and stern. 'Bid her farewell, and come with me.'

What could I do?—only cling round Amy's neck, and try to whisper comfort in her ear. So I left her, standing in the centre of the room with fixed eyes and tight-clasped hands. An hour later, I stood at my mother's dressing-room window, and, through my tears, watched the carriage wending its way across the park till it became a mere dark spot in the distance.

CHAPTER VI.

The wind sighing through the bare branches of the acacia-tree, the faint crackle of the blazing logs, and Laurence's deep breathing, were the only sounds I heard as I sat at work in his room. Five weeks had gone by since the accident, and yet this was but the second time I had been there. Looking back through those weeks, it seemed to me that I was years older than on the day when Amy and I were together at the Hawkscliff. At first, the shock of her story had almost stunned me, and in the suspense of that time I could not realise, I could scarcely even wonder at it; but there had come long, lonely days, when my mother was always in Laurence's room, and when even Aunt Laura and Helen had gone away to meet Mr Wilmot, and I was left to brood undisturbed over each word and detail. In those days, I would wander over the park, thinking of Amy shut up in that dull Hamerton house, while her husband lay ill and suffering at Fernhill; and as I pictured her weary waiting, her silent misery, the secret grew ever more oppressive, more unbearable. I could not write to her; my mother had forbidden it, but I heard that she had twice been in the village, and I knew well what had brought her there. I felt as though it lay in my hands to end her banishment, and to bring her home; but I could only do it through Laurence. At last the day came when they let me go softly into his chamber. As I stood beside him, it startled me to see how those few weeks had altered him. He had grown old and haggard, and I hardly knew his voice when he feebly welcomed me. He did not care to talk, and very soon my mother drew me away, whispering that we must not tire him; but on this morning she had let me come again, and had left me with him alone. He was sleeping now. I watched him as he lay on the couch near the fire, and my heart almost failed—he looked so thin, so careworn! But yet I would not flinch. When he woke, I would try to speak. The hands of the clock had moved on many minutes before he stirred slightly and opened his eyes. He smiled faintly when he saw me, and asked if I was keeping guard; but I could scarcely answer him, my heart beat so fast. How could I do it? I was still musing, when he spoke again. 'Have you another governess, Mabel?' I mused no longer, I began boldly and at once. 'I have had no governess since Amy left, five weeks ago. Laurence, before she went, she told me your secret.' He did not start or exclaim, but his long, thin fingers played nervously with the wrapper thrown around him, and a red tinge came into his hollow cheeks.

'She told you!—when?'

'The day you were hurt. She was too wretched.' He stopped me with an imploring gesture. 'Not now, Mabel; the thought of her, and what she must have borne, has been weighing on me night and day;' and he covered his face with his hands, and there was a long silence. When he uncovered it again, I saw a strange look of relief, of determination. 'Mabel, you may hate me, but you cannot hate me as I hate and despise myself. Will you do something for me? Don't give me time to think, to fear. Call my mother, and I will tell her now.'

'Now?'

'This very hour. I have meant it through all these weeks; but I am a miserable coward still, and I dare not trust myself. Call her.'

I said no more; I went at once to the library, where my mother sat writing, and stood in the doorway: 'Mother, Laurence wants you.'

She rose hastily. 'There is nothing the matter? He is not worse?'

'O no, not worse;' and we went upstairs together. At his door, I stopped and looked up at her: 'Mother dear, he is very weak; we must be tender with him.'

'Of course we must,' she answered smiling, and then she went in. I did not follow her—it was best that they should be alone; but yet I could not go away. I sat down in the staircase window, and listened. There were a few brief words, and then a pause; then the low, continuous murmur of one voice. He was telling her now. Another pause; then her voice, quick and sharp, and once again his; and then—the bedroom door was flung wide, and my mother came swiftly out. She did not see me; she did not see anything, as with set face, compressed lips, she passed on to her own chamber, and shut to the door. I stole back along the passage to Laurence's room. He was lying quite still, as though exhausted.

'It is done, Laurie?'

'Yes, it is done; but, Mabel, don't ask me about it: it is worse even than I had thought.' And his tone was full of anguish.

I did not ask him; I sat down on the floor by his side, silently fondling his trembling hand. If I had thought hardly of him before, I forgot it now in my deep pity. I cannot tell how long we had been so, when the door opened again, and my mother entered, dressed for driving.

'The carriage is here, Laurence; I am going to fetch Lady Cranstoun home.'

He looked up at her imploringly, but there was no relenting in her face: 'Mother, you will not be harsh with her.'

'Why should I be? *She* owed me no duty, no love. I am only going to repair the wrong I did her ignorantly.'

That cold, bitter tone; no wonder it stung him to the quick. With a sudden effort, he raised himself, and held out his hands towards her. 'Mother, my heart is breaking; before you go, give me one word of forgiveness—only one word.' She looked at him, at his wan, entreating face; but she did not move a step. A minute he waited, then he sunk back with a low, hopeless sigh. Something in that sigh, in his quiet despair seemed to touch her heart as nothing yet had done. She drew nearer to him:

'Laurence, I could forgive your marriage, but I *cannot* forgive all these long months of deceit. I trusted you so fully, I loved you so entirely.'

He broke in passionately: 'Did not I love you? Ay, *too* well, for I prized your love and your happiness more than my wife's. I am bitterly punished for my deceit towards you, for my cruelty towards her.'

Still my mother stood irresolute; all at once she came and bent over him: 'Laurence, I will try to forgive; but I cannot forget, and therefore—we must part.' And she was gone.

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'Part!' I whispered, as her steps died away upon the stairs.

'She says that Fernhill is mine; but she leaves it to-morrow, and takes you with her.'

'O no, no,' I exclaimed; but he did not hear me, or he was too utterly worn out to answer. He lay, his face turned towards me, his nerveless hand still in mine—not sleeping, but with his eyes fixed vacantly upon the fire. So the hours went by. Only once through that long afternoon did he speak, and then it was in a strange, musing tone, as though he were dreaming: 'I see it now, all the misery that would have been spared, if I had bravely borne the effects of my own folly.'

His folly! Yes, there, as his own lips acknowledged, lay the burden. He had never loved Amy as Amy loved him. It grew dusk. The hall-clock had struck five, when my strained ear caught the distant sound of carriage-wheels. They came on; they stopped. Then Laurence rose, slowly and painfully, until, leaning partly upon me, partly on his couch, he stood upright. So he waited. I thought the next few minutes would never end, but at last there were footsteps in the corridor; the door opened, and there on the threshold stood my mother, with Amy by her side. We could not see their faces; it was too dark for that; but we saw their figures, as my mother led Amy up to Laurence, and put her hand in his. 'I have brought your wife home; it is for you to welcome her.' Those were her words, and then she turned back to the door. I saw Laurence bend silently down, I saw Amy cling to him, and then I hurried after my mother. It was not for me to watch that strange meeting between husband and wife.—We did not go from Fernhill the next day; we did not go at all. Those hours of misery had been too much for Laurence's weak frame, and when the morning broke, his life once more hung upon a thread. My mother spoke no more of leaving him then; and as she and his young wife hung over him, and tended him together, and she saw Amy's untiring love and patient care, her heart was softened, and her bitter anger died away. The time was long in coming, but it came at last, when Amy's love and patience won their way, when Laurence's remorseful kindness towards her turned to love as full and confiding as her own, and when not for the fairest and noblest lady in all Christendom, not even for sweet Helen herself, would my mother have exchanged my first and only governess, Amy Rockington.

WRINKLES FROM NORMANDY.

Unless writers of travel deal with places almost unheard of by the majority of readers, and which have therefore an intrinsic interest independent of the manner of the narrator, they are apt to fall into one of two errors: they are either prosy and wearisome, reserving their best enthusiasm for the descriptions of their dinners; or in their efforts to escape from dulness, they are flippant. One quarter of their whole volume is generally devoted to accounts of how they travelled from one town to another, about which road-work, since they are rarely drawn by ostriches or zebras, there is a great sameness; while the towns themselves are commonly 'done' in a few hours, or, in the case of their having a cathedral or a picture-gallery, in a day. There is little amusement and no information to be reaped by the perusal of such works, and the writers themselves commonly come back not much wiser than they went; nay, worse: they too often generalise from insufficient data, and mislead both themselves and others.

To know a foreign land and its people, even superficially, it is necessary to remain in it at least some weeks; while to give such an account of it and them to others as shall be really useful to our own countrymen, it is almost necessary to have lived there. This has been lately done for us with respect to Normandy* by a gentleman admirably qualified for such a task. It was well suggested to him by a friend in Scotland, 'that ingenious devices for ensnaring, growing, and gathering food, and for making it eatable, might be so described as to benefit the poor at home, whose single dish of potatoes might easily be varied at small cost.' This our author has accomplished, so clearly and so simply, that we do not doubt the book will attain its end so far; while the subjects of French Fishing, Farming, Gardening, Politics, and Natural History have been handled in a most masterly and exhaustive fashion. The natural-history papers, in particular, might have been written by White of Selborne, supposing that friend of Nature to have removed himself for a few years to Avranches or Granville.

From the passing strangers who pop their heads into a French cathedral now and then, and find people in it even on week-days, or who mark with wonder that customers take off their hats upon entering a shop, we learn that our neighbours across the Channel are both religious and polite. From the author of the work before us, however, who has lived among them, we have rather a different account.

'I have frequently gone into churches to hear the music at high-mass, and have always been struck by never seeing any of the young men of the better class in church. Never since I have been in this country have I seen a young man in society at church. If they do go at all, it must be very early in the morning, or late at night.' The rudeness of the Normans to foreigners is beyond belief. It is true that the authorities used to invite our author as a guest to their public ceremonies; but when he got there, there was no place reserved for him, but he was always left to be jostled by the riffraff of the town, who, for their parts, desired no better fun. If the two friends, Cross and Hope, whose adventures and observations make up these volumes, go out a-fishing, they cannot get rid of French boys, who throw dirt, to muddy the water and frighten away the trout. Redress it is impossible to get, and as for giving them a thrashing, 'the justice of peace will make no allowance for any provocation you may receive; and if you strike a Frenchman before witnesses, you are quite sure of a prison.' At Granville, upon the occasion of some sailors being drowned in a brave attempt to reach an English vessel in distress, Messrs Cross and Hope were within a very little of being torn to pieces by an infuriated mob, notwithstanding that one of the two had risked his life to save the unfortunates, and the other had restored one to life by his prompt surgery. There was a regular *émeute* against the English, and the military had to be called out, to save their lives; so ignorant, so impulsive, and, we are afraid we must add, so addicted to bloodshed are the lowest classes of the French.

Hope had come down into peaceful Normandy (as he had expected to find it) for the purpose of getting out of his mind the horrors of the revolution of 1848, to which he had been an unwilling eye-witness. 'The French do not like,' says he, 'to publish the account of atrocities that are disgraceful to their nation. I was myself present, however, when an old woman was seized who had been seen actively engaged on one of the barricades. She was searched to discover if she had any cartridges concealed on her person, and from her pocket was taken a handkerchief saturated with blood, which, when opened, was found to contain a number of tongues, eyes, and other parts of the human body, which this monster had cut off with her own hands from the persons of some unfortunate *gardes mobile* who were taken at the barricades where she was placed. . . . . I heard,

* *Life in Normandy.* Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

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and I believe, that many other women acted in the same manner as this fiend. I stood the first outbreak. I saw, it is true, men with the look of fiends—men the like of whom I have never seen before; and some of my friends who have lived in Paris all their lives, knew not from whence they came, though they stream into view in all great commotions of that capital. . . . I have seen with my own eyes hats full of poisoned bullets taken from the insurgents; indeed, I have got some dozen of these which I can shew you. All this I saw, and yet I was unwilling to leave Paris, and give up the house which had caused me so much trouble and expense to put in order. But that old fiend's look I could not endure; I could not eat; I could not sleep; the streets seemed to smell like a slaughter-house, and the very moon and stars had a red tinge in my eyes.' Thus the revolution of 1848 was not quite of that rose-water character which it has been represented to be. There are not a few striking historical pictures in these volumes; one describes the attempt of Fieschi upon the life of Louis Philippe: how brave the king was, and how he paused before the line of corpses slaughtered in mistake for him, and saluted each with his sword. But there is no need to sup longer upon such horrors; they make up but a small portion of our author's narrative, the principal feature of which is a picturesque and cheerful industry.

What a charming sight must be the sands of Granville when the tide is down, which falls more than forty feet, and races in and out with such terrible speed, although it retires so far: groups of figures are then scattered everywhere over its shining surface, up to the very base of the rock where Mont St Michel lifts his aged head; and all, in the bright sunlight and glittering expanse, so clearly shewn that you can almost distinguish those who gather oysters from those who handle the prawn-net; and certainly those who use the tree-mell * from those who hunt conger-eels with dogs—yes, with dogs, and also with a pickaxe, commonly wielded by an old woman, as in the following case: 'She led the way along the outer edge of the rocks till she came to a place where the sand ran for a considerable distance into the body of the rocks, which rose rather steeply on either side of this sandy estuary. The sand, however, was not smooth, for in all directions little mounds rose up, breaking the level.

"Go and seek, good dog, Trompette," said the old lady, when she had entered this creek.

'The dog started off, hunting in all directions. In a quarter of a minute he stopped at one of the little lumps, and began to scratch and whine like a terrier at a rat-hole.

"See, he has one," said the woman, as she ran towards the dog brandishing her pickaxe. When she reached the place, she looked which way the hole ran, and then began tearing up the sand, which rose in lumps at every blow. After eight or ten strokes, out tumbled a conger-eel about the same size as those in her basket; the dog and his mistress made a dash at it; the biped got it; the woman flung it with great force on the hard sand, and then quietly put it into her basket with the rest of her load, shouting: "Seek again, Trompette."'

They seem to have no difficulty in training these dogs: a young dog is taken out with an old one once or twice, and allowed to worry the eel; but in some cases hunting eels comes quite by nature. As to conger-eels not being good eating, and making, in particular, an excellent soup, that is quite an English idea.

Again, the taking of cuttle-fish is not much practised with us, unless for the purpose of using them as bait; and, indeed, they are not tempting to look at. See, here is a girl fishing for cuttles. She was walking very slowly towards them, holding her net in both hands, and striking it gently on the top of the water. Cross observed a number of shining objects moving with a sort of little jerk, but he could not tell whether they moved with their head or tail foremost, for when they did so, they threw out a small jet of black liquid that darkened the water, so that they were quite obscured. The girl now came forward and made two rapid sweeps of the narrow corner with her net; after each sweep she emptied her net on the bank, and lifted each time two or three handfuls of nasty jelly-looking stuff. The water was as black as ink. When washed, the cuttles became quite empty and transparent, yet if put back into the sea for ten minutes, they will be again charged as full as ever with this black fluid. Well might Cross observe: 'What a source of profit would it be to a paint-maker could he discover the chemical compound of this fish's stomach, that can thus so rapidly convert sea-water into ink.' But one thing about them has long been discovered by these Normans, which it concerns us to know—they are most delicious eating. A few good taps with a hammer takes the hardness out of them, and then (their eyes excepted) they are ready for the frying-pan. Periwinkles, singularly enough, are not held in much estimation by the French, but limpets, so despised among us, are eaten by them freely, and held to be very nutritious. It is not necessary to go to China, or to dine with the Acclimation Society in order to eat slug-soup; you may get it in Normandy at a much cheaper rate, and a very good thing you will find it, in case you have weak lungs or need to be fattened. 'As for snails,' says the French marquis, who is good enough to instruct our two English friends in the divine art and mystery of cooking, 'even in the simplest way, they are good. Scald them, to get them from their shells, and then fry them with a few crumbs of bread, and a little seasoning—pepper, salt, and a pinch of fine herbs: they will not disappoint you. Or they are excellent stewed, either with a white or brown sauce; in short, they are one of those things which you can hardly spoil. In choosing your viands, you should select those which are of a dark brown in the shell, heavy and well closed at the mouth; these are in the best condition, and of course are the best; for you may meet with lean snails as well as with lean mutton, and then you are naturally disappointed.'

Guillemots, again—or marrots and sea-crows, as they are called in Scotland—are considered to be uneatable by natives of that country, 'whereas, if properly treated, they produce a *salmi* equal to woodcock, and superior to hare;' only take away the lower half of the back—and let it be remembered that you should invariably do this with all aquatic birds directly you get them—so that the rancid oil therein contained shall not melt before the fire, and pollute your food. Similarly with that despised fish, the gurnet; be sure to cut off its head, which spoils the rest of it in the cooking, and it will be found a capital dish. Of course, in the hands of the French marquis, who cooked for himself and our two friends, for love of the art, these homely *plats* got a more careful dressing than they would receive from a Highland wife. It may be said of the cooking of marrots with red wine, as was remarked by the satirist of the English law, that it was open to rich and poor alike—like the London Tavern; but yet such food can certainly be made, even without red wine, at least in hard times, most serviceable, and we hope that it will not be neglected any longer. The French peasantry are really a much more economical race than the Scotch, for true economy does not consist in merely going without things, but in making the utmost use of things we have. Norman ducks are very fat and fine, because they are fed upon cockchafers, whole sackfuls of which are collected for that

* Evidently our 'trammel,' or flue-net, from *trois-mailles*, or three meshes, which exactly describes it.

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purpose; this singular fare, however, gives them rather a disagreeable flavour, so that, before being killed, they are fed for a little on boiled buckwheat or other grain, which purifies them. Cockchafers certainly make them lay eggs in great plenty, so that, for breeding birds, at least, this system should be adopted by our own poor.

While upon the subject of importing good customs from Normandy, let us not forget this most important fact, that notwithstanding the people are as dependent upon the sea for a subsistence as our own herring-fishers, there is no such thing known as the foundering of half a fleet of fishing-boats in a gale. All of them, from five tons burden up to fifty, are *decked*. They never have to cut their nets, and flee from the fury of the storm, and life and property are thus both preserved by 'a lid to the pot.'

There is such a variety of wealth in these volumes, that we are afraid of delaying too long upon any one subject, lest we do our author an injustice. We could, if we chose, convince our readers that it was only an excellent cookery-book which we were submitting to their notice; or a pamphlet upon civil government; or a practical essay upon ship-building; or a treatise on road-making; or a curious dissertation upon the manner of ensnaring kingfishers, wood-pigeons, and quails. As for fish, no one has handled *that* subject—no, not Sir Humphry himself—so agreeably as our author, since the days of Izaak Walton. There is nothing too insignificant or too ugly for him, whether it swims in the sea or hides in the sand; he describes all creatures to be found below high-water mark in Normandy with an equal enthusiasm. 'The wonders of the sea-shore' are literally wonders there, and not confined to hermit-crabs and sea-anemones; for instance, there is the minaur (or, as we should rather call him, the major), a monstrous sort of cuttle-fish, which destroys the poor people's fish-walls with its gigantic arms. They are killed, if they are killed at all, with a pick-axe, nor can their hold of a rock be easily loosened by one man. There is a picture in the book of one of these revolting objects, and it is called *Octopus vulgaris*, which leads one to think dreadful things of the coast of Normandy. We are not surprised that even the half-amphibious Granville girls do not trust their bare feet in the vicinity of these things. They look, we are told, a little like 'haggis-bags with the strings loose, or animated turnips moving root foremost;' but that is a very complimentary description of their real appearance. A party are taking vengeance upon certain minaurs who have spoilt their fish-walls; several tons of stones are lying in ruin, and marked the spot where these destructionists lay. One of them had half a boat-hook still in him, which had been broken in trying to haul him out during the previous spring-tide.

'Frederic began first by scraping a great hole in the sand with the pick-axe; he then took one of the boat-hooks, or clips, thrust it into the hole, and gave it a violent jerk; it was drawn deeper into the sand after this jerk. 'That's into him!' he exclaimed. He did the same with two other clips, and then gave one of the three to each of the women. 'Now, haul away!' he cried. The three women pulled away with all their force; something white was seen, and then the water became black. Frederic put down his pick-axe, and jerked violently; something like a large eel appeared above the water, and Frederic nearly fell back from the force of his jerk. 'There is one of his arms,' he said. After a number of jerks, another arm shewed above the water. 'Pull steady, and let the water clear a little,' said Frederic. Hope and Cross 'could now distinguish two white substances that were twisting in the water like two large eels; several more could be partially seen, half hid under the sand or large stones. The clips were fastened in a bag that looked like a man's cotton night-cap, for it was much the same shape, size, and colour. The colour, though white, was semi-transparent, and shone more brightly than a cotton night-cap would have done. It was evident that the eel-looking branches which sprung from this bag were firmly fixed to the stones under which they were hid, for many of the stones had been moved from their places by the strain which the party were giving to the clips.

'When the water became clear, Frederic hooked his pick-axe into one of the half-hid branches, renewed the jerks he had given to the other two with the same success; for, after shaking one of the large stones violently, something seemed to give way, and another arm was twisting in the water. The like process was repeated several times, always with the same result; at last, bag, arms, and all appeared above the water, falling down into a lump; one arm only remained below water, and that was fixed to a stone of about two or three hundredweight, which, in spite of its size, was dragged out of its bed in the sand by the united strength of the three women. Frederic hooked his pick-axe round this remaining arm, gave the usual jerks; it gave way, and a long mass of nasty-looking stuff was lifted into the air.' It had something like the form of a gigantic cuttle-fish, only much uglier. It had the bag-like body, the two huge eyes, and the bunch of feelers; but these feelers were quite as long as a man's arm, and covered upon one side, from one end to the other, with lumps rather bigger than a hazel-nut. These lumps began to open and shut like so many mouths—opening to the size of a shilling, and then again contracting till they looked like warts. No fish can get away when once seized by these leech-like mouths, which draw even the great stones out of the fishery walls. Nothing comes amiss to minaurs in the way of food; oysters, crabs, or even men, if they can get hold of them. An old fishwoman told our author that one of these creatures had attached himself to her in her youth, when she was one day fishing in a hole for crabs. The tide was rising, and she could neither free her arm nor draw her admirer out. Fortunately, a fisherman came out and rescued her, when the water was already up to her waist. Of course, the Norman people eat these things, but they allow they are not a delicate dish, and need a good deal of hammering upon their lumps to make them tender. When you once get them down, however, they are said to be extremely nourishing!

The roads are execrable in Normandy, reminding one of that Highland highway where the traveller came upon a muddy man sounding a hole with the but-end of a driving whip, and was informed that he had found his hat, but had lost a horse and gig somewhere there; but the roads on land are pleasant travelling compared with the quicksands about St Michel's Mount. It is difficult to evade them in the clearest weather; but in fog, no native of the place can venture there with safety; and fogs are as bad upon the Greve (as the bay between Brittany and Normandy is well called) and thereabouts as on the coast of Scotland. The legends, all more or less true, of the catastrophes that have occurred there would fill a volume. Our author heard a great number of them from a garrulous guide at the Mount itself while a fog was in the act of gathering, and that terrible journey lay before him which had proved fatal to so many thoughtless people. He told him of a stranger who was once seen only half a mile to the west of the castle; had he been acquainted with the sands, he would have known that he ought to make a circuit, to avoid a branch of the river; but he was not aware of this danger, and ran straight to the Rock, until he was stopped by the deep water. He then turned and ran along the stream, sometimes one way, sometimes another, like one who had lost his head. He was plainly seen, and the people on the Rock shouted and waved to direct him which

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way to go; but he neither saw nor heard them. Some fishermen ran down to help him, but the tide was coming in so rapidly that they were obliged to turn to save their own lives. The poor man then betook himself to a mound of sand which stood like an island surrounded by water. Inch by inch, the water rose, till at length he was borne away; nor was even his corpse ever again seen, for it was swallowed up in some of the quicksands. On another occasion, the commandant of the fort itself was caught in a fog, and would undoubtedly have been lost, but for the care of his wife, who sent out the drummers to beat their drums as loudly as possible. He was running to certain death, when that sound smote upon his ear, and saved him. A servant of the commandant's was with the first drummer with two great lighted lanterns, yet his master reproached him for negligence in not bringing a light—so dense was the sea-fog.

In five days, a ship and cargo sank quite out of sight in sand except the truck of her main-mast, which disappeared also on the sixth day.

A bride and bridegroom, walking but ten yards in advance of their company, were swallowed up before their very eyes, in spite of all that could be done.

Our author disbelieved some of these stories while they were being told; but half an hour afterwards, being upon the very spot so fraught with peril, in a fog that could almost be felt, with the tide coming in apace, and with a drunken guide, he began to think them terribly true. The adventure is too long for extract here; but we never remember to have read a more exciting story. Suffice it to say that no man ever ran a greater risk, and yet escaped. At one time he actually saw the guide sinking before him. The poor wretch screeched for help, and he being nearest, rushed forward, seized him by the collar, and threw him on his back, a yard behind him. 'At the same moment, I felt as if something gave a crack below my feet, and I felt myself slowly going down. I own my heart leaped into my mouth. I had never felt anything like it. I have broken through many a bog, many a "trembling eye," and "well-head," in the Highlands of Scotland, and once or twice found that disagreeable and nervous enough; but it is nothing to the horror of sinking in a quicksand. The sensation, to me, was as if a slight crust had broken under my feet, through which they sank, and then something seemed to suck and drag me down, leaving me not the slightest power to assist myself. I did my best to raise one leg, but to no purpose; the other only went deeper and faster down. In a few seconds, I was buried half-way up to my thighs, and sinking faster.' We will not spoil this 'sensation' narrative by further quotation; but in justice to our readers, we give them something of the same nature in its completeness.

Cross and Hope were poking about the rocks of Granville at low tide, as their custom was, upon an afternoon, in search of something new and strange. Hope had just picked up some hideous marine curiosity, when Cross suddenly gave a loud shout: 'The Lord have mercy upon us! I forgot the tide, and here it comes!'

'Hope turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid pace, and covering the sandy creek where the eels had been found. Not aware of the danger, he said quite quietly: "Faith, so it does; I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," said Cross: "by crossing the rock, we may yet be in time."

'He looked rather pale as he spoke, and Hope, seeing his alarm, hastened to follow him; for the moment Cross ceased speaking, he scrambled up the rocks, and began walking as rapidly as he could across them towards the nearest shore; but the pace was necessarily slow, for the roughness in some parts, and the slipperiness in others, obliged them to pick their steps: the numberless crevices, which had been a source of amusement an hour before, now served still further to retard their progress, for they were forced to make many a detour to get past them. At last, they reached the highest point, and could see before them.

"Thank God!" said Cross, "the sand is not yet covered; but we must run for it."

'The sand was in fact still visible, but small lines of blue water could be seen marking and breaking the surface. They hastened on, Hope looking at these lines, which seemed rapidly to increase in breadth; but he was soon obliged to keep his eyes on the ground, for, in looking up, he had placed his foot on a bunch of weed, slipped, fell, and got a severe shake, besides cutting his hands.

'In three minutes more, however, they were at the edge of the sand; but when they reached it, they saw that the sand was now in stripes, the water in sheets.

"We shall do yet," said Cross, "for, thank God, here is a girl before us." He began to run rapidly, and Hope followed.

'They proceeded thus for about two hundred yards, when they saw the little girl (the same from whom Hope had bought the crabs) coming hastily towards them. She reached them before they had advanced many more paces, and as she ran she called out something which they could not at first understand, for she was so much out of breath.

'When she was close to them, they could distinguish that she said: "The wave! the wave! it is coming; turn, turn, and run, or we are lost!"

'They did turn, and they saw, far out to sea, a large wave rolling towards the shore. Blown as they were, they yet increased their speed, as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left.

'The little girl passed them, and led the way; the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for, as they neared the rock, the wave still rolled towards them; the sand became gradually covered, and the last ten steps were up to their knees in water, but they were on the rock.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late."

'She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock, six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill-sluice.

"We are lost," said the girl; "I cannot cross; it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?" asked Cross.

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

'Cross lifted the girl in his arms; he was a strong big man; he plunged into the stream, which was up to his waist. With a few strides he was across, and set the girl down; he then held on by the rock, and stretched out his hand to Hope, who was following like an experienced wader, taking very short steps, and with his legs well stretched out, to prevent being swept away by the force of the water; Hope grasped the hand thus held out to him, and in another second the two friends were standing by the girl.

"That is tremendous," said Hope; "if I had not seen it, I never would have believed it."

"It is, indeed," said Cross; "and in winter, or in blowing weather, the tide-wave comes in with far greater force than this we have just seen."

"Come on, come on," cried the girl. "Holy Virgin! we were nearly lost."

'The little girl again led the way to the high point of lighter-coloured rock which Hope had remarked in the morning. When they had reached it, she said: "We are safe now;" and she pulled from her breast a string of beads with a crucifix, and began to tell the beads. The two friends looked on in silence; perhaps they, too, were returning thanks to Heaven, although they held no beads in their hands.

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'After a few minutes thus spent, the girl looked up and smiled to Cross. "Thank you," said she, "for lifting me over; I could not have crossed by myself; and," she continued, "the second wave has come, and it is all water now."

'The friends looked; all around them was the wide sea; they were on an island which each moment became less; and this island was three-quarters of a mile from the shore.

"I am afraid, sir, you will be cold," said the little girl. "We are quite safe here, for this point is always above water except in a storm; but we shall have to remain here for three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"Cold or hot," said Cross, "we may be thankful we are here. But what made you forget the tide, for you must know the coast so well?"

"I did not forget it," she said, "but I feared you would be drowned, as you are strangers; and I thought I should be in time to tell you; but I was too late, and the wave came."

"And did you risk your life to save us?" said Hope, the tears starting into his eyes.

"I thought, at anyrate, I should get here," she replied. "As you are strangers, you would not know that it is always dry here, and on the strand you would be lost; so I came to help you, for the gentleman was kind, and gave me a good price for my crabs; so I hoped I should be in time to warn you; but I was very nearly too late."'

Thus there is plenty of stirring adventure in these volumes for those who look only for amusement. But their chief value, as we have said, lies in their practical teaching, in their giving us English what are called 'Wrinkles' from Normandy. One rises from a perusal of them with the feeling that one has one's self lived half a lifetime at Carolles or Granville. If all Europe could but be mapped out into districts, and apportioned each to an Englishman as fully qualified to write of it as he who has given us *Life in Normandy*, there would be no more ignorance and misunderstanding of foreigners amongst us; while we should borrow a great number of useful methods by which the lives of our fellow-countrymen could both be prolonged and improved.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE.

'IRRESISTIBLE homicidal impulse' and 'kleptomania' are diseases known only to our modern criminal code. No thief ever dreamed of defending his act upon the plea, that 'He couldn't help it' in the good old times. Had he done so, the judge would doubtless have replied that 'He couldn't help it either,' and proceeded to pass sentence of Death. 'Irresistible homicidal impulse' was the very thing indeed which seems to have then actuated the King's Justices, but it was not taken account of at all in the case of the prisoner at the bar.

I am very far from believing that all our benevolent reforms in this particular branch of the law have been beneficial. The strenuous endeavours that are now made to save the lives of those who are proved to be *at the best* but blood-thirsty madmen seem to me to be worthy of a better cause; while as to fashionable and amateur shoplifters, methinks that Want ought to hold at least as good an excuse for a thief, as an Uncontrollable Propensity for stealing. The disease is confessedly not understood by the Faculty, who are all in the dark as to the remedy; why not therefore try a legal prescription of this sort?

℞ Tred millis: dies 36 de die in diem contin: adhibend.

℥ Unguent Pic Okum ter in dies palmis infricand. Sumatur quot. Pulv. Dribred in aq.: Pomp.: quant: suff; ad nauseam—et rep. dos. si opus fuerit.

The law, in order to render a man responsible for any crime, now looks for a 'consciousness of right and wrong, and a knowledge of the consequences of the act.' Yet, remarks Professor Taylor, Hadfield, who was tried for shooting at George III., and acquitted on the ground of insanity, both knew that he was doing wrong, and that the punishment of death would follow from the commission of his crime; his avowed motive being that he might be put to death by others, since he was unwilling to take his own life. Martin, too, who set fire to York Cathedral, was aware that that act was illegal, and liable to penalty; but he said he had the divine command to commit it. Macnaughten, who was tried for the murder of Mr Drummond, was acquitted 'upon an illegal homicidal climax (!) occurring at the particular moment when the deceased's back was turned.' Under these circumstances, there is no such thing as a murder; there are homicidal climaxes, that is all. Surely it would be well if something of this excessive legal solicitude should be shared by the victim, whose case is considered at present as of little consequence by comparison—in short, as anticlimax.

A century ago, however, and much later, it is certain that very many persons were imprisoned and put to death, who ought, according to the law itself, to have been lodged in lunatic asylums;* but perhaps in those days, the juries were more considerate in running their respective counties into expenses. The case of Captain Bruluman is a curious illustration of this; the plea of insanity not having been even set up for him as it seems. The crime for which he suffered was committed in Philadelphia, but when the United States were a British colony, and therefore, I conclude, the proceedings were conducted precisely as they would have been at home. This Bruluman had been a silversmith, but had left that business for the army, in which he had risen to be a captain in the Royal American Regiment. He was 'broken,' however, for counterfeiting base money, and disliking a vagabond-life, determined, according to his own account, upon the commission of some crime for which he would certainly be hanged.† After forming this design, he loads his gun with a brace of bullets, and asks his landlord to go shooting with him, with the intention of killing that individual. Luckily for the latter, he had some business which kept him at home, so Bruluman sallies forth alone, gun in hand, with the cheerful intention, quite devoid of malice, of putting its contents into *somebody*. He meets a gentleman on

* There is at the present time in a certain metropolitan asylum a very remarkable example of homicidal madness. One of the quietest and most accomplished of its inmates, who has done much towards its internal decoration by his execution of frescoes upon the walls and ceilings, has just one weakness which prevents his being at large—namely, an unconquerable desire to cut throats. He destroyed his father and uncle upon the same day in this manner, but has no recollection of his own share in that catastrophe; he remarks upon it indeed as a curious coincidence, that both these relatives should have died within a few minutes of one another, and of the same complaint. After the commission of this deed, he put a new handle to his razor, and took coach to a seaport town with the intention of embarking for the continent, and subsequently of reaching Rome, where he intended to perform no less a feat than that of cutting the jugular of the pope. He did not intend to fritter away his talents upon any inferior object, but a fellow-passenger on the coach exhibited a neck so very tempting, that he could not resist the opportunity of going to work on that. His whole conduct seems, in fact, as though it were intended to practically illustrate De Quincy's famous essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts. By giving way to this temptation *en route*, the great object of his journey was frustrated; he was seized and shut up in the asylum for life. Here, as I have said, he amuses himself with painting, in which he is a great proficient; he suffers his subjects to be chosen for him, only stipulating that they be such as will admit of the introduction of plenty of blood. His last work, if I remember right, was entitled *The Good Samaritan*, and the victim by the wayside has certainly been made to lose a considerable quantity of the vital fluid.

† Like Hadfield, another, whose case I shall presently glance at, he seems to have entertained religious scruples against committing suicide.

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the road, who seems to his easily-satisfied mind a person very suitable to his purpose, but *upon reflecting that there are no witnesses present to prove him guilty*,* he suffers him to go by scathless. He then enters an inn, and hearing some people in a public room overhead playing at billiards, he joins them, and hangs his gun up in their apartment. All the company are unknown to him, but he enters into conversation with them in apparent good-humour. Upon Mr Scull, one of the players, making a winning hazard, Bruluman observes: 'Sir, you are a good marksman; now I'll shew you a fine stroke.' With that he takes down his gun, levels it at Mr Scull (who imagines him, of course, to be in jest), deliberately takes aim, and shoots him through the body. He then goes up to the dying man, who is still sensible, and thus addresses him: 'Sir, I have no malice or ill-will against you; I never saw you before; but I was determined to kill somebody that I might be hanged, and you happen to be the man. I am sincerely sorry for your misfortune.'

Mr Scull had time to send for his friends and to make his will, after which he expired; begging that his murderer might, if possible, be pardoned. Captain Bruluman, however, was promptly put upon his trial, sentenced, and hung, without the least suggestion being made as to his being of unsound mind. He is described as having 'exulted' when upon the scaffold.

In 1787, Samuel Burt, a young man of excellent character, but characterised as labouring under great depression of mind, evinced this same remarkable desire to suffer death at the hands of the law. 'Being aware,' writes his biographer, in total unconsciousness of his own satire, 'that though the crime of Murder, under particular circumstances, has found mercy, that of Forgery was unpardonable;' Burt committed the latter offence. Upon being found 'guilty,' and asked by the Recorder of London why sentence of death should not be passed on him, he thus replied: 'My lord, I am too sensible of the crime I have committed, and for which I justly deserve to suffer, not to know that I have forfeited my life, which I wish to resign into the hands of Him who gave it. To give my reasons for this would only satisfy an idle curiosity; no one can feel a more sensible heartfelt satisfaction in the hopes of passing shortly into eternity, wherein, I trust, I shall meet with great felicity. I have no desire to live; and as the jury and court in my trial thought proper to recommend me to mercy, if his Majesty should in consequence thereof grant me a respite, I here vow in the face of heaven, that I will put an end to my own existence as soon as I can.'

The only case in these strange annals of the past that seems precisely to resemble those which are so well known to our modern courts of justice under the euphonious title of 'Homicidal Mania,' is that of David Williams. This youth, having become through accident a cripple, fell into so morbid and despairing a state of mind as to determine to have done with life. The idea of suicide he rejected, as a crime too great for heaven to pardon, as likewise the murder of a grown person with all his sins upon his head; but to put a guileless child to death seemed to him a harmless as well as certain method of getting himself hung. His incessant desire to effect this purpose, Williams himself described as 'something like a hankering after fruit.' This he eventually gratified, under particularly atrocious circumstances, and *for once*, 'old father Antic, the Law,' understood that it had a lunatic to deal with, and decreed accordingly.

Crime, however, produced by fanaticism, was by no means uncommon at the beginning of the present century, and it seems to have been set down to its proper cause. Though Science was rarely permitted in court to speak in mitigation, Religion obtained a hearing, otherwise the Rev. John Carroll, Catholic priest in Wexford, would, without doubt, have been hung for working miracles which resulted in the death of the person sought to be benefited. This unfortunate man appears to have been seized with an ambition to rival the Rev. Prince Hohenlohe, whose pretended cures made such a sensation, and, in 1824, he started as a wonder-worker upon his own account. He had always been a little wild upon the subject of exorcism, and given to imagining that everybody who chanced to disagree with him was possessed by a devil; but by the use of sedative medicines and obedience to his medical adviser, he had up to this date kept his enthusiasm within reasonable limits. On a certain day, however, and while in the actual performance of divine service, he became suddenly conscious of being endowed with miraculous powers, and rushed out of his chapel in search of an object for their immediate manifestation. One of his parishioners, called Neill, happening to be confined to his bed by illness, he entered his cottage, and precipitated himself upon the unhappy invalid. The process which the priest regarded as most particularly effectual for the sick was identical with a well-known remedy for heretics—namely, that of pommelling, and this he put into practice with excessive energy. After a long assault, he announced that he had accomplished his errand, and taken prisoner the enemy of mankind, whom it was now only necessary to immerse in the Red Sea, which (in the character of the River Slaney) chanced to be fortunately handy. He left the cottage, therefore, in an attitude of importance commensurate with the greatness of the occasion, with one arm akimbo, and the other extended, as one of the witnesses expressed it, 'as if he held the devil by the tail,' and so with measured pace and mysterious aspect, he dropped the imaginary demon over the bridge. All on a sudden, however, it struck Father Carroll that the patient had seven more devils to be treated in the same manner, and returned post-haste to his sick parishioner, who no sooner perceived the exorcist returning than he leapt out of bed, and acknowledged himself perfectly cured. This very natural proceeding was taken by the spectators as proof of Carroll's superhuman powers, and established his medical reputation. He at once accepted a pressing invitation to pay a visit to a sick child, whom he straightway put under a tub, on the top of which he stood and danced till daylight, when, it is needless to say, the poor little patient was discovered to have been suffocated. For this murder the fanatic was tried. Two physicians—prototypes of our medical 'experts' of the witness-box—were examined for the defence, however, and Father Carroll was acquitted as insane.

The case of Amy George, in the same year, is noteworthy as having arisen from the religious 'revivals' of that time, which seem to have been the exact counterparts of those of our own day. The girl in question was one of the workers in a mine at Redruth in Cornwall, and her family and herself were methodists. 'I went for her,' says her mother, 'to the revival one night, about half-past ten o'clock, *she having been there from two o'clock in the day.* I found the chapel extremely crowded. My daughter caught sight of me, and immediately lifted up her arms, and entreated her dear father and myself to perceive the spiritual danger we were in. She had lost her bonnet, cloak, handkerchief, and pattens, and was extremely disordered in her dress. . . . . She would sometimes come home praying horribly; it is generally called "screeching for mercy." . . . . My daughter's conduct after attending the revivals was quite different to what it had been.' From the girl's own confession, it appears that she became impressed with the

* The morbid desire of suffering death at the hand of the law has recurred once again—in the case of the murder of the poor boy in Chatham lines—since the above paper was written. Where the criminal expresses this longing to his friends, would it not be better, *before* he proceeds to the act of homicide, to gratify him by a summary execution, or, at least, to place him in safe custody?

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necessity of murdering some child in order to secure its eternal happiness. She expresses her regret that on one occasion, when she saw a little boy, a stranger, standing by the engine-house of the mine, she did not push him down the shaft. She owns to having let slip another opportunity of the same description, where 'there were two children at play, and another shaft close alongside of the road.' On returning home one evening, her mother observed: 'Your supper is ready for you, Amy; you can take it, for I am going to meeting, and little Benny [a child of seven years old] will remain at home with you.' She felt glad at being thus left alone with her brother, as she would be thereby enabled to put her cherished purpose into execution. She gave the child part of her supper, and said to him: 'Should you like to go to Heaven, dear?' Then she took down a black silk handkerchief, and put it round her brother's neck, tying it, as she thought, in a running-knot, and asked him: 'Is it too tight, dear?' The child looked up in her face, and smiled, and said 'No.' There was a crook behind the door, and she took the child up with one arm, and with the other hand put the handkerchief over the crook, and looked him full in the face, and left the room. Upon the mother's return, she found the little fellow dead behind the door.

The case of this poor visionary seems to have excited unusual commiseration, and the court, in ordering her to be detained in custody as lunatic, assured her friends that she would not long be kept from them. The revival in Redruth, which certainly caused the death of the child, probably saved the life of his murderess. Had Amy George gone out of her mind without its assistance, and independently of any general fanaticism, she would have been left to her fate. In Copenhagen, in 1767, we are told by the *Annual Register* of that date, 'that persons in that city were seized with a disorder of mind, extremely dangerous to society. This is an imagination that, by committing premeditated murder, and being afterwards condemned to die for it, they are the better able, by public marks of repentance and conversion as they go to the scaffold, to prepare themselves for death, and work out their own salvation. . . . . In order, however, to take from these wretches all hope of obtaining their end, and to extirpate the evil, the king has issued an ordinance, by which his majesty forbids the punishing of them with death, and enacts that they shall be branded in the forehead with a red-hot iron, and whipped; that they shall afterwards be confined in a house of correction for the rest of their days, in order to be kept there to hard labour; and, lastly, that, every year, on the day of their crime, they shall be whipped anew in public.'

The old criminal law dealt wholesale with the peccant human family, and only in very recent times has acquired its daintier sense, and made allowance for idiosyncrasies. However humiliating is the confession, one cannot but see that the reason of this was, in part, that the case of the criminal was not held in very high account; that exertions were not made in his favour which would have been made had a landed property instead of a human life been the matter in question. If you committed a will instead of a murder, there were infinite pains taken by those to whom you had not left your money to prove that you were a totally irresponsible being. Upon the other hand, those who benefited by your bequest were eager to shew that you were a person of excellent judgment, and if you had done some odd things in your life, they were caused by the eccentricity of genius. One of the most curious instances of this occurred so lately as 1838, in which a will, wherein the testator had left his money, away from his relatives, to his housekeeper, was disputed on the ground of intrinsic evidence of insanity in the document itself. Therein the testator had directed his executors 'that they should cause some part of his bowels to be converted into fiddle-strings; that others should be sublimed into smelling salts; and that the remainder of his body should be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes.' Sir H. Jenner, however, held that insanity was not proved, although the deceased had certainly exhibited a most uncommon desire of making himself generally useful.

The only case in the old criminal annals which seems very closely to resemble what we now call Kleptomania, was that of Rear-admiral Bradley, who, in 1814, was convicted of forgery to the amount of three pounds, eight shillings, and sixpence! Twopence each, it appears, was at that time given for all foreign letters for England to the captain of the vessel that brought them home, and the postmaster at each port was instructed to pay the money for the same. Accordingly, on the 10th of March the gallant admiral brought four hundred letters to the post-office at Gosport, and received the usual sum for them. After this he came again and again, and on one occasion brought a great number which purported to have arrived by the *Mary and Jane*, then lying off Cowes. For the money for these he gave his own receipt, but signed it with the name William Johnson. The postmaster's suspicions being naturally aroused, inquiries were made, and it was discovered that the *Mary and Jane* did not lie off Cowes, nor anywhere else, but was a phantom ship which owed its being entirely to the rear-admiral's fancy. He frankly confessed that his name was not Johnson, 'although he had a friend in Portugal of that name.' Upon this he was fully committed, and brought to trial at Winchester. Evidence was brought forward of his conduct having been always very eccentric, and he received an excellent character from many of his brother-officers. He was found 'guilty,' however, and condemned to death, and all that his friends could finally procure for him was a remission of the sentence into transportation for life.

THE KING AND THE PEOPLE.

I. THE KING.

When in the fortress-rock 'bode Israel's king
  High o'er Rephaim, and Philistia lay
  Camped in the valley, waiting for the prey,
He, sore athirst, cried: 'O that one would bring
Water from Bethlehem!' A little thing
  His three great captains deemed it, as away,
  Their keen, bright swords girt ready for the fray,
They hasted, to assuage his suffering.
But when, from off their perilous road returned,
  Their garments soiled, their bright swords dashed with red,
  Bearing the prize, before the king they stood,
He put it from him, though his whole soul yearned
  To slake the fever of his veins, and said:
  'I will not drink; it is the price of blood.'

II. THE PEOPLE.

Far o'er the western seas, a mighty race,
  Kin to our own, wrests in unnatural strife,
  Brother from brother, the God-given life,
Frames its own shame, and works its own disgrace.
By all its waters, Nature bears the trace
  Of war's fell scourge, and while man grasps the knife,
  Careless of woe to mother, child, and wife,
Her rich bales burn, her harvests find no place.
Here, waiting for her fruits, long hour by hour,
  A royal people patiently abide,
  Willing to toil, but lacking daily food.
Yet still they wait, though knowing well the power
  Of England's thunders, and have well replied:
  'We will not prosper by our country's blood.'

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THE WHEY AND GRAPE CURES.

AUGUST has just ended; September, with its ripe autumnal tints, is purpling the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and our neighbours the Germans are bidding adieu to the resorts for the cure of the dyspeptic by whey, and betaking themselves to those where the grape reigns paramount. The English reader may well ask what are these remedies; these 'mineral-waters of organic nature,' as the German doctors have baptised them, in opposition to those of 'inorganic nature,' which spring from the surface of the earth; and proud, like all inventors of this new creation, they proclaim the superiority of the first over the second.

Those who wish to understand the matter in its scientific aspect must apply themselves to the work of Dr Beneke, *Die Rationalitat der Molkencuren*. As for ourselves, we do not profess to be of the faculty, or to judge of the value of this or that system, but simply to chronicle the facts. Milk, after the cream is taken off, divides into two parts—the one, white, opaque, and solid, is the curd or cheesy matter; the other, which swims on the top, transparent, and of a yellowish hue, is the whey or serum. In chemical laboratories, when but a small quantity is wanted, the separation is made by acids, such as lemon-juice or vinegar, whilst the milk is warm; but the shepherds on the Alpine summits have no such appliances at hand—nature is their laboratory; and as the work must be done quickly, and on a large scale, they coagulate the milk of their flocks by the help of a matter taken from the calf's stomach, called rennet. Thus freed from its fatty particles, the milk approaches to the lightness of water, and as under this form it retains the saline qualities, like the mineral-waters, and a much larger proportion of sugar, it enters into the category of these latter, and becomes a mineral-water *sui generis*. It is from this starting-point that the German doctors recommend it, even giving it the preference over the waters of Carlsbad or Wiesbaden; 'for these,' say they, 'are prepared in the bowels of the earth by the play of nature's forces, which can, up to a certain point, be understood, and even imitated; whilst the whey has become what it is under the influence of a still more powerful force, the mysterious power which regulates the phenomena of life.'

Nature! We must always return to that beneficent mother, whether in poetry, art, or medicine. She is the eternal source of all good, of all ideas, of all remedies. Such was the opinion of Dr Frederick Hoffman, who lived in the seventeenth century, and passes for the discoverer of the kind of cures we are speaking of. In his works we read: 'I affirm upon oath that in my youth I pursued chemical remedies with the greatest ardour; but as age creeps on, I have been convinced that a very few remedies, well chosen, drawn even from apparently the commonest substances, relieve the sick more quickly and more efficaciously than all the rarest and most costly drugs.' He wrote many essays in praise of whey as a therapeutic agent, a system which, however, had not the claim of novelty, since the Greek and Arabian physicians often recommended it, and in the south of France it has long been used in spring to cleanse the blood. No matter; the start was given; and Germany was the first to put it to a trial by resorting to Switzerland, the country of rich pasture and innumerable flocks, where the first establishment was formed at Gais, in the canton of Appenzell, in the year 1749.

Since then, stations devoted especially to this kind of cure have multiplied, either in the heart of the Alps, or in that extensive and picturesque region which extends from the borders of the Rhine to the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. In Switzerland, the canton of Appenzell is still the most frequented for this purpose; the treatment is practised on a large scale, and three hundred and fifty kilogrammes of whey are consumed daily. In Germany, the establishments are often confused with those for thermal waters; but Rehburg, in Hanover; Schlangenbad, in Nassau; Liebenstein, in Saxe-Meiningen; Liebwerda, in Bohemia; Baden, near Vienna; and Vienna itself, to which place they carry the whey from the environs, and supply it to the consumptive in winter, are all considerable stations. The beautiful Ischl, so well known to tourists, presents this attraction; whilst Meran, in a lovely situation in the Tyrol, boasts of an establishment for the grape as well as the whey cure. At Fured, in Hungary, on the shores of Lake Balaton, from six to seven thousand head of cattle daily furnish their milk for the sick. It is in vain to seek for these localities on our maps. The fields of battle, or the cities where treaties of peace were signed, which were not always faithfully kept, are mentioned; but the places where men are restored to the enjoyment of life and health, are

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passed over in silence. 'There reigns over these stations a sort of *moral climate*, which we do not expect who think of watering-places more as resorts of pleasure than of cure. All is done without agitation, noise, or the effervescence of gaiety; the calm and the peace which pervade the atmosphere of these places dedicated to the treatment of the sick and the rest of those who suffer, are very striking.'

For the information of those who may be tempted to try this remedy, we may say that the whey is particularly recommended in Germany for intestinal affections, diseases of the stomach, liver, and heart, for gout and pulmonary consumption. Its lightness and warmth render it more agreeable to the delicate constitution than the strong, cold, mineral-waters; and many consumptive Germans, who reside in Venice during the winter, return to their own country in the summer to take a course of whey. Those who feel the best effects from this remedy are men who live in the whirl of politics or the retirement of study, whose brain is always at work (and it is well known that the Germans have found out a way for working twenty-five hours in the day); it is for these white slaves that a season of whey is most useful and salutary. They feel the benefit at the end of a few days; and to shew how nourishing it is, you have only to look at the rosy faces of the shepherds; it restores order and equilibrium to the system, acts powerfully on the nerves, and makes the blood circulate.

The best whey is made in mountainous regions. About six in the morning, at Weissbad, in Switzerland, the shepherd's bell is heard announcing his descent from the mountain with the daily supply of whey, which has been made at the châlets higher up during the night. To procure it of good quality, the milk must be new, and, above all, it is necessary to keep the whey which comes from it of the same temperature; in order to insure this, it is carried in a vessel previously heated by water to fifty degrees Reaumur, and enclosed in another filled with water heated to an equal degree, which envelops the first with a thick zone of caloric. During the time that it is dispensed, this water is renewed as often as it is necessary. If a warmed-up dinner be bad for the digestion, it is the same with this sero-lactic fluid; it is no longer an agreeable remedy, but an objectionable drug. At well-managed establishments the whey is brought fresh three times a day, and as soon as the bell sounds, the invalids, in dressing-gowns and night-caps, run from all parts, armed with glasses, like those used at Carlsbad, for instance, holding about a hundred and twenty grammes, a gramme being equal to twenty-three grains. After having drunk it, they walk about in the fresh Alpine air for a quarter of an hour. At the commencement of the treatment, one or two glasses are ordered, sometimes to be mixed with the mineral-waters; afterwards the dose is increased to four or five glasses.

The whey is not insipid, as might be supposed from what is sold at the farms and druggists' shops; it even has a slight perfumed flavour, when the cattle have browsed in the flowery and aromatic pastures which abound in the higher Alps. The milk most generally used is that of the goat; but for the treatment of consumption, that of the sheep is only advised. Old Galen said: 'Goat's milk holds the middle place, so that it is neither fatter, thicker, nor lighter, if compared with that of the cow, sheep, or ass.' The season of drinking lasts from three to four weeks. The *régime* which follows is of a frugal description: soup—or as in England we should rather call it porridge, being often made of oatmeal and maize—for breakfast and supper; while for dinner there are plain meats and dry wines. With the end of August, the season terminates; the whey is thought to be better in spring when the grass is more tender.

But this organic product is not only taken internally, it is also used in the form of baths, though all the establishments cannot boast of such a provision. A Roman lady in ancient days used to travel followed by five hundred she-asses, destined to furnish her with milk-baths daily. The beautiful Aurora, Countess of Königsmark, mother of Marshal Saxe, took such a bath every morning. For a whey-bath, a much larger quantity is necessary. Switzerland can afford such treasures of pastoral abundance; but in Germany it is more difficult, excepting in the vast plains of the Carpathians, bordered with the dark, silent forests.

Turn we now to the curative virtues of the grape, which, from all time, has been the theme of the convivial poet as a universal specific; but in this case it is not the fruit of the vine transformed by fermentation, but the fruit itself. The grape lends the whey a fraternal assistance in curing our neighbours the Germans. In spring, it is recommended to make a pilgrimage to a whey establishment; to continue it during summer; and then, when the grapes are ripe, to try that; there is nothing to prevent an excursion to the mineral-waters in the interval. During winter, go back to the whey; and if the malady persists in its ravages after such a *régime*, the doctors can only say that it displays great obstinacy.

The method of treatment by the grape is not new. In a curious work by Dr Schulze, entitled *Die Traubencur in Durckheim*, he says: 'To many persons, I speak of an entirely new subject, and yet it is very ancient.' But without remounting the stream of time, as does the author, to the Egyptians, to Herodotus, and the Land of Canaan, we will content ourselves with saying that the ancients employed the juice of the grape as a powerful therapeutic agent; sometimes in an unfermented state, or by taking baths when in fermentation, employing even the thick dregs which settle when in a state of repose. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, speaks of the medicinal virtue of the grape, and the Romans, with their eagles and their gods, carried the blessing of the vine to the ends of the world. In France, it has long been used as medicine, and now, in the southern provinces, at the time of the vintage, which is held as a festival for the whole country, you see the pale faces and attenuated figures of the convalescent restored to *embonpoint*. 'Go,' say they, 'to the vineyards in the morning, and eat the fresh grapes.' There, in that happy country, let any who will enter the vineyards; there is nothing to pay; the poor can there gather strength to help them over the winter season. The birds, too, imitate the example of man, or it may be that man is taught by the instinct of animals. On the shores of the Mediterranean, from Spain to Italy, as soon as the grape begins to ripen, legions of starved birds swoop down on the vines, live upon the fruit, and depart in a very different condition, if the gun of the sportsman, attracted by this fat game, does not cut off their retreat. In Spain, during the ripening, the proprietors of Olios, in the province of Toledo, place the poorest of the people in charge of the vines until the vintage; they live on a little bread and the fruit which is at hand; they come like skeletons; but when they descend the hills, they have despoiled them of their purple grapes, 'their colour is heightened, the pulse quickened, in full possession of their strength, and much fattened.'

If these traditions are lost in some countries, it is not so in Germany, where the people live quite as much in the past as the present. Everything is there done with method. When one of the thousand products of nature has revealed its beneficent power, they respect, preserve, cultivate, and study it. Thus, the grape-cure grows more and more in favour in the grape-growing countries of Germany. Of course, it follows that the best kinds only are used. Establishments, especially in Switzerland, are not so common as for the whey-cure, the banks of the

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Lake of Geneva forming the principal centre for them, where may be found sheltered spots free from the storms of wind, and where the temperature is warm and soft, such as Aigle, Veytaux, and Montreux. In Germany, the same danger is not to be feared; the stations are not circumscribed to a few valleys opening to the south and west; but the vine is grown over the whole surface of the country, from the Rhine and Switzerland to the Tyrol and Hungary. The first-mentioned locality has long been considered as the best refuge for the consumptive; and Armenhausen, Bingen, Boppart, Laubbeck, Rudesheim, and above all, St Goarshausen, are celebrated resorts. The Hardt, in the Palatinate, which must not be confounded with the Harz, the land of witches and *Kobolde*, opens to the sun its vineyards and establishments; still further north is Kreuznach, already celebrated by its waters; and Presburg, in Hungary, where the rows of vines are divided by peach, apricot, and cherry trees. The fruit which is cultivated in this part of Germany is different from the others; the influence of an Italian sun is felt; the grape is sweeter and more heating.

The most renowned establishment is that of Durckheim, in Bavaria. Situated at the end of a valley, where picturesque nooks meet you at every step, and historical remembrances crowd upon you, among vineyards which cover, for a ten hours' walk, the sides of the Hardt Mountains, near the ruins of the most celebrated convents of Germany, and looking over the widely-extended plain of the Rhine, this little town of six thousand inhabitants presents a lively scene during the ripening and vintage of the grape. It is a kind of fruit that has gained a great reputation, closely resembling that of Hungary which is made into the famous wine of Tokay. It contains little sugar, and, when fermented, does not develop much alcohol, whilst phosphate of chalk forms a component part, giving it a peculiar medicinal value. Here the visitors rise at five in the morning, and gather the grapes for themselves, whilst the dew of night still covers the pellicle. Half a kilogramme is the quantity prescribed at the beginning of the treatment—about two pounds of our weight; this is gradually increased to two, three, and even four kilogrammes, which is the ordinary limit. The patient is ordered never to take the remedy home. This interior douche must be eaten in the open air; those with delicate chests alone are to avoid the early promenade, which is followed by a breakfast of bread and water. About eleven o'clock, the second grape-feast is held, and dinner between twelve and two. Wine is forbidden, as well as farinaceous food—such as puddings and sweet cakes—radishes, cabbage, potatoes, oysters, and rich fish. On the other hand, roast-meat, hares, pheasants, and kids, all which abound in Germany, are permitted. The bread must be of a superior quality, made up in those beautiful rolls which are so well known to the traveller. After this principal repast, a few grapes may be taken as a pastime, the third portion being eaten at three o'clock. About six or seven, there is a supper as frugal as the breakfast; and a little time before retiring to rest, the fourth dose is consumed.

A grave question has arisen on this subject, upon which the doctors of France and Germany do not agree: Must the stones and skins be swallowed or not? Dr Schulze says yes; M. Carrière says no. My advice is, that in fine weather you had better pay a visit to Durckheim, and decide for yourself. Walking through the vineyards, you no longer wonder that the inhabitants should have acquired the reputation they have had for ages as being great drinkers. Their bacchanalian contests are known to history; Cooper has popularised them in the story of the challenge sent by a citizen of Wachenheim to the abbé of Limbourg, the first drinker in the Roman empire. In this case the clergyman was conquered by the *bourgeois*. But, happily, it is health, and not inebriety which is now sought in these establishments. After a few days, the blood circulates more quickly, the face grows rosy, there is a feeling of strength and happiness, a change in all the tissues. Persons suffering from dropsy, gastritis, disease of the liver, jaundice, hypochondriasis, gout, and consumption, draw from it good effects: it is prescribed for studious men, and nervous women, worn out with the effects of a winter's balls and gaiety.

In a spirit of impartiality, we neither pretend to defend nor deride the system. A follower of Henry Heine has said: 'The Germans are poor, and they must have poor medicines. Hydropathy is nothing but pure water; homœopathy administers Liliputian doses; whey is but the extract of milk; as to grapes, they are nature's pills, invented and dispensed by the good God without the approbation of the faculty of medicine.'

MORE 'GRONOWS.'

Captain Gronow is the Boswell of his age, by which term we do not mean to misrepresent him as merely a reflector or hanger-on, but as giving, on the whole, the clearest idea of the men and manners of his time to the generation who succeeded him. A little while ago, encouraged by the universal favour with which his reminiscences were received in the bow-windows of St James' Street, the gallant *raconteur* published his *Recollections of the Camp, the Court, and the Clubs;* and now again, stimulated by the success which that little volume most deservedly obtained, he has published a second series.

Continuations of literary works have been generally found much inferior to their first parts, from *Paradise Lost* to *Robinson Crusoe* at home, but such is not the case with the book in question. It is in many respects an improvement upon its predecessor. Captain Gronow, to whom authorship was before somewhat novel, has lost the stiffness and abruptness of style which somewhat marred his previous narrations, and discourses genially enough; he feels that he has got his public by the button-hole, and can talk to it with unreserve. So much so, indeed, is this the case, that he now and then forgets that he is writing for the world at large, which includes both sexes, and tells it 'a gentleman's story.' Instead of his second series being made up, as usually happens, of the things which he had cast aside as not good enough for the first, he appears rather to have discovered quite a new and superior vein of anecdote, so excellent, that he cannot afford to suppress any of it, although Propriety stands aghast, with her mouth open, and Good-breeding—or at least that of modern times—affects not to hear what he says. The famous Lady Aldborough, says our author, used to confess with cynical *naïveté*, that 'she was perfectly aware that many persons objected to her style of conversation, but that, unfortunately, all the wit and humour for which she was celebrated, lay in that kind of jesting which the over-particular considered offensive;' and this is sometimes the case with Captain Gronow's second volume. However, there is much that is noteworthy and very 'extractable' in it, for all that. It treats of everything notorious in his time, which, of course, includes things famous as well as infamous. Shakspeare and the musical glasses but feebly express the limits of the gamut of our author's recollections:

> He talks of politics and prayers,
> Of Balzac's prose, of Rogers' sonnets,
> Of daggers, and of dancing bears,
> Of battles, and the last new bonnets.

From the 1st Napoleon to the Pig-faced Lady; from Hoby, the bootmaker, to Lord Castlereagh; from the causes of the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty to the

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origin of Sally Lunns—Captain Gronow has interesting information to offer concerning all things contemporaneous with himself. He gives, too, the names of everybody, or their transparent initials, and even the dates of their scandalous transactions, so that his book is not only entertaining to the multitude, but must gratify the personal spite of a very large number of the fashionable world.

The captain, however, informs us—and he certainly ought to know—that fashionable people are not so spiteful as they used to be. The 'dandies' who led the *ton* forty years ago, were, he confesses, 'unspeakably odious. There was nothing remarkable about them but their insolence. They were not particularly high-born, nor rich, nor very good-looking, nor clever, nor agreeable. They were generally middle-aged, and even elderly men, had large appetites, and weak digestions, gambled freely, and had no luck.' They would cut their own fathers, if they did not belong to the particular set which they considered good society. 'Mr S—— was once riding in the park with the Marquis of C——, then one of the kings of the fashionable world, and some other dandies of that day, when they met a respectable-looking elderly man, who nodded somewhat familiarly to S——. "Who's your friend?" drawled Lord C——. "That?" replied S——; "oh, a very good sort of fellow—one of my Cheshire farmers." It was his own father, a most amiable and excellent man, and who had better blood in his veins, and a larger fortune than any of the lordlings by whom his unworthy son was surrounded.' The cutting of relatives is now rare; and, indeed, adds the captain, 'in these days of monster-parties, it is unnecessary.' There is more self-respect, too, among those who do not belong to 'the Upper Ten,' and toadyism meets with too severe treatment to flourish as it used to do. At the same time, Captain Gronow makes grave charges against the world of fashion of to-day, and he is a witness of no mean importance in that particular matter. Where he *can* praise, he is, of course, *laudator temporis acti;* he protests that, when George III. was king, the women of England were more beautiful and better bred than they are now. 'You could not help feeling somewhat elated and self-satisfied, if, perchance, one of those sidelong glances, half-proud, half-bashful, like a petted child's, fell upon you, leaving you silent and pensive, full of hopes and memories. Egad, it was worth being loved by such women as these!' Thus Major Pen——, we mean Captain Gronow, regrets the fashionable beauties of his youth; nay, he even defends their frailties. 'For, if there were then, as now, tales of sin and shame, there were also the extenuating circumstances of strong temptation, overwhelming passion, self-sacrifice, remorse: often the blighted heart and early grave—things almost unknown in these days of flirtation and frivolity.'

Too many young ladies of fashion now a days, he complains, have taken for their ideal a something between the dashing 'horse-breaker' and some Parisian 'artiste dramatique' of a third-rate theatre. They make sporting bets; they ride ahead in the park; they call their father 'governor,' and their mother 'the old party;' they talk of the young men who 'spoon' them, and even discuss with them stories, the very faintest allusion to which would have made their mothers' hair stand on end with horror. These accusations, be it remembered, come from a man of long experience, and whose observation has been concentrated upon a few things; we can only hope that he has exaggerated, since it is almost impossible that he can be mistaken. There were hearts broken (egad) in Captain Gronow's day, but that is not possible now. In his time, a certain lady-killer having jilted a fair one, she threatened to commit suicide, and wrote him a most passionate appeal that he would at least return the lock of hair which she had given him in happier hours. The barbarian, who was in the Guards, gave no written answer to this request, but sent his orderly to the lady—who was a person of high birth and aristocratic connections—with a large packet containing innumerable locks of hair, from brown to flaxen, from raven to red, with a message that she was to choose from among them her own property. If a young lady of the present day were so indiscreet as to give a man a lock of hair, it would probably not be her own; while she would as soon think of threatening to commit suicide, because a gentleman got 'off the hooks,' as of actually doing it.

If the fair sex, however, have thus deteriorated since Captain Gronow's time, it is certain that school-masters have improved. When our author was a boy at Eton, two of the tutors, Drury and Knapp, used to make a practice of driving to London after school in a curricle, and supping with Edmund Kean. Nay, unmindful of the adage, *Maxima sit puero reverentia*, they on one occasion even took with them two young noblemen, their pupils, the sons of Lord Eldon and the then Duke of Marlborough. It was only to be expected that these boys would drink more than was good for them under Mr Kean's auspices; but the great actor himself, and his two adult friends, also indulged so freely as to sally out after their entertainment upon the town in search of adventures: and after several encounters with the guardians of the night, the whole party were locked up in Bow Street, and had to be bailed out by the Lord Chancellor's own secretary. This incident, we are told, created much scandal, and the two tutors were *threatened* with the loss of their places! Shade of Busby, what an escapade was this! And what a racy publication would be a *Tom Brown's School-days* of half a century ago!

Men of fashion, too, now a days, evince some little care of their constitutions, and do not drink absinthe and curaçoa out of tumblers like Twistleton Fiennes. That nobleman much astonished a new servant recommended to him by our author, by giving him for his first injunction the following order: 'Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow.' Nor does our modern extravagance reach the fearful pitch which it attained under the Regency and in the generation before. No Mademoiselle Duthé is now beheld, even in Paris, 'in a carriage covered with gold, and drawn by eight cream-coloured horses;' and when a nobleman's affairs have to be wound up, his friend and adviser does not receive a note from his lordship on the last morning, as happened in Lord Alvanley's case, to say that he has quite forgotten to take into account a little debt of fifty-five thousand pounds.

Lord Alvanley was one of the few dandies who had great wit. Upon returning from Wimbledon, after his duel with Morgan O'Connell, he gave his hackney-coachman a sovereign; Jarvey was profuse in his thanks, and observed that it was a great deal for having only taken his lordship to Wimbledon. 'No, my good man; I give it you not for taking me, but for bringing me back again.' He was a charmingly agreeable person, and most welcome guest; but there was a peculiarity about his way of putting out his bed-candle which made his hosts a little anxious. 'He always read in bed; and when he wanted to go to sleep, he either extinguished his candle by throwing it on the floor in the middle of the room, and taking a shot at it with the pillow, or else quietly placed it, when still lighted, under the bolster. At Badminton and other country-houses, his habits were so well known, that a servant was ordered to sit up in the passage to keep watch over him.'

The Duke of Marlborough, grandfather of the present duke, outdid even Alvanley in extravagance: when Lord Blandford, and living almost entirely upon post-obits, 'he would give Lee and Kennedy

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five hundred pounds for a curious plant or shrub; and I well remember his paying eighteen hundred pounds for a curious edition of Boccaccio. . . . . I recollect, in 1816, going down with him to his country-seat, Whiteknights, which was afterwards sold, and has since been pulled down. During our journey, Lord Blandford opened a sort of cupboard which was fixed on one side of the coach in which we travelled, and which contained a capital luncheon, with different kinds of wine and liqueurs. Another part of this roomy vehicle, on a spring being touched, displayed a sort of *secrétaire*, with writing materials and a large pocket-book; the latter he opened, and shewed me fifty Bank of England notes for a thousand pounds each, which, he told me, he had borrowed the day before from a well-known money-lender in the city named Levy. He stated that he had given in return a post-obit on his father's death for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and added: "You see, Gronow, how the immense fortune of my family will be frittered away; but I can't help it—I must live. My father inherited five hundred thousand pounds in ready-money, and seventy thousand a year in land; and in all probability, when it comes to my turn to live at Blenheim, I shall have nothing left but the annuity of five thousand pounds a year on the post-office."' It is needless to say that this prediction was verified. Heirs were fortunate, in those days, when the prodigality of their fathers took only an eccentric form, as in the case of Lord Petersham, whose shelves and tables were covered with magnificent snuff-boxes, of which, it is said, he had one for every day in the year. 'I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sèvres box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way: "Yes; it is a nice summer box, but will not do for winter wear."'

Nor was it only the nobility who exhibited this reckless profusion; the men of fashion seem to have been not a whit worse than their betters, the men of genius. The enormous sums which Balzac received for his writings were squandered in unimaginable luxuries, which invariably introduced him to the bailiffs; and yet he was not a person of aristocratic tastes. 'The great enchanter was one of the oiliest and commonest-looking mortals I ever beheld, being short and corpulent, with a broad, florid face, a cascade of double-chins, and straight, greasy hair. The only striking feature in that Friar Tuck's countenance was his eye—dark, flashing, wicked, full of sarcasm and unholy fire.' Eugène Sue, again, lived like a prince, and better than most French princes; his horses were the most beautiful, his equipage the best appointed, his dinners the most perfect, in Paris; while at his castle in Sologne he lived the life of a Sardanapalus. Captain Gronow, always looking from his Pall-Mall point of view, observes of Sue, that although he never had the wit of Dumas, or the descriptive powers of Balzac, 'he possessed the *immense advantage* over his rivals in being veritably "un homme du monde." He could therefore make the men and women in his novels act and speak as people really do, and *not like workmen in their Sunday coats, or actors in the old melodramas.*' Eugène had a passion for beautiful flowers, and kept his conservatory filled with valuable exotics; while in his button-hole was always to be found a camellia or tuberose, just as the apricot tart was all the year round a *sine quâ non* upon Lord Alvanley's sideboard. In the revolution of 1848, he went all lengths with the Red Republican party, and had eventually to leave France, and pass the remaining years of his life in Savoy, in complete seclusion. But Balzac and Sue were prudent and economical men compared with Alexandre Dumas—the *Père Prodigue*, as he has been styled by his witty son. The amount which he spent upon his *Monte Christo* villa—with its little dressing-room in white marble—was quite fabulous, and almost equalled the fictitious sums which change hands so freely in his wonderful novel of that name. On one occasion, having to leave Paris upon one of his many trips to foreign lands, he allowed his friends the run of his house and cellar during his absence. 'On his return home, he gave a breakfast, to celebrate the event. His numerous guests, towards the end of the repast, expressed a wish to drink his health in champagne, and the servant went down stairs as if to look for some, but soon returned with the dismal intelligence that it had been all drunk. Dumas slipped a few napoleons into the valet's hand, and ordered him to buy some at the neighbouring restaurateur's; but having some suspicion, he followed the servant, when, to his great surprise, he beheld the fellow emerging from his own cellar, from whence he had brought up his own champagne. Dumas, though the soul of good-nature, was about to turn the rascal off on the spot, when the man fell at his kind master's feet, reminded him that he had a wife and family, and implored his mercy.

"Well, I will forgive you this once," said the great writer; "but upon the next occasion, do at least *give me credit.*" '

Dumas, as everybody knows, is almost a mulatto, with woolly hair and copper complexion; his son, who has inherited his wit, observes of him that he is so fond of ostentation that he is always expecting him to get up behind his own carriage, in order to make people imagine that he keeps a negro footman. The *Père Prodigue* himself is not at all more sensitive about his complexion, and makes equally excellent jokes upon the subject. His daughter made a very good marriage; and the mother of the bridegroom, a provincial lady of great respectability, came to Paris to be present at the wedding. The church was full of spectators, and it so happened that among them were several negroes. The lady from the country, seated of course beside the father of her son's bride, expressed her astonishment at seeing so many people of colour. 'Oh,' replied the incorrigible jester, 'I can explain that very easily: that is my family, who are come to assist at the nuptials of my daughter!' The lady, we are told, was horrified at the prospect of this enormous negro connection.

Dumas is as lavish of his humour as of his money. 'His wit is prodigious, his fund of anecdote inexhaustible, and the strength of his lungs overwhelming. To give my English readers an idea of his Herculean powers of conversation—I may remark that I was present at a dinner some twelve or fifteen years ago, where Lord Brougham and Dumas were among the company; and the loquacious ex-chancellor could not literally get in a single word, but had to sit, for the first and last time in his life, a perfect dumby.'

The greatest wit of the generation which preceded Dumas, was the gambler, Count Montrond. When accused of cheating at cards by an officer of the Guards, he answered with the coolness which distinguished him through life under every circumstance: 'That is possible; but I don't like people to say so.' And he called the offender out twice. In the first duel, he was run through the body, and almost slain; but in the second, he managed to kill his opponent.

After this, he was considered a dangerous man to meddle with, and got on very comfortably for the future, apropos of which, Talleyrand observed: '*Il vit sur son mort.*' Many excellent things have been attributed to Talleyrand which were really said by Montrond, such as '*La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour l'aider à cacher sa pensée;*' and '*Défiez vous des premiers mouvements; ils sont presque toujours bons.*' A French general, who had the misfortune to be bald, said that he wished to make a present to a certain lady of something rare. 'Give her a lock of your hair,' remarked Montrond. A friend who was about to marry the natural daughter of the Duke de

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——, was expatiating at great length on the virtues, good qualities, and talents of his future wife, but without making any allusion to her birth. 'Very true,' observed Montrond, '*on disait que tu épouses une fille surnaturelle.*' We can well imagine this gentleman being a favourite with our lamented Duke of York. Their introduction took place from the mere report of the former's virtues. 'Who the deuce is this Montrond?' asked the Duke of Arthur Upton.

'They say, sir,' replied Upton, 'that he is the most agreeable scoundrel and the greatest reprobate in France.'

'Is he, by Jove!' exclaimed H. R. H.; 'then let us ask him to dinner immediately.'

Our royal dukes of that period had no very rigid notions of morality, as Captain Gronow's Recollections of them abundantly testify.

Count d'Orsay seems to have been possessed not only of wit, but of humour, such as would hardly be expected in a man who took perfumed baths and went about with an enormous gold dressing-case, which required a couple of men to carry it. It was very dangerous to play him tricks or treat him with hauteur. Lady Holland, who, upon his first appearance at two-and-twenty at her house, imagined he was awe-struck by her majestic selfishness, must have been rather astonished by the manner in which he threw off her yoke. Her ladyship, having what is called 'no lap,' was continually letting her napkin slip to the ground, and as often as she did so, she smiled blandly at the young count, and asked him to pick it up. He politely complied several times, but at last, tired of this exercise, he said: '*Ne ferais-je pas mieux, madame, de m'asseoir sous la table, afin de pouvoir vous passer la serviette plus rapidement?*' On another occasion, the well-known Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, wrote d'Orsay an anonymous letter filled with impertinence, and with the wafer that closed it stamped with something like the top of a thimble. The count having discovered who was the writer, thus addressed him in a room full of company: 'Ha, ha, my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose.'

Such anecdotes as these, which are found only here and there in bulky volumes of political 'correspondence,' or in the journals of court-life, and rescue the same from the oblivion justly earned by the rest of their contents, are as plentiful in this little book of Reminiscences as plums in bridecake. Nor are they exclusively *bon-mots* and epigrams. Some of them are as characteristic of the speakers as a whole Memoir, and others have that about them which makes them even more valuable now than at the time they were uttered. Thus, of the present Emperor of the French, Captain Gronow tells us that, talking to Lord Alvanley, in 1848, upon the chance of Prince Napoleon's election as President, his lordship informed him that 'he had just met the Prince at Colonel Dawson Damer's, and had never met with a more agreeable person; that he was very communicative, and would sit up smoking cigarettes till two or three o'clock in the morning; and that upon one occasion, in a long political discussion he had said, among other things: "It is fated that I shall become Emperor of France, avenge the defeat of Waterloo, and drive the Austrians out of Italy; and the time for this is not far distant."' On the following morning, Lord Alvanley related what he had heard to Colonel Damer, who remarked: 'Prince Louis is a charming person; he has a thousand good and agreeable qualities, but on the subject of politics, my dear Alvanley, *he is mad as a hatter.*'

Of Rogers, our author observes that to *him*, who was no literary rival, the poet was amiable enough, but a very scourge to those who were in prosperity and renown. He tells us of his cadaverous face, his ghost-like compelled speech, which caused Mr Ward—on an occasion when Rogers observed that his carriage had broken down, and he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach—to whisper: 'In a hearse, I should think;' and he compares his mild venom to the irritating effect which a caterpillar leaves on the skin. 'At an evening-party many years since at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B——, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration, to this effect: "Everything is in his favour; he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year." Rogers, who had been carefully examining the "young ruler," listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner: "Thank Heaven, he has got bad teeth."'

Nor does Captain Gronow's book consist entirely of 'sayings,' however excellent; the first part of the volume is a record of veritable 'doings'—what happened to various persons of distinction at the battle of Waterloo. All our officers appear to have been brave and obedient, but the majority of them to have been as ignorant of their duties—not to speak of the Art of War—as the famous Brook Green militiaman. General Picton declared that if he had fifty thousand such men as he had commanded in Spain, with French *officers* at their head, he would march from one end of Europe to the other. His own officers were much piqued by this observation, as well they might be.

'This is the first time,' said they, 'Sir Thomas, that we have heard that French officers were superior to ours.'

'What!' cried Picton, with his usual battery of expletives; 'never heard that! Why, where is our military education? Where are our military schools and colleges? Our greatest generals, Marlborough and Wellington, learned the art of war in France. Nine French officers out of ten can command an army; whilst our fellows, though as brave as lions, are totally and utterly ignorant of their profession: they know nothing. We are saved by our non-commissioned officers, who are the best in the world.'

It is to be hoped that competitive examinations have done something to do away with this reproach, which Captain Gronow, although humiliated and disgusted enough at the time Picton uttered it, acknowledges to have been well deserved.

It is also to be hoped that bribery committees have somewhat ameliorated the system of electioneering pursued in our author's time. When he himself stood for Grimsby, one of his best supporters, and a most respectable man, informed him that there were four persons to whom he must give one hundred pounds apiece; and if not, he was sure to be beaten. Having passed his word to his patron, Lord Yarborough, that he would not bribe, he refused to listen to this, and lost his election by four votes. At Stafford, Captain Gronow was not thus shackled, and therefore succeeded. 'I went down to that place on the dissolution in 1832; and on the morning after my arrival, several hundred electors assembled in military array under my windows, and on my appearance received me with three cheers. One of the leaders of this worthy band of brothers then spoke out thus:

"Now, Gronow, my old boy, we like what we have heard about you, your principles, and all that sort of thing; we will therefore all vote for you, if"——

'Here every man in the crowd struck his breeches-pocket several times with his open hand. After this expressive pantomime, the speaker continued:

"You know what we mean, old fellow? If not—you understand—you won't do for Stafford."'

Captain Gronow was elected; but on the assembly of the first Reformed Parliament, among the petitions presented was a very extraordinary one against his return—the purport of it actually was, that he ought

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to be unseated because he had not bribed the electors sufficiently. 'When Mr Lee, the clerk, read out this humble petition, roars of laughter were heard from all sides of the house; and the Speaker, very much scandalised, ruled that it could not be received.'

A MOMENT'S IMPULSE.

I.

If the reader has ever visited Shingleton during the bathing-season, he will remember Captain Lefever; or if the mention of that name fails to bring out any picture on his memory, he will at least be probably able to recall to mind the mysterious cause of so much gossip and speculation, who lived in a white cottage on the verge of the cliff, about a mile to the north of the village.

For Shingleton is a small place, so far removed from civilisation that the *Times* does not reach it till the day after publication; and as for the weeklies, sojourners in that secluded district get them with the right dates on their foreheads. There are no balls or concerts, or marionettes, or Punch and Judy shows; so that those who are too sea-sick to sail, too lazy to walk, too indifferent to the 'wonders of the shore' to paddle about after sea-anemones, and too fastidious to be able to derive amusement from the fossil literature obtainable at the Fancy Repository and Circulating Library, have nothing to distract their minds from the proper study for mankind. Any one who stays there a month without getting every man, woman, child, and donkey by heart, must be a naturalist, a poet, or a lover. Even the most abstracted of these would probably notice, with some passing curiosity, the low, one-storied building, like a section of a barrack, with its formal square-cut garden, its flagstaff, flanked on either side by a small mortar, its telescope-stand with a swivelled rest, all as spick and span as soap and water, paint, and the anxious care of that tidiest of old maids, a superannuated soldier, who has been an officer's servant, could make them; the whole cut off from the surrounding heath by an embankment, which ran to the very brink of the cliff, and obliged the pedestrian to break off his walk along the edge, and turn his steps inland, until he had made the detour of what he might very likely mistake for a preventive-service outpost. Nor was the master of this place less likely to be remarked than his house. Captain Lefever has lately died, at the age of eighty-five; but up to the last, Time was unable to bend his towering head, or wither his stalwart frame. His proportions, indeed, were almost gigantic, being six feet four in height, and yet of such breadth and depth, that he did not strike the eye so much as a tall as a fine and powerful man. His hair, bushy eyebrows, moustache, and whiskers, were silver white, his forehead and mouth furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes keen as a hawk's, deep set in his head; altogether his appearance was calculated to attract notice anywhere; even in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city, your eye would have been arrested by his form, and you would have said: 'What a splendid old man!' For we always feel an interest in one who seems to be making a good fight of it with the common enemy of all of us—Time.

But the most attractive part about Captain Lefever was the mystery in which he was enveloped. He was unwilling to make any one's acquaintance, which, of course, gave rise to a great anxiety on the part of his neighbours to make his; a desire, however, which remained uniformly ungratified, for during some fifty years' residence in that part of the country, he had not made a single friend. He went regularly to church, and had on more than one occasion required medical assistance, yet neither the clergyman nor the doctor had got beyond the most formal bowing acquaintance with him. Yet he did not look like a madman, a miser, or a misanthrope: he was cleanly in his person, neat in his dress, and wandered about with his book, his pipe, and his large Newfoundland dog, in a rational manner enough. He seemed particularly fond of children, and would watch them playing on the beach by the hour together; nor were his pockets often devoid of sweetmeats for the rich, and half-pence for the poorer little ones, who considered him a bountiful sea-deity; but all attempts, and they were several, made by parents to stalk his friendship under cover of their children, failed ignominiously.

Who was he? What was he? Why did he thus keep himself secluded? Some of the more curious visitors at Shingleton have ere now fretted themselves into fevers in the endeavour to solve these questions. Endless were the theories, romantic the stories current about him. Various attempts were made to seduce his servant, John Dobbs, who, indeed, was by no means indifferent to the charms of beer and social conversation; but all that could be got out of John was, that his master had been an officer in the —th Foot, had taken a melancholy turn, sold out, and fixed his abode at Shingleton, at a time when there were no habitations but a few fishermen's huts in the neighbourhood.

That I alone succeeded in breaking through this barrier which fenced him in from the rest of the world, that I gained his friendship, and heard from his own lips the story which he afterwards gave me in writing, and which, now that he has gone, I have no hesitation in publishing, was owing to the merest accident. I was out sailing alone one calm sleepy day in a small and rather crank boat, when a sudden gust took me while I was drawing the cork of a bottle of porter; and before I could let go the sail, or catch hold of the tiller, I found myself in the water, striking out instinctively for the shore, which was some seven miles distant. It is said by Fontenelle and others that death by drowning is a pleasant sensation, but if this is a fact, the delight is dearly purchased by the sufferings of the previous struggle. When I had swum about three miles, I was done, and should soon have been let into that secret, as well as several others, if I had not been picked up by Captain Lefever, who was constantly cruising about in a small lugger he had, and who, seeing the capsize, had hastened to my assistance.

A man always feels drawn towards one whose life he has saved, and it was by this accident that I got admitted to a friendship which soon became exceedingly intimate, considering the disparity between our ages. We were drawn still closer together by the passion for sailing and sea-fishing which we shared, and which led us to spend whole days together, alone, bounding through the spray, or floating calmly on the undulating water. It was one still bright afternoon, as we lay at anchor in the bay with our lines out, that the conversation insensibly approached the subject of his life, and the cause of his seclusion; and when he had once begun to speak upon these topics, the words flowed from him in a torrent, which shewed what a relief to him was the utterance of thoughts over which he had so long brooded in silence.

This was the substance of his story.

II.

London was lighted with oil, and street-outrages were too common to make much fuss in the newspapers; gentlemen wore pumps, swallow-tailed coats with buttons between the shoulder-blades, and sheets rolled round and round their throats by way of neck-ties; female babies were never short-coated, but retained through life the garments of infancy: it was towards the end of the last century, in short, that Mr Trevor sat one evening with his wife and daughter in the drawing-room of a house in Russell Square.

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Mr Trevor was a man of fifty, a merchant, one who, whatever time he might go to bed, made it a rule 'early to rise,' and was certainly 'healthy, wealthy, and—at all events in all matters connected with mercantile affairs—wise.' But there was a cloud upon his brow this evening, as he sat with his eyes fixed upon a newspaper which he saw not. Mrs Trevor, a buxom, sweet-faced lady, some five years his junior, sat opposite, her fingers busy with tambour-work, and her eyes glancing up anxiously now and then at her husband's face. Laura Trevor, a charming girl of eighteen, was seated at the table, painting butterflies on a hand-screen, an employment which, by causing her to bend her head forwards, would have enabled any one standing opposite to observe the delicious effect of her long black eyelashes upon her soft peach cheeks.

There was evidently a gloom over the party, all of whom kept for some time a silence, which Mrs Trevor was the first to break.

'And there is no news of him?' she asked her husband.

'None,' replied Mr Trevor, laying down the paper.

'This Bow Street runner whom you employed, and who gave us such hopes'——

'Was mistaken; got upon a wrong scent. It seems that there are other fathers cursed with undutiful sons, and the young man he traced was not *our* William.'

There was a pause. 'I did hope,' said Mrs Trevor at length, 'that the announcement of his sister's marriage would have brought some word from him; he was always so fond of Laura.'

The girl said nothing, but without raising her head, continued her occupation. Presently, a large drop fell on the wing of a butterfly, and spoiled the labour of an hour.

It was a sad story, not, alas! a strange one. A wealthy, industrious, indulgent father; a spendthrift, idle, spoiled son. Spoiled? Well, I do not know; there are so many cant phrases in circulation, which always turn up on such occasions. If a scapegrace is kindly treated in childhood, the parents have 'pickled a rod for their own backs.' If they have been strict with him: 'It is bad to keep the bow always bent;' 'Severity begets hypocrisy;' 'The poor young man was driven away from his home,' &c. If he has been brought up at a public school: 'What could the parents expect, after having exposed him to temptation at so early an age?' If, on the contrary, he has been educated by a private tutor: 'A young man is sure to go wrong if he is plunged into the world at an age when all his passions are ripe, without any previous experience or training; it is better to let him mix as a boy with other boys; no greater mistake than to make him a greenhorn and a milksop; such are always the worst when at last they do break out.'

Take a clique of fast young men, whose vices are a source of sorrow to their friends, and confer separately with the parents of each individual member; I will wager a dinner at Greenwich to a red herring, that they will tell you that their particular son 'got into bad company,' and 'was led away by the rest.' And yet, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the scamp has plotted, and intrigued, and taken infinite pains to gain admission into the 'set' with whom he has trod the paths that lead to grief. A proselyting spirit is by no means common among the fashionably dissipated, and when a man goes wrong, he does so mostly because he prefers it to going right: temptation comes from within rather than from without.

I will not say, then, that William Trevor's misdeeds were attributable to the early indulgence of his parents; if the human heart can be actually hardened by kindness, man must be lower than the dog. I would rather consider that it was *in spite of* the love of his father, mother, and sister that he turned out so badly. A fine, handsome fellow was young Trevor, with a broad, open brow, a pleasant smile, a frank, captivating manner, but selfish, heartless, unprincipled, and extravagant to such a degree that it seemed a madness. Twice had the father paid his debts; but if Mr Trevor was indulgent, he was also just, and would not allow the fortune in which his other child had a share to be squandered in the support of infamy. He had at first thought that the boy was 'having his fling,' 'sowing his wild oats,' and hoped that he would soon settle down and reform. But, alas! William Trevor was not merely thoughtless and fond of pleasure; he was vicious to the core, and sank daily deeper in the slough of debauch and shamelessness. Then came more earnest applications for money, refusal on his father's part to give him a penny beyond his allowance, high words, open rupture; then a short period of mean shift and positive distress; pretended repentance, and the prodigal-son business; relapse and flight from the paternal dwelling, accompanied with *crime*—yes, crime, for it was in vain that the broken-hearted parents tried to persuade themselves that they had taught their son to look upon what was theirs almost as his own; their reason dinned the word theft! theft! theft! into their throbbing brain. It was now three months since they had heard anything of him, and Mr Trevor feared the worst, never taking up a newspaper without a shudder lest he should see indelible disgrace in its columns, for why should his son stop at a first robbery? He had taken every possible secret means to gain some tidings of the fugitive, for the purpose of rescuing him perforce from the career which lay before him, but hitherto without success.

The subject which had engaged the silent meditations of each having been once broached, Mr and Mrs Trevor talked freely upon it; speculating, planning, and hoping, until their thoughts were diverted into another channel by the arrival of Captain Lefever, the day of whose marriage with Laura was fixed. Clergymen are the only people who voluntarily wear any distinctive costume when off duty now a days; and *they* are beginning to slip into black ties and wide-awakes, whenever they can do so without exciting remark; but in the last century you could tell your sovereign, your sweep, your lawyer, butcher, baker, highwayman, or physician, by their dress at sight; and so Captain Lefever was in uniform, which must have been immensely to his advantage in his love affairs, the military costume of the period, tight and inconvenient though it was, being far less unsightly than the civil. There was a cloud on his brow when he entered the room, not at all consistent with the character of an ardent lover, whose hopes were on the eve of realisation; and, indeed, the first greetings over, he said at once: 'I have bad news for you, or at least for myself. The wedding must be put off.'

'Put off!'

'Yes. These Irish riots are of a more serious character than was at first supposed; the whole country is up, and the few troops over there will have enough to do.'

'But I thought that you were fixed here on the recruiting service?' cried Mrs Trevor, letting her hands and the tambour-work fall into her lap.

'So I was, and intended to send off a batch of fifty recruits to-morrow, or rather to-night, with Johnson; but as the regiment is at W——, he would have to march through the wildest and most disturbed districts on his way to head-quarters; and Johnson, though a good officer enough, is but a lad of eighteen, so I think it better to leave him here, and take them myself. It is a great nuisance, but it cannot be helped; can it, sir?'

'No, Lefever; you are quite right—you must go. —Come, come, Laura, don't cry. He will be back presently; it is only deferring the marriage for a few weeks.'

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'O papa, those horrid Irish! I am sure he will be getting killed, or something.'

'Killed! Ha, ha, ha—killed!' laughed Lefever with genuine mirth. 'That would be an ignominious death—something like being drowned in a gutter, or run over by a donkey-cart. Come, Laura, your fears are absurd. Ten soldiers are good against a thousand of this undisciplined rabble. There is no personal danger; but a good deal of activity and vigilance will be required to keep these lads, who are all recruits, together. Many of them are of Irish extraction, and might be enticed by their friends or relations to desert; or if they straggled from the main body, or got intoxicated, they might be murdered in detail. That is why I am going—not for fear of seeming to shirk "active service," for, as for any idea of *danger*, it is simply ridiculous; unless, indeed, you fear that I should succumb to the sea-sickness while crossing, and of this I own that I stand in considerable trepidation, for I am a miserable sailor. Have you heard anything, sir, upon the subject which—which'——

Mr Trevor shook his head sadly.

'Ah, well, well,' cried Captain Lefever, who was acquainted with the fact of William Trevor's disappearance, but knew nothing at that time of the disgraceful circumstances which he afterwards learned had attended his flight; 'he will turn up some day when you least expect him. He has been making the guineas fly, and is too high-spirited to come home and eat humble-pie, and I like him the better for it. Depend upon it, he is longing to be here all the time.'

So he chatted on, striving to cheer them up, for several hours, and then looking at his watch, he suddenly started up, and cried: 'We are to drop down with the tide, so I must be on board by one!'

A kiss, a blessing, a shake of the hand, and he was gone.

III.

The sober hues of evening were fast deepening into the shadows of night around a 'moated grange' in the west of Ireland. It was rather an imposing mansion for that part of the country, two-storied, and strongly built; indeed, to a Saxon eye, it seemed, in spite of its broken windows and dilapidated roof, to be the only habitable house for miles and miles round, which was, I suppose, sufficient reason in Paddyland why it should not be inhabited. The trench which surrounded it was broad and deep, but in most parts dry, and was crossed by a rather solid bridge with stone parapets of sufficient consistence to resist the jar of clumsily guided wagons. This cross between a fort and a farmhouse, built in the time of Cromwell, by some English military agriculturist, one of the early workers at that problem which has not been solved yet—'How to cultivate the land in the midst of a hostile Irish population with an unperforated skin,' was planted in the centre of a broad and fertile valley traversed by really a very respectable road. On this road, and in front of the house, was stationed a group of peasants, armed one with a fowling-piece, another with a blunderbuss, but all carrying some description of firearm. They were evidently on the look-out for something, as first one, and then another kept glancing along the road.

'Sure, it is no use our stopping here any longer, like a lot of cats watching a hole with never a mouse in it,' said one of the party in Irish. 'The soldiers, bad luck to them, never march at night.'

'Faith, I wish they did!' cried another; 'it's myself would get a quiet safe shot at them in the dark. It's a knack I have got from shooting the ducks, the darlings. Arrah, wouldn't you like to kill a soldier, Larry?'

'Sure!' replied Larry; 'it might give a sinner the lift out of purgatory. But there won't be any passing to-night. It is to be in by tattoo, they have, for fear the night-air should give them cold. And I'm thinking we will be off now; I'm tired of being a picket for one.'

'Hold your audacious tongues there!' cried the leader of the party. 'Do you call that discipline? Divil a bit you will stir till I give you leave, and that won't be till it's dark. Sure the captain explained it all to me. Arrah, if Tim there is not smoking his dhudeen! Do you consider that military behaviour, you spalpeen?'

'Sure the blunderbuss has never a lock to it, and how would I fire it off, if it was not for the pipe?'

'Here come the red-coats!'

'Sure enough. There's not a very many of them.'

'About fifty, maybe. They will be passing the night here, I'm thinking. Hooroo! if they had only sent to say they were coming!'

'You would have had a pot of praties and a keg of poteen ready for them, I don't doubt.'

'What would you say to a barrel of powder in the cellar, with a bit of lighted tow that would smoulder, smoulder, for a couple of hours, maybe, and then blow them all to glory?'

'Tim, you're a ganius!' said the leader of the party; 'but it is too late for that now. This is the body of recruits expected at W—— that we were to look out for. We must separate. I'll go to the captain; you, Larry, start for the boys at B——; you, Tim—— But you all know. Well, off with ye, and meet at the ould place at sunrise.'

The party dispersed, and making for the surrounding hills in different directions, quickly disappeared.

In the meantime the detachment, like a red worm, dragged itself slowly through the valley. First, two men; then, at some thirty yards' interval, a party of six, two of whom were non-commissioned officers; then, in due course, the main body, jaded, dusty, staggering under the unaccustomed weight of knapsack, musket, and ammunition—several of them with blood-stained handkerchiefs round their heads; and in rear of this body came Captain Lefever, who, with all his exertions—and they had been energetic enough throughout the day, in all conscience—could not entirely keep the half-disciplined lads from falling out of the ranks, so that many stragglers dotted the road behind; and Sergeant Stock, who was the only steady old soldier Lefever had to depend on, and therefore commanded the rear-guard, had enough to do to collect and keep them together, without obliging the main body to halt. The march had been a long one, and all day the little party had been harassed by clouds of the armed peasantry, who hovered around, ready to satisfy their anti-English feelings upon any straggler who should wander from the main body, and even, when the mountain character of the road favoured them, daring to discharge their firearms at the soldiers; and though the nearest approach of the rebels was not within the distance from which their fire could be very effective, it was sufficient to cause several painful though not dangerous contusions, and by the defensive precautions which it obliged them to take, added greatly to the fatigue of the raw troops, and to the anxiety and responsibility of their officer; so glad enough was Lefever when the advanced-guard signalled that the house which had been pointed out by his sergeant, who knew the road well, as a good station for the night, was in sight. Captain Lefever halted his little column, and passing to the front, crossed the bridge, and examined the premises, which he found well suited for his purpose, and completely deserted; whereupon the whole party passed over; and in a few minutes every corner of the old farmhouse was alive with soldiers, laughing, singing, cooking, lighting fires, searching for fuel, cleaning their arms, forgetting all their fatigue in the immediate prospect of food and rest.

'Well, Sergeant Stock,' said Lefever, when the

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men were shaking down comfortably, 'we could not get through to W—— after all.'

'No, sir; it was that having to throw out skirmishers at the Gap delayed us.'

'How far are we off now?'

'Not above three hours' march, sir. We shall be in early to-morrow morning.'

'Do you think that these fellows will attack us in the night?'

'I should not be surprised, sir: it depends on how strong they are.'

'Well, you must form a guard, and post a sentry on the bridge at once. What sergeant is next for duty?'

'Sergeant Williams; but I should not like to trust him or any other non-commissioned officer; they are nothing but boys. There is not one who ought to be more than a lance-corporal, by rights, but we had no choice. I had better take the guard myself, sir.'

But as he said this, Sergeant Stock, whose face had been getting very pale, staggered, and would have fallen, if it had not been for the chimney-piece, the corner of which he clutched. Captain Lefever sprang towards him, got him into a chair, loosened his dress and accoutrements, and called for water.

'I beg your pardon, sir, for making so free,' said the punctilious sergeant, when somewhat revived. 'It came on all of a sudden. One of them Irish hit me with a spent ball in the chest, and, now I come to be cool, it is rather painful.'

On examination, Lefever found a very extensive bruise, with signs of a broken rib; and having applied what rough remedy and bandage his limited resources and skill afforded, ordered the sergeant to get something to eat, and then lie down and rest. He would look to the guard himself, he said.

There was a small outbuilding close to the bridge-head, and this was converted into a guard-room. The sentry was posted on the bridge itself, with these orders: 'If any one comes near the bridge, or if you hear noises or see figures hovering about any part of the moat, challenge; and if they do not reply, or refuse to go away—this is no time for trifling—fire on them at once; and don't let any one approach you from the outside or the in, unless he can give the parole.'

It was nine o'clock when Captain Lefever, having given these directions, returned to the house with a mind by no means devoid of interest in the question what sort of dinner his servant had got ready for him. It was answered satisfactorily: part of a cold fowl, a slice or two of ham, a good hunch of bread, the whole washed down by cold brandy and water, formed no despicable meal. It is true that, when nothing remained but a greasy newspaper and an empty flask, he felt quite equal to beginning again; however, as there were no means of doing this, he took out his note-book, and wrote up his report to that time, and then rolling himself up in his cloak, he lay down on the floor.

The laughing and talking gradually died off, as the weary soldiers settled themselves down one after another for the night; and by a little after ten, all was as still as though the owl and the bat had been the only tenants of the grange. The sentry was to be relieved at eleven, and at five minutes to that hour Captain Lefever, not daring to trust anything to the raw boy to whom the exigencies of the case had obliged him to give command of the guard, went down to the bridge-head, and called him out. He came, his eyes full of sleep to an extent which justified his officer's anxiety.

'Sergeant Williams,' said the captain, 'it is important that the sentry who is on for the next two hours should be particularly on the alert: if any attack is made upon us, it will be between twelve and one. Which is your smartest man?'

'John Smith, sir.'

'What! That fellow who has been twice reported to me already for drunkenness and impertinence?'

'Yes, sir; he is an owdacious varmint, but as sharp as a needle. He writes beautiful, and his hands have never done any hard work. I think he must have been a pickpocket, or something genteel of that sort.'

'Hum!' said the captain, not oversatisfied. 'Well, relieve the other sentry; it is eleven o'clock. I will speak to this John Smith myself.'

The sergeant entered the guard-room; and Captain Lefever, remaining outside in the dark, was made sensible of the incomplete discipline of his recruits in a startling manner, for the disturbance and confusion incident to the awakening of Private John Smith, and the denunciations of that insubordinate young man on being disturbed in his slumbers, were exceedingly disgusting to the disciplinarian, who was not supposed to be within hearing.

'Never mind,' said Smith, by way of climax, to some comrade who bantered him on his unwillingness to rouse out; 'it 's a warm night, and I 'll finish my nap on the bridge.' And shouldering his musket, he stepped out after the sergeant.

When he was left alone on his post, Captain Lefever stepped up to him, made him halt and port his arms, and said: 'I heard your remark just now, Smith; but as it was of course made in jest, and not intended to reach my ears, I shall take no notice of it further than to inform you that the punishment of a sentry found sleeping on his post is Death, and that under the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed, I should feel no hesitation in taking the law into my own hands, and shooting the culprit on the spot. But I am sure that it is unnecessary for me to say this. All our lives are in your hands. If these rebels, who swarm around us, could once steal past you, they might cut all our throats in our sleep. This is the most important watch of the four, as any attack is most likely to be made shortly after midnight; and I have selected you for it as being evidently a man of sharper faculties and better grade than your comrades. You have only to keep your wits about you for two hours, and then you will be relieved. Shoulder arms.'

Captain Lefever returned to the house, and wrapping himself once more in his cloak, lay down, and tried to snatch an hour of that repose of which he stood in considerable need, for, indeed, his fatigues that day had been greater than those of any of the party under his command, except, perhaps, Sergeant Stock. But he could not rest; the responsibility of his position, the fact of all those lives being under his care, the rawness of his recruits, which might cause them to become panic-struck and helpless in the alarm of a night-attack, kept him feverish and uneasy. Suppose the sentry should be overpowered by sleep! Suppose ——

He could stand it no longer, so he rose and once more stepped out into the night, and advanced towards the spot on which his anxieties were centered. There was no moon, but the stars were very brilliant, and by their light he could plainly distinguish several dark forms moving about on the other side of the moat. What could the sentry have been about, that he had not made them out, and given the alarm? He stepped upon the bridge, but no one challenged him, and a figure which was just visible stealing towards him from the other side, fled into the night at his approach. Where was the sentry? He soon found him. Smith, leaning his musket against the wall, had settled himself comfortably down at full length upon the parapet; and there he lay, sound asleep. Suspecting treachery, carried away by passion, without giving himself a moment's time for reflection, Captain Lefever drew a pistol from his girdle, placed the muzzle at the sleeping man's head, and pressed the trigger. A loud report awoke the echoes of the night, a bright flash dissipated for a moment its

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darkness, and the body of the soldier rolled over, and fell heavily into the moat beneath—a corpse.

'Sergeant Williams!' said Captain Lefever, as the guard, alarmed by the shot, came tumbling out, 'place another sentry on the bridge. This man went to sleep, and I have shot him; and keep a sharper look-out yourself. Another five minutes, and the rebels would have been in the place.' And he strode sternly back to the house.

Very little inclination to drowsiness had the next sentry, and, indeed, Sergeant Williams and the remainder of his astonished guard shewed a remarkable vigilance during the rest of the night; but the rebels made no further attempt to enter their position, and when the day dawned, there was not a figure to be seen on the plain surrounding the grange. Captain Lefever, crushed with fatigue, and confident that there would be no further need of his surveillance, slept soundly, in spite of the stern deed he had committed, until he was aroused by the drums beating the *reveille*.

The report of the pistol in the dead of the night had aroused Sergeant Stock, who, on learning what had happened, quietly awoke two or three men, and going down with them to the moat, drew the body out of the sludge where it had fallen, and buried it as well as they were able in a dry place; and the impression made upon the young soldiers was strong when, on assembling in the early morning, they found a grave where they had left a comrade.

Captain Lefever paraded his men previous to marching out of the grange, and observed a sullen look upon their faces which he had never seen before. One man carried two muskets, another a second knapsack; but he made no remark upon this, only set his lips firmly together, and spoke in a harsher tone than was his wont; only his heart sank within him. They were unmolested during their march to W——, and there was nothing to distract his thoughts, which were gloomy and remorseful. It was a fearful thing to have sent an erring fellow-creature unwarned, without a moment for repentance, without time to utter a single cry for pardon, in his sleep, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of his Judge. The words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' rang in Captain Lefever's ears throughout that morning, and he had a presentiment that he had drawn down evil upon his head; and this presentiment was just. Though his brother-officers—some of whom looked grave at first—were unaltered in their manner towards him, and though the court-martial which he demanded entirely exonerated him from blame, the evil came; for in the course of that court-martial the fact was brought to light, that the wretched man whom he had so ruthlessly put to death, and who had enlisted under the name of John Smith, was none other than William Trevor, the erring brother of his Laura!

How the dreadful tidings were conveyed to the parents and sister, whether Laura Trevor recovered from the shock, and married another man, or died young, or lived single, an unwedded widow, I know not, I doubt if Captain Lefever ever knew; for on learning the truth, he was struck down by a brain-fever, on his recovery from which a permanent melancholy settled on him. He sold out, and attended only by his servant, who was much attached to him, and whose discharge he purchased, wandered purposeless through the country, till at last he settled down in what was then a lonely cottage on a barren cliff, his career cut short, his hopes of happiness blighted. Indeed, I believe that it was a morbid dread lest his line of life should even by the vaguest report touch that of hers from whom he was so fatally, so eternally severed, which led him to banish himself from mankind so utterly as he did; for his servant, old John Dobbs, tells me that during the many years that they lived at Shingleton, a newspaper was never allowed to come into the house, nor did his master ever receive a letter.

My poor old friend has gone at last, and it is a satisfaction to me to know that my friendship soothed the close of the long life of penance which he imposed upon himself in expiation of a Moment's Impulse.

FRESH-WATER PLANTS.

WATER-PLANTS with floating or submerged leaves are wholly different in structure from land-plants, whose leaves are aërial; and if examined carefully, they will be found to be just as beautifully adapted to the element in which they live, as land-plants are to the atmosphere. We wish to direct the attention of our readers to one or two interesting features in the anatomy of aquatic plants, with which they are probably unacquainted, and which are connected with their external circumstances or surroundings.

The epidermis of land-plants, with leaves wholly aërial, consists of two parts—*1st*, An extremely thin pellicle or film, without any appreciable organisation, called the *cuticle; 2d*, One or more strata of flattened tubular cells, which are much larger than the cells of the subjacent tissue, constituting the true *epidermis* or skin. These two superposed membranes are intimately united, and pierced by a number of apertures, termed stomata or pores. The epidermic cells adhere firmly together, so that the epidermis itself may be readily separated from the subjacent tissues, with which it adheres only slightly as a colourless layer.

The cuticle may be known by an examination of one of the leaves of a common cabbage, where it is developed in the form of a glaucous bloom or vegetable varnish; this may be separated as a thin continuous film or pellicle, from the subjacent epidermal layer, by maceration of the leaf in water for a few days. We are able to detect the presence of the cuticle on the epidermis, and prove it to be a perfectly distinct organ, by a simple chemical experiment. If a section of the epidermis be treated with tincture of iodine, the epidermic cells will remain colourless, whilst those of the cuticle will take a deep yellow tint.

The existence of the cuticle on the epidermis of plants as a perfectly distinct membrane, was first made known by Benedict de Saussure in 1762; since that period, it has been proved true by Hedgwig in 1793, and by Brongniart in 1834, in his beautiful memoir on the structure of leaves.

Now, aquatic plants whose foliage remains wholly submerged, are deprived of that epidermis which is ever present on the aërial leaves of land-plants. The cuticle is the only investing membrane which covers them. The *Potamogetons* or pond-weeds, for example, at least such species as grow beneath the water, are covered with this cuticle. It is the medium in which plants live which determines the presence or absence of an epidermis with its stomata or pores. The leaves of these submerged aquatics want, too, that fibro-vascular skeleton or framework which we distinguish so readily in leaves which grow in the atmosphere. Sometimes, indeed, this skeleton appears as if it were present, but a more attentive examination with lenses of sufficient magnifying power speedily dissipates the delusion, and proves that the apparent vessels are merely elongated cells. Hence it is that the leaves of submerged plants, owing to the absence of an epidermis, which restrains the evaporation, and a fibro-vascular skeleton, as soon as removed from the water, dry so speedily, and become so crisp; so, also, these submerged leaves may be truly regarded as possessing a greater amount of organic simplicity of structure than the atmospheric leaves with a fibro-vascular skeleton, because composed wholly of cellular tissue.

The presence of the cuticle only as an investing

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membrane most admirably adapts aquatic plants to the circumstances in which they are placed, for it prevents an injurious amount of water from penetrating their tissues. It is a vulgar error to suppose that submerged or even floating plants are soaking with water. Few persons are aware that the numerous forms of vegetation which they see floating on the surface of lakes or rivers, or whose verdure is visible beneath their waters, are one and all clothed in waterproof garments. Yet such is undoubtedly the case. Their surfaces are covered with a cuticle which acts as a perfect water-shed, so that the watery element in which they live does not enter their tissues mechanically, but only as it is required by their organism, and in accordance with the same laws which regulate its *vital* absorption into the organism of land-plants.

We hope that such of our readers as have leisure will be induced to verify these interesting facts by examining the water-plants in their neighbourhood. The upper surface of the floating leaves of water-lilies are covered with this cuticle, and water poured upon them collects into silvery globules, and rolls off their surface without wetting them; and the surface of all floating leaves will be found to be protected in a similar manner.

It is, however, necessary to add in this place, that floating plants have an epidermis as well as cuticle on that side of the leaf in immediate contact with the atmosphere; but on the under or submerged side of the leaf, the cuticle only is present.

The exclusion of superfluous water from the inside of aquatic plants is further promoted by the numerous air-cells in their interior. These air-cells are far more abundant in water-plants than in land-plants. Any one can be convinced of this by cutting across the stem or leaf of a water-plant, and examining the section with a small pocket-microscope. Sometimes the formation of these air-cells is accidental, the result of a mere mechanical rupture of the interior tissues; generally they are the result of the operation of a regular organic law, and then they assume, in some instances, very beautiful forms. The most common mode of development is as follows: there appear, at first, triangular openings between the adjacent polyhedral cellules; these openings enlarge at the expense of the area enclosed by the cell-wall, until, as in the case of the rush, it takes the form of a six-rayed star. Those who possess a microscope may ascertain the correctness of what is here stated by making a section of the pith of the common rush, which is a very beautiful microscopic object. In this way, the large receptacles of air in the interior of most water-plants are formed.

So much for the anatomy of aquatic plants; as to their physiology, it is well known to every educated person that the aërial leaves of land-plants are a sort of filter, through which the impure air passes, is deprived of its carbonic acid, and rendered again fit for the respiration of animals. In other words, aërial leaves remove the carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and give forth that oxygen which sustains the animal life on the land. All plants do this, from the trees in the forest to the blades of grass in the field. The poisonous and the wholesome species are alike in this respect public benefactors, transforming the pestilent air into an atmosphere of life.

The same law obtains in regard to aquatic vegetation. All animals which live in water, from the whale which requires an ocean to swim in, to those minute and invisible moving points of life which the microscope reveals, and which find ample room for all their evolutions in a single drop of its waters, are poisoning the element in which they live with carbonic acid; and all aquatic plants, from the glorious *Victoria regia*, the queen of water-lilies, floating on the waves of the majestic river Amazon, down to the insignificant duckmeat which covers the surface of the stagnant pool with its scum-like vegetation, are engaged in the grand work of taking in the carbonic acid, and oxygenating the watery element in which they live, thus restoring it to pristine purity, and rendering it wholesome! Especially is this the function of plants which grow wholly submerged, for it is obvious that a great deal of the oxygen of the floating vegetation will pass at once into the atmosphere without producing much effect on the water. With submerged plants it is otherwise. Water always contains a considerable amount of carbonic acid in solution, which enters the tissues of the submerged plants. Under the influence of light, this carbonic acid is decomposed; the carbon is left in the parts which grow green, and the oxygen is exhaled. This exhalation of oxygen from the leaves of aquatic plants is beautifully seen in such submerged species as are cultivated in aquaria, in order to keep the fish in a healthy condition. The oxygen collects on the leaves in the form of air-bells, and a continuous succession of them will rise through the water, and burst on its surface. These streams of ascending oxygen keep the water pure, and shew that the chemistry of nature is going on, and the carbon of the carbonic acid is being assimilated by the plants. It is thus that water-plants purify or oxygenate the water, removing from it the same pernicious element.

The presence of air in the interior of aquatic plants not only excludes the water, but also gives them a certain amount of buoyancy which they require. When, therefore, our readers for the future, shall see the different forms of aquatic vegetation in the pond, rivulet, river, or lake, floating or wholly submerged, they will not forget to remember how well and wisely the organisation of these water-plants, both externally and internally, has been constructed, so that the water in which they live shall be kept out of them, and be admitted only in sufficient quantities to carry on those changes connected with the progress of their life.

MISS GRAPPLER.

I BELIEVE it is not altogether an original simile to compare women with ships. Were I a nautical man (which I am not), I might attempt to expatiate on this comparison, and shew how some little women resemble schooners; how some tall and graceful women resemble the stately frigate or magnificent line-of-battle ship; how some dumpy women resemble the old-fashioned Dutch merchantmen. I might carry the simile further, and say some women are guard-ships and transports, and some, alas! are only pleasure-yachts or even fire-ships. But I will leave the general consideration of the subject, and confine myself to the type of a class, which may be characterised as marriageable young ladies of forty.

Miss Glorvina Grappler has for a long time been associated in my mind with the idea of a ship, especially when I meet her sailing in the parks and public promenades; and when she passes me on a wind, as sailors say, with ribbons flying, and crinoline flapping in the breeze, I am irresistibly reminded of a gallant bark, originally clipper-built, and classed A1 at Lloyd's, shewing signs of wear and tear, but still a good sea-worthy vessel.

Such is 'The Grappler' at forty. But I project myself into the future. I behold her at fifty, crazy and cranky, and rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, dismantled, and firing signal-guns of distress; nevertheless, with the help of jury-masts, heading bravely for the port of *Matrimony*—a haven which, I greatly fear, she is destined never to reach, for she makes terrible lee-way, and unless something of the nature of a miracle happens, she will go ashore on the barren coast of *Single Blessedness*, probably on that dreary part called *No Man's Land*, where she will be stranded high and dry, and left as a warning to other craft bound on a similar voyage, of the consequence of starting on the voyage of life without chart, compass, provision, or ballast.

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To quit metaphor, Miss Grappler is a melancholy illustration of a fact verified by daily experience, that if young ladies will expect to be married without acquiring the proper qualifications to make a useful wife, they stand a good chance of being disappointed in their matrimonial hopes. Nay, it is frequently those women who are most beautiful and most 'accomplished' who die old maids.

Miss Grappler is a young lady of forty, who really looks no more than the age she calls herself—ten years younger—thanks to a good constitution, and that marvellous art of repairing the ravages of time, which female skill has brought to such perfection.

Nobody, I suppose, likes to grow old, however much we may philosophise about the advantages possessed by maturity and experience over youth and folly. But to a fashionable woman, the approach of wrinkles and gray hairs must be the abomination of desolation. In spite, therefore, of the aids to beauty afforded by enamel, hair-dye, wigs, and fronts, women seem to have an especial horror of age, and many young women even appear to live in the illusion that *they* shall never grow old. To hear a young talking of an old one, you would imagine that young and old formed two distinct species, and that the speaker belonged to the former. 'I wonder what sort of an old woman I would make,' I once heard a young lady remark. I ventured to express a hope that she would live to solve the question practically, but she received the remark with a smile of incredulity.

'There are women,' observes a French author, 'who, thanks to the secluding system of a provincial town, and to the habits of a virtuous life, preserve themselves youthful up to forty. They resemble the latest roses of autumn, which are pleasing to the eye, but whose petals are cold, and retain little fragrance.'

Miss Grappler is still a fine woman, owing partly to the above causes, and also to the conserving effects of the English climate, which, with all its faults, is favourable to beauty. In what other country do you see women as handsome; and where but in England do you see fine women at forty, and even at fifty? Miss Grappler is tall and stout, with fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes.

Twenty years ago, she started in life, or, to follow up the nautical simile, she weighed anchor, and made sail for the port of Matrimony, full of budding hopes and illusions, based on her charms and accomplishments. Youth was at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm. The wind was fair when this graceful vessel glided from her moorings—quitted the privacy of the family circle, and entered on the sea of fashionable life under convoy of an experienced *chaperon*. Everything betokened a prosperous voyage of reasonable length. Little did Miss Grappler or any of her friends anticipate that twenty years later she would still be beating about like the Flying Dutchman. For the first ten years—that is, from twenty to thirty, the question put by Miss Grappler to herself was one which is frequently put by other young ladies under similar circumstances: 'Whom shall I have?' For the last ten years she had been asking herself: 'Who will have *me?*' Miss Grappler is forty, and still unmarried.

> Ask me not what the maiden feels,
> Left in this dreadful hour alone.

As the reader will perceive, I am warming with my subject. How shall I attempt to describe the feelings of an unprotected female when she has reached what Byron calls the most barbarous of all the middle ages—the middle age of man. To return to Scott, for this is a theme too tragic for prose:

> Perchance her reason stoops or reels,
> Perchance a courage not her own
> Braces her mind to desp'rate tone.

Alas! what are accomplishments? what are youth, beauty, virtue, in this degenerate age? when the men go into the matrimonial mart from such interested motives. Miss Grappler was admired, danced with, flirted with; but the inquiry always made by Young England, after admitting that she was 'a doozed fine gal,' was: 'But has she any "tin"?' And the knowing ones replied: 'She has no tin,' or, to express the painful fact as delicately as possible in the polite phraseology used by Miss Grappler's chaperon and friends: 'Miss Grappler has no fortune; she is a fortune in herself.' The first statement Miss Grappler knew to be a fact; of the truth of the second, she was firmly persuaded. She only believed—nor do I think she is quite alone in her belief—that to be able to play the piano, to whirl round a ball-room in perfect time to a polka or *valse à deux temps* till three in the morning, and to make the appropriate conventional remarks about an opera, a picture, or the last new novel, ought to make any right-thinking, reasonable man happy, and that the husband who expected more than this from the partner of his bosom was a monstrosity.

After thirty, Miss Grappler's temper became a little soured; she began to take gloomy views of human nature; she believed in Dr Cumming's vaticinations about the approaching end of the world; she often declared that she was disappointed in men, that the lords of creation were not at all what she had believed them to be, but fell very far short of the ideal standard of her youthful imagination. Though Miss Grappler does not express herself in the most consequent manner, her mental condition is apparent to the student of human nature. She feels that society has not kept faith with her; she has been trained up to look to marriage as her destiny, and she is not married; she might apostrophise the sex as one man, and hurl against mankind the pathetic reproach of Sarah to Abraham, 'My wrong be upon thee.'

There is, in short, a continual struggle waging in Miss Grappler's bosom between a bitter animosity towards the sex in general and her desire to pounce upon one man, and appropriate him for ever, to grapple to her heart with hooks of steel (to make use of a pleasing anatomical image) a husband!

What is Miss Grappler's principal object in wishing to be married? Perhaps she cherishes the Machiavelian project of making one man the scapegoat for the sins of the whole sex—to make of her husband a slave to do the meanest chara. Perhaps, and I incline to this latter opinion, she really would do her best to make him happy in her own way; but whether the result would be happiness or misery to him, belongs to that class of speculations which may be ranged with the possible events of history which have never happened, the discussion of which would plunge us into metaphysical inquiries on such abstruse subjects as free-will and fatality.

This inconsistency of sentiment causes a corresponding inconsistency of conduct. At one time, Miss Grappler is gentle and caressing towards some man, who has said some civil things to her. While he is unconsciously making himself agreeable, Miss Grappler is nursing the hope that he may be the fortunate individual destined to lead her, at last, to the hymeneal altar, and give her the privilege of wearing a veil and orange-blossoms, which are to a woman what the conqueror's or poet's laurel, the marshal's *bâton*, the bishop's crosier, the lord chamberlain's gold-stick, the woolsack of the lord chancellor, the triple crown worn by the servant of servants, the White House at Washington, the lord mayor's coach of state; in short, *all* the emblems of success, in the various departments of ambition, are to men!

Suddenly, however, true to her feminine pride, and the training of society which teaches a woman to profess indifference, and even dislike, to the great object of all her hopes and schemes, she flies off at a tangent, and revenges herself on her victim for all her previous words and looks of kindness, by intrenching herself

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in a triple outwork of supercilious reserve or disdain, or else utters the rudest speeches, as the nearest approach she can make to sarcasm. Miss Grappler acts thus in perfect singleness of heart, for she firmly believes that any man who has had sufficient opportunities of seeing and falling in love with her, and does not do it, is a depraved and immoral character, quite unsusceptible of the charms of virtue, and utterly unworthy of domestic happiness.

The class of women which Miss Grappler typifies would, I think, give a definition of man at least *novel*, if not scientifically correct. They do not trouble themselves with the theories of philosophers and ethnologists. For them, man is neither a featherless biped with flattened nails, nor a clothes-wearing, nor a cooking, nor a worshipping animal, nor a development from the gorilla; no, he is simply a *marrying animal*. Now, it is frequently the effect of civilisation to cause animals to degenerate from their original natures, and man has also departed from his proper function, and is not so fond of marrying as he ought to be. It is the mission of these women to make him fulfil his destiny. In their conversation among themselves, you will often hear this question: Is Mr Such-a-one a marrying-man? Do they desire to inform themselves thoroughly of a man's character, they ask: Is such a person a good husband? which means, does he let his wife have her own way. A good husband must be a perfect man. Their principal if not sole ideas of manly worth, honour, intelligence, patience, and fortitude is, that a man should, not later than the age of twenty-five, select one woman from the crowd, support her in comfort, luxury, and affluence, gratify all her whims and caprices, give her the same opportunities *after* that she has enjoyed *before* marriage of going into society, eclipsing her rivals, and listening to the flattery of men.

ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS.

Since rags became so scarce a commodity as to render their importation from the continent, and even from the far East, a matter of mercantile speculation, the inventive genius of man has been busily engaged seeking out substitutes for rags. In making paper out of straw, art is but returning in some measure to the employment of vegetable substances, not unlike those on which the first rude hieroglyphics were engraved, with this difference, that the material undergoes a lengthened preparation. As the archæologist has divided the various epochs of man's occupation on the earth according to the nature of the tools he employed, into the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, so may we discover in the different materials of which books have been constructed, distinct eras of the world.

There appears reason to believe that in the history of every nation there has been a time when painted figures of the object wished to be expressed were the only means of carrying on written communications; as witness the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, and the paintings of the more modern Mexicans. The most ancient form of book is said to have been the roll or volume of tanned skins; these were goat or calf skins, tanned very soft, and dyed either red or yellow. Each individual skin was tacked to the succeeding one, till the whole made up a roll of a hundred feet or more. On this material are written the copies of the law found in the synagogues, these ancient leathern rolls of the Pentateuch being some of the oldest manuscripts extant. It is probable, however, that the practice still met with in the East of writing upon palm-leaves has been followed from the earliest ages, but that as such material was very perishable, they were only employed for writing letters on, or making temporary memoranda, and that when it was desired to construct a work whose contents might be transmitted to posterity, a book of leather was adopted.

To the same primeval period must be referred the construction of books made out of the inner rind or bark of trees, from whence are derived the Latin word *liber*, and the Greek word *biblos*, a book. Among the Romans, the inner bark of the linden or teil tree was chiefly employed for this purpose; while among our Saxon ancestors, there is reason to suppose that the beech or *buech*—from whence the Saxon word *boc* and the English *book* are derived—was the tree from which they cut their bark tablets. It was not only the bark that was employed, but also the heart-wood of the tree, cut into tablets, and strung together with a cord. These were called codices, and were engraved or inscribed with the subject wished to be transmitted by the writer, but, like the Mosaic tables of stone on which were written the ten commandments, were reserved chiefly for legal documents, from whence the word code has come to imply a system of laws. Among savage races at the present day will occasionally be found copies of the Gospels painted on tablets of bark or wood, and we learn that a curious library of this description was discovered some time ago among the Kalmuck Tartars. The books were exceedingly long and narrow, the leaves very thick, being made of the bark of trees, smeared over with double varnish, and the writing was white on a dark ground.

We can easily understand that tablets of wood having once come into use, men would immediately look round them for something still more suitable, from which the writing could be effaced and again renewed, and that tablets of beaten lead and ivory would supplant those of wood, in turn to be surpassed by the well-known wax tablet and style of classic story. These last were made of wood, covered with a thin layer of coloured wax, on which the writing was easily impressed by an iron needle or style, and could again as easily be effaced, by smoothing over the surface with the reverse or blunt end. The iron style, so absolutely necessary for scratching on leaden or brass tablets, became, unfortunately, on some occasions a fatal weapon of attack with which to close an argument that neither words nor writing could settle; its use was, in consequence, forbidden, and styles were constructed of wood, bone, or ivory, quite suitable for etching on wax tablets. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, having no weapon at hand, used his style, with which he wounded one of them in the arm.

To impale a disputative opponent on the point of the pen was in those days no literary figure, since we read that one Cassianus, a Christian schoolmaster, while carrying on an argument with his pupils, so incensed the latter, that they arose and despatched him with their styles. Oxford, too, can boast that one of her first professors, a certain John Scot, suffered martyrdom in this singular manner, if not for Protestantism, at least for denying the real presence in the Eucharist. Being a learned man, and well versed in Latin and Greek, he travelled on the continent for the purpose of visiting the various seats of learning, and was well received at the court of Charles the Bald, by whose wish he translated some Greek authors into Latin. Unfortunately, his writings were condemned by the pope as heretical; and fleeing from France, he took refuge in an English monastery, where even the sacredness of the edifice and the land of his birth were unable to protect him, for the church, determined on his death, instigated the monks to rise against him, and kill him with their styles.

In time, the use of leather skins and tablets passed away, and paper, made from the papyrus, came to be the substance on which manuscripts were written or printed. We cannot give any exact date as to the first employment of the papyrus, but it is known to have been in general use for at least three or four hundred years before the Christian era, and to have

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retained its position as a material for manuscripts till the seventh or eighth century, when it was supplanted by parchment and other substances. That it had been in use from the earliest ages in Egypt, as a material on which to inscribe a scroll or genealogical record, is well known to all who have heard of the Turin papyrus of the kings, as old as the eighteenth century B. C., or of those papyri written in the reign of Menepthah II. (the Sesostris of most writers, who flouriahed 1340 B. C.); but it was not till the formation of the Alexandrian Library was begun (283 B. C.) that the papyrus became generally applied to the purpose of books or rolls. The stimulus given to the manufacture of this article by the collection of 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian Library, and the general demand which existed for it in all civilised countries, caused it to become one of the chief exports of Egypt, and a staple branch of commerce in the Mediterranean Sea. The mode of preparing it was as follows: 'The fibrous coats of the plant were peeled off the whole length of the stem; one layer of fibres was then laid across another upon a block, and being moistened, the glutinous juice of the plant formed a cement sufficiently strong to give coherence to the fibres: when greater solidity was required, a size made from bread or glue was employed. The two films being thus connected, were pressed, dried in the sun, beaten with a broad mallet, and polished with a shell. It was then cut into the various lengths required for use.' Still it was but a rough and unfinished fabric, and it was not until it became generally employed at Rome, that the artists of that city managed to give it something of the smoothness and whiteness of paper. Even then, like the rice-paper made by the Chinese of the present day, its texture was so brittle that the greatest care was needed in handling it; and to remedy this, the copyists of the early centuries after Christ inserted a parchment page between every five or six of the papyrus, in order to give the weaker substance strength and durability. To this circumstance alone do we owe it that many of the manuscripts of the seventh and eighth centuries have been handed down to our own time. Doubtless, the number of those now extant would have been far greater, but for the unfortunate destruction by fire of the Ptolemian Library, during the expedition of Cæsar to Egypt. On the ashes of this library arose another, which did not, however, equal its predecessor in size and splendour, and which met with a similar fate at the hands of the Saracens under the Calif Omar in 650.

When these savage hordes from the East overran the civilised land of Egypt, a stop was put to the manufacture of the papyrus; and parchment, which had been gradually brought to greater perfection, superseded it. The decline of the papyrus, and the general employment of parchment, date from the eighth or ninth century. Perhaps the largest collection of papyri in the world is that which exists in the Vatican, where one particular chamber is called the papyrus-room, from the immense collection of these old manuscripts.

It is alleged that the origin of parchment was due to an embargo having been laid on the further exportation of papyrus by one of the Ptolemies, who was afraid of being rivalled by the magnificence of the collection made by Eumenes, son of Attalus, king of Pergamus (a collection which amounted to 200,000 volumes), which latter prince, in consequence, had recourse to the manufacture of this material, which took its name from the capital city; but it is more than probable, that as men advanced in civilisation, endeavours were made to improve upon the rough leather-rolls, and that parchment was the result.

This substance, for long called *Pergamena*, has proved to be one of the most indestructible materials ever manufactured. There are manuscripts of it alleged to be as old as the fourth century, and certainly many of the sixth and seventh, that have outlived the monasteries in which they were found, nay, possibly were penned in others, the very stones of which have crumbled into dust, while the writing of the laborious monk is as clear and fair on its pages as if they were inscribed but yesterday.

Parchment being sometimes very scarce, the copyists of the middle ages adopted the plan of taking old manuscripts of that material, scratching out their contents, and penning them over again with some more recent production. These were called palimpsests; and very frequently the recent writing was some fabulous story or a detail of the miracles of some pious saint, for the conveyance of which worthless trash to posterity, valuable works had been erased. Numbers of these may be found in the National Library of France and in the Vatican; in many instances, the new writing has totally effaced the old, but sometimes the original has resisted all the efforts of washing or erasing; and in this way have been recovered invaluable manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures and classic literature. This practice was so common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that if the books of that age are examined, there will be found as many written on erased as on new parchment.

In the library of the Vatican, just alluded to, are some very old parchment manuscripts, one roll, two hundred and seventeen feet long, and thirty-three inches broad, contains the Pentateuch in Hebrew, attributed to the ninth century; while another, supposed to be even older than the fourth century, is a copy of Virgil, written in capitals, on nine hundred folio pages.

These palimpsests, and the copying of ancient books, were the work principally of monks, in whose religious houses one room, called a *scriptorium*, was particularly set apart for that purpose. Their mode of writing varied not only in character, but in legibility, some aiming at a swift handwriting, the *tachygraphoi*; others at a clear fair hand, the *kalligraphoi*. Though generally the work of monks, men of rank did not occasionally disdain to devote their leisure to copying books; and Montfaucon tells us that in the lists of copyists are many of the names of the nobles of the Constantinopolitan empire. A certain feeling of being employed in a good work seems to have impelled the writers to prosecute the task of copying out these parchments, since they generally finished by saying: 'This book, copied by M. R., for the benefit of his soul, was finished in the year, &c. May the Lord think upon him.' At other times, an anathema was pronounced at the end of the book against any who should alter or falsify it, as we see in Revelation; much in the same way as the Mohammedan places the name of God at the beginning of a book, in the belief that the reverence inspired by the name will afford protection to everything on which it appears. The form of books seems to have been originally square; the sheets were folded into three or four plies, and stitched separately; they were then fastened together much in the same manner as is practised in the present day, and were covered with linen, silk, or leather. Sometimes the page was undivided, at others, it contained two, or even three columns. In the earlier days, punctuation there was none, and each word was joined to the other, no separation existing between them. Many of the ancient books were brilliantly illuminated with gold and silver, blue and vermilion, and must have been made the subject of devout and untiring energy, before the writer could have evolved the flowery initials, figures, and ciphers which grace the margins of the book, and the commencement of paragraphs.

As long as books were written on scrolls of parchment, it was usual to have a cylinder or staff attached, round which to roll them, in the same way as we do with maps. The parchment was written on but one

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side, and at each end of the cylinder was a nob or ball, often carved or adorned with ivory, gold, and precious stones, by which to roll up the scroll. In the East, it was customary to incase these rolls in an elegant cover or wrapper, and to inscribe on it a title indicating the general tenor of their contents.

Manuscripts are occasionally to be met with printed on human skin—these are either Mexican or Peruvian. One of the former is to be met with in the library of Vienna, beautifully executed in coloured figures, and a second in the library at Dresden, containing a fragmentary history of the incas of Peru.

Another material on which books used to be executed was vellum, but so expensive was this substance, that it has been estimated that probably not more than two or three thousand works were ever issued on this fabric. Of the date of its first use, we are uncertain; but a very beautiful specimen of it, in the shape of a Roman breviary, printed at Venice in 1478, may be met with in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. This is a large folio volume, consisting of four hundred and one pages of the finest vellum, thin, and beautifully white. The printing, which is done in red and black ink, the former unglazed, the latter shining like varnish, and extremely deep in colour, is so smoothly and sharply executed, that it may compare with any of our copperplate-printing of the present day. Other works, however, of a much older date, printed on this material, are to be met with on the continent; as copies of Pliny and Justin in the library of Göttingen, belonging to the thirteenth century; but more particularly the Codex Aureus in the library of Stockholm, a copy of the Evangelists, written on purple vellum, alleged to be as old as the ninth century, and deriving its name from the large number of letters of gold interspersed through its pages. This, too, is in its turn surpassed by an imperfect copy of the Evangelists, deposited in the library of Upsal, written in gold and silver letters on vellum, and ascribed to Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, who flourished under the Emperor Valens, about the year 370.

That fabric which immediately preceded and led to the employment of linen or cotton rags in the manufacture of paper, was the *Charta bombycina*, or cotton-paper, often improperly called silk-paper, which appears to have been used in Greece and the East as early as the ninth century, soon after the time that the manufacture of papyrus had been almost wholly destroyed by the irruption of the Saracens. The manufacture of this paper still continues in the East, where a very pretty fabric is made of it; and old copies of the Evangelists, printed on this substance, as early as the ninth century, may be met with in some of the continental libraries.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, mills for the manufacture of paper, from linen and cotton rags, were erected on the continent, from whence this branch of industry rapidly spread to our own country, and very soon vellum, parchment, and papyrus became obsolete in the hands of the printer, and were removed as curiosities to the shelves of the librarian.

We cannot close this description of the materials of ancient books without mentioning two rare curiosities in biblical construction. One which was neither written nor printed, entitled *The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters composed in no material*, was made of the finest folio vellum, in which all the letters were cut out; and a leaf of blue paper being inserted between each page, it was read as easily as if it had been printed. We are told that this singular work was so highly valued by Rudolph II. of Germany, that he offered 11,000 ducats for it. It once belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is still supposed to be in France, though probably an English production, from its bearing the royal arms of England.

Perhaps, however, the most singular material for book-making ever proposed was that suggested by Signior Castagnatta, and partially carried out by Professor Burkman of Brunswick—asbestos. It was proposed to make the leaves and boards of this substance, the latter somewhat thicker than the former, to sew the work with asbestos thread, and print the contents in letters of gold, so that the whole being totally indestructible, would merit the appellation of the Book of Eternity.

A word or two on the subject of pens and ink as used by the copyists and ancient writers. Apart from the style already alluded to, and which was not so much employed for writing as etching or engraving, the common pen of the ancients, called a calamus, was made from a reed of the Nile. Not but that the suitableness of quills for writing was known, but preference was shewn for the calamus made from the reed. Occasionally, the calamus was made of gold or silver, but these were used only by people of rank. The usual accompaniments of the calamus on the writing-desk of the copyist were a knife to trim the pen, compasses for measuring the distances between the lines, and scissors for cutting the paper.

The Greeks and Romans greatly surpassed us in the variety and hue of their inks—black, red, purple, blue, green, gold, and silver being all found in the ancient manuscripts and works. The black, which in most of the old writings has become tawny or deep-red, or sometimes vermilion—not faint and yellow, as with us—has occasionally, even in those of a great age, retained its pristine gloss and darkness, but it is supposed that in that case it has contained either powdered burned ivory or hard wood mixed with gum, which has formed a pigment thicker, no doubt, and less fluent than our modern ink, but much more durable. The lighter kind of black, again, is believed to have been the black liquor taken from the cuttle-fish.

DOWN-LAND.

The Down, in a trémble of thin, pale blue,
With air-bells all tinselled and hung with dew;
Rabbits that peep, and rabbits that pry,
From the thorn-covert dark with timorous eye,
Where the black rooks swoop, and settle, and swirl,
From great white clouds that widen and furl;
Crop-eared lawns, where the silver leaf
Leads to the heather, and on to the sheaf.
This is the broad, free, rolling Down,
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

That is Crockerton Furze out there,
Dim, through a half-dozen miles of air;
Yonder, gray, blanched white in the sun,
Is Redstone Copse, where the foxes run;
Up there, to the right, sand-edged with trees,
And tufted with firs, is fair Summerleas;
And far away the horizon shines,
Rolling blue with its prairie lines.
This is the broad free Wiltshire Down,
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

Yonder the squared-out, mapped-out land,
Like the coloured chart in a general's hand,
Golden acres of billowy wheat
Rolling to one, to the farmer's feet,
Emerald sections of meadow green,
Where red cows feed, and the weathercock sheen
Of the gray-stoned steeple soars beacon high,
Cleaving the clear blue radiant sky.
This is our broad, free, rolling Down,
Twenty miles from Salisbury Town.

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KIDNAPPED.

THERE lies on the Atlantic coast of the United States a large inlet or estuary named Chesapeake Bay. It flows from the sea inland, due northward, filling the channels of many rivers, and dividing the two sovereignties of Maryland and Virginia into what are called the Eastern and Western Shores. The Eastern Shore was doubtless submerged at a remote period, for it is very low and sandy at the present day, and the water-courses from the east and the west nearly meet at its centre. It is, in fact, a long, narrow peninsula, isolated from the populous country across and above the bay, and its people are therefore very quaint, primitive, and individual. Their dialect, manners, and institutions are in like manner original, and, until recently, they may have been said to be a people by themselves, shut out from the world, as completely as many of the islanders of the far seas. Their farms were extensive, and almost barren. The richer classes possessed negroes, whose slovenly economy ruined what was already impoverished; and the poorer whites dwelt in miserable cabins —heathens in sloth and ignorance—tilling a few niggard acres of corn and potatoes, and fishing in the salt 'creeks' for clams, oysters, and shell-fish.

Dense forests of pine and cedar grew amid the sands; the scanty towns were rude, and never progressive; there was no commerce; and stage-coaches, running at long intervals, furnished the only means of intercommunication.

With these disadvantages, the Eastern Shore seemed in a fair way of relapsing into barbarism, and its regeneration was due to a class of evangels or enthusiasts, who penetrated into its desert places, inspired by religious zeal, teaching the doctrines of faith, industry, and charity. These were the 'Methodists;' and whatever may be our opinion of their motives, manners, and doctrines, there can be no doubt that in America they have been the pioneers of civilisation. Their apostles were poor, self-educated, and adventurous. No society was so rude, no settlement so remote, as to deter their courage or baffle their perseverance. And truly their task required all patience and energy. The blight of slavery had gone before them. Crimes were common among the benighted poor —theft, unchastity, and murder. The trade in human flesh was carried on without restraint; slave-buyers traversed the country to obtain field-hands for the cotton and rice states, and kidnapping or man-stealing was generally prevalent.

A celebrated apostle of the Methodist sect was the Rev. Titus Bates. He had been twenty-six years engaged in the ministry, and was now a bronzed, worn, failing man, consumed by the zeal of his order, but still anxious to continue his work and die at his post. Like all his tribe, he was an itinerant, moving from town to town every second year—these towns being his places of abode, while his fields of labour were called 'circuits,' and comprised many houses of worship scattered through the surrounding district. He had chosen his wife with reference to his vocation, and she was equally earnest with himself. She attended the sick, prayed with the dying, taught Sabbath-schools, and organised religious meetings among the women. They had but one son, Paul, an odd, silent little fellow, who was thought to be more bashful than bright; but his parents loved him tenderly, and argued the highest usefulness from his still, sober, thoughtful habits. He was of a singularly dark complexion, with fine black eyes, and curling hair, and he was now old enough to ride to and fro with his father upon the long, pastoral journeys.

Paul's sixth birthday occurred on a raw Sunday in December. He had been promised, as a special treat on that occasion, a visit to Hogson's Corner, an old meeting-house near the bay-side, twenty miles distant. His mother woke him at an early hour, and while he breakfasted, the gray pony Bob came to the door in the 'sulky.' His mother bade him be a good boy, and kissed him; he took his seat upon a stool at his father's feet, and watched the stone parsonage fade quickly out of sight. The last houses of the town vanished; they passed some squalid huts of free negroes; and when, after an hour, they came to a grim, solitary hill, the snow began to fall. It beat down very fast, whitening the frozen furrows in the fields, making pyramids of the charred stumps, and bleaching the sinuous 'worm-fences' which bordered the road. After a while they found a gate built across the way, and Paul leaped out to open it. The snow was deep on the other side, and the little fellow's strength was taxed to push it back, but he succeeded, and his father applauded him. Then there were other gates; for there were few public highways here, and the routes led through private fields. It seemed that he had opened a great many gates before they came to the forest, and then Paul wrapped his chilled

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wet feet in the thick buffalo hide, and watched the dreary stretches of the pines moan by, the flakes still falling, and the wheels of the sulky dragging in the drifts. The road was very lonely; his father hummed snatches of hymns as they went, and the little boy shaped grotesque figures down the dim aisles of the woods, and wondered how it would be with travellers lost in their depths. He was not sorry when they reached the 'meeting-house,' a black old pile of planks, propped upon logs, with a long shelter-roof for horses down the side of the pave-yard. A couple of sleighs, a rough-covered wagon, called a 'dearbourn,' and several saddled horses, were tied beneath the roof. Two very aged negroes were seen coming up one of the cross-roads, and the shining, surging Chesapeake, bearing a few pale sails, was visible in the other direction. Some boors were gossiping in the churchyard, slashing their boots with their riding-whips; one lean, solemn man came out to welcome the preacher, addressing him as 'Brother' Bates; and another led the sulky into the wagon-shed, and treated Bob to some ears of corn, which he needed very much.

Then they all repaired to the church, which looked inside like a great barn. The beams and shingles were bare; some swallows in the eaves flew and twittered at will; and a huge stove, with branching pipes, stood in the naked aisle. The pews were hard and prim, and occupied by pinch-visaged people; the pulpit was a plain shelf, with hanging oil-lamps on either side; and over the door in the rear projected a rheumatic gallery, where the black communicants were boxed up like criminals. A kind old woman gave Paul a ginger-cake, but his father motioned him to put it in his pocket; and after he had warmed his feet, he was told to sit in the pew nearest the preacher, on what was called the 'Amen side.' Then the services began, the preacher leading the hymns, and the cracked voices of the old ladies joining in at the wrong places. But after a while a venerable negro in the gallery tuned up, and sang down the shrill swallows with natural melody. The prayers were long, and broken by ejaculations from the pews. The text was announced amid profound silence, after everybody had coughed several times, and then the itinerant launched into his sermon. At first, it was dry and argumentative, then burdened with divisions and quotations, but in the end he closed the great book, and made one of those fierce, feeling appeals — brimming with promises of grace and threatenings of hell—in words so homely that all felt them true, while the wild, interpolated cries of the believers thrilled and terrified the young.

Little Paul heard with pale lips these grim, religious revelations, and his child's fancy conjured up awful pictures of worlds beyond the grave. He wondered that the birds dared riot in the roof; the sky in the gable-window was full of cloudy marvels; and the snow beat under the door, like a shroud blown out of one of the churchyard tombs. The closing prayer was said at last, the unconverted walked away, but five or six communicants remained to tell their secret experiences in the 'class-meeting.' Paul's father gave him permission to go into the yard if he liked, and the boy got into the sulky, beneath the buffalo, and heard the sobs and hymns floating dismally on the wind. Grim shapes thronged his mind again, wherein the Bible stories were mingled with tales of ghosts and strange nursery fables. They chased each other in and out, generating others as they went, and then came drowsiness, and Paul slept.

The class-meeting lasted an hour. It was very fervent and demonstrative; and when it was over, the kind old lady who had given Paul the gingerbread asked the preacher home to dinner. She said that roasted turkey, wild-duck, and pumpkin-pie were waiting for them; and Mr Bates thought fondly what a treat it would be for Paul on his birthday. He was to preach again that afternoon seven miles away, and so moved briskly towards the sulky.

'The poor fellow is asleep,' said the preacher, seeing that the curling head was not thrust up at his approach. 'I wonder of what he dreams!' He drew near as he spoke. Old Bob was munching his corn sedately; the sulky had a saucy air; the robe nestled in the front, with the tiny stool peeping from a corner; but Paul was not there. The preacher called aloud; the horses raised their ears in reply, and the wheels crackled in the frozen crust. He called again; some sleigh-bells jingled merrily, and then the pines moaned. He looked into the other vehicles; he watched for the little foot-tracks in the snow; he ran back to the old church, and searched beneath every pew.

'Brethren—sisters,' he cried, 'I cannot find my boy!' and his voice was tremulous. They gathered round him; and some said that Paul had ridden away with the worldly lads; others, that he was hiding mischievously. But one silent bystander looked into the drifts, and traced four great boot-marks close to the sulky. He followed them across the road into the pines, and out into the road again, where they were lost in the multitude of impressions. 'Brother,' he faltered, 'God give you strength! your boy has been stolen—kidnapped!'

The old man staggered; but the kind lady caught him, and as he leaned upon her shoulder, his face grew hard and blanched; then he removed his hat, and his gray hairs streamed over his gaunt features. 'Let us pray!' he said.

They searched the country that afternoon; but the forests were vast, and they met with no cheer. The preacher plodded to his appointment as if he had still a child, and his sermon was as full and straightforward. He announced his bereavement from the pulpit when he had done, and the whole country was alarmed and excited. He bore the tidings to his desolate home, and his stricken wife heard it with a stern resignation. Thenceforward, he preached more of the burning pit, and less of the golden city; his eyes were full of fierce light, and his visage grew long and ghastly. He denied himself all joys and comforts; his prayers rang in the midnight through the gloomy parsonage; and he toiled in the ministry as if reckless of life, and anxious to lose it in his Master's service. The end came at last; the world closed over the grim couple, and they hoped through the grave's portal to find their child.

When Paul awoke from his nap in the sulky, he found himself far in the forest, and moving swiftly forward. A huge negro, with bloodshot eyes, was transferring him to an evil-looking white man, and he struggled in the latter's arms, crying for his papa.

The negro drew a long knife from his breast, and flourished it before Paul's face. 'Hold um jaw, or I kill um dead!' he muttered. 'Got um grave dug out yer.'

'O yer young yerlin!' said the other man, boxing Paul's ears; 'yer don't know yer own father, don't yer? I'm yer parpar!'

'You are not!' cried Paul. 'Where are you taking me? Where is the church, and the sulky, and old Bob?'

The negro drove his knife so close to Paul's throat, that the boy flinched and shrieked.

'You dar to say fader to anybody,' yelled the negro, 'and I cut yo' heart out! You dar to tell yer name, or yer fader's name, or wha' yo' come from, and I cut yo' eyes out! I cut yo' heart and eyes out—do yo' yar?'

The lad was cowed into cold, tearless terror; he shrank from the glittering edge, and trembled at the giant's murderous expression. He thought they had brought him to this lonely spot to slay him, and he

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embraced silence as the only chance for his young life. He wondered if this were not one of his wild imaginings, or if it had not something to do with the punishment pronounced in the morning's fierce sermon. The two men came to a ruined cabin after a while; it was buried in deep shade; the logs were worm-eaten, and the clay chimney had fallen down. They climbed by a creaking ladder into the loft, and laid Paul upon a ragged bed. A young negro woman and her child were there, and the boy saw that her foot was shackled to the floor, for the chain rattled as she moved. They gave him a piece of beef and a corn-cake, and stripping him of his tidy clothes, dressed him in the coarse blue drilling worn by slaves. The two men drank frequently from the same bottle, talking in low tones, and after a time both of them lay down and slept. The woman dandled her child to and fro, for it moaned painfully, and the pines without made a deep dirge. No birds trilled or screamed in this desert place, but a roaring as of loud waters was borne now and then on the twilight: it was the bay, close below them, making thunder upon the beach.

When Paul woke from his second sleep, he was on the deck of a vessel. The shore lay beneath him, and the waves heaved behind. It was night; the snow-flakes still filtered through the profound darkness, and the wind whistled in the rigging. A red lantern moved along the beach; some voices were heard speaking together, and one of them said: 'Don't be afraid of the boy; I have sold lots paler than him. Lick him smartly, if he gammons, and he'll tell no tales.'

Then they lifted the anchor aboard; the tide floated off the sloop, and they were soon scudding before the wind, under a freezing starlight. Two weary days passed over Paul, of travel by land and water. They came to the city of Richmond at last, and marched him, with five other unfortunates, to the common slave-pen. It was situated in a squalid suburb, surrounded by a high spiked wall, and entered by an office, from which a watchman could observe the interior through two grated doors. The pen consisted of a paved area, open to the sky—except on one side, where it was protected by a shelving roof—and of a jail or den. The latter was walled up in a corner, but its inmates could look out upon the area through a window in the door, and their savage features, revealed at the bars, so terrified Paul, that he retreated to the opposite corner, afraid to look towards them. Now and then, they howled and blasphemed, for two were delirious from drunkenness, and one was desperate from rage, and as they moved like tigers to and fro, their irons clanked behind them, dragging on the stone floor. A number of women were huddled together beneath the roof, some as fair as Paul, others as black as ebony. Some held babes to their breasts, others had no regard for their offspring, but sat stolidly apart, while their children cried for nourishment. In the open place, a bevy of the coarser inmates were holding a rude dance; a large gray-haired man patted time or 'juber' with his feet and hands, calling the figures huskily aloud; while the women, with bright turbans tied round their heads, grinned and screamed with glee as they followed the measure with their large heavy shoes. Their efforts were directed not so much to pace as to strength, for some kept up the dance a whole hour, divesting themselves of parcels of clothing as they proceeded, and breathing hard, as if weary to exhaustion. The men applauded vociferously, coupling the names of the performers with wild ejaculations, but subsiding when the keeper appeared at the door occasionally to command less noise. Remote from the bacchanals crouched a serious group of negroes, who sang religious melodies, quite oblivious of their wild associates; and in still another quarter, a humorous fellow was enlivening his constituents with odd sayings and stories.

Paul's heart sank within him as he looked upon these scenes; a sense of his degradation rushed over his young mind, and he threw himself upon the stones, with his head in his hands, and wept hot tears of bitterness. Henceforth he should be a creature—a thing—a slave! He must know no ambition but indolence, no bliss but ignorance, no rest but sleep, no hope but death. Long leagues must interpose between himself and his home; he should never kiss his mother again, or kneel with his father in the holiness of prayer. The recollections of his childhood should be crushed out by agonising experiences of bondage; he would forget his name and the faces of his friends, and at last preserve only the horrible consciousness that he was the chattel of his master!

The uproar continued far into the night, and one poor creature was delivered of a child in the hazy light of the morning. Paul was too young to think much of the matter, for his own sorrows engrossed him; but he often recurred, in his subsequent career, to the romance of that bondwoman, and the soul which first felt the breath of life in the precincts of the slave-shambles. What a childhood must it have had to look back upon—cradled in disgrace, sung to sleep with the simple melodies of grief, bred for no high purposes, but with the one distinct and dreadful idea of gain—to be filched from that dusky bosom when its little limbs had first essayed motion, that its feeble lips might lisp the accents of servility.

Days and weeks passed over Paul, and he found no opportunity to tell his story. They kept him purposely that he might forget it, or feel the hopelessness of relating it. Other wretches came and went, till there remained none of the original inmates of his prison, and he learned to mingle with his coarse companions, joining sometimes in their gaiety, and the high walls stood for ever between his dreams and the sky, till their sombre shadows were printed upon his heart. The boy's turn came at length. He climbed the auction block before the gaping multitude, and leaped to shew his suppleness. They were pleased with his still serious manner, the paleness of his skin, his thoughtful eyes, and the shining ringlets of his hair. Bids were bandied briskly upon him, and the auctioneer rattled glibly of the rare 'lot' to be sold.

'Who owns the boy?' cried a bystander.

'Colonel Jeems Purnell of the Eastern Shore,' answered the auctioneer. 'His mother is a likely piece that will be in the market presently.'

Tears came to Paul's eyes, but he held down the great sob that started to his throat, and called lustily: 'It is a wicked story! My father is white, and my mother is white! I am not a slave, and they have stolen me!'

A loud, long laugh broke from the crowd, and the trader cracked a merry joke which helped the pleasantry.

'We may call that a "white lie,"' he said; 'but it is a peart lad, and the air with which he told it is worth a cool hundred. Going at four hundred dollars—four hundred,' &c.

The bidding recommenced; the 'article' rose in esteem, and Paul was pushed from the block into the arms of a tall, angular person, who led him into the city. That afternoon, he was placed in a railway-carriage; and on the third night he was quartered in Mobile, at the dwelling of his purchaser. The tall person proved to be the agent of a rich old lady—a childless widow—who required a handsome, active lad, to wait upon her person, and make a good appearance in the drawing-room.

She had many servants; but Paul was not compelled to associate with them, and his duties were light, though menial. When his mistress went out to walk, he must carry her spaniel in his arms. He must stand behind her at dinner, wielding a fly-brush of peacock's feathers. He must run errands, and be equally ready to serve her whims or satisfy her

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wants. She was not harsh, but very petulant; and had Paul been hasty or high-tempered, his lot might have been a bitter one. On the contrary, he was quiet, docile, and bashful, and he pleased her marvellously. If he sometimes wept for the happy past, or felt a child's strong yearnings for something to love, he hid his grief from those about him, and sought that consolation which the world cannot take away, in the simple prayers he had conned from his mother. He was a slave, but not a negro. His pleasures were not theirs, for he had quick intelligence, and he shrank from their loud, lewd glee. Their blood had thickened through generations of bondage, and trained in the harness of beasts, they had become creatures of draught. His had rippled bright and brisk through generations of freemen, and a year could not drag him to their level. He had learned to read and write, and it was his habit to stand at the window in his leisure moments, adding to his information from some pleasant book; but his mistress supposed that he was looking at the pictures merely, till one day, entering the dining-room softly, she heard him reading aloud. He had a sweet boy's voice, which somewhat pacified the anger she felt at such presumption in a slave; and though at first rebuking him, she reconsidered the matter during the evening, and bade him read to her from a new novel. Thenceforward, Paul gained favour, and his mistress found it convenient to employ him as an amanuensis. She released him from menial duties, and gave him neat attire, and it was wonderful how well these accessories became him. He was unassuming, as before, submitting with patience to his lot; and at length he became indispensable to Mrs Everett. Her attachment to books of fiction amounted to dissipation, and the part that he bore in their perusal developed his warm imagination, till his fancies were brighter than romance—they became poetry. The one great grief of his life touched his whole face with a pensive melancholy, but he forbore to tell his true history again, preferring to wait for some golden moment, when he might be believed, and emancipated.

From the beginning, Mrs Everett's agent disliked him. Wait was a Northern adventurer—cool, courageous, and ambitious—who had settled in the South with the resolution of becoming rich, and he had pursued his purpose with steady inflexibility. He was not a bad man, but a bitter one, and Paul had in some sort divided Mrs Everett's esteem with him. Previously, he had been her sole and undisputed adviser, and as she was readily influenced, he hoped, in course of time, to be accepted as her second husband. He was young and manly, and she was giddy and middle-aged. Her relatives held him in contempt, but he had proved his courage, and they did not care to cross him. But with the coming of Paul he had lost somewhat of her regard, and he laid it to the boy's charge. Paul read his calm purpose in his keen eyes, and shuddered at the thought of some day falling into his relentless hands. He laboured to conciliate his enemy, but with little effect, until one afternoon, Wait told him to obtain permission from Mrs Everett, and come to the office. He dictated some ambiguous letters to Paul, and gave him many papers to burn, meanwhile inspecting a pair of long pistols which he took from a portmanteau. It was late in the afternoon when he had done, and then he bade Paul take the case of pistols, slip quietly into the street, and walk straight on till he was overtaken. He had obeyed, not without suspicion, and when he reached the city limits, found the agent, to his great surprise, seated in a carriage. Two other persons attended him, and one, who was bald, and wore glasses, had a case of surgical instruments lying at his feet. Paul climbed to the driver's box, and they dashed along by the water-side, meeting a second carriage on their way. The last rays of sunset were streaming over the low landscape when both carriages stopped, their occupants dismounted, and Wait came to the front, and reached up his hand to Paul.

'Good-bye, boy,' he said in a tone of unwonted tenderness; 'remain here a moment, and you will see me again.'

They filed along a dike, separating two swamps, and turning down to the beach, were hidden behind a line of cypress-trees. For a few moments, Paul only heard the roar of the surf, the noise of the distant town, and the short breathing of the sedate negro beside him. Then there were shouts as of a person counting rapidly, and two reports, so close that one seemed the echo of the other. A few minutes afterwards the agent appeared, leaning upon the arms of his attendants. He was divested of coat and vest; and as he came nearer, bareheaded, Paul saw that his face was colourless, and working as from deadly pain. His shirt was perforated close to the collar, and the blood flowing beneath had stained it to his waist, and dripped in a runnel from his boots. He fainted when he had taken his seat; and as the carriage rolled away, Paul looked back towards the duelling-ground, and beheld two men bearing upon their shoulders a stiff, straight burden, wrapped in a cloak. The second carriage passed him, driven swiftly, and it seemed to emit a chill draught upon Paul, like the damp wind from a tomb; it was the presence of death, at whose very mention we grow cold.

Wait had vindicated his courage, but at the expense of his life. He lingered on in agony many days; and Paul so pitied him, that he stole into his darkened chamber, and begged to do him kindnesses. The grim man lay implacable, waiting for death; but one night, as he writhed, with the dew upon his forehead, Paul heard him mutter: 'My God, my mother!'

The boy remembered a quaint text of Scripture: 'Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul;' and he repeated it in the strong man's ear.

'Go on,' cried Wait, rising upon his elbow; 'I have heard that before: tell me the rest!'

'I have the good book here,' replied Paul. 'I am sure it will be pleasant to you, sir, if you will let me read.'

'Do so, boy; I used to know it well. An old friend taught those strange words to me, but I have forgotten them now.'

Paul read some soothing and beautiful psalms, which took his companion's mind back to his native mountains, and the white spire of the village church where he had worshipped with his mother. The hard lines melted in his face as he listened, but Paul lit upon a bitter verse, and the agent's conscience began to trouble him. He could not look into the boy's eyes, for they seemed to rebuke him, and at last he commanded Paul to stop. It was midnight. They heard the great clock in the hall strike twelve, and all the household slumbered.

'Go to your mistress's room,' said Wait; 'tell her that I must see her *now*—she must come at once. The morning may never come to me. Go; God bless you!'

He called Paul back when he had got to the door, and added falteringly: 'My boy, do you say your prayers?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Would you mind thinking of me when you say them to-night?'

'I do so every night, sir.'

'Good-night.'

Paul heard the agent sobbing as he stole away; but when he knocked at Mrs Everett's door, she answered petulantly, and at first she refused to rise. She had little self-denial; it would pain her to enter a dying chamber; and she would have left Wait to perish, had not some passage from the romances entered her head of dead folk, with secrets on their minds, haunting the living. It would be very terrible

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to be haunted, and the old woman was frightened into obedience. When she returned, her mind was disquieted, and she made Paul stay in her room to compose her with cheerful talk. Finally, she fell asleep, and he hastened to the agent's chamber. It was very dark within, and he waited a moment that the other might recognise him. Wait seemed to be in deep slumber, though Paul could not hear him breathe; but as the lad ventured to place his head upon the quilt, it encountered a hand so cold and hard that it seemed to be marble. Paul knew that he need no longer remember his enemy in his prayers.

What transpired between his mistress and her agent at this dying interview, Paul could not surmise, but he believed that it concerned himself. He perceived that Mrs Everett treated him more considerately afterwards; and many times, as he looked up from a long silence, he found her regarding him inquisitively. She asked him strange questions once, bearing upon his early life, and he was almost encouraged to reveal the secret of his birth, but she seemed to divine his purpose, and changed the theme. Something troubled her, he knew; and when he applied himself to conciliate and cheer her, at those moments she suffered most. Had she loved the stern, ambitious man whose closed chamber still chilled her mansion? Was it because she was childless and travelling graveward? Or did she cherish a mother's feeling for Paul, and wish that he was of her race, and worthy to be her son? Towards each of these theories he inclined, favouring the last, and finally he concluded that she did not love, but feared him. He had grown tall and manly. An individual beauty, rather of mind than of face, developed in him, and his mistress had been prodigal of favours, so that his dress and ornaments corresponded with his person. He might have ruled rather than served in her dwelling; but content with the recognition of his equality, he maintained the same modest guise, and his mistress felt an uneasy pride in his promotion. One day he found her weeping, and when he spoke, she answered bitterly: 'Paul, you have ceased to love me; you are ungrateful; you wish to be free —you would leave me.'

He responded pleasantly—for he had become familiar with such moods—that he had found a new romance, which he would read. It was not a long story, but a thrilling one, and based upon the simple narrative of Joseph in bondage. The outline was true, the details were fabulous, and the old lady marvelled that a theme so trite could be so well embellished. He read far into the night, and she bade him leave the book upon her table, that she might peruse it again.

'It is manuscript,' he said, 'and this is the only copy.'

'Why, Paul,' she cried, 'how came you by it?'

'I wrote it myself.'

Paul was indeed the author, having filled in the sorrows of his hero from his own experiences. Mrs Everett was loud in its praises; she was sure that it indicated genius, and she lay awake that night meditating an act of charity and of justice. She would make a freeman of Paul, and he should find in far lands that equality which he could not obtain in his own. They would journey together. He should have means and advantages, and should become her protégé and heir. But the strong self-love defeated this resolve. If Paul were not bound to her by law, he might forsake her, and she could not bear to lose him, for he had become a part of her heart; but when she broached the matter, Paul gave his parole never to leave her without consent. He was still a slave, with the taint of a trampled race in his blood, and he said nothing to Mrs Everett of his origin. They crossed the seas; they dwelt in pleasant places, beneath soft skies, and Paul grew in knowledge. But his patron was still harassed by some deep remorse. She hurried him from city to city, like the fabled apostate, and at length fell sick in London, on the eve of their return to America. Paul gleaned from her ravings in delirium the cause of her unrest: Wait had made known to her, on the night of his decease, the secret of the young man's origin, and had conjured her to do justice to the lad. Her self-love had deterred her in consummating this duty, and conscience had therefore tortured her. She was enabled to reach New York, where she left the preacher's son the bulk of her property, and received his gratitude and forgiveness before she died.

Paul was free—haunted no longer by horrible premonitions of future suffering—and his first impulse was to return to the Eastern Shore and discover his desolate parents. His recollections of them were imperfect. He preserved many trifling circumstances, though more important events were forgotten; but as he made his way to the old village his heart beat high. There were the negro quarters, the cornfields, the twisting fences, and at last the shady stone parsonage —recollections they seemed of objects beheld in a foggy dream. They directed him to the Methodist church—a prim, square structure in the centre of the village—a tavern on one side, a court-house and a market on the other; and when the sexton threw open a window, the bleared light fell upon a marble slab set in the wall:

NEAR THIS SPOT LIE THE REMAINS
OF REV. TITUS BATES,
FOR TWO YEARS PASTOR OF THIS CONGREGATION,
AND OF PEGGY, HIS WIFE.

'THEY HAVE CEASED FROM THEIR LABOURS, AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.'

Paul's hopes fell. He walked through the village, friendless, and, impelled by his swift-coming fancies, strolled far into the suburbs. A crowd was collected round a squalid negro cabin, and, less by interest than by instinct, he bent his steps towards it.

'What is the matter, friend?' he asked of a bystander.

'The boys hez scented kidnappers to this shanty,' answered the man; 'and, by doggy! they goin' to trap 'em!'

The mob seemed to be fearfully incensed as Paul pushed close to the scene. There were said to be two of the man-stealers, both of whom had been very daring and successful. He heard their names called as Peter Gettis and Dave Goule, and the opinion was expressed that the first named would not yield without a desperate struggle. The mob was hot and clamorous, and while a selected committee entered the den to search it, the rest brandished clubs and knives, and yelled for justice and blood. Word came at length that the kidnappers were concealed beneath the floor of the cabin; and at the hint, a score of stalwart fellows began to pull up the planks, while their associates formed a wide circle round, prepared to prevent escape. Finally the cry arose: 'Here they air! This is them! Drag 'em out! Whoo-oop!'

The men within the cabin rushed through the doors and windows, as if pursued, and a stalwart negro, with bloodshot eyes, almost naked, and flourishing a huge knife, staggered to the threshold, and glared fiercely round him.

The circle stood firm: some were clubbing their cudgels, others lifting their blades, and here and there, along the line, rang out the click of a pistol.

'Come, Pete,' cried one of the ringleaders; 'you 're treed, Pete! Don't be a fool, but give yourself in.'

The negro gnashed his teeth, and his wild eyes glared like coals of fire.

'Do you gib me faih play?' he bellowed, extending the knife.

'Yes, Pete, yes!' answered the multitude.

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'Then look heah!' answered the wretch, drawing his knife across his throat. He staggered into the air like an ox, cursing as he came; they parted, to avoid him, and as he reached a fence, a few rods from the cabin, he leaned upon it, and swaying to and fro, raised his horrible eyes to the sky.

Paul recognised his ancient captor with a thrill and a silent prayer. Vengeance had come in His own good time, and Paul felt no bitterness towards the poor fellow, but craved forgiveness for his slipping soul.

The second offender burrowed so remotely that the mob could not drag him from his covert. They struck at him with knives, and hired dogs to creep beneath the logs, and rend him, but in vain. At length one of the ringleaders obtained a torch, and the cabin was fired in several places. The flames spouted into the night, bursting from the small windows, and the roof fell in with a crash, scattering ashes and red-hot coals. They could hear the shriek of the victim now, and he was seen dancing among the firebrands, for the blaze encircled him like an impassable wall. He made a desperate rush at length to overleap the fire, and his figure, magnified by the red light, looked gigantic as he sprang high into the air. A dozen pistols clattered together—the man fell heavily forward, tossing up his scorched hands, and the fizzing, crackling timbers closed darkly above him, to the thunder of his executioners' huzzas.

Paul did not reveal himself. He left the village stealthily, and journeyed northward. Years afterwards, a name was added to the tablet in the old church:

HERE LIE ALSO THE REMAINS OF
THE REV. PAUL BATES.

'HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.'

TREASURE-TROVE AND UNCLAIMED WRECK.

'FINDING is keeping,' or 'findings keepings,' say the school-boys, in relation to their tops, marbles, pence, apples, cakes, and other treasures. But the lawyers dispute this. To find a thing is *not* a sufficient warranty for keeping it; we must give ourselves a great deal of trouble to discover the real owner, and if we *cannot* discover him, it by no means follows that we may keep the treasure for our trouble, seeing that other claimants may even yet step in and snatch it from us. Perhaps this is all right and wholesome. Who knows what wide interpretations we might put upon the meaning of the word 'finding,' if tempted to do so by our own self-interest?

Waifs, strays, flotsam, jetsam, ligan, wreck, treasure-trove—there are plenty of designations for property which, under accidental circumstances, seems for the moment to belong to nobody; and so considerable is the value of the property every year placed in this predicament, that an absolute necessity arises for laying down laws and rules on the matter. Treasure-trove, or 'found-treasure,' is regulated by a system which has been in operation for ages, clear in its general principles, but not always easy to interpret in particular cases. If a man drops a shilling—if he drops a parcel—if he buries his money underground in troubled times—if he leaves it in an old desk or bureau, and forgets all about it, different rules apply in reference to the finder. That far-famed Blackstone, whom lawyers are supposed to know all about, but who is a wonderful myth to everyday folks, tells us: 'If one be possessed of a jewel, and cast it into the sea or a public highway, this is such an express dereliction [voluntary abandonment], that a property will be vested in the first fortunate finder that will seize it to his own use.' This seems all plain enough; but 'if he hide it privately in the earth, or other secret place, and if it be discovered, the finder acquires no property therein; for the owner has not by this act declared any intention to abandon it, but rather the contrary.' This is the hitch, which will perhaps surprise many of our readers. Further, 'if he lose it, or drop it by accident, it cannot be collected from thence that he designed to quit the possession; and therefore, in such a case, the property still remains in the loser, who may claim it again of the finder.' Assuredly, then, finding is *not* keeping, in a multitude of cases where we are wont to think it would be. According as the finder believes that the loser could or could not be found if sought for, so would his retention of the article found be larceny or not. But, observe here, Blackstone speaks of a *jewel*. This illustrates a curious distinction in the matter. If, say the old laws on this subject, a man finds gold, silver, bullion, plate, or coin; and if it be found hidden under the ground, or behind a wall, or in some secret hiding-place, and if the owner is not known, then the treasure does not belong to the finder, but to the *king* or *queen*. Lucky people those kings and queens: they are allowed to play at 'findings keepings' more than other folks. If the gold, silver, bullion, plate, or coin is found on the ground, however, or some open place, it does *not* belong to the king or queen; it belongs to the finder, unless the former owner, or his heir or executor, comes to light. As to the jewel mentioned by Blackstone, it appears to be a representative of property generally; but it is only coined money, and articles made of the two 'royal' metals, gold and silver, that come to the sovereign of the country under the circumstances supposed.

Many cases have been made subject of public investigation, throwing light on this curious matter. The following is an instance in point. Shortly after the year 1815, when the Napoleonic era was ended, a foreigner came to reside at the village of Stanmore, in Middlesex. Who he was, or why he came, did not seem to be known; the villagers used to remark that he wandered about the fields in a desultory sort of way, but beyond this they knew little, and after a time he suddenly left the place. About two years subsequently, a stranger appeared at Stanmore, stating that the foreigner was dead, that he had hidden a considerable amount of treasure (probably on account of some political troubles in which he had been involved), and that he had sketched a plan of a field near Stanmore where it was hidden. The stranger and the villagers searched, but found nothing. It was afterwards noted that two elm trees had been removed during the intervening period, and this probably threw the searchers in a wrong direction. In January 1836, the treasure was found, amounting to the large sum of four thousand pounds, mostly in foreign gold coins. The finders claimed it, because 'findings keepings;' the rector claimed it, because it was found on the glebe-land of the rectory; the crown claimed it, in accordance with the ancient law. When the whole affair was investigated, the crown was declared to be the proper claimant, the heirs of the former owner not being traceable.

A case of treasure-trove, remarkable in some of its features, took place early in the present year. On the 12th of January, a farm-labourer of Mountfield, in Sussex, while ploughing, turned up a quantity of old brass (as it seemed to him), at about a foot beneath the surface. The metal was in the form of links or bars, about an inch and a half long by an inch wide, connected together into a chain about half a yard in length. At each end of the chain was a sort of trumpet. William Butchers, the finder, sold the chain to one Silas Thomas, who gave him three shillings for it, in its supposed capacity as eleven pounds of old brass. Thomas sold it to his brother-in-law, Stephen Willett,

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a cabdriver at Hastings. This Willett, who had once been a Californian gold-digger, discovered that the chain was made, not of brass, but of gold. Thomas and Willett soon shewed symptoms of having come into the possession of a considerable sum of money, and as suspicions were aroused on the subject, the police took it up. Willett was examined at the Battle petty sessions, on the charge of having come into the possession of gold which he refused to account for; but he was discharged, on the magistrates discovering that any investigations concerning treasure-trove must be made by a coroner. The lord of the manor then communicated with the Treasury, and the solicitor to the Treasury, with a detective officer, instituted inquiries. It was found that Thomas and Willett had paid three hundred pounds into a Hastings bank on the 24th; that the notes had been given to them, or one of them, by Messrs Glyn on the 23d, in payment for a cheque drawn by a refiner in the City; and that the refiner had given Willett a cheque for L.529 for 153 ounces of solid gold. A description of this gold was obtained from the refiner, and it tallied exactly with that of three other bars or links subsequently found in the field. After considerable time had been spent in these investigations, an inquest was held at Hastings by the coroner for Sussex and a jury. We are apt to think that an 'inquest' always means an inquiry into the death of some person, not traceable at first to natural causes; but the province of coroner embraces many other classes of investigation. The jury, after several hours' consideration, came to the conclusion that Butchers, Thomas, and Willett had wrongfully concealed from the crown and from the coroner the discovery they had made, and that the treasure did not belong to them, but to the Queen. The ulterior proceedings we need not touch upon; suffice to say, that the chain was decided to be treasure-trove, and of a kind (gold, not brass) that belongs to the crown. Antiquaries regret that the chain was melted down for the value of the gold it contained. Judging from the three links left, it is believed that the chain must have been two thousand years old; specimens similar to it, found in Wales, and now deposited in the British Museum, are supposed to have been ornaments worn by the ancient British kings.

If we find money or other valuables in old furniture bought at an auction, or bank-notes hidden in the cover of an old Bible bought at a book-stall, do they belong to us? This is a part of the very subject of treasure-trove. It is probable that nine persons out of ten would consider the buyer to have bought the furniture, or the Bible, *and all that it contained*. The law, however, will not admit this. Some years ago, a cause was tried, arising out of the purchase of an old bureau at an auction. The purchaser discovered a secret spring-drawer, containing gold and a roll of bank-notes. The former owner, or his or her representative, happened to obtain cognizance of the fact, and claimed the money, which claim was resisted by the buyer. The court decided that neither the auctioneer nor the bidder knew anything about the money; the one agreed to sell, and the other to buy, *the bureau only;* the money had been left there, either by the death or the forgetfulness of the owner, but without any lapse of rightful ownership. The buyer of the bureau was compelled to give up the money.

The regulations concerning treasure-trove on the sea-shore are much more complicated than in land in the interior of the country, seeing that the accidental destruction of ships leads to the scattering of a vast amount of valuable property every year. In the old days, the shore-population of most countries had no doubt whatever that wrecks belonged to whoever could find them; and they put a very wide interpretation indeed upon what constituted a wreck. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, speaking of Denmark as it was three or four centuries ago, says that the rude habits of the age were strongly marked by the difficulty which the Danish government found in putting a stop to the practice of plundering merchantmen shipwrecked on the coast. Vessels proceeding to and from the Baltic necessarily approached the coast of Jutland, particularly in an age when the ignorance of mariners led to their considering the vicinity of land in the light of a protection. Shipwrecks were consequently of frequent occurrence there, and were generally turned to the profit of the nobility, who were proprietors not only of the maritime districts, but of the persons of the peasantry. The practice was to collect in the vicinity of a wreck such a number of the inhabitants as to prevent the captain or mariners from opposing the seizure of the merchandise. Even bishops residing on the coasts, though humane in their treatment of the crews, did not scruple to aid in taking forcible possession of the cargo; so crude were in those days the notions of justice towards merchants. It is a remarkable fact that a law, passed by the Danish parliament, at the express desire of the king, in 1521, for the prevention of such practices, was abrogated and publicly burned, at the instance of the nobles and clergy, a few years after, when a new sovereign had succeeded to the crown. Still more atrocious was the custom, in some countries, of setting up false lights or beacons in the night on dangerous coasts, so as to lure ships to destruction. The north coast of Cornwall, between the borders of Devonshire and the Land's End, is a very dangerous part of our coast, where the wrecking of ships occurs with terrible frequency. The annual 'wreck-chart' always shews on this coast a lamentable number of the black dots used to denote wrecks. The Cornish wreckers used to be talked of as almost equivalent to the whole body of inhabitants of that coast, and as men who plundered wrecked ships unmercifully. The accusation having been more than once made against them in modern times, by writers who did not consider how much the habits and customs in those as in other matters have gradually changed, Mr Cyrus Redding took up the defence of the Cornishmen a few years ago, in his *Cornwall in the Nineteenth Century*.

'Nothing can be more untrue,' said he, 'than the charge of Cornish barbarity, since in no part of England do shipwrecked persons meet with greater kindness; though it is but seldom that this kindness can be put to the test by the escape of any animated being to experience it.' After citing some examples of this kindness, he proceeds: 'Vessels break up almost as soon as they touch the shore, which for miles is strewed with portions of the cargo and timbers; these the country people pick up, and the finders too often appropriate. It is from this circumstance that the Cornishmen have been accused of barbarity and wreck-plundering. The vulgar had a notion formerly that the property saved from shipwreck belonged to any one on board that survived, and if no one survived, to anybody who might pick it up from the beach. They were taught by a claim of some lord of the manor in former times (one no more just than their own) that the ship and cargo were not the property of the owner; and they thought what they secured floating upon the sea, or strewed on their own land, they might appropriate as justly as a claimant under feudal usages.' Mr Redding considers that what degree of plundering there may at one time have been prevalent on the Cornish coast, is traceable to the imitation of that which was done by their betters in feudal times. Pope had the old usage in view when he wrote the sarcastic line,

> And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Ordinary folks are as little able in this case, as in that of treasure-trove, to see at once that they have no real right to what they pick up: they still admire the old saying, 'finding is keeping.' When the

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dreadful wreck of the *Royal Charter* took place on the coast of Wales, on the 26th October 1859, involving the loss of between four and five hundred souls, an immense amount of treasure, the property of Australian gold-diggers, went to the bottom with the hapless ship. The greater part of this treasure was recovered by divers, acting for the owners of the vessel and the insurers of the cargo; but some was washed on shore. The correspondent of one of the newspapers said: 'We saw a number of persons busily looking among the stones, and when they were asked what they were looking for, they replied: "For gold." We were told that one man had picked up a bag containing a hundred sovereigns, and that altogether two or three hundred pounds had been picked up. The whole of the money found was handed over to the Custom-house agent, who took the names of the finders. I saw a man bringing two sovereigns, and he seemed to part with the money very unwillingly. A photographic likeness was picked up by a man who was about to appropriate it to himself, when he was observed, and was obliged to hand it over to the Custom-house agent.' By a recent act of parliament, presently to be noticed, the finders are to be rewarded if they voluntarily give up wrecked treasure, and punished if they do not—the reward and the punishment being equally intended to enforce the law that the treasure does not belong to the finder.

There are certain special tenures of land which give the landowner or lord of the manor a certain right to any unclaimed property found there; and if the manor extends to the sea-shore, a similar claim is valid concerning wreck. Hence there are complicated technicalities in reference to many cases of shipwreck. The barbarous word *flotsam*—neither Latin nor Anglo-Saxon, nor anything else—is applied to such portion of the wreck of a ship as continues floating on the surface of the water; *jetsam* is that which, being heavier, sinks to the bottom; while *ligan* is that which, though heavy enough to sink, is recoverable and identifiable by means of a floating buoy. These three kinds all belong to the king or queen, provided no claimant applies for them within twelve months. They do not, however, constitute *wreck;* this latter, in law-phraseology, is such wrecked property as is thrown on shore. Where 'wreck' has not been granted to lords of manors as a royal franchise, it comes under the operation of statute law. But how about the *mud:* is it land or water? If this question were not settled, perpetual wrangles might arise; for twice every day, at low water, a strip of mud, sand, or shingle is laid bare, to be covered again with water at high tide. This, like many other matters in practical life, has been arranged by a compromise. If wreck is found on this foreshore, this strip between the high and low water marks, it belongs to the Queen, if found when the tide is in, but not if the tide is not. There is a curious case recorded in the law-books, under the technical title, 'The King *v.* 49 Casks of Brandy.' A ship was wrecked, and forty-nine casks of brandy were recovered from it, unclaimed by the former owners. The crown and the lord of the manor put in their claims; and after a very nice investigation, the casks were classed in certain groups—those which were picked up beyond three miles from the shore; those floating within three miles; those on the wet foreshore; those on the dry foreshore; those which had taken the ground on the foreshore, but had been 'bumped about' by the tide, sometimes floating, and sometimes not; and those which had fairly reached dry land. The first three classes were at once awarded to the crown; the fourth and sixth to the lord of the manor; while the fifth, the casks 'bumped about,' troubled the big-wigs a little, and the crown gave them up to the lord of the manor, to save further time and trouble, rather than as an abandonment of the principle of the claim.

The Merchant Shipping Act, passed in 1854, gives a definite direction to the old usages respecting wreck. The Board of Trade appoints 'Receivers of Wreck,' empowered to control all the arrangements at the scene where a ship has been wrecked. By-standers are encouraged to render all possible assistance in saving life, ship, or cargo; and the receiver decides how much reward they ought to have for so doing. As far as can be done, the reward so named is claimable from the owner of the ship; but in some cases it is paid, wholly or in part, out of the Mercantile Marine Fund. This fund is made up of many items—certain fees received by the Board of Trade for examinations and registries connected with merchant-ships; light-house dues accruing from various quarters; rates accruing from lastage and ballastage in the Thames; and fees derived through the receivers of wreck. The fund thus collected is appropriated to the payment of the salaries of examiners, surveyors, and receivers; expenses in regard to light-houses, buoys, beacons, lastage, and ballastage; and rewards to persons who assist in saving wrecked ships, crews, passengers, or cargo. The officers employed by the Board are conversant with the laws which determine the disposal of unclaimed wreck—so much to the crown, so much to the lord of the manor—and the restoration of the property saved to the proper owner, when there is no doubt as to his identity.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT

BECOMES COMMERCIAL AND MEDIÆVAL.

One of the worst features of the otherwise noble profession of Literature is, that it is apt to lead one into indifferent company. A man may, indeed, be a very painstaking theological writer without falling into this temptation, and there are other positions in the literary army—in 'the siege-train which carries the learned quotations,' for instance—where there is nothing of the kind to fear; but the light horsemen, the Home Correspondents, whose mission it is to hang on the skirts of the world as it moves on, and report its progress, must needs be exceeding circumspect. A barrister may sit in his rooms at Lincoln's Inn from morn to eve, and nothing worse than an attorney may ever disturb him; and, indeed, I *have* known barristers without even *that* interruption; but We, the butterflies of the press, are always being enticed from our studious retirement by some flaunting flower. Gentle reader, I pray thee do not misunderstand me. I should rather say, perhaps, that some gorgeous Ephemeral in the shape of a gentleman with nothing to do, is always 'looking us up,' as he calls it, and begging us to come with him to this, that, and the other entertainment of a more or less frivolous kind. We are not supposed to need time for reflection or preparation; it is held that we do no work; or that when we work, we only play, like the fountains in the garden of the Palace of Crystal. Our jets of wit and humour are thought to burst spontaneously forth, after the manner of a Michigan oil-well. This is not quite the case, upon my honour. Hair torn out by the handful, ends of finger-nails, pens chewed spasmodically down to their quills—such rather are the dreadful tokens which but too often herald the advent of a *jeu-d'esprit*. The throes having subsided, we assume a calm demeanour, and refit; nobody knows what we have suffered; and the world, who appreciates the really elegant little thing in its perfect and published state, remarks: 'What a particularly easy and agreeable style has Jones! One cannot imagine how he contrives, not being an electric battery, to throw off such unceasing scintillations.'

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Being interrupted in the secret practice of our profession, then, is inconvenient enough, yet we are constantly subject to such intrusion; and what is worse, the unwelcome visitor is, as I have said, almost always bent not only upon making us idle, but on leading us into dissipation. The habits of this Home Correspondent are naturally what would be called morbidly domestic. Give him his Hooker (by which I mean his favourite divine of that name) and a bottle of lemonade or ginger-beer, if the weather is oppressive, and he demands no other pleasures. Conceive an individual of this mental disposition being importuned by a mercurial friend (in a white hat) to accompany him to Cremorne Gardens to see the Tournament! Of course, this man was Mr Richard Sergeant, already known to the intelligent (and retentive) reader as having persuaded the H. C. to welcome his Princess to this metropolis from the summit of a flight of movable steps. No person who had not combined the advantage of being educated as a lawyer, and of following the life of a man of pleasure, would have ventured upon such a (words have scarcely sufficient force to express my meaning)—such an offensive anomaly; nobody, I say, who did not possess a gigantic effrontery, would have made such a proposition to *me*. My answer was dignified and decided.

'Libertine,' observed I calmly, ringing the bell for the servant to shew him the door, 'avaunt!' But the servant, who is used to the habits of this dreadful man, and misunderstood my summons, brought up a pint bottle of Bass's pale ale and an anchovy biscuit; so he sat down, and lunched.

'Now, why won't you come to the Tournament, you charming old humbug?' reiterated this intruder, made more audacious by refreshment.

'Sir,' observed I haughtily, 'I am not aware that you have any right to ask me my reasons.'

'No right at all, my amiable friend; on the contrary, I consider it quite a privilege. Now, come, confess, are your scruples moral or pecuniary? If it 's the expense, why I 've got a free-ticket; here it is—a beautiful thing bound in green, with the royal arms in gold at the back of it—which will admit us both.'

'Dear me,' replied I; 'let me look at it. So you are on the free-list at Cremorne, are you? What entertainment do you give in return? You are too stout for the tight-rope, too small for the Giant—why, my dear Dick, you must be the Dogs and Monkeys.'

'I dare say you think that very funny,' remarked my companion as though he didn't at all agree with me, if I did; for, as is not unusual with persons addicted to lively sallies against their friends, Dick always receives any approach to repartee with considerable gloom.

'I really beg your pardon,' said I.

'Oh, I am not annoyed, sir; nothing puts me out, I assure you; and certainly not witless buffoonery.'

'That 's a good fellow,' said I; 'and besides, I was mistaken; I know now why you get your admission free.'

'Well, why?' inquired Dick, with the colour of his intelligent countenance a little heightened.

'Oh, it 's of no consequence,' replied I; 'you *must* know yourself, so what 's the good of my telling you? I am thankful for your obliging offer; but if I did go to Cremorne at all, I 'd rather pay at the doors.'

'O dear me, we have an objection to go to Cremorne at all, have we! Immaculate child of Literature! spotless elevator of the masses! If the tournament was held in Exeter Hall, then you would not hesitate to witness it?'

'Just so,' said I. 'Good-morning.'

'And have we *always* entertained these strict opinions?' inquired my mocking visitor. 'Did we *always* prefer tea and bread and butter, with watercresses for a relish, to cutlets and still champagne?'

'Not always,' said I cheerfully; 'but ever since Wednesday night, at the Olympic Theatre'——

'Oh, we still go to plays, do we? We are not perfect even yet.'

'At the Olympic Theatre, on Wednesday night, sir,' reiterated I severely, 'I received a most admirable social lesson from Mr Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave Man*. He not only teaches the whole world to be charitable and just to the Erring, but he incidentally addresses himself to the Fast—and Loose. The opening scene of that striking drama represents a London Tea-garden; it is there that the unfortunate Brierly, as honest a young man as myself, is led to his ruin, and made to pass forged bank-notes by his dissolute companion, who, by the by, wore a white hat—— *Good*-morning, my dear fellow; I was afraid you would not be able to stay long.'

Sergeant had run down stairs before I had finished my sentence, but I put my head out of window, and caught his ear again. 'You asked why you possessed that season-ticket to Cremorne, my dear fellow. I beg your pardon'—— My companion had run almost into the arms of some respectable friend of his; an old gentleman, I should think, from the warmth with which Dick greeted him, who was likely to benefit him after death; so I waited till their conference was ended, to impart my information in a clear and audible voice. 'It must be because you are one of the waiters, Dick; I remember you now perfectly. You kept us once an hour and a half waiting for dinner in one of those alfresco bowers, which Patience should make her residence instead of the monument allotted to her by the poet. I gave you one-and-four.'

It cannot be denied that this Home Correspondent got the best of that little encounter with his enemy, and he returned to his Hooker, in consequence, in the highest spirits. But it was fated that a return-match should come off with the same person in which this favourite of the public cut a rather inglorious figure. I never could draw—never—although considerable sums of money have been wasted in teaching me that accomplishment; but if there is one kind of drawing at which I am less expert than another, it is the drawing of dividends. An individual whose profession is Literature has seldom much practice of this kind; and as far as I myself am concerned, I might transact all my business at the Bank upon a Sunday as well as any other day in the week. However, it once entered into the head of a friend—whom let me here call Crotchet, although for one of his whims and caprices that is quite a flattering title—to make me trustee for a young friend of his. There was another trustee, of course, to do all the work, and I lent my moral influence with the tacit understanding that no other aid should be asked for. Imagine, then, the disturbance of my mind when I got a letter from this Co. of mine, who was everything in the business, to say that he was going abroad for months, and that I was to draw the July dividend.

'Nothing is easier,' wrote he: 'the sum is L.3853, 2s. 1d., and my name comes first: you know the stock.'

Nothing easier! Why, I could not even understand his words. His name came first! Where, when? And why was he so ludicrously precise about the sum? Why mention the two-and-a-penny—upon which the July dividend must be surely inappreciable. Know the stock? Of course I knew the stock; and a very sweet-smelling and inexpensive plant it is. And yet he could scarcely mean a wall-flower. It

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must be something to do with the securities, or the investments, or the bonds, or the liabilities, or the mortgages, or the bills at sight, of that embarrassing young female, Miss Cecilia Crotchet, for whom I was co-trustee. I dimly remembered to have signed certain documents of an extraordinarily wordy character, after a capital luncheon at her uncle's, who thanked me for doing so with a cordiality greater, as it seemed to me, than the occasion demanded; but as for remembering the name of the particular property which had won the confidence of the young lady and her advisers, it was really not to be done. I turned to the *Money Market and City Intelligence* column of the *Times* newspaper, to see whether there was anything suggestive there; perhaps I should recognise the forgotten investment, if I came upon its title.

'In the Stock Exchange,' began that mysterious article, 'the supply of money continues abundant.' What a charming place, then, that must be. Why did not my respected guardian place me in the Stock Exchange, and curb my early propensities for light literature with a more rigid hand? If I was to bite his ear off (as the classical youth, when led to execution, bit off the ear of his too indulgent mother), it would only be what he deserved. How much better would it be to be 'bearing' and 'bulling' on that Tom Tiddler's ground, than bearing and being bullied as an unfortunate Home Correspondent! 'Exchequer bills left off at 1s. dis., to 2s. pm.' Did they? then they seem not to have made up their minds whether they would be calculated as cab-fares, or by the railway time-tables. One shilling distance, means a shilling a mile, I suppose; and then two shillings post meridian—what does that mean, I wonder? 'In the share-market yesterday, dulness was the prevailing feature.' Well, I am not surprised at that. 'In British mines, Wheal Ludcott declined.' Who's he, I wonder, and what did he object to? 'Wheal Mary Anne'—come, that looks like a young lady's investment—'Wheal Mary Anne improved ¼.' That seems very odd; a young lady improving a quarter. Which quarter, might I ask? or perhaps she was at a finishing-school, and has done credit to her 'extras' during the last three months. In the Market for Foreign Securities, 'Mexican closed at the flat price of 36¾.' Opinions differ, but *I* should call L.36, 12s. 6d. a good round sum. 'Spanish Passive is unaltered.' That I am prepared for: I believe it has so remained ever since the time of the Armada. 'Portuguese (old)'—have I got among the wine-lists?—'48¾. 48 *ex div.*' This is evidently some expression bequeathed by the Romans. 'The demand for rum continues without improvement.' Now, what do they mean by that? I hope they do not want people to drink more rum. 'Rice is unchanged.' That I am sorry for; for I think rice is one of the things that might improve itself; I think it might acquire a little taste of its own, for instance, and not be so entirely dependent upon strawberry jam to make it palatable. 'Mule-twist is quiet.' This sounds almost too good to be true; it is a contradiction in terms, if it means anything.

It is one of the weaknesses of business-men, that, never having been well grounded in literature, they are not able to express themselves with lucidity. I had learned nothing from this *City Intelligence* whatever; and I took my way to the Bank after those dividends with great misgivings.

I dare say that gentlemen unaccustomed to Business have observed for themselves the refined good-nature and willing courtesy with which they have been always assisted by those who understand it, and whose calling it is. They have been touched by the grace with which a bank-clerk helps them out of a difficulty, and especially by his reassuring manner, which sets them so immediately at ease. I found all this in perfection at the Bank of England. Seriously, I do beg to submit to the directors of that establishment, that twopence a week for manners would not be an extravagant sum to set apart out of their gains for the benefit of each of their *employés*. It is enormously to the credit of country gentlemen, and others unacquainted with mercantile transactions, that no dividend clerk has ever yet been thrashed at his own counter. I would cheerfully have given the sum of L.5, out of the money I received in behalf of Miss Cecilia Crotchet, to have seen that ceremony well carried out in the case of the man who presided over *my* ledger. I did not find him very easily, because I got into the Bullion Department by mistake, and there remained, fairly fascinated by its golden music, until I attracted the polite attention of a policeman in plain clothes; then I naturally went to the dividend counter, which bore my own initials instead of that of my co-trustee, whereby, I believe, I intensified suspicion. Finally, I gave in the number of pounds without the two-and-a-penny, and was peremptorily informed that 'It wouldn't do.' I was about to state the whole history of the connection between myself, Mr Crotchet, Miss Cecilia Crotchet, and my co-trustee, when the clerk informed me that I had made a mistake in the place of application, and had better take a Hansom to Bethlehem Hospital at once.

At the very moment when I was meditating a suitable reply to this sarcasm, my eye fell upon Mr Richard Sergeant. He was at the wrong extremity of a tail of persons who were detained opposite one of the ledgers by a very persevering but unintelligent female, who was demanding 'seven-and-six,' and announcing her intention of not going until she got it. I ran up to him with the most genial warmth, and a determination to forget and forgive all that had passed between us at our last interview. He did not at first meet me in the same beautiful spirit of reconciliation.

'You want something, my friend,' he observed with frigidity.

'Only a renewal of your affectionate regard,' said I; 'and this little matter of Miss Crotchet's dividend.'

Then he took me back to the repulsive clerk, and made us both sign various documents, which eventually put me into possession of a piece of paper like the *London Gazette*, which, it seems, was all I had come for. The old lady, however, was by no means so fortunate, but still continued her importunities, until, at Dick's suggestion, 'the tail'—to whom time was money—actually subscribed the sum of seven-and-sixpence among themselves, and sent her away with it in the highest spirits. It struck us afterwards that perhaps that respectable female had anticipated the payment of this ransom from the beginning, and had never owned any stock at all; but in any case she deserved a reward for her pertinacity.

'And now,' said Sergeant, 'you will come to the Tournament; you will not refuse a man who has saved you from perhaps a felon's jail. They began to have the darkest suspicions of you, I do assure you. That policeman has got his eye upon you yet.'

'Sergeant,' said I, 'I would willingly die for you, but I cannot commit an impropriety; I cannot go to'——

'Stop!' cried he; 'consider your moral influence. I am going to Cremorne this day with two other men of no better principles than myself. Now, will you not be our guide, philosopher, and friend—in other words, our *chaperon*?'

This was certainly giving the whole affair a different complexion. 'You said you can take me in for nothing,' said I, reflectively.

'For nothing,' said he; 'and we shall be delighted to pay for your cab.' Under these circumstances, I thought that too severe a determination would be out of place. A Tournament was not only in itself an innocent amusement, but one which does not come in the way of a Home Correspondent every day. Moreover, I had always entertained a passion for deeds of chivalry. In the whole range of fiction, there is no incident so exciting, in my opinion, as that in the lists

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of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, when Ivanhoe rides up amid the well-meant advice of the populace, that he should 'touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—*he* has the less sure seat,' and strikes 'with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again.' I expected to see this enacted at Cremorne. I anticipated that horse and man would be hurled to the ground, and turn several times over in the saw-dust. I don't complain, because I had a free-ticket; but I think that persons who paid half-a-crown have a right to murmur.

There was the fanfaronade of trumpets sounding to the onset; there was wild and martial music breathing defiance to all-comers; but nothing came of it. The whole spectacle was thoroughly mediæval, down to the jokes of the clowns. I never saw anything half so good in a circus—never. The Queen of Beauty would have inspired me to set lance in rest against a hundred Paynims. The pages were charming, especially one in blue—a page out of the blue-book, as Sergeant called her. There were Scottish henchmen bearing gigantic bread-knives, who were all that could be desired, and more. There were Poles (for every nation under heaven was represented as accurately as propriety permitted), with scythes for mowing men. It was really a fine spectacle, as indeed a spectacle should be wherein the performers out-number the lookers-on. But still it was a tournament without the tilting—the tragedy of Hamlet without that interesting young Dane.

I am rather doubtful, however, as to whether the armour would have stood any real jousting—especially the new armour. There were some suits which gave one quite the idea that Mr E. T. Smith had plundered the Tower; but there were others evidently made for the occasion, which had a suspicious glitter about them. They looked as if they had been constructed out of the lining of a meat-screen; they *may* have been pure silver, but I have my doubts. One thing, however, was abundantly clear, that armour, however gorgeous, could never have been becoming. Man is not adapted for a shell, like a tortoise. I protest that each individual knight looked as though he had a coal-scuttle on his head, with a rushlight shade fastened on to it by way of visor. Then how cumbrous, how hot such gear must have been! I don't wonder that the old saying of 'Motley is the only wear' should have arisen, for in the summer months, at least, it would have been far preferable to have been a clown than a knight of tourney. We moderns bewail the inconvenience of a hat and the oppression of evening-costume in the dog-days, but what should we have said to a suit of Milan steel! How *could* the crusaders have worn such things in Palestine, far less have fought in them! They were not particularly powerful men; at the Eglintoun Tournament, it was discovered that ancient armour was too small for modern limbs; what endurance, what pluck, then, must those warriors of the Cross have possessed!

I cannot say much for the amusements of the middle ages, as represented at Cremorne. I believe *Aunt Sally* to require quite as much skill in her votaries as did the *Dart and Target*. The *Quintain* (which we will not have the unfairness to compare for a moment with the sextant) is vastly inferior in science even to well-regulated *Croquet;* while as for *Tilting at the Ring*, you have only to secure a very slow horse, and the prize is your own. The danger in the last-named game is to the menial who puts the rings on, and seems to run about an even chance of having his eye poked out at every course.

Mr Richard Sergeant and his friends endeavoured to arouse the chivalrous element in these performers by shouting: 'Love of ladies, splintering of lances, stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds,' in the genuine mediæval manner, but without the slightest effect. One of them, a knight in green, whom we named *Vert et tranquille*, from his want of ambition, winked, absolutely winked, through the bars of his helmet, and replied: 'Not if we know it;' speaking, I conclude, for self and charger.

I wonder what class of person is engaged for these knightly parts. Do volunteers present themselves fresh from the pages of Scott and James, who desire no remuneration beyond thus realising the dreams of their youth? Or are they mercenaries, Free-lances like Maurice de Bracy? In either case, I don't see why they should not tilt. If a man can be got to fight for a shilling a day, he can be surely persuaded to tilt for double that stipend. Nay, if the matter is merely a question of expense, why not make this magnificent spectacle a channel of advertisement? Let the more sprightly steeds bear scrolls at the edge of their trappings, such as:

Do you bruise your oats?

Or

Fed on Thorley's Food for Cattle.

The shining spear-heads might bear pennons:

Mappin Brothers is the Emporium for Lances, Knives, and Razors;

while the very bladders wielded by the jesters might inform the public that

Kilpig's is the Shop for Lard!

I throw these hints out with my usual lavish freedom, but they will doubtless prove invaluable to those whom they concern. Let us have, then, a genuine Tournament, in place of a make-believe, lest it be said that we have degenerated ever since that day of the lists of Eglintoun, where knights and nobles jousted in the rain; when Sir Campbell of Saddel, as Hook said, lost his family seat, and the mad thane of Waterford ran for once a steady course, and the present ruler of France (if I mistake not) kept his seat, as now, against all-comers.

A SAVAGE ARCHIPELAGO.

One of the most striking scenes in that most charming of books, the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, is the first gunfire in the forest, when all the feathered creatures rise and screech as at a performance truly awful and unparalleled. There is always something sublime about that which occurs for the first time, whether it be the first view of the sea, or the first whisper of love, or the first sight of Death, as it lays its ghastly finger on a fellow-creature. The most solemn and awe-inspiring of all scenes is perhaps an uninhabited island, upon which no foot, as far as you can tell, has been set by man before your own; a land which has been left to itself since God created it, and whereon the sun has risen morning after morning for countless ages, to gladden only bird and beast.

Opportunities of this sort are growing very rare; even such spectacles as men like Captain Cook beheld again and again—luxuriant lands inhabited by savages only, with scarce an idea beyond those implanted in the breasts of their earliest progenitors—are now only to be seen here and there. Commerce traverses every sea, and leaves her unmistakable mark wherever she touches. It is unusual, indeed, to find a nation so barbarous as to altogether isolate itself, and shrink from the stretched-out hand of Civilisation. Such cases, however, are even now to be met with. The Andaman Archipelago, in the Bay of Bengal, is an example of

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this. The inhabitants of this group have ever shewn themselves not only untamable but unapproachable. The appearance of a ship in their harbours, no matter with what peaceful intent it may have come, has always driven the stunted but agile natives well-nigh frantic with rage. They have always enjoyed the reputation of being cannibals, and they do not wish any nearer intercourse to do away with the healthy awe which that rumour generally inspires. One and one only individual has had any personal experience of the Mincopie, as these exclusive people are called; a certain Brahmin Sepoy mutineer, who, being sent as a convict to the penal settlement established on the South Andaman in 1858, escaped, and fled to the natives, who did *not* eat him. His very curious adventures have been already detailed in this *Journal*, No. 325. Otherwise, absolutely nothing was known of them, nor, indeed, is known now, notwithstanding Dr Mouat's highly-interesting volume.* He describes the place, but not the people; the Andamans, but not the Andam*en*. He was commissioned to survey those inhospitable shores, with a view to founding the penal colony, and he did his work well—so far as it went; he surveyed the shores. As for getting inland, notwithstanding his twelve Burmese convicts, accustomed to find their way in the dense and tangled jungles of their native land, and placed at his service as pioneers, and furnished with axes and boring-rods, it was not to be done. The trees were enormous, but yet so closely packed as to appear to be dwarfed for want of elbow-room. Their individual immensity† was hidden from view by the immense growth of parasites which twined about them, cramping them in their efforts to strike out their branches, which got tangled and involved among the overwhelming mass of foliage.

The great trunks were festooned with flowers and plants, which circled round them in endless forms, in all the unstudied grace and rich profusion of nature. The air-plant clasped the boles and branches in its graceful folds, and orchids of rarest beauty grew in lavish abundance. The variety of creepers was endless, from the twining tendrils of the convolvulus to the boa-constrictors of the forest, the dimensions of which were thick as the body of a full-grown man. The trunks and branches of the great trees were thus so completely interlaced, that even when severed from their roots, they were still maintained in their position by the grasp of their parasites. 'The mangroves, with their long hanging branches falling to the earth, and again taking root, grew in an almost impervious line of forest along the shore, and even projecting far into the water, at high tide; we penetrated their shady recesses, and found ourselves protected from the dazzling rays of a burning sun by the thick foliage, forming beautiful arches, beneath the shade of which we felt as though we were housed in some fairy bower of the most delightful evergreens. At low tide, their gnarled roots were seen spreading to an endless distance along the ground, and so closely and intricately interlaced together, that any one could walk securely upon them, the footing they afforded was so close and firm.' As far as the eye could see, extended an ocean of vegetation, the closeness of which may be inferred from the fact, that not only the lithe Burmese, but the robust English *walked* without the assistance of their hands almost to the tops of the very tallest trees, the path they took being over the trunks of the creepers. 'To the very verge of the horizon, this astonishing exuberance of vegetation extended. All that we heard was the rustling of innumerable leaves, slightly moved by the gentle breeze of evening; all that we saw was this ocean of green, in which not even an opening the size of a man's hand could be discovered after the longest, closest, and most searching observation.' Nature has thus wondrously seconded the Mincopie in their desire for isolation.

Ships were often driven by stress of weather upon these islands, but rarely left them, if they left them at all, without some of their crews being captured, and dragged into the interior, to encounter some unknown fate. One vessel absolutely witnessed the going to pieces of her consort upon this dreadful shore, and although the crew of the latter were seen to reach the land, not one of them escaped from the aborigines. A very curious adventure, with no such tragical end, happened in this archipelago in 1844. 'Two troop-ships, the *Briton* and the *Runnymede*, with detachments of the 50th and 80th regiments of foot on board, were driven close to the islands by stress of weather; and all the means that were taken either to keep them out at sea, or to obtain timely entrance into a secure haven, proving unsuccessful, they were driven hopelessly, at the mercy of the waves, towards the shore of one of the islands of the Andaman Archipelago, where, despite all the efforts that were made to avert such a fate, it appeared impossible to avoid utter destruction. According to all accounts, the night was intensely dark, and, from the impossibility of making out where they were, their position appeared hopeless. The tempest, too, before which they were driven was one of those tremendous hurricanes, the fury of which mariners must occasionally face in navigating these tropical seas. Most must have seen that an ocean-death was their unavoidable doom, for what hope could men entertain, driven before a tempest loud enough almost to wake the dead, and in a darkness so intense that they could not see each other's faces, or their own hands held up close before their eyes? In one of the ships, on board of which was the narrator of this calamity, the deck was crowded with bands of soldiers, useless in such circumstances; to move was impracticable, and the men were therefore sent to their berths, to await in silence and resignation what appeared to be their certain doom, for from the dashing noise caused by the terrific strife of the elements, no human sound could be heard. The soldiers, seeing that their fate was to all appearance inevitable, submitted with the implicit obedience of military discipline, and each one was allowed to give himself up to those meditations with which he thought it most becoming to meet death. Suddenly, what appeared to be a tremendous lurch was made by the vessel, then all movement ceased. After a moment of anxious expectation, a deep awe fell upon every one, for it was believed that the doomed ship was foundering. This, however, was a mistake. The vessel remained still and motionless, as if suddenly arrested in her headlong career to destruction. Most thought that daylight would never appear to them again, and yet with what trembling anxiety was it awaited by all! Those only who have lived through such a night of peril can imagine what their feelings must have been—the

* *Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders.* By Frederic Mouat.

† One of these trees was selected at random for measurement. A Burmese convict was sent up with a chain *to the top*, and its measurement there being taken, it was found to be seventy-six feet in girth, its mighty stem being supported by the smaller trees around, which propped it up as a buttress.

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alternations of hope and despair that by turns reigned paramount. The first streak of dawn enabled them to see a sight the reality of which they could scarcely credit, so different was it from all they had imagined —from the appalling death they had dreaded. The vessel appeared to be surrounded, not by an ocean of waves, but by an ocean of leaves. The branches of the giants of the primeval forests, interlaced with each other, spread over the deck of the motionless ship, which, as they afterwards discovered, had been driven right over a dangerous reef into that interminable jungle, in the midst of which there is safety even from the mighty force of the tornado. Presently the curtain of night was altogether withdrawn by the rosy fingers of morning. The spars of another vessel, hard and fast on the outer edge of the reef, were perceived, and unspeakable was their joy when her decks were seen to be crowded by the daring warriors who afterwards shared with them the scarcely less deadly perils of the great battle-fields of the Sutlej.' Although the troops on board these ships were some hundreds in number, yet the natives did not hesitate to attack them, and effected considerable damage with their long arrows.

The ample vegetation which was the means of safety in the above case, is one of the causes which render these islands almost uninhabitable; the *miasmata* from their fetid swamps have proved fatal to at least one colony which strove to take away the reproach of primeval barbarity from the Andamans. The settlement at Port Cornwallis, established in 1792, on the North Andaman, was abandoned after four years' struggle with disease. Captain Blair, who commanded that expedition, was inclined somewhat to excuse the excessive hostility of the natives, upon the ground of their ill treatment at the hands of the Malays, with whose kidnapping propensities they, in his charitable view, associated all strange faces whatsoever. In the rare interviews with which he was favoured by them, wherein arrows were not the sole medium of communication on their side, they certainly evinced a great disinclination to be approached too nearly, or to have their retreat into the jungle at all cut off. He captured one of them in a skirmish, and treated him with every kindness, giving him luxuries which he could never have imagined in his dreams. But no sooner did an opportunity to escape present itself, than off went the savage, plunging into the sea and swimming to shore in his newly-acquired habiliments of jacket and trousers. His Mincopie friends, standing with bent bows, as usual, upon the beach, were at first inclined to welcome him in their usual homicidal fashion; but when he flung off his clothes, and appeared like themselves *in puris naturalibus*, he was warmly welcomed, as, indeed, a brand snatched from the burning—one of nature's gentlemen who had been within a very little of becoming a civilised being. They put on their full-dress suit at night, like the fashionable world among ourselves, and it consists of a thick covering of yellow earth, which dries hard upon their body, and defends them from the mosquitoes and other abominable creatures which are the unfailing drawbacks of luxuriant vegetation and tropical scenery. This is their only notion of attire. Widowed ladies, instead of wearing crape in memory of their deceased husbands, suspend their skulls around their necks. This is their only notion of ornament. Hostile as these aborigines were found to be, yet they were not so formidable as the climate, before which, as I have said, the settlers under Captain Blair had to succumb. The laws of health and sickness were not then so thoroughly understood as now, and the pestilence walked in the noonday as at night invisible to their unpractised eyes. An immense salt-marsh, in the direction of the prevailing winds, was discovered by Dr Mouat to be the cause of the evil. The bottom of it was left uncovered by the tide twice in every twenty-four hours, and disclosed such a dark, muddy, festering mass of vegetable compound as was sufficient to impregnate the atmosphere far and wide with disease and death. The doctor recommended for the new penal colony Port Blair, in the South Andaman, rather than Port Cornwallis, but he believes that modern agricultural science could transform the marsh itself into a scene of harmless fertility.

The fetid swamp that separates the North from the Middle Andaman will, however, be probably a destroyer of life until the end of time. Dr Mouat held it his duty to discover whether, with the light draught of the ship's cutter, a passage could not be found through it, but the expedition was dangerous indeed. Wherever they chanced to be stationed off these islands, both officers and men took large doses of quinine with their breakfasts; but upon the occasion in question, these doses were doubled in the case of the crew of the cutter, and a large supply of excellent grog was taken on board. Nothing could exceed the natural beauties of the position which the ship occupied prior to the departure of these brave men, into what they well knew might be the very jaws of death. They had been trying experiments of the effects of sound on the previous night; the firing of a cannon had evoked a volume of thunder quite overwhelming, reverberating fourteen times, and dying away in a grand hushed murmur; while the flash had lit up, 'with an effulgence that displayed every object clearly and distinctly, as if it had been evoked from the womb of mystery by some magician's wand,' one of the most glorious scenes on earth. It was in this locality, too, that, looking over the sides of the ship, they gazed on the magnificent illumination of the coral-banks, 'which, it is no exaggeration to say, transcended in lustre and beauty all we had ever seen described in the most alluring of fairy tales.' The members of the swamp expedition, however, were bound for another scene. The water through which they had to pass was so putrid, and the exhalations arising from it so nauseous, that with every dip of the oar they grew deadly sick. They actually rowed through sixteen miles of this abomination; at last the mangrove swamps became 'so fetid, that,' says Dr Mouat, 'it is fortunate for our readers I have no language adequately to describe it.' The water, too, grew thicker and thicker, more pervaded with deadly decaying vegetable matter, until it was nothing but mud, the foulest in appearance it is possible to imagine. It was with considerable difficulty that they got their boat round, and weary indeed was their journey back. 'We hailed the sight of our ship and the open water like men delivered from purgatory.'

The intercourse, if it deserve the name, between Dr Mouat and his men and the aborigines was of a most unsatisfactory character. Civilisation was anxious enough to shake hands, but Barbarism resented all her advances. The first appearance of the steamer seemed absolutely to paralyse them with astonishment; and when they had succeeded in shaking off their torpor, their conversation and gestures became animated beyond all description; but as soon as they perceived there were Men on board, this wonder, every other sentiment seemed merged in hatred, in defiance. They yelled like demons from the pit, and by every possible contortion of savage pantomime, displayed their hostile feelings. Every attempt at ingratiation on the part of the visitors terminated in a skirmish; every present was mistaken for a snare, every gesture translated into an insult. In one of these broils, Dr Mouat's party captured an Andaman about two-and-twenty years of age. The subsequent history of this young gentleman—who was of course christened by the sailors Jack—is so pathetic, that if the voyage of the *Pluto* had ended in nothing else save in supplying us with that romance, we should scarcely regret that it was undertaken.

Jack did not take to his new messmates kindly at first, but the medium of conciliation was at length

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found in the unconscious person of a Newfoundland dog, who, as the friend of both parties, induced at length a genuine friendship. The Andaman had never seen any quadruped larger than a wild pig, but Carlo's manners inspired confidence. It was evidently with a sad heart, however, that the poor islander watched from the deck the gradual disappearance of his native shores, when the ship took her final departure; and the face that had once seemed entirely possessed by hostile passion, became sad and wistful enough. On the *Pluto's* reaching Calcutta, Lord Canning, who was delighted with Dr Mouat's report of the feasibility of a penal colony being established at Port Blair, expressed a great desire to see the living specimen she had brought home from the almost unknown archipelago. Jack was accordingly attired in a becoming manner, and taken to Government House, where he attempted to salute Lady Canning in the native manner, 'by blowing in her hand with a cooing murmur;' an attention which she kindly but firmly declined. His great delight was contemplating his figure in the great looking-glasses; repeating to himself, with a leer and a chuckle: 'Jack, Jack;' and then bursting into a roar of laughter. So great, however, was the change soon produced in the young Mincopie, that when the doctor wanted to take a photograph of him in his native costume—that is, without any attire whatever—he was greatly shocked, and required a great deal of persuasion.

His expression of countenance, never absolutely truculent, like that of his fellow-countrymen in general, became, under kind treatment, gentle and benevolent. He was indeed quite a mild young man, 'regular in his habits,' and such as we read of as advertising for a home in a quiet family where there is a little music. He was excessively partial to tea; and fond of babies, whenever a mother could be got to intrust her little offspring to his arms, which was, however, not very often, the reputation of his race for cannibalism having slightly prejudiced female society against him. A man on horseback filled him with that profound admiration which we should entertain for any considerable creature with two heads and six legs. When the man got off the horse, however, his wonder transcended all bounds. He rubbed his hand along the animal's back, with the view of discovering the place where the spontaneous disruption had taken place; and when the horse yawned—that was evidently the most astonishing performance which the eye of Mincopie had ever beheld. Nothing, however, could be got out of him in relation to his former mode of life. He was taken down to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Steam Dépôt, in order to see if he knew any of the African dialects spoken by the sable frequenters of that emporium; but he understood none of them, and none of them understood him. He became, however, and for that very reason, perhaps, a great favourite, for nobody could help pitying and sympathising with his isolated state, and many a heart was sad when poor Jack was struck down by cholera. He recovered from the attack itself; but every remedy having failed to restore him to his former vigour, it was humanely decided to send him back, as his last chance of recovery, to his native air. Arrangements were therefore made by which he was set on shore at the same spot where he had been captured, in order that he might stand the best chance of being recognised by his former friends. In deference to their peculiar views concerning wearing apparel, he was stripped, with his own consent, and his clothes left by his side upon the shore. He took an affectionate leave of all who accompanied him, appearing very dejected and low; the crew of the boat were unwilling enough, too, to say good-bye. Nobody appeared to claim him; but after taking a last farewell, they rowed out to the ship, gradually losing sight of him still standing silent and melancholy in the same place. Barbarism and Civilisation seemed alike to have deserted him. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of poor Jack of the Andamans.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL societies and associations, taking advantage of fine summer weather, are, or have been holding their meetings in interesting places in different parts of the kingdom. The Kentish gathering met at Penshurst, a classic spot, on which Mr J. H. Parker delivered them an instructive lecture.—The Institute came together at Rochester, and made it their head-quarters during a busy week of exploration of antiquities around that pleasant neighbourhood. We are curious to learn whether they said anything new about Kit's Coty House, that venerable relic, under which, as we were once gravely assured by a hop-picker, 'witches used to be buried.'—The Midlanders took a peregrination into Shropshire, and visited Boscobel, a quiet old house, made memorable for all time by Charles II. having there found a hiding-place; and after dinner, one of the company read a paper on the escape of the 'merry monarch' from the battle of Worcester, an old story that bears repetition.—Such meetings as these do good. We wish there were more of them, for they combine instruction with recreation, and inspire a respect, if not a love, for objects of antiquity.

A great scheme is under consideration in the city for street improvements which is to effect many desirable changes. When once it is carried into execution, the steep ascent of Holborn will no longer weary the legs of horses, or vex the spirits of drivers. Ludgate Hill, in like manner, is to be mitigated: a broad street will afford a direct and convenient approach to St Paul's from Blackfriars; and instead of two bridges crowding the river side by side, one bridge is to be constructed to carry the railway and the street traffic. In addition to all this, more lines of underground railway are to connect the east and west of the metropolis, facilitate intercourse, and relieve the streets.—The complaint that London has too few striking architectural features, seems likely to grow weaker, for large and stately edifices are in course of erection, which will really embellish our thoroughfares. The long-neglected space in Victoria Street is being covered by the Westminster Chambers—a palace-like building, where professional men may find chambers and offices conveniently near to the Houses of Parliament; and the aristocratic monotony of Portland Place will soon be relieved by the handsome elevation of the *Langham Hotel*. Erelong, London will be provided with great hotels enough to furnish all the accommodation that can possibly be desired. One important desideratum remains, and that is a building in which royal receptions may take place in a manner befitting the dignity of the British court, and not, as at present, with crowding and confusion.

North London is about to rival the South by converting the old familiar Muswell Hill into Alexandra Park, where the attractions to the shilling-paying public are to equal those of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The site is a good one, with a wide and pleasing prospect; and if the Company should succeed in erecting thereon a considerable part of the doomed International Exhibition building, they will doubtless allure many thousands of the Londoners who dwell north of the Thames. They might conciliate public

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opinion were they to announce at once that no Blondin exhibitions, such as that which terminated so fatally at Birmingham, should ever be held in the park named after the Princess of Wales. We would encourage the formation of parks, but not the enclosure of Epping Forest, with which we are officially threatened. To deprive Londoners of the free access which they at present enjoy to all parts of that wild delightful woodland region, would be little less than a calamity.

A scheme for imparting somewhat more of interest to the streets of the metropolis, has been suggested by Mr Ewart in the House of Commons: it is to identify the houses by a tablet or some other mark which have been the residences of eminent men. For instance, Milton once dwelt in the house now No. 19 York Street, Westminster; Newton lived in the house now known as the *Newton Hotel*, on the south of Leicester Square; Dryden died at 43 Gerrard Street; Prior lived in Duke Street, Westminster; Hogarth in part of the *Sablonière Hotel*, Leicester Square; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in a house on the western side of the same square—Johnson died at 8 Bolt Court, Fleet Street; Goldsmith, at 2 Brick Court, Temple; Gibbon, at No. 7 Bentinck Street, Manchester Square. Other examples might be given; but these will suffice to shew how many are the associations which might be revived in the minds of passers-by at the sight of a commemorative inscription.

The promoters of the scheme for the decimalisation of weights and measures contemplate the bringing in of a permissive bill next session, with which they hope to be more successful than with their last, which was intended to be obligatory. A permissive bill may perhaps pass; and as it would leave people free to find out the advantages of the new system for themselves, it is probable that experience would soon shew whether the advantages are as important as has been represented. But if the promoters wish to succeed, they must cease to talk about a portion of a great arc of meridian as their standard, and they must invent English names for their new weights and measures. Unless this be done, they can never hope that their scheme will be acceptable to the public at large.

The engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works has prepared drawings of the Thames Embankment, shewing the elevation as viewed from the river. It is not too much to remark, that the general effect will be magnificent, should the works be accomplished in the style shewn in the drawings, and that the quays of London will be the finest in the world. We may anticipate that one result will be a great improvement in the architecture of all the principal thoroughfares in connection with the Embankment.

Having been furnished with an inspection of the main-drainage works down to their outfalls on both sides of the Thames, we give here a few particulars concerning that mighty undertaking. The High-level Sewer on the north side of the Thames commences near Hampstead, and drains an area of fourteen square miles. It is placed at a depth of from twenty to twenty-six feet underground; is four feet six inches diameter at its upper, and twelve feet six inches diameter at its lower extremity. It has been in full work for more than a year; but in consequence of recent complaints about its fouling the river Lea, into which it flowed, the Board have ordered the erection of wooden channels in certain unfinished places, and it now discharges its contents into Barking Creek, thirteen miles down the Thames. The Middle-level Sewer begins at Kensall Green, and ends at Bow; and the Low-level Sewer, not yet begun, is to extend from Chelsea to the marshes below Stratford.

From Bow to Barking, owing to the low level of the land, the sewers are all above ground, forming three brick tunnels, each nine feet six inches diameter, running side by side on an embankment for four miles. One takes the High-level Sewage, another is to receive that of the Middle-level, and into the third the sewage from the Low-level Sewer will be raised by pumping. The three streams will thence flow by their own gravity to the outfall at Barking. The scene at this point, where two thousand men are at work, is not easy to describe. Hundreds are digging a great excavation through the black alluvium, to open a way to the river; hundreds more are building and levelling the great reservoir, fourteen acres in extent, into which the whole mass of sewage will be poured from two great culverts. This reservoir, which is large enough to receive the drainage when London shall have grown to twice its present size, is open to the river: the tide will have free access every time it rises; and at a certain hour, the sewage will be let to flow in and mingle with the fourteen acres of water. Then, as the tide falls, the whole will flow away so quietly, that passengers on the river will scarcely perceive any difference in the appearance of Father Thames at that place.

In some respects, the description of the works on the north side will answer for those of the south, for the south has three great lines of sewers—High, Middle, and Low Level—starting severally at Dulwich, Clapham, and Putney. All three converge at Deptford, where a pumping-station has been erected, from which the three combined streams will flow through a tunnel, ten feet diameter, and eight miles long, to Crossness Point, above Erith, where, as on the north side, the discharge will be through a reservoir into the river. The outlets are constructed at such a depth in the bed of the stream that the surface of the water will shew but little sign of the great current of sewage flowing in underneath.

It is only by a sight of the works themselves that an adequate notion of their magnitude can be formed, of the special contrivances and adaptations which they involve, and of the little less than wonderful foresight which they necessitate. The total length of great sewers, reckoning both sides of the river, will be, when complete, fifty miles; in these and other structures, three hundred million bricks will have been used, and eight hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete; besides which, there are four million yards of earthwork. It is only while they are in progress that such works can be rightly estimated; for they are for the most part hidden underground; and before the end of next year, the great reservoir in which the Lords and Commons ate chicken, and tongue, and lobster salad, and drank champagne to the health of the active Metropolitan 'Board,' will be filled twice a day with the refuse of London.

In the history of all great works, the harmful effects of opposition are traceable, and that of the main drainage is no exception. The southern outfall, instead of turning aside to Crossness, might have been advantageously placed, by a short straight cut below a lower bend of the river, two miles beyond the present outfall. The gain upon two miles of tide to the success of the discharge, is obvious; but a land-proprietor opposed, and the advantage was lost. The ground of the opposition was the offensiveness of sewage; whereas, from the precautions taken, the discharge will scarcely be perceived as offensive: certainly much less so than the present artificial manure-factories dotted here and there along the banks of the Thames.

Before passing from this subject, we must again express our surprise that, provided with means and appliances as science now is, no successful attempt has yet been made to utilise the sewage of the great city. Hundreds of tons of fertilising matter are every day wasted, which, properly applied, would increase our crops of hay and corn. Perhaps the Board, when they shall have completed the task of getting rid of the sewage within the time prescribed by parliament, will turn their attention to that other important question, and carry it to a satisfactory conclusion.

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With the reservoirs at the outfalls, they have the means of intercepting the waste, whenever chemical or mechanical science shall have achieved its separation and confirmed its utility.

By reports from India, we learn that the trigonometrical survey of the hill-country is still carried on under competent officers, and much valuable information has been obtained about the frontier territories. Geologists will be interested in the photographs that have been taken of stupendous glaciers and other mountain phenomena. It appears that further information may be obtained, by the adoption of measures suggested in the President's Address to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. 'The field of Captain Montgomerie's duties,' says the speaker, 'brings him in contact with traders and travellers who pass without question beyond our frontier, and who visit without risk those cities of Turkistan to which a European cannot safely penetrate. Why should we not do our best to turn the services of such men to account? Some among them are known to be partially competent and capable of being made more so, and by cautious training on our part, the ranks of such men may be increased.'

Other enterprising officers are travelling among the mountains. The great object with some is to penetrate Chinese Tartary; Captain Smyth aims at Lhassa; and a joint British and Burman expedition is to explore the Yunan frontier, which has to be crossed on the way to China. The commercial treaty with Burmah is producing beneficial results to all parties; and we hear that steamers are to be placed on the great rivers above the falls and rapids, to assist in the exploration.

But the best news from India is that communicated by the Secretary of State to parliament. Two thousand five hundred miles of railway are in active operation; other great lines are in progress; the works and inclines by which the hills are crossed at Bhore Ghaut, are described as worth going all the way to India to see. In the course of next year, another similar crossing will be opened at Thull Ghaut. The money hitherto spent on Indian railways amounts to £46,000,000 out of £60,000,000, of which the expenditure has been sanctioned. That the railways when made are appreciated by the natives is proved by the fact, that in the year ending June 30, 1862, the number of third and fourth class passengers was 6,790,013; of second class, 299,820; of first class, 61,817.

The endeavours, which we have mentioned more than once, to establish plantations of the bark-tree in India, have been completely successful, the last doubt having been removed by experiment. The doubt was as to whether the trees would yield quinine in the same quantity as in their native South America. The experiment has been tried on trees of two years' growth, and quinine obtained in quantity as abundant as in Peru. According to the Report on the plantations published last March, there are now 146,548 cinchona plants in the Nilghiri Hills, of which 35,750 have been planted out. And it appears that other plantations are to be formed at Darjiling, on the slopes of the Himalaya.

Who is there that has not been puzzled when travelling by railway to guess the name of the next station, and wished for some means of answering his doubt? A contrivance has been introduced on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway which supplies the means. It is a dial-plate fixed in the carriages, on which appear the names of the stations one after another as they are approached. The names are printed on an endless band, which is moved by machinery.

A writer to the *Times* complains of what he justly calls a railway grievance—namely, the short time allowed for the purchase of tickets, so that intending passengers must always struggle through a crowd to get their tickets. We have long regarded this as an entirely gratuitous grievance: why should not the offices be open for the sale of tickets all day long, and passengers allowed to purchase and pay fares at their own convenience?

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

For this delightful land of ours,
Let us give thanks to God;
For birth beside its streams, and for
A grave beneath its sod.
It is a gracious privilege
To breathe the self-same air
Our noble dead have breathed, to live
Where all is free and fair.

I never climb the mountain-side,
Or wander through the wood,
Without a pitying thought of those
Who may not share such good;
Of faces pale in close, dark streets,
Where green grass will not grow,
Who work, and watch, and wait, and weep,
That death should come so slow.

What would they give to taste the sweets
Of these wild-roses here?
That hang down with a loving look
To every passenger.
What would they give to bask and dream
Beneath these leafy trees,
To plunge into the sparkling wave,
And drink the healthy breeze?

To us, these gifts are common things—
They're with us every day;
We know their beauty speaks of Heaven,
Yet we forget to pray.
The waters curving through the woods
To hard, dry eyes are shewn;
The hoary rocks are preachers all;
God help us—we are stone.

The very dust that blows about
Reproaches us: 'tis mixed
With ashes of brave Silure hearts
On home and gods once fixed;
Once glowing with a holy rage,
When Roman foes drew nigh,
And, rather than dishonoured live,
Here shewing how to die.

Let us lift up ourselves, and be
No more so mute and cold;
Our every thought should be a hymn
For these dear scenes we hold.
For this delightful land of ours,
Let us give thanks to God;
For birth beside its streams, and for
A grave beneath its sod.

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

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SECOND FIDDLES.

Of all instruments, from the grand organ to the penny whistle, that which perhaps is held in least estimation among men is the Second Fiddle. Even those who play upon it themselves, now and then—and even oftener—no sooner perceive it in the hands of another performer, than they cannot conceal their contempt for it: it is not his execution that they find fault with, for, indeed, the better he understands his calling, the more they sneer, but that he should make use of that channel of melody at all. They pelt him openly with a number of opprobrious names—Toady, Snob, Fawner, Sycophant; they whisper to one another still worse epithets, for which they are indebted to the venerable Dean Swift; and at every note he evokes from his unpretentious violin, they nudge one another's elbows.

Now, although, for my own part, I have always played upon an independent little Jews-harp of my own, without aspiring to the instrument in question, yet I cannot withhold my admiration from the performers upon the second fiddle. Not only are they the most diligent and persevering of all social musicians, unabashed by failure, and if unhappily out of tune with their leader, endeavouring to remedy that defect with all meekness; but there is something pathetic, in my eyes, in their despised calling. There is a vulgar-looking person with a pan's-pipe—but not healthily vulgar, only mean—who accompanies *Punch* his theatre, and does what he can with his commonplaces to rob that exquisite spectacle of its enchantments. Now and then, he asks Mr Punch a question, and elicits in reply a stinging epigram, in high falsetto, from the popular favourite, which sinks him lower than ever in public opinion. This degraded being, however, collects the money which is paid by the spectators, and doubtless keeps some of it for himself; whereas the musicians I have in my mind receive contempt without reward. All the money, as well as the adulation, is paid directly to the principal performer; it never touches the hand of him of the second fiddle even *in transitu*. There is surely something touching in this labour without pay or praise; in these struggles without any acknowledgment! It is not to be supposed, of course, that the public should go into raptures with efforts which, it is well understood, are directed solely to please the first fiddle; but when *he* evinces no satisfaction—and he scarcely ever does—I confess it makes my heart bleed. I am sure that if any gentleman would give himself up, soul and body, to the task of making himself agreeable to *me*, that I should be at least affable and condescending. If he never contradicted me, and was always sanguine about what was going to happen, and continually expressed his belief that I was the most humorous writer now alive, I feel certain I should smile upon him in return. I never had but one admirer, a pointer-dog of the name of Jock, but I fully reciprocated his undeserved esteem; I would not have rejected his simple methods of ingratiation for a great deal of money; his dear old jaws used to nestle in my best waistcoats, and slobber them without the least reproof. When he died, I wrote his epitaph, and the esteemed relative to whom he belonged had the same engraved upon a tombstone, at an expense which, when the bill came in, I believe a little astonished her. I had nothing to do with *that*. Neither my actions nor my feelings with regard to that departed dog have given me since the least uneasiness. He faithfully played the second fiddle, and I was truly grateful to him for the accompaniment.

This gratitude is, however, far from common. I have had the misfortune to meet a certain literary person more than once, whom to name would be to offend. Let every reader fill up the hiatus with any private enemy of his own who writes for bread and butter. This gentleman lived after his time; I say, 'lived,' for, excepting in the sense in which genius is said to be immortal, he lives no longer. He ought to have been the contemporary of Savage, but I am sorry to say he was mine instead. He was born to hector in a pot-house, and he accomplished his rôle whenever the opportunity occurred; when it did not occur, he generally managed to make the opportunity. In liquor, the subjects of his conversation were three: his family, his literary works, and himself; out of liquor—but as I only met him twice, I should have been fortunate indeed to have seen him in that condition; I only speak of what I saw. Remarkable as this man was for the above attributes (considering the epoch in which he flourished), he was still more noteworthy from the number of second fiddles which always waited upon him. If, being deserted by the gods, it struck you to ask this professor of the *belles-lettres* to dinner, the invitation had to be extended to certain lieutenants. Egotistic as he was, he could not

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perpetrate his solo without the assistance of their sweet voices. They led the conversation into an Ancestral channel, which introduced his Family; they discoursed of Literature, which introduced his Works; and finally, they proposed his Health, which introduced Himself. Conceive a Johnson, filled, not with genius, but with whisky, and 'brought out' by several Boswells. The humiliation of the whole company—speaker, toadies, host, and guests—of course extended to myself; but amid my blushes, I did entertain a sentiment of pity for the miserable 'led captains.' That old-world title admirably suited with their condition. They were treated by their lord and master with a brutality only to be paralleled in the manners of two centuries ago. In the very act of subservience, they were snubbed by the voice of him to whom they tendered homage; they bent before him, and he set his foot upon their necks. I protest that a sympathetic shudder communicated itself to my own vertebræ. I could have forgiven the man his vulgar braggadocio; I could have placed his state of intoxication as a set-off against his bad manners; but when in his egotistic frenzy he tore his very parasites from their hold, and ground them with his heel, as they still clung, as it were, about his ancles, then I gave the wretch up, and hardened my heart against him for ever. A man that would thus shatter his own second fiddles would murder his mother. Surely, if there be any law of Compensation in human affairs, these unhappy Echoes will be one day given a voice of their own, and permission to use it.

Of course, the second fiddles who are professional persons stand on quite other ground. Even the Church does not disdain to employ such instruments in her harmonious cosmogony. In the place of worship in which it is my privilege to rent a few sittings, there are three of those inferior violins called curates. Their spiritual and temporal master, the rector, is understood to possess the gift of pulpit eloquence, and he himself endorses the congregational opinion: it is as impossible for a young woman to be unaware of her beauty, as for a divine not to know that he is persuasive. If the former can get a plain female cousin to go about with her, so much the better; if the latter can procure a curate, who has a slight impediment in his speech, his own orations derive advantage. The 'delivery' of our rector is held to be particularly beautiful: of the three curates, one has a slight lisp; another has so weak a voice that he cannot be heard beyond the second pillar; and the third (doubtless from some conscientious motive) refuses to aspirate his '*h*s.' We have had less decrepit specimens, and more satisfactory to the congregation at large, but somehow or other, they have always failed to satisfy their superior. Some of them have been good-looking young fellows enough, with an earnest air, and impressive manners, but the fact is, that our rector was not anxious to retain these seraphines; he wanted second fiddles; and now he has got them, 'which nobody (as the song says) can deny who has ever listened to them. They read prayers when he is advertised to preach; they are only allowed to deliver a sermon at afternoon service, when few except nursery-maids are present; and, the bronchial tubes having before now proved the channels of clerical popularity, they are forbidden to have interesting diseases. An old pew-opener, who is a motherly sort of person, and has recommended some decoction of her own to the one with the weak voice, is the only individual beside myself who takes any interest in these young divines. As for me, their very appearance strikes me as infinitely more pathetic than our rector's most elaborate periods. I go to church in the afternoon by preference; and if any decoction would cure a lisp, or furnish a gentleman with a sufficiency of aspirates, I would procure it at any expense within my means.

Nature has put it out of my power to venture upon the perfidious seas without the most frightful results; therefore I can say nothing of my own knowledge about the second fiddles of Her Majesty's navy; I am told, however, that there is a particularly large supply of that instrument to be found on board ship. These are made, too, upon a capital plan; they are reversible: upon one side, which is always presented to an inferior, they represent first fiddles. Thus, the captain, except on the rare occasions when the admiral comes on board, sees nothing but second fiddles; whereas the powder-monkeys see nothing but first. A curious optical illusion.

I have also no personal experience of how this matter is managed at the bar, but from the published reports of law-cases, I should imagine that the second-fiddle system is there to be witnessed in perfection. 'For the plaintiffs, Mr Glib, Q.C.; Messrs Singsmall and Nocount were also retained on the same side.' Mr Glib, we read, made 'a powerful appeal,' which occupies a column and a half of the newspaper. 'Mr Singsmall made a few observations. Mr Nocount followed.' The observations are not printed, so that we do not know whither Mr Nocount went. This want of public acknowledgment is to me excessively touching. I dare say, the two juniors knew a great deal more about the plaintiff's case than Mr Glib, Q.C. I am quite sure they gave it a great deal more consideration. They talked of it, walking arm-in-arm under that wretched little portico which runs round our Courts of Chancery; they discussed it on that neglected lawn where awkward squads of the Devil's Own are for ever taking their sad pleasure; and although they looked at the matter from every possible point of view, and exhausted it, they never hinted to one another, they never entertained in their own bosoms the desirability of cutting Glib's throat. These are the men that have *my* sympathy; and if I had a Chancery case to-morrow (which, I am thankful to say, I have not), I would instruct my attorney to let Singsmall have his chance. There is nothing mean or fawning about him; he is only possessed by a divine patience.

No eye, perhaps, that does not belong to a member of the faculty has ever witnessed a medical consultation between a family doctor and the Expert who has been called in at a crisis; the profession is bound to secrecy; otherwise, a very pretty illustration of our subject might, I should think, be borrowed from *that* source. These gentlemen always take lunch together, and both wine-glasses are made use of; but whether the inferior violin discourses any thin music—whether there is *con*sultation, in short, or only didactic monologue, that is more than I can say. My own belief is, that No. 1 makes some remark upon the quality of the liquor, with which No. 2 hastens to agree; that at the expiration of what No. 1 considers a decent interval, he winks, whereat the other smiles with intelligent subservience; then out they come in proper order, and with supernatural gravity, and the first fiddle remarks: 'The case could not be left in better hands than these in which he found it: every remedy known to science has been employed, and the rest must be left to Nature.' The appearance of No. 2 during these observations is that of a gentleman who is receiving knighthood from the blade of his sovereign. Altogether, the second fiddle medical is the least to be pitied of all that class of instrument.

I protest I would far rather be one of the above than any of the same description who belong, for instance, to the parliamentary band at St Stephen's. You, my Chartist friend, who demand not only to elect a representative, but to sit, perchance, in the Commons House yourself, you know not what you ask. It is possible that your own talents may entitle you to a leadership; but there is your brother, at least, who is not equally gifted—let us take *his* case. He never gets to his attic, during the whole session, until two o'clock A.M. If he leaves the hall of senators before

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that time, the whipper-in is swiftly upon his track. He is given huge crude blue-books to devour, not for his own intellectual aliment, but for that of his chief's; like a mother, who only consults the well-being of her babe, and avoids cucumber and pickled salmon, he must shun all pleasurable reading, and collect facts only to nourish another at second-hand. I would rather, for my part, feed a baby, if my sex permitted my so doing, than 'cram' a minister of state with spoon-meat of this sort. In the one case, you do, at all events, get credit for what you do; whereas, in the other, what happens? you have the satisfaction of reading in the morning paper that your political master, 'in reference to the internal affairs of San Marino, made one of those pellucid digests of our foreign policy with which his reputation is associated.'

This is not pleasant; but, as has been said, you may be second fiddle in any *professional* walk of life without discredit. You may be humble without cringing. It is only those who volunteer a symphony upon this despised instrument that are looked down upon. Rare as is playing upon the violin among females, not a few of them, such as Companions and Poor Relations, are compelled to adopt the second fiddle for a livelihood; nobody, I hope, ventures to sneer at them for so doing. The hearts of all true gentlemen feel for these, and their hands fly to their hats. But when a male, who could dig, and I should fancy would not be ashamed to beg, undertakes, instead, a menial situation of this kind, how that poor fellow gets despised! Even when he does not do it for a livelihood, but simply because it is his barnacle-nature thus ingloriously to adhere to a fellow-creature, what severe things, and especially by those who occasionally adopt the same line of business, are said of him. However, there is one bosom, within the waistcoat of the present writer, which entertains far other sentiments. When I hear the unambitious twanging of these genuine base viols, my whole soul melts with pity. I cannot fancy a situation more deserving of a good man's tear. To live without sympathy is, we are told, exceedingly difficult; but to have to simulate it before a too discerning world, and towards a patron who perhaps treats it with ridicule after all—— Let my fellow-countrymen pity poor needlewomen, Poles, Female Blondins—I reserve *my* compassion for the second fiddles. Talk of negro bondage, why, negroes enjoy themselves occasionally. Some people lose their appetites for the whole day, if they chance to see an ox overdriven, or a small dog set upon by a larger one: it is the humiliation of Man which spoils *my* dinner.

I have just seen one of the saddest sights, from my point of view, in all London. You have doubtless beheld these one or two private coaches-and-four—drags, I believe, they are called—which, like spectres of the Four-in-hand Club, still haunt the park-drive, and strive to resuscitate the last century. Well, there is one left in town even now, in this September month, and of course there is a man to drive it. I find no fault with him whatever. If a being, who is intended to be a rational creature, derives pleasure from holding in one hand about a hundredweight of leather reins in the dog-days, by all means let him hold them. There are also two footmen, faultlessly attired, who sit with folded arms, serene, upon the hind-seat: they are only earning their livelihood. But besides these, there is, unhappily, a dependent swell, who sits next the driver, and who can surely derive neither pleasure nor profit from such a situation. He is as calm and majestic to look at as his companion, but it is impossible that he can be happy. *He* has no pride in the four 'tits' which 'spank along' so merrily; they are not his property; they are no amusement to him; he has no instrument with which to flick a fly off the near leader's ear. There is some danger in his high position, but surely little glory. The very grooms cast supercilious glances at him from under their cockaded hats. The coach with the inside blinds up, as though it contained a corpse, is a striking sight; an empty carriage with four horses to draw it, may excite the interest of the economist, as an example of waste of power: the driver's science may possibly evoke from the passing moralist some such quotation as—

> A Grecian youth of talents rare,
> Whom Plato's philosophic care
> Had formed for virtue's nobler view,
> By precepts and example too,
> Would often boast his matchless skill
> To curb the steed and guide the wheel.

But as to the poor fellow to the left of the box-seat, he interests nobody but me, he spoils nobody's dinner except mine. Nobody inquires Who he is, or What he is, for everybody knows—He is a Second Fiddle.

UNIQUES.

Persons who read in the newspapers about the high prices occasionally given for *uniques*, whether in the form of books, autographs, paintings, drawings, engravings, etchings, coins, or what not, are very often a little puzzled to know for what reason such vast sums are given for articles to which this name is applied. They may well be puzzled, for it belongs to a curious chapter in human nature. The word itself properly means 'only one of the kind;' and although this meaning is not strictly applied, rarity or smallness of number is always to be understood. The pride of man is at the bottom of the whole affair. We are all more or less disposed to chuckle at possessing something the like of which cannot be possessed by any one else. Of two school-boys, he who obtains the larger slice of cake can hardly refrain from triumphing a little over the other; and if blue-eyed dolls are in fashion, the little girl who has one with black eyes has the mortification of knowing that her ill-luck is a glorification to her companion who is better provided. Since, from the nature of things, the total number of articles of any one kind is gradually diminishing, this pride of possession will increase in a proportionate ratio; until at length, when there is only *one* of the kind left, the value of this one is limited only by the intensity of the pride of possession among persons rich enough to be able to indulge their whim. The ordinary commercial rules of value are quite overthrown here; for the prices given for uniques bear no reasonable proportion either to the utility or the beauty of the article purchased.

The whole range of artistic and literary productions bears evidence on this point. Where an enormous price is given for a first-rate picture by a first-rate artist, the theory of uniques has nothing absurd about it, although we may be astonished at the extent to which it is carried out; because such works, produced by artists not now living, must by the lapse of time become necessarily fewer and fewer. Thus, L.2100 for Sir Joshua Reynolds's small picture of the 'Strawberry Girl,' and L.24,000 for Murillo's 'Immaculate Conception,' are comprehensible, however much we may marvel at such prices. There was once given L.320 for a single impression of an engraving by Raffaelle Morghen, because the engraving is very beautiful, and because that was one of the few *good* copies known to exist. But even in these choicest works the odd side of the propensity repeatedly peeps out. If an engraver takes off a few impressions from a plate, then adds some more touches, and prints off a larger number in the finished state, a copy of the *first* series will sell higher than one of the second—simply because there are fewer of them, and in spite of the fact that the engraving is really less complete. Print-collectors tell of instances of this kind hardly credible, were not the testimony indisputable.

And so it is with autographs, coins, cameos, carvings,

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enamels, chased metal, and other articles which collectors accumulate around them. The prices given bear ratio to the fewness of the specimens known to exist, rather than to their beauty or intrinsic value. Scraps of paper, on which eminent men have written their names, acquire a very fluctuating and indeterminate value on this account. At M. Donnadieu's sale of autographs in 1851, many letters written by eminent men in the time of the Charleses fetched from L.20 to L.30 each; and L.51 was given for the original contract of marriage between Charles I. and the Infanta of Spain. A scrap of paper was sold by Messrs Puttick and Simpson, a few months ago, for L.29, because it contained a few lines written by William of Wykeham, the builder of Winchester Cathedral; and the British Museum copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* was bought at a very large sum, simply because it contains on one page an autograph of Shakspeare—the name written by the man. A sum of L.200 was given in 1813 for a copy of Johnson's Dictionary; but this was because it contained numerous marginal notes by Horne Tooke, which the purchaser intended to use in the production of a new edition. How can such things be valuated, as a broker would call it; how can he do other than *guess* at the intensity of the wish to obtain uniques at a particular time? In 1808, when the British Museum bought the Lansdown Manuscripts, three judges were asked to place a money-value on them; the estimates differing widely, a mean or average of the three was taken, and this value was paid—perhaps as sensible a plan as could be adopted.

Some of the old coins are marketable at prices utterly beyond their original value, simply because there are only a few of them left. At the sale of the Earl of Pembroke's collection in 1840, silver pennies were sold for L.10, L.15, and L.20 each. One, issued by Wiglaf, king of Mercia, about 830 A.D., brought L.30; and another, issued by Cynethryth, queen of Offa, king of Mercia, L.31. A royal, or half-sovereign of Henry VII.'s time, sold for L.100. The pattern-piece of a fifty-shilling gold coin, engraved by Simon for Oliver Cromwell, brought L.76; the pattern-piece of a crown or five shillings, engraved by the same skilful hand, L.135; and the pattern-piece for a six-angel coin of Edward VI.'s time, 'supposed to be *quite* unique,' L.185. The 'quite unique' was the talisman in this particular instance.

At Mr Bernal's sale, a few years ago—besides the enormous prices eagerly given for enamels, cameos, Majolica and Palissy ware, carvings, &c.—there were a number of curious articles not easily grouped into any particular category. A rare time the executors of that gentleman had of it; they got L.127 for a Sèvres vase which he had bought for L.17, and L.1492 for a pair which he had obtained for L.200; and no doubt something similar might have been said in regard to the brass dish sold for L.22, another for L.47, steel keys at L.10 and L.11 each, a steel lock for a shrine, L.42, and the hundred and upwards of useless old watches, bought at prices ranging up to L.75 each, on account either of the beautiful work displayed on them, or of the odd way in which they were shaped in resemblance to ovals, octagons, lockets, padlocks, tulips, books, skulls, crucifixes, ducks, eagles, spoons, fleurs-de-lis, roses, pears, lyres, balloons, melons, and hearts. One feels almost tempted to accept the badinage which *Punch* poured out on the Bernal sale, in the form of an imaginary sale of odds-and-ends, possessing no value whatever except in relation to some one incident which connects them with some one known person. But Mr Bernal was really a man of taste, who admitted nothing into his collection but what had artistic merit of some kind or other.

The old violins and violoncellos take rank among the *uniques* of musical virtuosi. Some two centuries ago, there were Italian makers famous for beautiful instruments of this class. Many of those instruments still exist; but as they naturally became lessened in number by the wear and tear of time, those which are left approach nearer and nearer to the character of real uniques. Some players assert that these old stringed instruments improve as they get older, by a molecular change affecting the resonant power of the wood, and this is not unlikely; but the prices now given depend mainly, not on the actual beauty of tone, but on the fact, that the instruments were made by this or that renowned maker. A collector does not need to say, 'A violin made by Amati.' As a picture-dealer speaks of his 'Annibale Caracci' and his 'Agostino Caracci,' so does the violin virtuoso speak in raptures of his 'Hieronymo Amati,' his 'Antonio Amati,' his 'Nicolo Amati,' his 'Straduarius,' his 'Guarnerius,' and his 'Steiner.' How much depends upon the fiddle, how much upon the fiddler, none but the 'experts' can truly tell; but on a recent occasion the two were combined in an auction-room in a very telling way. At a sale by auction in the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, in 1859, where some instruments of this *recherché* kind were sold, a fine 'Straduarius' was introduced to an eager auditory. Just as the auctioneer, the 'Christie' of Paris, was about to expatiate on the merits of the violin, M. Léon Regnier came forward, took the instrument, and for half an hour 'discoursed most eloquent music' with it. Whether it was the fiddle or the fiddler (as we have said), or both, the result was to rouse up the bidders to a state of frenzy, and they outbid each other up to a very formidable price.

All things considered, however, *books* are perhaps the most remarkable exemplars of the theory of uniques, owing to the great number of circumstances which determine the value at any particular time. Few, even book-auctioneers, can guess how much money a rare book will bring. Dr Mead one day gave 16s. for a copy of Aretin's version of Phalaris, a scarce book printed in 1485; some years afterwards, he sold it by auction for L.85. Dr Farmer had a volume of twelve old English poems, of excessive rarity, which was bought at his sale for L.26 by the Duke of Roxburgh; the twelve were taken apart, and sold separately some years afterwards, when the Roxburgh Collection was dispersed, at prices averaging about L.45 each, or L.538 in the whole.

At a famous sale of Mr Gardner's library, many years ago, a copy of the first edition of Cranmer's Bible sold for L.121; one of Matthews's, printed in 1537, L.150; Tyndale's Pentateuch, 'three leaves wanting,' L.159; while a precious copy of the first Protestant Bible, translated by Miles Coverdale, and printed at Zurich in 1535, brought L.365, although wanting the title-page and one leaf of the dedication. A block-book copy of the Apocalypse (that is, all the types being carved in wood instead of being cast in metal) sold for L.168; the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1498, L.245; the first edition of Shakspeare, 1623, L.250. At Mr Bindley's sale in 1820, old ballads of Charles II.'s time sold for astounding prices; and L.31 was given for *The History of Two English Lovers*, printed in 1561—not because that was a very early date, but because hardly any other copy was known. At another sale, L.194 was given for *The Seven Profytes of Trubylacion*, and L.264 for *The Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophers*, because they were printed by Caxton. In 1813, the Marquis of Blandford gave L.315 for a copy of Gower; while, at the same sale, L.352 was given for Caxton's *Mirror of the World*, and L.478 for three volumes of old ballads.

The Roxburgh sale, in 1812, was the most celebrated ever known—not for the number of books (at Mr Heber's sale, the mere catalogue filled five large octavo volumes), but for the prices realised. There is a scarce work by De Bry, *Travels in America*, printed about 1590, and illustrated by plates. Whether he was a good traveller, and had

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much to tell, mattered not in the least; it was because the book was difficult to get that people bid high for it. The Duke of Devonshire was determined to have it, and was driven up to a bidding of L.546. The duke soon afterwards met Earl Spencer (another wealthy book-collector) returning in his carriage from the House of Lords, 'and made a sort of triumphant cheering by waving his hat round his head.' This incident was, however, connected with Colonel Stanley's sale about the same period; but it was at the Roxburgh sale that the Duke of Devonshire gave L.1000 for a copy of Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*, a folio of 1471. The charms of this treasure were three in number—it was the first book printed by Caxton with a date; it was the first book printed in the English language; and it had manuscript notes tending to shew that it once belonged to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV. Eclipsing all other examples was the famous copy of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, illustrating the very highest development of the book-mania. It was a small folio, printed by Valdarfer in 1471, a book in faded yellow morocco binding. So extremely scarce is this very early edition, that the copy at the Roxburgh sale had brought L.100 even so far back as the beginning of the last century. On the eventful day of sale, Evans's auction-room was crowded with wealthy collectors, and it soon became known that the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford, and Earl Spencer were determined to struggle for *the Decameron*. The price at which it was knocked down to the marquis was L.2260, a sum quite unparalleled in the history of bookselling. It was an *on dit* afterwards that the Marquis of Blandford would have gone up to L.5000 rather than fail to obtain the volume. Immediately after this, Earl Spencer was inundated with offers of beautiful old Boccaccios from various parts of Europe, so great was the excitement occasioned by the news of the Roxburgh sale and its results.

Let it be borne in mind that the actual literary merit of the book has scarcely anything to do with the astounding prices above noticed. The collectors don't read these rare books when they have bought them; they value them on other grounds. In the first place, 'Large Paper' copies are looked out for, not because the buyer values the paper, but because there are fewer of those than of 'Small Paper' copies. The 'Uncut Copies,' with the edges of the leaves rough, are highly estimated. 'Tall Copies,' not much cut down by the binder, are in like estimation. 'First Editions;' 'Black-letter Editions,' used before modern English type was employed; 'Vellum Editions,' printed on vellum instead of paper; 'Illustrated Copies,' in which some enthusiastic collector has bound up all the appropriate engravings and wood-cuts he can lay his hands on—all are more valued than ordinary copies, irrespective of that rarity, through lapse of time, which gives rise to the real theory of uniques. There have at times been editions of the Bible printed with a wrong and even very objectionable word at some particular part, and a few copies printed before the error was detected; these copies would now sell for very much more than those which are correct throughout. Dr Dibdin pleasantly ridiculed all this in his *Bibliosophia*. 'I feel myself irresistibly impelled to give vent to an enthusiastic idea which has been growing upon me during the whole progress of my remarks upon the unique copy. My idea is, that the collector, if so unhappy as not to be possessed of such a treasure as a unique copy, may boldly, nobly, and resolutely *create one for himself*, and one that shall throw every other out of the ranks of competition. Let the collector print (not publish) *two* beautiful black-letter editions, properly seasoned with typographical errors, and each consisting but of *two* copies, one on large paper, and one on small, of whatever book he may first lay his hand on; the circumstance of *merit* being a matter in which his anxiety is not at all concerned. Finally, let him "illustrate" his large-paper copy. The grand object of his ambition is already nearly accomplished; for (1) he has a "large-paper" copy; (2), he has an "uncut" copy (for here he has nothing to do but just to let its edges alone); (3), he has a "first edition" (it was solely with a view to securing this point that I recommend *two* editions, "first" implying and requiring a "second"); (4), he has a "true" edition ("true" being the collector's name for that which has some known typographical blunder in it); (5), he has a "black letter;" (6), he has an "illustrated" copy; (7), he has a "unique" copy—or the deuce is in it.'

THE MOATED GRANGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Moated Grange was 'to let' for many years. It bore a bad name, and as, moreover, it was eight miles off the coach-road, and two hundred and seventy from London, in days when railways were not, its chance of a tenant was very remote. The poor people in the adjacent village—Endham—believed that the house was haunted, and would not go near it after dark; the neighbouring gentry shuddered when they spoke of its dreary aspect, and of melancholy events which had occurred in it. The existing proprietor had never been there; but one very old lady remembered the place in a far-back resident's (General Spencer's) time, and had partaken in his convivialities. When the right chord was struck, she narrated facts of which an epitome follows: The general was popular in youth, but became, later in life, a harsh husband to a gentle, well-born, delicate wife; hating her, it was said, because she brought him no family; after her death, he married, with indecent haste, her handsome, haughty, flaunting maid, a foreigner of suspected antecedents. Retribution was brought on the old man through her, for ladies, of course, did not visit her; and the few male friends and relatives who had intended to cling to him, fell off, because she made his house hateful to them by her niggardliness and presumption. So he was in a manner shut out of the world with her; and she cowed him completely by virtue of the power of a strong mind over a weak one. All orders to servants, tenants, and lawyers passed through her. She had lovely children, but they died, one after another, just as they were emerging from infancy. Their mother became more silent, exacting, even cruel; and General Spencer sank, after ten years' degradation. He died holding the hand of an attached servant, who, for his sake, had endured Mrs Spencer's tyranny, and dissembled his hatred of her. She produced a will, dated in the first year of her marriage, bequeathing to her all the unentailed property; and language could not adequately describe her surprise and fury when the apothecary, who had attended her husband during his slow decline, put another into the hands of the family lawyer. It was a recent one, made within a month of the general's death, revoking all previous testamentary dispositions, leaving an annuity of one hundred pounds to his wife, a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, and everything else to his heir-at-law and distant relation, Marmaduke Sandford.

The enraged woman talked of fraud and conspiracy, but in vain; the last will was in every respect legally correct. She vowed vengeance on

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every one whom she suspected of having furnished her victim with the opportunity of making it; and, far into a winter's night, she walked up and down the leafless avenue, regardless of rain and piercing wind. The turbulence of her passions did not preserve her from taking a cold, which settled on her lungs, and ended in inflammation. She died hardened and unpitied. Marmaduke Sandford had her buried in the churchyard, without a stone to mark her last resting-place, saying that the sooner so worthless a woman was forgotten the better. A few months afterwards, he brought his family to live at the Grange, and for a time all went well with them. Within three years, however, his second son shewed symptoms of consumption; they developed rapidly, and he died in his twentieth year. A sister soon followed him, and Mrs Sandford's health became alarmingly delicate. Her devoted husband took her and their two surviving children—a son, and daughter—to the south of France, and there, within a twelvemonth, the parents died of a local epidemic.

The family affliction did not depress the spirit of young Marmaduke and Alicia Sandford. They derided the notion that misfortune was involved in possession of the old family residence, and returned thither to be merry when a year's mourning had expired. Alicia married soon and well; and then her brother brought a pretty young wife to fill her place in his home. He had a long period—nearly eighteen years—of prosperity and domestic happiness: then small-pox robbed him in a few weeks of wife and children. The blow deprived him of reason, and he was found with his throat cut, having been, to all appearance, dead many hours. Alicia's eldest son, Eustace Lambert, succeeded to the Grange, and promised his mother that nothing should induce him to reside in or even visit the scene of so much family misery. A confidential person was sent to remove the pictures, plate, and valuable furniture; and then the house was locked up, and the spiders had their own way in it for long silent years.

Sir Roger Austen was justly displeased with his eldest son: he had made a marriage which shocked the family tone. The bride was wealthy, and, though not of ancient descent, could not be justly deemed of low extraction, for if her forefathers had amassed money in trade, her grandfather and father had held their own in the very society to which the Austens belonged. She was, moreover, very handsome, fascinating, and accomplished. The objection was to her levity. Her numerous conquests had been conducted with a freedom of manner which had exposed her character to serious animadversion. Old maids, and ladies who had unattractive daughters, spoke of her as lost; good-natured and uninterested persons said it was a great pity she laid herself open to remark as she did. The Austens kept her at a distance. They could not avoid knowing and meeting her, but their manner to her was the perfection of courteous frigidity. She understood it; called them formal, cold, prudish, priggish, and boasted that she would punish them. It was a pity that she succeeded. They had been for generations *sans peur et sans reproche:* the matrons unimpeachable and dignified, the maidens modest, the men high-spirited and honourable. Men of such a stamp, however, are often, in defiance of their better judgment, attracted by the very women whom their mothers and sisters deprecate. Lydia Harris kept young Roger Austen hovering round her two seasons. In the first place, he was handsome and talented, and his admiration was a decided 'feather in her cap,' and it enabled her to annoy his family; in the next place, though she was incapable of appreciating such a man's love, she liked being its object; and lastly, he was an excellent match. If she did not succeed in making Lord Whylie propose, she would marry Roger. She was not in love, never should be again; she had got over 'all that sort of thing' before she was eighteen. 'Poor dear Charlie Hill! she really had loved him; but mamma was very right to put a stop to it. It would have been very imprudent, for he had nothing, and she had not enough for two.'

Young Roger's family understood her game perfectly, and exposed it to him; but his infatuation was complete, and the lady's tactics were masterly. Lord Whylie, one of the first matches in England, did not come forward; and Lydia, in her twenty-third year, made a show of throwing him over for Roger, and became Mrs Austen. His family accepted the inevitable ill with dignified resignation, but their resolute cold civility was torture to him, and intolerably irritating to his wife.

In London, it was endurable; but in the country, where every one knows every one, and scans every one's conduct and motives, and people must come into very close contact, it was not to be borne. Mrs Austen told her husband that they must take a place in some distant county; she did not care where, provided she need never meet his relations, and he was glad to acquiesce.

In some queer way—they never remembered exactly how—they heard of the Moated Grange. Mrs Austen laughed at the character of the place, said it corresponded in so many points with their requirements that they would go and look at it, and that money would make any house cheerful and healthy.

It is therefore time to describe it. In the first place, the country was tame and undulating; rich grazing land, suggestive of fat cattle, clownish peasantry, and uncultivated, good-cheer-loving squires. The estate had been one of the confiscated Benedictine foundations; and a portion of the massive old monastery remained, protected on the west by a deep moat, to which the shade of a thick plantation gave a peculiarly sombre character. Mullioned windows, and pointed, ivy-clothed gables, seemed to protest silently against their degradation, for the refectory had become a kitchen; the library, a laundry; the community-room, a dairy; and the cells of learned contemplatives were used as servants' apartments. To this building some one had added, in the reign of George II., a large red brick mansion, with sash windows, fronting east, and consisting of a centre and two wings, connected with the ancient building by narrow dark passages and two staircases. The bedrooms were oddly, and, according to modern notions, inconveniently arranged: two, three, even four, opened one into the other; and in three instances, where the floors of some of them had been raised, in order to give greater height to the drawing-rooms under them, there was a descent of four steps into adjoining bed-chambers, with a door at the top and bottom of these steps, enclosing a dark, useless little place, which, to children and nervous individuals, seemed especially calculated for harbouring at nights persons with felonious intentions. The rooms were spacious and generally well proportioned; and the three principal staircases —one in each wing, and one in the centre—were of oak, very broad, with shallow steps, and carved balusters. The principal entrance was in the centre; but in each wing there was a small hall, opening north and south on a grass-plot enclosed by very high yew-hedges and old trees. The house abounded in odd corners, passages, and closets, which seemed to have been made of space left over, after the architect had finished the rest of his task. The immediate approach was a very broad semicircular grand drive, separated from the park by posts and chains; and a hundred yards beyond them commenced

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an avenue of noble limes, extending to the lodges, a quarter of a mile distant, and built of red brick like the Grange. There were seven acres of pleasure-ground—kitchen-gardens and orchards included—and the park was irregular, but several miles in circumference.

Mr and Mrs Austen posted from London with four horses, and slept, on the last night of their journey, at the George Inn at Greatlevel, eight miles from Endham. The landlord being informed of their object, and asked for information essential to it, hesitated between dread of driving away opulent neighbours, who would 'bring grist to his mill,' and a natural desire to narrate all that rumour told of the unfavourable character of the old house. He compromised with himself, and the Austens heard no more than confirmed their previous notions. Mr Austen's 'man,' and Mrs Austen's 'own woman,' however, gathered dark and terrible facts, and garnered them. The keys of the house had been left with an attorney at Greatlevel, who had the letting of the land; he had some difficulty in finding them, and expressed deep regret that he had not been apprised of the intended visit, that he might have made fitting preparations. It might, he said, be twenty, or even thirty years since the Moated Grange had been opened, in his father's lifetime, immediately after Mr Marmaduke Sandford's death. There had never been the slightest chance of letting it, and he feared it was in great disorder. Should he send some one in the morning, or go himself, to wait there for Mr Austen? No; that gentleman preferred to trouble no one; he must necessarily take his own coachman and footman, and they could open the doors and windows. He supposed he could find safe stabling for horses at Endham.

So, on a bright June morning, for the first time since Marmaduke Sandford's funeral, a carriage drove up to the long deserted mansion. Mr Austen shuddered, and said he felt as if he were going to open a grave; and Mrs Austen laughed, and said she was reminded of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. The rusty key was turned with great difficulty in the hall-door, and the force necessary for pushing it open acting suddenly, one of the hinges gave way, and it fell inwards with a crash, which made the long undisturbed dust and cobwebs fly, as if angrily, in the faces of the incomers, and drive them all off for some minutes. The servants went on unwillingly to open shutters and windows; they not only disliked the consequences to their clothes, and the hard work of removing massive iron bars, but a superstitious dread was on them. They had supped full of horrors in the bar of the George on the previous evening, and the footman, a Cornishman, declared that 'a more ghastly old place he never see.' As they proceeded, even Mrs Austen became subdued by tokens of life suddenly arrested long ago. The best of the furniture only had been removed after Mr Sandford's death, and such things as a half-written letter on a bureau, some faded port wine in a decanter, stray gloves, books, and music, sent a chill to the heart. In one room was a large, unfinished carpet, in a forgotten stitch, on which many workers seemed to have been employed, for, on unfolding it, twenty pair of scissors fell out. Where were the hands that had left them there? Dark stains on the floor and on some bedding in one of the bedrooms in the south wing told distinctly where Marmaduke Sandford had destroyed himself, and that friends had shrunk from visiting it, and servants from doing what decency demanded.

But Mrs Austen was not nervous, nor burdened with sensibilities, and she took practical, common-sense views. She represented to her husband that the house was remarkably well built; that though it had been uninhabited so long, there was no damp; that painters, gilders, cleaners, and modern furniture, would make it as handsome and enjoyable a residence as any in the kingdom—that the dreary external features were all capable of removal. They must have the hedges trimmed, the shrubberies cleared, the fish-pond cleaned, a sunk fence instead of the posts and chain. She should take in ground for a large flower-garden; and he must overbid the grazing tenants, get the park into his own hands, and preserve game. She assured him that, with the good hunting and other local interest and employment, he would be a very happy country gentleman. He was silenced, but not satisfied, and became tenant of the Moated Grange, with a twenty-one years' lease, renewable on easy terms.

Mrs Austen's plans worked well, for she had a capacity for government. She brought from remote places servants who were uninfluenced by local fears, and cared only to 'eat, drink, and be merry;' and though a cook died of delirium tremens in one of the small-windowed chambers overlooking the moat, muttering awful words which indicated dread—of 'judgment to come,' no one was the sadder or the wiser; a partly-filled bottle of brandy, found under her pillow when she was washed and dressed for the last time, was considered a sufficient explanation of her 'ravings;' and the nurses, when their work was done, made themselves cheerful with the spirits, and said ''twas a pity the poor soul hadn't sense to take a drop in reason, as they did; she might have lived many a long year if she had, and died more comfortable.' A few months later, a groom—crossed in love, it was supposed—was found with his throat cut in the stable with his mistress's pet pony's; but the coachman cursed him for the trouble the circumstance caused him, since he had been up late, enjoying himself, the night before, and was behind-hand with his work that morning, and 'didn't want nothin' extera to do that day, of all days in the year.' Mr Austen thought of the well-regulated paternal home, where such terrible incidents did not occur, and shuddered, and rode hard to shake off their impression. Mrs Austen said it was wonderful what fools women made of men in every rank of life; and took credit silently, to herself, for having done so little mischief with such great powers of attraction; and in spite of these things, 'the world, the flesh, and the devil' made the old Grange so merry, that it lost much of its bad name during the first twelve years of the Austens' occupancy; while they and their household, 'understanding not,' troubled themselves not at all as to what they were compared.

It would have been surely very pleasant to travel as the noble and wealthy travelled seventy years ago, if there had been no fear of highwaymen, and one were not in a hurry. How one might have dreamed, thought, almost written a novel between York and London! But Roger Austen, lounging in his well-built family coach, drawn by four horses that were doing their best for him, was a man of disturbed countenance. To be sure, he *was* in a hurry, and he had ample reason to apprehend being attacked; but apart from all that, he had unpleasant matter for cogitation. Contrary to the will of his lordly wife, he was going to London to fetch two new inmates for his family. A letter had informed him of the arrival there of Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, a young lady sixteen years old, the sole survivor of her family, and saved almost miraculously from the fury of the French revolutionary mob by the heroic devotion of the Abbé Oufroi—private chaplain to her father, and tutor to her young brothers—who implored speedy advice and assistance. The Austens piqued themselves—among other old-fashioned virtues—on hereditary friendships; and their fathers and grandfathers had been attached to the De Tourzels. But a man who gives way habitually to his wife, has a fearful sense of risk dwelling on him when he flies in her face, especially when he has submitted for years, and found things go on very well without his interference. Thus it was with the

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Austens in ordinary cases; and Roger deemed his wife a Semiramis, and calculated consequences on a corresponding scale of mischief. She had taken to—somewhat to his amusement, for he knew she had no pious belief—the religious line, and talked of danger to his children's faith, consequent on the domestication among them of a popish priest and a girl reared in popery. Now, just at that time all England, in the teeth of penal enactment and traditional prejudice, moved by the dear old Anglo-Saxon love of justice and mercy which shines in Edward the Confessor's constitutions, was welcoming emigrants of every class, despite their creed or calling, and doing her best to solace and relieve them; so Roger could scarcely do less, family feeling even unregarded. But he thought, with a shiver, of coldness, of curtain-lectures, of pain, probably to be inflicted on the helpless twain whom he was resolved to introduce at home; of difficulty, complicated almost beyond endurance, if Mademoiselle de Tourzel were a beauty, or, even worse, a wit. A determination resolutely to brave all this was the solitary heroism of his career; and as heroic virtue and suffering are inseparable, he looked and felt ill when, after four days' and nights' communing with himself in this wise, he reached London, and had, at a mean lodging in Crutched Friars, his first interview with the persons whom he had travelled so far to help.

Mrs Austen did not pine during her husband's absence: why should she? He took none of her good things away with him. Nor was she troubled by the impossibility of hearing from him daily, or even weekly. Two letters she received, and deemed them quite enough. The first informed her that Mademoiselle de Tourzel was so shattered by her recent sufferings, mental and bodily, that it would be impossible for her to make a long journey in less than a month; and the second, that the young lady being convalescent, Mr Austen would reach home in the sixth week from his departure thence, bringing her, the Abbé Oufroi, and a female servant. The uncertainties of travel made it impossible to say on what day he should reach his family; he might not find post-horses ready everywhere, and it was always within the scope of possibility that one might be delayed by an interview with robbers. Mrs Austen took it all easily; and when the travel-worn party came, she was entertaining a brilliant company in her drawing-room. She received her husband as if they had parted that morning, and his two companions with a fashionable courtesy, devoid of all expression of welcome, but conventionally unimpeachable. The abbé was a gentleman, and accustomed to polished society; Pauline was a far-descended gentlewoman; both had the delicacy of perception which enabled them to grasp at a glance their position in that house with regard to Madame. Before the young girl slept, she prayed for strength to bear her trials meekly and wisely; and the old man asked that he might be spared to watch over and comfort her as long as she needed him.

Mr Austen, piqued by his wife's manner, had the more courage to inform her that he had engaged the abbé as tutor to his boys, stipulating for non-interference with their Protestantism; and that he intended Pauline to abide as an honoured guest at the Grange as long as she found it convenient to do so; also, that the elderly Frenchwoman, Delphine, who came with her, was to be retained for her sole service, and to sleep in her dressing-room. He did not add that he had apologised to Pauline for his wife's not accompanying him when he went to meet her; and that he had himself hunted out Delphine—also a refugee and Catholic—in order that Mademoiselle de Tourzel might travel with decorum, and ensured some one in his house able and willing to care for her health and comfort. He decided further, that it was more prudent, as well as more generous, to omit to mention that he had, through the abbé's connivance, provided a suitable wardrobe for her, without her knowing whence it came, and that he had insisted on that gentleman's accepting such a stipend for his services as would enable him to supply her wants and gratify her tastes without wounding her feelings. She had known the abbé from her earliest recollection, and regarded him as a second father, even before he saved her life by his devotion.

Mrs Austen submitted silently, implying, nevertheless, that to a woman so injured there was no other dignified course open. In fact, her husband's resolute tone and well-arranged plans made opposition useless; and Roger, marvelling that he escaped a hurricane of reproach and contradiction, failed to perceive that this was mainly due to his having done the right thing at the right time.

Pauline was, however, a beauty, and, moreover, what would be called in these days 'a gentleman's beauty.' She was tall, symmetrical, graceful, with features as exquisitely expressive as those of an impulsive, affectionate, talented girl must be whose impetuosity has been regulated in the first place by wise and tender teaching, and afterwards by the passing through tragic circumstances. She was dark, had an abundance of soft wavy hair, and a clear brunette complexion, ever varying. She had a sweet, low voice, spoke very little English, seemed timid, though she was perfectly self-possessed, and had unusual strength of character. Coquetry was not in her. The Abbé Oufroi was fifty, but looked sixty-five. Intense study and much sorrow had aged him prematurely.

The first breakfast after their arrival was a momentous affair. Roger was frank and cordial; Mrs Austen, coldly charming; the various guests were variously affected. Most of them felt the old-fashioned bitterness against priests and popery, and were prepared to believe anything monstrous in connection with them; but they were ready to forgive a great deal to those who had suffered much, and they all felt, as people will always feel, the influence of genuine refinement and benevolence. Two young country squires fell furiously in love with Pauline; and an ancient admirer of Mrs Austen's—believed by her to have remained unwedded for her sake—was detected by her investigating Pauline's attractions with a degree of interest for which he suffered many tart speeches and cross looks during the remainder of the day. Men and women were essentially the same then as they are now, and as they will be to the end of time, however their conventional crust may change, and no one need be told in detail of the vexations and trials which Pauline's charms brought on her through Mrs Austen's aggrieved vanity; of the abbé's judicious soothing counsels; of Roger Austen's persistent kindness. Things had gone on thus for more than a year, and Mrs Austen had been first angry, and then puzzled by Pauline's rejection of two good matches; angry first, because she would have been glad to get rid of her decently—puzzled lastly, because she did not see what 'the girl' could expect better. To get into her confidence was impossible, and so it was to quarrel with her, for she had no fancy for that 'last word' which has been a pet bone of contention for ages. Mrs Austen hated her vigorously, but could not harm her. She had put her, in spite of her husband's remonstrances, to sleep in the room where Marmaduke Sandford destroyed himself, hoping that his story, which she was resolved should reach her, would upset her nerves; but when Pauline heard it, she only pitied the unhappy man, was sure he must have been mad when he committed such a dreadful act, marvelled at superstitious fears, and said that guardian angels were more powerful than evil spirits. She so arranged her little oratory that the *prie-dieu* covered the dark stains in the oak floor which were believed to be Marmaduke's blood; and her pictures

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of the Virgin Mother and Holy Child, of Jesus risen, and of the beloved disciple, made the apartment not only pleasant to her and her good attendant, but to the servants who kept it in order. They said it 'warn't like the same place as it was afore Mamselle came.'

RUSSIAN JOTTINGS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

BEFORE going to a foreign country, it is very useful to know what 'to eat, drink, and avoid.' It is a popular belief among certain classes in England that the Russians have a great partiality for tallow-candles, as a nutritive article of diet, and that train-oil stands higher in their estimation than pale ale or stout. There is no necessity for us to remark on the absurdity of this. That they are fond of grease, is certain, for they can scarcely cook anything without a liberal allowance of butter. Therefore, were we to tell you what to avoid, in the event of your paying a visit to the Baltic Provinces, we should enumerate so many things that you would be half-starved if you followed our advice. You may be in a house, and hear a tremendous thumping in an adjoining room; in the innocence of your heart, you imagine they must be beating carpets, when, in fact, they are preparing a beef-steak for cooking! After thus pounding it, they fry it in butter, and when it comes to table, it looks like so much horseflesh. You take a little, in order to save appearances, and make your dinner off bread and cheese, or anything else that may present itself, or wait till you get home. It is, however, but justice to state, that at the first-class restaurations at St Petersburg you can get a beautiful steak.

When Russians rise in the morning, they take a cup of coffee and a few rusks; at twelve, they will have what they call breakfast, but what we would call lunch; at three or four, they dine; and at about eight or nine, they take tea, with which they have meat; and they have no supper. Shortly before dinner, they take a glass of *schnapps*, or spirits, with a sardine, a piece of raw herring, or some caviar, and a portion of bread. They believe this to be provocative of appetite. This schnapps is a kind of liqueur. The Russians are famous for these liqueurs, some of which are very good and cheap. Caviar is one of the most celebrated Russian dishes. It is the roe of sturgeons, which they spread on bread, and eat with much gusto. Most strangers are partial to it. At dinner, one dish is handed round at a time, ready carved; the host and hostess thus have no trouble, and can pay more attention to their guests. And very curious things they have for dinner. We have been amazed at the diversity of soups: they make soups out of everything; they even press beer into the service, and make soup out of that! In summer, they have a very favourite dish—sour-milk. Our readers will doubtless remark: 'Sour-milk! why, it is only fit for pigs.' To which we would most respectfully reply: 'Then don't give it to them, but eat it yourselves.' This is one of the notions we might import with advantage. It is prepared thus: pour some milk into a shallow dish, and put it in a rather warm place until it gets solid. It is then served up, and eaten with cream, nutmeg, and sugar; and we can assure our readers it is delicious and refreshing. It is likewise a favourite dish in Germany. They have another national German dish—*sauer-kraut*. Our readers have doubtless all heard of the black bread of Russia. It is made of rye, and has a sourish taste, which is at first disagreeable; but you soon become accustomed to it, and often prefer it to wheaten bread. It is very wholesome, and is eaten by all classes. They say the finest bread in the world is made at Moscow. The finest we have tasted was at St Petersburg. There they sell it at stalls in the streets. At the Gostini Dwar are several of these stalls, the proprietors of which must have thought that our mission to St Petersburg was solely to get our bread, or, at all events, that we stood in most urgent need of it, for they held it before us, and pressed us to buy in the most energetic and persevering manner. We wonder they didn't thrust champagne on us in the same pressing manner, for nothing can seemingly be done in Russia without it. The consumption is enormous. We should think much more is drunk in Russia than is made in France.

Now, we will give you another Russian notion, which you will doubtless think as ridiculous as the last, until you have tried it. When you take tea, use a tumbler instead of a cup, and, in lieu of milk, put in a slice of lemon. A Russian will tell you that milk spoils tea, and we are decidedly of his opinion; and we are likewise of his opinion that tea in a tumbler, with lemon in it, is a most delicious and refreshing drink. And, let us tell you, the Russians ought to be good judges, for they are perhaps the greatest tea-drinkers in the world. Some of them take sugar not *in* their tea, but *with* it; they put the sugar between their teeth, and then drink the tea. They are great connoisseurs of tea, and boast of getting the finest in the world; and certainly, if price is a test of quality, they most unquestionably do get the finest, for they sometimes pay as much as 35s. a pound for it. They get it overland, and assert that the sea-voyage spoils it. We are not in a position to decide this question; but we think the fact of their having better tea is owing to their paying the Chinese a higher price than anybody else. A great deal, doubtless, depends on the making of it. They have admirable tea-machines, called *sarnovers*. They somewhat resemble our urns; but instead of a hot iron they use charcoal. They make the tea in a small tea-pot, place it on the top of the sarnover, and the heat from the charcoal thus draws all the strength and flavour out of the tea. They pour a small quantity into a tumbler, and fill it up with hot water. So addicted are the Russians to drinking tea, that some of them are at it all day long, particularly the shopkeepers, who cannot make a bargain without sundry glasses of it. Such a national custom is it that the people ask you for *na tchai* (tea-money) instead of beer-money.

There is an amazing number of Jews in Russia, who decidedly belong to the great unwashed class. These people are as industrious and as desirous of turning a penny as they are everywhere else. The Russians have quite adopted their peculiar manner of trading. Let us illustrate it by an experience of our own. You enter a shop, and ask the price of a portmanteau.

'What is the price?'

'Nine roubles.'

'Nine roubles! I'll give you five.'

'Five! It cost me seven.'

'Come, I'll give you five and a half.'

'No; you may have it for eight.'

'No; I'll give five and a half.'

'Impossible. Less than eight I cannot take.'

'Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—I will give you six roubles, and not a kopeck more.'

'Well, now, say seven and a half, and you can have it—not a kopeck less.'

This will go on for a long time; the shopkeeper will make frequent and energetic appeals to Heaven, and will extol his goods to the utmost, until, your patience being exhausted, you prepare to quit the shop, when he will call you back and say: 'Give me your money.' The loss of time attending these transactions appears to be of no consideration: it is astonishing what time and eloquence they will waste in order to gain a few kopecks more than the value of the article.

The Russian is remarkably cute at driving a bargain. According to careful calculations that have been made, it is calculated that it takes two Jews to do a Russian. We have often marvelled at the impudence of the tradesmen in Russia asking such exorbitant prices

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for their goods. What with their cupidity, and the enormous duties, nearly everything is charged at a fabulous rate. This renders Russia the most expensive place in the world to reside in. A small family living at St Petersburg, and studying the strictest economy, will require an income of three hundred pounds a year. While on the subject of business, we may state that the Russians have a way of contracting with their doctors; these gentlemen do not have a regular fee, but are paid according to the means of the patient.

Among the customs of the Russians is a very sensible one for New-year's Day: everybody is expected to pay everybody else a congratulatory visit on that day. But this can be avoided by sending some money to the poor, and on New-year's Day the journals publish a list of persons who have given to the charities. This is considered a satisfactory alternative. New-year's Day and Christmas-day are special holidays, and a great number of parties are given. At these parties, they mostly have large Christmas-trees, handsomely decorated, and loaded with presents; some of them cost large sums of money. The Russians are famous people for giving presents; such a custom is it, that the servants make it part of the agreement that they shall have a present on St John's Day and at Christmas. Everybody expects a present at Christmas; even merchants make their clerks handsome presents at this time.

We were at first much astonished at the childish games they have at some of their parties; for instance, games somewhat resembling blindman's-buff, in which old and young all join. In a short time, you become accustomed to this, and enjoy it as heartily as the others. It is good to be children sometimes; and it is certainly preferable to cards, when played for high stakes, which is too frequently the case. The Russians have quite a penchant for gambling; whist and preferance are the favourite games; but they are likewise much devoted to dancing, music, and billiards. Like the Germans, they are desperate smokers. A cigar or cigarette is seldom out of their mouths. Call upon a person at what time you will, he will offer you a cigar; and this habit is not confined to the men—many ladies smoke. So universal is the habit, that we have often seen the clerks in offices smoking. And yet perhaps the most remarkable of Russian customs is the prohibition of smoking in the streets of St Petersburg. The only explanation of it that we could get was its acting as a preventive to fire. Fires are, indeed, of frequent occurrence, but it is difficult to understand how the prohibition of smoking in the streets can prevent them. It is curious to watch their proceedings when a fire does take place. Their engines are about double the size of a large garden-engine, and have about the same power as a small one; and they are followed by trucks carrying barrels of water. Our readers can readily imagine the degree of efficacy of these fire annihilators. The men are dressed something like soldiers. When they reach the fire, there is about as much noise as smoke. They make a pretence of putting it out, but in nearly all cases that is futile; and they seem to know it, for they soon desist from playing on the house, and, instead, amuse themselves by drawing out with a long pole, having an iron hook at the end of it, any beam they can reach. This is done with much noise; the fireman plays on it, and extinguishes the flames; the bystanders applaud their success, and, thus encouraged, they lay hold of another bit of wood; the fireman meanwhile clapping his hand over the end of the brass tube, lest the water should be wasted. But the most valuable allies in extinguishing a conflagration are the sweeps; these men invariably attend. Insuring against fire is cheap in Russia. This is another thing we might copy with advantage, our enlightened government, in this respect, esteeming it a paternal duty to discourage such provident habits in the people.

The only sport the Russians indulge in is an occasional wolf-hunt, or shooting. They are decidedly bad riders, but they have some very pretty horses, which have the recommendation of being cheap. They prefer driving to riding, and have some remarkably neat equipages. The harness is particularly light and graceful, and they do not adopt that ugly and silly custom of having blinkers to the horses; neither do they adopt the ridiculous and cruel plan of cutting their horses' tails short, but leave them as nature intended—for ornament and use. They take the right-hand side of the road when driving. Their mode of driving is very peculiar: they hold a rein in each hand, and stretch out their arm to the utmost in a line with the horse. This method must be particularly fatiguing. The Russian has great predilection for fast driving, and he is very skilful. A very fashionable mode with them is the *troika;* this is three horses harnessed abreast; the one in the shafts trots, while the others gallop, the outside ones having their necks turned round as far as possible from the centre horse, and held in that position by a strap for the purpose. This is considered the acme of elegance; but, to our thinking, it is as ungraceful as cruel, and an outrage on nature.

Some writers attack the Russians for their foul habits. To a certain extent, they are right, and any unfortunate traveller who has to sleep at one of the country inns will soon have a lively impression of it.

As the Russian peasant does not take off his clothes for a week at a time, you may suppose that the odour emanating from his body does not much resemble frankincense or musk; to be frank with you, he smells abominably. But perhaps our readers are desirous of learning on what solemn occasion it is that he does undress. He does so every week when he takes his bath. To do the Russian justice, he is particularly attached to his bath; and so, probably, would our readers be, if they had once experienced it. The bath in Russia is a regular institution, and is therefore deserving of particular mention. You can form but little idea how very important it is, in their estimation. Every Saturday may be seen hundreds of men, women, and children carrying a bundle of twigs with the leaves on, and repairing to the baths, while others will be returning from them with remarkably red and clean faces. The price varies from 1d. to 6s. If you pay less than 1s. 6d., you will have to bathe with others. And this is the *modus operandi.*

We will suppose you are taking your first bath. You undress in one room; pass through a second, which is very warm; and then into a third, which is still warmer. In one corner of the last is a large stove; in another, three or four very broad steps or benches, the highest being about three feet from the ceiling: there are likewise an ordinary warm-bath, a shower and a douche bath; also a broad bench. You mount to the top of the steps, and lie down; the attendant opens the door of the stove, and throws a couple of pails of water on the hot stones placed therein; a volume of steam rushes out, ascends to the ceiling, and envelops you; you begin to gasp like a fish out of water; the steam appears to be scorching you; the perspiration runs off you like rain; you feel very faint, and dip some bass into cold water, and bathe your face; this most likely recovers you; but you feel so excessively hot, that you make a bolt, unless you have plenty of pluck, in which case you clench your teeth with the determination of going through with it. The attendant now climbs up to you, and mercilessly commences a flagellation with a bunch of switches having the leaves on, which he keeps dipping into hot water. You fancy, if you had the choice, that you would sooner be a boy again, submitting to a sound thrashing from your much-respected schoolmaster. You groan under the operation; your torturer, instead of

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heeding this, turns you round so as to whip every part of your body. When that punishment is over, he tells you to descend, which you do with wonderful alacrity. He then places you under the shower or douche bath, or throws a few pails of tepid or cold water over you. You already feel somewhat better, but he has not yet done with you; he puts you into a warm-bath, and afterwards tells you to lie down on the bench; he then takes a handful of bass, soaps it till it is covered with lather, and gives you such a washing as you never had in your life. When that is finished, he throws some more buckets of water over you. You then go into room No. 2, have a large towel thrown over you, and are rubbed dry. You then, if you feel inclined, lie down on the couch, and smoke a cigarette, and finally emerge from the bath 'like man new made.' You may have entered it languid, tired, harassed, and poorly; you return home thoroughly refreshed, invigorated, and ready to jump or run for a wager. When you get used to this bath—which you very soon do—you experience no disagreeable sensations whatever, but, on the contrary, thoroughly enjoy every stage of it.

The bath is the only enjoyment—except getting drunk—that most of the poor people in Russia have. To some of you, it may appear the height of madness to have cold water thrown over you while in such a violent state of perspiration. But this is easily explained. Bear in mind that there are two kinds of perspiration, active and passive. If you were to plunge into cold water immediately after taking some violent exercise, it would in all probability be your death; but to do so when in a passive state—as occasioned by the bath—it is invigorating and refreshing. At Hamburg, we went to have a cold douche-bath, and the attendant shewed us into a room full of steam, and told us to lie down there for a short time previous to having it. On asking the reason of this, he said it was not healthy to take a cold-bath without having a vapour one. It is said that the peasantry, on emerging from the steam-bath, will roll themselves in the snow; and we believe the North American Indians do much the same thing. They dig a hole in the ground, make a fire at the bottom of it, upon which they place some stones; when these are hot, they jump in, cover themselves over, get well steamed, and then roll in the snow. The frequency with which the Russians indulge in this bath is considered to be injurious, and is partly the cause of the sallow complexions of many of them.

Now that we have described a flogging for amusement, let us speak of a flogging in earnest. The mention of Russia will doubtless be associated in the minds of most of you with that terrible instrument of punishment, the 'knout.' It is a long thong made of leather, plaited in a triangular form, and fastened to a short handle; and such a fearful instrument is it that it is said the executioner can, with one well-directed blow, deprive the victim of life. We will not vouch for this, but have frequently heard it. However, to the honour of the present race of Russians be it said, that this torture has been abolished for many years. The punishment of death is likewise abolished, except in cases of high treason, or for grave offences in the army; they adopt instead the following method: the murderer is condemned to be thrice publicly whipped, and then sent to Siberia. We would respectfully suggest a similar punishment for the garrotters. We will describe a scene at which we were present. The culprit was a woman who had been guilty of eight or nine murders. It was in the depth of winter. She was seated on a high seat placed in the middle of a kind of van, painted black; on her breast hung a board, on which were written her name and offence. She was escorted by a body of police with drawn swords, and slowly conveyed to the scaffold. This was erected about four feet from the ground, painted black, and had a post in the centre. On her arrival, the police formed two sides of a square, presented arms, and an officer stepped forward and read the particulars of her trial in three languages—Russian, Lettish, and German. This took some time. At its conclusion, they assisted her up the steps, stripped her to the waist, put a noose round her wrists, drew the rope through a ring at the top of the post so as to raise her arms, and tied the other end of it round her legs. The executioner had on each side of the scaffold two bundles of rods; three rods were fastened together at one end, so that each stroke counted as three, and, in fact, one blow raised three weals. She was condemned to suffer ninety blows on each occasion; she therefore only received thirty strokes with the rod. We will forbear to wound your feelings by a further description, and merely remark that, after being whipped three times, she would have to walk to Siberia, which journey occupies, we believe, nine months. There was a good deal of solemnity about the scene, and, we imagine, it would serve as at least as great a caution as hanging. Criminals have half the head shaved every month, and have a small, square piece of black cloth let into the back of their jackets; the worst characters have chains attached to their legs.

The stick is a grand institution in Russia. It is considered that things cannot go on satisfactorily for long without it, and it is therefore in great request. Some affirm that the people like you all the better after a dose of stick, and think very little of you unless you frequently prescribe a dose of that medicine; and nothing is easier; you have no trouble whatever about it. All you have to do is to send to the police-office, and they will, with much alacrity and pleasure, send two men for the delinquent, carry him off to the prison, give him a sound thrashing, and send him home, as they imagine, a better man, or woman, as the case may be, for the police are not at all particular, and they are so very obliging in such cases. The porter at the house where we lived quarrelled with the landlord, and threatened to burn the house down; shortly afterwards, two policemen came, and obligingly intimated to him that certain sticks in the neighbourhood were particularly desirous of having an interview with him. He was duly thrashed, and positively appeared better for it, for he became much more civil. But the present enlightened emperor is making reforms here as well as in most other things affecting Russia, although the less said about unhappy Poland the better. He does not believe in the wonderful efficacy of the stick, and is gradually putting an end to it. The police do not walk the streets as they do in London, but are stationed at their boxes or huts, which, like the plums in a school-pudding, are few and far between; you will therefore be quite right in imagining that these gentlemen can be of little or no use. The inhabitants are certainly of that opinion, for in order to protect their property, they have a private watchman to sit outside their door all night. This individual, like our Charleys of the good old times, is much more partial to sleeping than watching; but when a passer-by happens to wake him, he will start up and make a riot which Dominie Sampson would term pro-di-gious, by knocking two pieces of wood together, in order to convince people that he is wide awake and no mistake. But the poor fellows are greatly to be pitied in the winter-time, for, however cold it may be, they are obliged to keep watch outside. Why they couldn't guard the house as well inside as out, is one of the Russian mysteries that has not been explained to me; possibly the reason is, that it would necessitate their having another watchman to watch *him*.

We may here say a few words about that relic of the good old times—passports. To an Englishman, they are at all times a most abominable and absurd nuisance; but the passport system in Russia has been

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lately greatly reformed, and you have comparatively little trouble about it. If you reside in the country, you must, like the natives, have a yearly residential passport, which is good for the whole empire; and when you leave the country, the officials are bound to give you a pass within twenty-four hours; but you are obliged to obtain a certificate from the police previously, stating that no debts are lodged against you. If you owe any money, and the creditor gives notice to the police, you are not allowed to leave the country till it be paid. During the whole time that we were in Russia, we had not the slightest trouble or annoyance about our passport.

We spoke of the habit the Russians have of crossing themselves; to such an extent is this carried, that they never commence a journey without doing it several times. We can quite understand their calling in the aid of religion when about to travel in one of their ordinary conveyances, for they are without springs, and what with that and the badness of the roads, the jolting is so terrific that you imagine all the bones in your body must be dislocated ere you arrive at the end of your journey. It is the most awful mode of travelling conceivable. In order to mitigate it as much as possible, the Russians are in the habit of travelling with one or more feather-pillows. Travelling in Russia is excessively fatiguing, unless you can go by the railway, and even then it is not expeditious; however, the arrangements for one's comfort are exceedingly good. The carriages—as on the German lines—are very comfortable, and far superior to ours. Their second-class are equal to our first, and their third to our second. Our third-class carriages they would rightly consider to be only fit for cattle. The Germans have a saying that only princes, fools, and Englishmen travel first-class. In winter, the carriages are well warmed; and in order to conduce as much as possible to the comfort of the passengers, they place ash-pans in the carriages for the accommodation of smokers. On the Moscow line, the carriages are built on the American principle. Two or three times during the day, they stop twenty minutes at a station, in order to take breakfast, dinner, or tea. As soon as the train stops, the tables are laid out with various hot dishes, wines, beer, tea, and coffee; the attendance is first-rate, and the prices are very moderate, a tariff of the same being hung up in the room. So far, the contrasts are in favour of the Russian lines; but there are some very serious drawbacks. In the first place, they go wretchedly slow, their highest rate of speed not exceeding twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. Then, if you have but a moderate quantity of luggage, they charge as much for it as for yourself. We would recommend all continental travellers who have much luggage to forward it by the goods-train, by which it will be taken at a very reasonable price. There are two curious stories in connection with the St Petersburg and Moscow line. When the plan was submitted to the Emperor Nicholas for his approval, he, of course, found that the line made various detours, in order to accommodate the towns in the vicinity. This did not coincide with that autocrat's idea of a Russian railway; he therefore himself turned engineer: he took a ruler and pencil, and by the simple and expeditious process of drawing a straight line from one city to the other, ordered that to be the railway! And so it was; and it is consequently the straightest line in the world, and the most unaccommodating one. But that is not the strangest circumstance respecting it. The most wonderful is, that after the contractors and various officials had been paid, it was discovered that the line had *shrunk* as much as thirty miles! Perhaps Baron Münchhausen would account for this by the severity of the cold! Russia is a splendid country for railway work. It is so level that no tunnels are required, and there are no cuttings or embankments of any importance; while there is an abundance of timber. But there is one little drawback—a very large amount of money is required for bribes. That is a matter of course, and scarcely anything in Russia can be accomplished without it.

Journalism in Russia is at a very low ebb; their newspapers are very inferior, and will bear no comparison whatever with ours. However, they have some admirable magazines, which are cheap, and command a large circulation. In them are translations of the most popular English works of fiction. Sutherland Edwards, in his *The Russians at Home*, has a very clever and interesting chapter on this subject, a perusal of which, as well as the entire work, we can strongly recommend. The censorship in Russia is nothing like so strict as it used to be. They seldom stop a book. So far as our own experience goes, we took over about three hundred, among which were three or four republican works, and not one was stopped. They frequently blot out paragraphs in the foreign newspapers, and in such an efficient manner that there is no chance of reading them. By the by, the censorship is carried to a very ridiculous extreme with respect to theatricals. To give one instance—the opera of *Massaniello* may be performed entire, but it must be called *The Duke of Burgundy!* In a country like Russia, you may be sure that trade is considerably hampered, and that great monopolies exist. Protection is carried out almost to its fullest extent, and imposes privations and much expense on the general public; and in spite of this, the manufacturers cannot compete with other countries. Nevertheless, it is now much more free than it was a few years since. Foreigners may now trade on an equal footing with the natives. In fact, most of the external commerce of Russia is in the hands of foreigners—most of the large commercial houses being English. For merchants, there are three guilds, to be a member of any of which one has to pay a certain sum annually. Each guild has, of course, certain privileges. Russia is an excellent place for business, and the profits are very large. The land, for agricultural purposes, is magnificent; and though agriculture has hitherto been carried on in a very rude state, a great deal of machinery is now imported from Germany. A very serious drawback is the bad roads. There is vast room for improvement in the breeding of cattle, most of the animals being wretchedly inferior; the sheep in particular are very small and lean. Pork and veal are very good; poultry is plentiful and excellent. The Russians breed an amazing number of bees. There is plenty of game, including deer, in the country. And those who are partial to a spice of danger in the chase, can be excellently accommodated in hunting the bear or wolf. This has been so well described by other travellers, that there is no necessity for us to do so here.

THE DOVES.

It was in the year 1830—I think, in the month of December—that I left my lodgings in the Rue Nivernois, for the purpose of visiting the house till lately occupied by the Duchesse de Berry in the Rue de Clery. My object in going there was not to pay my respects to any of the royal family, as those who remember the events of that year will know, seeing that the former tenants had been for some months in exile; and yet my visit was not unconnected with them. The fact was, I had received a letter from a lady in England, informing me that a sale of the Duchess of Berry's property remaining in the royal residence in the Rue de Clery was about to take place, and requesting me to attend it, and make any purchases of articles of interest that might be offered, on her account. On arriving at the building, I found that the sale was not then begun, and I walked through the rooms, and made a leisurely examination

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of the objects displayed. A more miscellaneous collection I never saw heaped together. Here were the dresses of the royal owner, with the dust and dirt still clinging to some of them, as though she had just thrown them off; walking-dresses, ball-dresses, fancy costumes worn at the masquerades—in which the duchess is said to have delighted—shawls, slippers, and boots which the legendary admirer of little feet would have been tempted to adore. Along with these masquerading costumes, were numerous articles of jewellery, of no intrinsic value, probably worn in the crowded assemblages, where ladies have too much regard for their real jewels to expose them to contact with the multitude, or, as perhaps was more likely, they were the mock diamonds, rubies, and emeralds found after the guests had departed from those entertainments. I was examining some of the articles displayed, which, though not more necessary to a princess than those I have mentioned, were more suitable as mementoes of her taste, and better adapted for the drawing-room of my friends, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. I looked up; it was a literary man I had often met in the same apartments, when they presented a very different aspect.

'I did not expect to see you here, Arthur,' he began. 'It was natural that I should come; but that you, an Englishman, should feel an interest in anything belonging to an unfortunate family, sufficient to bring you all the way from the Rue Nivernois, rather surprises me.'

'You have not the reputation of being very sentimental yourself, Deligny. I fancy the exiles have no very friendly recollection of you.'

He laughed. 'What a gathering, eh! Peers and countesses, brokers and old-clothes women. They say that after our friend Charles X. had fled, it was found he had left behind him no end of pheasants' and partridges' eggs, besides sixteen hundred pots of jelly and jams, and whole bushels of sugar-plums.'

'So I heard.—The red ribbon seems to muster here pretty strongly. Look, there are no less than five together staring at that bookcase.'

'Can you wonder at that, Arthur, my friend? Do you know how Cauvin got his?'

'No.'

'Why, he applied for it on the ground that his uncle was the first priest addressed by the Comte d'Artois after his return to France in 1814.'

'And got it?'

'And got it.'

'Do not look round just at this moment, Deligny; but there is a fair, smooth-faced man talking to the auctioneer, I have often seen at Prince Polignac's. I should like to know who he is.'

After an instant, Deligny turned round, glanced at the person I had referred to, and said: 'I have seen him there too. He looks very like a *mouchard*.'

'Simpson, you know most of the men who used to visit at Polignac's. Can you tell me who that man is who is turning over the things on that tray? Deligny thinks he must be a *mouchard*.'

'He a *mouchard!* not a bit of it. Deligny ought to know better than that, seeing that it is very likely to him he owes it that a good many of his articles have seen the light without mutilation. He is a censor, and so indulgent that a capital story is told of him. A translation of the Koran was submitted to him in his official capacity for his judgment, and the opinion he pronounced was, "that there was nothing in it opposed to the morals, the religion, or the government of France."'

'It must have been Karr who told you that,' said Deligny with a laugh. 'But you have mistaken the man. Arthur means the fair-haired man who is looking at the sham jewellery there by the window.'

'*Pas connu.* Stay, though. I *have* seen him at Polignac's, when the prince has had a grand reception, and I have seen him at the house of his friend Peyronnet. He certainly looks more like a *mouchard* than anything else; but I don't know him. I daresay, though, Brissac knows all about him, if he is in that line.'

As the morning advanced, the rooms became crowded with persons who attended sales for profit, but among them were many who had come there for the same reason that I had, and who cared little what price they paid, provided they got the article on which they had set their mind. M. de Brissac was among the latter number, and as we were very good friends, we remained together. The sale had been going on for two or three hours, and we had seen very few things offered which were worth our attention, when a small rosewood case for holding writing-paper was handed up, with a little cabinet beneath for holding letters. Brissac told me he should bid for this, unless I had a very particular desire for it. As I had not, he continued to bid till only himself and one other person competed for its possession. Rendered irritable by the opposition, he made a bid, and then turned quickly round to see who followed him. I looked round too, and close behind us stood the fair-haired man I had been inquiring about earlier in the morning. His hand was raised in the act of signalling to the auctioneer, but as his eyes rested on the angry countenance of Brissac, it dropped gradually to his side.

'It is you, is it, who dare to dispute the possession of that article with me?' said Brissac in a tone of anger and surprise.

'I beg a thousand pardons; I did not know; I had my orders,' he stammered.

'Don't answer me. Begone! Hollo! gendarme, put this man outside the door.'

The gendarme came forward, and though the man was leaving the room as fast as the crowd would allow him, he obsequiously pushed him, to hasten his movements. There is something humiliating to a man only to be a witness of the humiliation of another who dares not resent it, and I would gladly have separated myself from my friend if I could have done so. He himself seemed vexed at having drawn attention to us. Probably the idea occurred to him that those present might think he had driven the man from his room, because he was angry at not getting the thing as cheaply as he wished. At anyrate, the bidding was renewed, though he did not make another offer. Naturally, if I felt curious to know who the man was before, after this incident I became still more desirous of knowing. When we left the hôtel, the first question I asked was: 'Who is the man you ordered out of the room so peremptorily?'

'He! The greatest scoundrel in Paris. An assassin, a spy of the government, and, from what I heard a day or two ago, he is strongly suspected of being at the same time the chief of a gang of cut-throats and a receiver of stolen goods. If this last turns out to be true, he will experience a very abrupt and unpleasant termination of his career.'

'I thought the police authorities were not so particular as to the private practice of their agents in the last-named capacity.'

'Ah! this is a very different matter. Witnesses against members of this gang have been exhibited at La Morgue; and a magistrate was found dead in his room, who would have been supposed to have died of apoplexy, if the mark they fix on the foreheads of those they slay, from what they call political motives, had not been found on his.'

'Are they, then, a political society?'

'No, no. I did not use the word in that sense. Their policy seems to be to inspire such terror in the minds of persons robbed, that they shall prefer to keep the matter secret rather than appeal to justice; and they are rapidly succeeding in it.'

'I begin to feel a very lively interest in the individual. Suppose you season our lunch by telling me

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something more about him. A murderer who can get employment under the government, cause his superiors to be disposed of if they oppose his ideas, and head a gang of thieves, is an interesting personage.'

'Willingly.—Waiter, let us have some champagne, and a little fruit.—The real name of this man, now known as Maxime Dulau,' 'Brissac began, 'is Quenouillac. He must have been a mere boy in years during the troubles in La Vendée; but he had been selected by Count Kergoulet as one of his foresters, and therefore was in many respects better fitted for the warfare carried on in that province between the republicans and the royalists, than an older man less skilful in the use of firearms. His master was one of the most determined opponents the republicans had; and if Kergoulet was present at nearly all the encounters between the two parties, Quenouillac shewed himself a faithful follower, and was as well known to the soldiers on both sides as his master. His skill as a marksman was so conspicuous, that he and a few others were separated from the common herd, and allowed to take up what positions they pleased in these fights. One of the causes of the cruelties perpetrated on both sides, whenever the opportunity offered, arose out of the personal knowledge each had of the other. A man whose comrade fell dead beside him frequently knew the man who fired the shot or struck the blow; hence, Quenouillac was almost as much hated as his master, and the soldiers felt even a keener anxiety to get him in their hands, though, from the scarcity of good officers among the Vendeans, they had orders to aim at Count Kergoulet as often as the occasion offered, as his destruction would strike a heavier blow at the royalist cause than the slaughter of hundreds of his fellow-provinciala. To shield himself as much as possible, Kergoulet was in the habit of disguising his appearance, and his presence in an encounter was frequently unknown to the enemy till after it was over.

'Under pressure, which amounted to a threat, Desgenais, who commanded in the district where Kergoulet chiefly carried on his operations, sent one of his men, who had been trained for a priest, but who had left the seminary during the Revolution, in the guise of a priest, to Quenouillac's mother. This woman lived in a wood in the cottage allotted to her son as forester. In this disguise, the man made his way safely through dangers which would have been impassable in any other costume, and easily invented an excuse for asking permission to remain there for a few days. The lonely woman was glad enough to have somebody to speak to, and the pretended priest acquired such influence over her, that not many hours had passed before he was able to discuss with her the possibility of inducing her son to betray his master. He soon found that both mother and son had the greed for money which was the prevailing characteristic of the peasantry in those days, when money was rarely seen by them, and they had no refuge to flee to for shelter in their old age, and nothing between them and absolute starvation but the little hoard they could manage to scrape together before the day came in which they were able to work no longer. The amount he was permitted to offer appeared so large to the woman, that she did not hesitate to promise to do all in her power to persuade her son to accept it, and the result was that Quenouillac undertook to betray his master into the hands of the republicans. His first attempt to carry out his bargain was by sending his mother to the priest to inform him that Kergoulet would sleep the next night at a farm known as the Lightning-struck Oak Farm, not far from Briquefort, where there were a considerable number of Vendeans assembled waiting his arrival. A detachment of troops was sent by Desgenais to seize him here, but from some cause he did not sleep at the farm, but in a cottage at a little distance from it. The few men who accompanied him were put to death as usual. Quenouillac was now in the power of the republicans, and, through his mother, the pretended priest intimated to him that if Count Kergoulet came out of the next battle alive, his treason would be made known to his master. Finding himself thus entrapped, Quenouillac agreed to accept the money on the conditions offered. Two days afterwards, a battle was fought at Briquefort, in which Count Kergoulet was shot, whether by his own servant or by the enemy cannot positively be known; but inasmuch as Quenouillac claimed the reward, and deserted his party, there is little doubt he did his best to earn it, and taking his skill as a marksman into account, it was not likely he would fail.

'With the money thus acquired, he went to Paris, to avoid the risk of his crime becoming known while he was still within reach of the hands of his former comrades.

'At the corner of the Rue St Nitouche, close to the old tower of St Jacques, there is a grocer's shop. It has been a grocer's shop so long, that it is quite an institution in the neighbourhood, and the man who keeps it is regarded by the people in that quarter as a model in every respect of what a citizen should be. He is a bachelor, and his house is kept by his mother, an old woman, who is so avaricious that she will not tolerate his keeping a servant, and is a constant obstacle to his indulgence of his benevolent feelings; although, from her complaints to the customers and neighbours of his extravagance on this score, he has the reputation of being a man of unbounded benevolence to those in want. By this politic proceeding, Maxime Dulau, as he calls himself, is able, without exciting remark, to keep everybody out of his establishment capable of telling of his irregular and unseemly hours, and also to maintain a very honourable reputation. More profitable business than that he carries on in his shop frequently requires his presence elsewhere; but those who saw him under the aspect he presented to-day, would not identify him with the black-haired grocer of the old school, who in his shop always wears the same old-fashioned brown coat.

'The police authorities have always considered him one of their most useful servants, and for this reason, I believe, have winked at his connection with little intrigues he has embarked in on his own account; perhaps, also, the department benefited by them indirectly, if not otherwise. His last venture of this kind has been with a woman from his native province: she styles herself a countess, and though past the bloom of youth, is still very pretty, and by her eccentricities, and some insane passions she has inspired among the men, whose example is very generally followed by those who have more money than brains, she has created a sensation of which she is now in the full enjoyment, under the powerful protection of Maxime Dulau. The strangest thing connected with her, however, is, that she not only brought with her to Paris introductions to families of high standing, but although there are rumours afloat respecting her, there is no proved scandal, and wherever she goes she is always accompanied by the said Dulau, who passes as her half-brother. I can tell you no more at present, nor could I have told you so much if it had not been for that extraordinary combination which I told you of just now, which led to my having a report presented to me on the subject, in which he is represented as the chief of the gang. If you will call at my office three or four weeks hence, you shall have the result of the inquiry that is going on.'

If this narrative of Brissac's had led to nothing further, I should not have thought it worth while to recall it, but as it did not stop here, I will relate the substance of what I learned afterwards. For some three or four years previously, there had been occasional reports of persons having been found strangled under circumstances which excited the suspicion that their

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death had not been caused from motives of plunder. People who visited the Morgue were often puzzled to understand for what reason so many of the bodies exposed there had a peculiar mark on the forehead; and when it became generally known that it had been placed there by the murderers, it gave rise to the wildest and most alarming speculations. Rumours of fresh murders were current every morning. According to these, a body had been picked up on the steps of the Chamber of Representatives; another had been found lying on the parapet of the Pont Neuf; while a third, an agent of police, had been discovered suspended by a cord from a tree in the Champs Elysées: all of them with the same mark conspicuous on their forehead. This report, or one similar, was current early in the morning; before the day closed, there were half-a-dozen others circulating about the dinner-tables. Such a crowd assembled about the Morgue every morning, that, though only those were admitted who asserted they had lost a relative, not a twentieth part of these even succeeded in entering the building. Of course, only a very small proportion of these reports were true; but when it was known beyond a doubt that several police agents had been destroyed, who certainly could not have been murdered for the sake of the property they had on their persons, that a magistrate had been found strangled in his bedroom, all of them with the identical mark on the forehead, serious alarm was felt even by those who knew the precise truth. Beside these, there were many persons missing whose bodies were never discovered. At last, it began to be rumoured among the police officials that among the missing were several persons who had been last seen in the apartments of the Countess Terousch, where they were supposed to have won largely at cards or dice; gambling for heavy stakes being one of the amusements in which her visitors were at liberty to indulge, though she herself never joined in it, but amused herself with those guests who preferred conversation and music. There was, however, no way in which their imaginations could connect this gay and charming woman with crime, and it was therefore some time before these rumours reached a high-placed official capable of estimating the importance due to the discovery. As soon as the report had travelled sufficiently high, an order was issued directing Dulau's movements to be closely watched. He continued to make his reports as usual; but nothing suspicious in his movements was discovered; his time was fully accounted for from his leaving his shop till his return to it. A few days' watching was not quite without result, however, for it was seen that some of the persons who entered his shop when he was there, had also been present at the Countess Terousch's on the previous night: it was therefore assumed that the bond of union between them must be a very peculiar one, or they would not be acquainted with the secret of his identity. Other agents were appointed to watch the movements of these men, and the discovery of their mode of living would no doubt eventually have been made by this means, had it not been anticipated in a remarkable manner.

The officers of the *octroi* had received information that some of the men who navigated the floats of timber down the Seine into Paris were in the habit of bringing casks of wine with them secured beneath the floats, thus evading payment of the dues at the barrier. Two of the officials were one night in a boat lying beneath one of the bridges, for the purpose of noting the arrival of floats, and guarding them till they had been broken up. They were sitting silently smoking their pipes, when they were suddenly and greatly astonished by the slow descent of a woman, who was lowered noiselessly into the water, so far as the utterance of articulate sounds was concerned, but who shewed by her contortions that it was not with her consent. Before she was well submerged, the current brought her alongside the boat, into which the men lifted her, and then pulled ashore as fast as possible. Leaving the boatmen to carry the woman where she would get the necessary attendance, the officers hastened up to the bridge, to endeavour to capture the persons who had evidently intended to murder her. These persons were probably so satisfied as to what the result would be, that they had disappeared, and not a human being was visible in any direction. As soon as the woman was brought into the light, it was found she had the fatal mark on her forehead, and that a very cruel, but curious and effectual device had been adopted to prevent her from crying out: a hole had been cut vertically through the tongue near the tip, and through this hole a short piece of stick had been thrust, which, pressing on her lips, was literally a seal upon them. Having received all the attention her condition required, she was left to herself till she was in a state to speak, when she told the following story:

'I am in the service of the Countess Terousch, and it was there I became acquainted with my husband, a black man, in consequence of his frequently coming there with notes from his master, M. Deligny, for Mademoiselle de Brevanne. It is nearly two years since we were married, and about a year and a half since M. Deligny discharged him, I believe, because he could not afford to keep him, owing to his having lost a great deal of money to a gentleman related to the countess. As my husband had no money, and could not get another place directly, I told my mistress we were married, and asked her to use her influence to get him something to do. A day or two afterwards, M. Dulau sent me for him, and when he came, gave him a note to a person calling himself the Count de Sallis. This person asked him a few questions, and then engaged him as his servant. Soon after this, I noticed a great change in my husband. He had plenty of money, and was constantly making me presents, so that I began to be afraid he could not get it honestly, especially as I had heard enough since I had been in the service of the countess to make me doubt whether she was really a countess, or my husband's master a count. One evening, when my husband was with me, I told him some of the things I had heard, and at last persuaded him to tell me who his master was. After making me solemnly vow that I would not repeat to anybody what he told me, he revealed to me that his master was one of the *Colombes*, and so also was M. Dulau. I asked: "Who are the Colombes?" He answered: "It is they who killed M. Lupalle [the magistrate already mentioned], and so many of the agents of police, and others, of which there have been so much talk." "Then," I said, "you, too, must be one of them." He began to weep when I said this, and answered: "What could I do? They would have killed me if I had refused." Madame had gone out, and we were sitting in her boudoir when he told me this. I was very much frightened, and sent him away. Presently, I heard Madame's bell ring, and went to her room. M. Dulau was with her, but I could not imagine how they got there, as I had not heard them come in. Madame saw I had been crying, and asked me what was the matter. I made an excuse; and then she gave me a note to take to a grocer's at the corner of the Rue St Nitouche. It was already late, and madame told me there was a *fiacre* at the door, which I could have. The man drove me to the house, where I found an old woman, who said that the lady was not yet come home, and that I must wait. I waited a long time, and the woman gave me some coffee to keep me awake, because I had sat up nearly all the night before waiting for my mistress. At last, I fell asleep, and when I woke, I found myself on a bridge with two men. I was suffering very much pain at the mouth, but I could not move my hands, for they

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were tied behind my back; neither could I cry out when the men put a rope across my chest, and under my arms, and let me down into the river.'

The woman gave the address of the Count de Sallis; and a police agent was sent there with orders to bring back with him the woman's husband, but no attempt was made to apprehend either his master or Dulau till the high police functionaries had been consulted. The negro, who was devotedly attached to his wife, when told how she had been treated, could scarcely be dissuaded from going up to his master's room, and killing him there; but being pacified by the assurance that the count would not be suffered to escape, he went willingly enough to the private room in the hospital to which his wife had been removed. As the acute police agent had imagined would be the case, there was no difficulty at all in inducing him to make the fullest avowals while under the influence of the rage inspired by the cruel treatment his wife had been subjected to by his accomplices. Being the servant of De Sallis, who, next to Dulau, was the chief of the atrocious gang who styled themselves Doves, he had been constantly employed in carrying notes to one or the other, and was thus able to give the private address of each. Two police agents were considered sufficient to secure the minor criminals; but a strong body was sent to the Rue St Nitouche, as it was here the dépôt of these wretches was established. Hastily as all these arrangements were made, it was quite daylight when, at a given signal, the police, who had straggled in the direction of the grocer's shop singly and in pairs, burst into it. Dulau was seized in bed, and carried off instantly to prison. The old woman would answer no questions; but the black knew enough to guide them to a door in the cellar which opened into the excavations which at that time abounded beneath the city. Five men were there discovered lying about the charcoal fire. These were seized, together with the plunder accumulated in the vault, which included objects of great value: gold and silver watches, and articles of jewellery sufficient to stock the largest shop in the Palais Royal; plates for printing bank-notes, a camera (which was described in the police inventory as an instrument the use of which was unknown), a large quantity of plate, and several lumps of silver, more or less alloyed, which were going to be used in coining, as was evident from the presence of moulds and heaps of coins of different denominations, which contained quite sufficient silver to render them current anywhere, except, perhaps, at the bank. Other discoveries were made of more importance to the government, which it would not be interesting to specify now.

Thus, a simple arrangement, arising out of the desire of saving the municipality from being defrauded of a few francs, led to the sudden and complete suppression of a gang of miscreants, who had excited more terror in Paris than was recently inspired in London by the ferocious deeds of the garrotters.

MY GARDEN.

My garden is a tiny spot,
A little piece of arid ground,
O'erlooked by many a chimney-pot,
With house and wall encompassed round.

Three trees its narrow bounds enclose,
With feeble foliage, brown and spare,
Whose leaves in summer interpose
To shield me from the neighbour's stare.

Three sickly laurels grow beneath,
And every year attempt to shoot,
Although the atmosphere they breathe
Is overcharged with dust and soot.

No verdant turf, so smooth and green,
Is there, to tread beneath the feet,
But gravel coarse, with weeds between,
And pebbles gathered from the street.

But round the edge, with border low,
And in the midst one oval bed,
To tempt some hardy flowers to grow,
With richer soil is overspread.

All winter-time no ray is seen
Upon the frozen ground to fall,
So high the houses intervene
Their shadowing barrier of wall.

But when the sun has mounted high,
And sweet Spring fills e'en London air,
The beams that gild the country sky
Will shed some radiance even there.

O then, with heart that longs to flee
Afar from scenes of care and toil,
I seek my garden-plot, to see
What hopes may blossom from its soil.

With careful hand, I sow the seed
That best can brave a home so drear,
Half-loath to pluck the frequent weed,
Because its leaves all green appear.

The candytuft of various hue,
The wallflower, sweet to smell and sight,
Virginia stock, and crimson too,
And gay nasturtium's splendour bright.

More splendid still, the garden's pride,
Scarlet geranium's glowing head,
With calceolaria beside,
I plant within the middle bed.

And when in the sweet labour blest,
My little treasures, one by one,
Are placed where they may flourish best,
I sigh to think my work is done.

'Tis then I watch each bud unfold,
And count the blossoms o'er and o'er,
Like miser gloating over gold,
So dear to me my floral store.

Sometimes, at evening's silent hour,
When grave, yet tender thoughts will rise—
Whate'er the scene, with mystic power—
I in my garden moralise.

An emblem then it seems to be
Of mine own cold and arid lot,
Where difficulties compass me,
As walls surround this garden-plot.

Where suns, that e'en in winter glow
On happier sites, to warm and gild,
Can seldom reach, by sorrow so
My wintry heart is shaded, chilled.

But yet where God, whose tender care
Embraceth all, will still permit
Some joys, like flowers, though poor and rare,
In summer-time to gladden it.

So like my flowers, those joys I prize
As others value richer things,
For rareness pleasure magnifies,
And round it brighter lustre flings.

And thus I learn to look with love
On all God's feeble struggling creatures,
Since nothing is too mean to prove
A source of joy to humble natures.

Then turning to the solemn sky,
Whose stars shine o'er this garden small,
I find in its infinity
The God who made and loveth all.

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BIRD-NOTES.

'BIRDS,' says Francis Willughby (and he might have extended the observation to a certain wingless race), 'Birds, in the season of love, be notably more loquacious and canorous than at any other time.' Many persons believe with this old naturalist that the tender passion alone prompts the music of the grove; while others, again, have discovered that song is simply defiance among feathered rivals, and hear, in a full spring chorus, nothing less shocking than envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, set to music. Could we consult the musicians themselves, perhaps they might tell us that, although love and emulation undoubtedly both heighten and prolong their melody, it is, in the first instance, directly inspired by the season itself. These creatures, so eminently sensitive to skyey influences, feel, depend upon it, the genial change to the very tip of their feathers, and when spring comes round, burst into song not less naturally than trees into leaf, and flowers into blossom. No more black frosts and shelterless hedgerows; plenty of food, light, and sunshine; a mate and a snugly-hidden nest in perspective—why, what black-bird would be worth his cherry who couldn't say grace with an extra whistle over avine blessings like these! Take an instance which, it seems to me, just illustrates the point. Your parrot, a gray-headed old bachelor, somewhat sulky the winter through, how does *he* comport himself with his cage set out in spring sunshine? Well, the bird shouts with delight, and executes such marvellous somersaults and unexpected feats, that, could the knack be learned through simply looking on, Poll's owner might make a fortune by outshining the wondrous Leotard. He not only accompanies this volunteer performance with his whole stock of imitations, but draws on his imagination for the oddest combinations of sounds, and on his memory for an uncommonly good five-shillings' worth of ejaculatory phrases picked up on board ship. Poor Poll, innocent of love or rivalry as any hermit, finds full cause for rejoicing in that the winter is over and gone.

Among the very earliest birds of the year is the rook. The great lazy fellows who sail overhead months together, with just an occasional 'kraa-a' or so to a lagging companion, start into clamorous activity at sight of the first snowdrops. Those of our readers who find pleasure in listening to the consultations held over last year's nests, and the noisy zeal with which this tribe engage in the great business of building, will have found opportunities for observing that some individuals utter notes more sonorous and significant than others, and also, that all the community put much more variety than is commonly supposed into the cry. In love, too, our rook positively does become 'canorous,' at least he makes the most grotesque attempts to treat his bride to a song, and she, in her turn, when advanced to the dignity of materfamilias, fondles the young brood with a sort of murmuring lullaby. The raven, head of the corvine clan, besides his gruff 'caw,' utters in flight a deep, ominous 'kree-a-a,' much prolonged, well described as an 'iron knell' by the poet Wordsworth. The jackdaw jerks out his peculiar 'caw' as if in desperate hurry. Another of the rook's congeners, the magpie, makes love with a clatter of short hard notes, like an old woman's pattens ringing on the pavement; while the jay, conscious, no doubt, that his harsh, grating voice gives no adequate expression to tender feelings, urges his suit in borrowed snatches of song, precisely as love-letters, to judge from the specimens produced in breach-of-marriage cases, are generally great in quotations of amatory verse. The imitative powers of the jay were well known to the Romans, who called him *scurra*, the mimic, for his pains, though such a nickname might be still better bestowed on our lively acquaintance the starling. His natural note is nothing better than an absurd pretence of cork-drawing, diversified with a sound like tearing yards of stout calico by the dozen; but he is a fellow who contrives to make himself all things to all birds in whose company he happens to be. Among the daws, he chatters; in a foraging-party of plovers, he will whistle with the best; he screams with sea-gulls; adopts the coot's cry and the wild-duck's quack when roosting on the reedy margin of a broad; and when he houses in a dovecot, has been heard to imitate its inmates. This last-named piece of mimicry seems the more surprising, because the whole gamut lies between the starling's high-pitched gutturals and that tremulous murmur characteristic of the Columbine group. The 'coo-roo-coo' of the pigeon is hardly less familiar to town than to country folks; indeed, nothing makes one 'smell the meadow in the street' as, on fine spring mornings, the sight and sound of these pretty creatures, while, aloft on window-sills and roof-tiles, they utter their plaintive confidence, accompanied by coquettish nods, tails outspread, and a variety of graceful gestures. Much

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the same, to the unpractised ear, sounds the peculiar note throughout the genus, but the naturalist detects a difference. The rock-pigeon, for whom nature provides a dovecot in the holes and crannies of our shore-cliffs, makes them echo to a wild powerful 'coo;' that of the turtle-dove, the most delicate British species, has, on the contrary, been compared to soft laughter; while the note of the cushat-pigeon is distinguished by something like an approach to articulate cadence; indeed, Northumbrian rustics translate the cushat's cry into 'Tak twa coos, Tammy,' and thus account for it: A certain Tammy went out one night to drive (that is, steal) a cow. He had succeeded, but returning with his booty through a wood, heard the cushie-doo overhead calling plain as could be: 'Tak twa coos, Tammy—tak twa coos!' Such advice squared far too well with the hero's own inclinations to be neglected. 'A' dunna, but wat a' weel,' says Tam; 'as weel be hangit for twa as ane.' So back he went, got caught, and was hanged. A goose saved Rome, but the cushie-doo 'hangit Tammy.'

As I have said, the pigeons bring a rural charm into our busy thoroughfares, but the town owes more than it imagines to the chattering of the house-sparrow. To learn how much this is worth, you must pay a visit to New York. Strolling over the city, you miss something—what, you hardly know. There is a solemn necropolis air about the squares and gardens, a lifeless silence about the handsomest houses. All at once you make an ornithological discovery: the Puck of European house-tops (as much at home in London as if the freedom of the city had been presented to him in a gold box), that peeps round chimneys, and nests in every coigne of vantage, that truts, lilts, and chatters everywhere—you have left him behind you in the Old World, and find out for yourself that a town can better spare many a better bird than Mr Passer Domesticus. Apropos of this little fellow, I remember an honest Yorkshireman, who, not long ago, spent a fortnight in Paris about as agreeably as a fish passes its time out of water, and on his return described the comfort he found it to have 'a bonny sparrow come and talk a bit' at his window every morning. '"Chiddy, chiddy-chow, Philip," the bird said, sir; and, by Jove, *that* was the best bit of English I heard till I got back again!' And with all my heart, I wish every farmer who patronises poisoned wheat a similar experience; to wake up some fine morning in a latitude where our mother-tongue is scarce, and find the sparrows chatting his own vernacular. Such an adventure might help our farming friend to be a little blind to the pilfering tricks of the tribe in future, and would open his eyes very wide to the solid service they render as earwig, beetle, long-leg, and green-fly destroyers.

Two species of the thrush family—our winter visitors, the redwing and fieldfare—leave their music behind them in Scandinavia; with us, the latter only chatter abundantly when they flock, and the former utters a plaintive call—whence its provincial name swinepipe—something like a deep-drawn sigh, ending in a tinkle. The fieldfare's song, in its summer habitat, is reported only something better and brisker than the chatter; but its congener, long before the days of Jenny Lind, was christened the Swedish nightingale by Linnæus himself, who speaks with enthusiasm of its delightful warblings from the tops of the spruce-fir. Either the song has since deteriorated, or the ears of modern travellers are more hard to please than those of the great naturalist, for it has become much the fashion to cry down the performance as poor and commonplace. A correspondent of the *Field*, however, does the bird impartial justice. Writing from Sweden, this gentleman, though he denies the redwing's song 'the vigour and rich gush of melody of the trush,' describes it as 'much varied, rising and falling in cadences, with occasional runs, not unlike the robin, but far more powerful.' As for the song-thrush, if he were not too great a favourite to pass entirely without notice, it would be quite superfluous to say anything of him at a season when he speaks so constantly and so musically everywhere for himself. I cannot agree with some naturalists, that the best singers of this species belong to the home-counties. In other districts, you may hear their notes full as rich and as varied; Bagley Wood, for instance, or the fields of Suffolk, where, once on a time, these feathered sirens betrayed Bloomfield, the poet Farmer's Boy, into a thrashing for letting his hogs enjoy themselves among the young wheat, while he 'listed the throstle.' Throughout England, there is a very wide difference in the vocal powers of individuals; and a thrush seldom comes into good song before he is three or four years old. Season after season, you may observe one bird sing in the same shrubbery, or even from one favourite tree, and it is very interesting to watch the gradual development of his notes.

The black-bird's strain, as all books, to say nothing of our own ears, tell us, wants the variety we find in that of his mottled relative; but then, what other feathered creature has such a remarkable stock of calls and signals at command? Of these, the best known is the bold 'chink-chink,' several times repeated, with which he proclaims that he has found a worm, and let who dare come and dispute his right; and the 'chut-chut-chut,' flung in our teeth as he pops out of the hedge right before us, like some astonishing jack-in-the-box. In the summer-morning twilight, I have been surprised to hear this bird utter harsh cries almost like the 'scraig' of a missel-thrush. He was then silent till near sunrise, when he burst forth into a joyous carol, welcoming the sun with his best and mellowest music. His wife, a lady whose rusty black suggests the notion that she wears her husband's cast-off clothes, has no song whatever, but some very significant notes. Approach her nest, she shrieks an alarm, flies off, scuttles among long grass or nettles close at hand, and you hear the mother's low, inward, anxious moan constantly repeated. Remove to a little distance, and back she flies to her treasure, lets her mate know that all is right by a loud, congratulatory chuckle, and settles quietly down again. 'Our Chrysostom among feathered fowl,' as a quaint writer calls the black-bird, has a golden cousin, who might be less of a rarity among us than he is, but for the hearty English welcome of powder and shot with which he is invariably received.

C'est Jean Loriot,
Qui mange les cerises, et laisse les noyaux,*

as the French rhyme says. Loriot in France, Turiol in Spain, Oriole in English, all alike imitations of his call. The song of this splendid bird, a flute-like whistle with a cadence not unlike speech, sounds ominous to the Low-German short of coin, for Hans drinking before the alehouse door, hears the oriole sing from the lindens: 'Hast du gesopen? so betahl du' (Hast thou quaffed? then pay).

Coming out of the thrushes, we find ourselves, according to Macgillivray's arrangement, at once among the larks. Two species only of the true *Alaudæ* can be counted familiar in this country—the wood-lark and the sky, *the* lark, *par excellence*. The former species avoids the bleak, exposed tracts over which the latter is 'so ready to rejoice,' evidently preferring the comfortable shelter of a rich champaign country. I can now recall an extensive slope of sunny meadows fringed with cover, where, from February to the latter end of June, the song, so vivid, yet delicate, of these birds might be heard all day long, and, especially after warm showers, deep into the night. Over cornfield and pasture, over bleak

* He is Jean Loriot, who eats up the cherries, and leaves us the stones.

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moor and bleaker hillside, the skylark is always a welcome sight and sound. Only under one condition do I never care to meet with this bird, and that, as you find it too often, penned into a cage, trampling its four inches square of faded turf, singing and quivering its wings the while, as if determined to make the best even of a prison. A passage in Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps* gives a striking idea of the marvellous vocal powers bestowed upon the lark: 'When we hear its song,' says the professor, 'we may be sure that the whole atmosphere between us and the bird is filled with pulses or waves, as they are often called, produced by the little songster's organ of voice. This is a vibrating instrument resembling in principle the reed of a clarionet. We hear the song of the lark from an elevation of 500 feet in the air. Before this is possible, the bird must have agitated a sphere of air 1000 feet in diameter—that is to say, it must have communicated to 17,888 tons of air a motion sufficiently intense to be appreciated by our organs of hearing.' Now, when we couple this quotation with the fact, that in fine weather the lark's single song, not unfrequently from five to eight minutes in duration, is constantly renewed through the day, we may well hear a perfect miracle of sound in her carol. Milton's exquisite couplet in *L'Allegro*—

> To hear the lark begin her flight,
> And singing, startle the dull night—

conveys an ornithological fact. I have repeatedly heard the lark's réveille by half-past one A.M., while the heavens were still quite dark.

The pipits, which have fair claims to count as the cadet branch of the lark family, have a song highly characteristic of their relationship. Observe, for instance, that well-known bird the meadow-pipit, or titlark, as it is commonly called. Very larklike are its ringing modulated notes—feeble, of course, compared with those of the true Alaudæ; larklike, too, in rising from the ground to sing, though it only mounts eighteen or twenty yards, and in its descent with wings and tail outspread. One species, the rock-pipit, whose habitat is a craggy coast, springs up from the rocks with a shrill, strident song, not melodious, like that of his inland congeners, but in perfect keeping with the hoarse dash of the waves, and the wild-fowls' screams and cries.

A close connection of the pipit's, our pied, fly-loving friend the wagtail, has no song, but gives us a cheery chirrup. The call of the yellow wagtail—a beautiful bird, named by Buffon, 'Little spring shepherdess,' from its fondness for sheepfolds—is rather more remarkable. Perched on a stone, so as to display its fine yellow plumage to the best advantage, and fanning its tail after the fashion of the tribe, it utters a cry composed of two notes, the second of these being exactly a musical tone lower than the first.

On every furze-common the summer through you may find the whin-chat, a pretty bird, flitting from bush to bush with a cry like 'peep-tick-tick;' and its brighter cousin also, the stone-chat, whose note, uttered from the topmost stone of a heap, is not a bad imitation of striking light with flint and steel. Chat the third, the wood-chat, though in no way related to the others, has, in common with them, a trick of mocking songsters more accomplished than himself. The natural tones of this last-named bird, rarely heard in England, where he is but an occasional visitor, are said to resemble the note 'chu-lu-lu-lu,' which rings some sunny April morning from every coppice and plantation. This is the whitethroat, vocal at once on his arrival, unlike most of our equatorial visitors, a bird who always seems to sing in desperate earnest, erecting his crest, puffing out his throat, jerking his tail, and flinging himself up and down like a zealous stump-orator. No two naturalists agree in their report of his performance. Some, with Gilbert White, will pronounce it 'harsh and displeasant;' others, again, consider it 'hardly inferior to the song of the nightingale.' Where the song is so much admired, I fancy the garden warbler, who is remarkably like his relative in form and plumage, but far superior as a vocalist, has been mistaken for him; while those who despise it proportionably have perhaps not been fortunate in their specimens, for a wide difference exists between individuals both in the quality and arrangement of their song. Last summer, for days together, I heard a spirited singer, in concert with the liquid trills of a blackcap and the softer notes of a redstart, and a prettier trio could hardly have been desired. Our whitethroat piped away after he had fairly tired out his fellow-singers with praiseworthy resolution to have the last note.

All the robin's notes—his song, the jerking chirp with which he announces himself at our windows in winter, his plaintive sibilant call—these are only less familiar to us than human speech. No feathered creature so cheery in winter; not one makes more of summer sunshine than Rob: you may hear him till close upon ten in June evenings, and he will be up next morning between two and three with the lark. At this season, Rob is a first-rate barometer; and it may be worth your while—O my picnic-loving reader—to watch his ways on the eve of such a festival, when the weather looks dubious. Then, no matter though wicked-looking clouds be loitering about the sky, as if bent on spoiling to-morrow's pleasure, if only you see this dear bird choose the top bough of a tree, hang himself on it like a ripe red apple, and sing away with all his heart, you may set your mind at rest. He tells you to pack up the cold fowl and ham, in joyful security that those good things will not be ignobly discussed on the morrow *sub tegmine umbrelli*.

In company with Cock Robin, Jenny Wren naturally comes, seeing that, from time immemorial, nursery rhyme has made a happy couple of the two. Though ornithology, acting the stony-hearted father, forbids the bans, yet you may often watch the pair indulge in a musical flirtation—Rob perched on a house-top against the sky, flinging down his ripe peach notes and luscious trills, while 'brown Jenny,' in an adjacent elm, sets up her pipe, clear, silvery, and shrill, like the living morsel of a musical snuff-box which she is. Like the robin, always smart in winter, when other birds are draggled and dejected, Jenny is the same bustling, compact little body in January as in May, and the coldest sunshine brings out her cheery song with its curious chorus, 'sideriti, sideriti.' Among our summer migrants, Jenny Wren has three relatives, hardly distinguishable each from each in colour and size, but widely differing in their notes—the wood-wren, which has a tremulous, hurried song, accompanied by a shaking movement of the wings; the willow-wren, who patters through a few plaintive notes as it creeps in a listless, stealthy sort of fashion about the willows; while the chiff-chiff, we need not say, constantly iterates its own name. At times, this curious bird will half-double his note, 'chiffy-chiffy,' and he has been heard to call, 'chib, chab, chive, chov,' precisely as we vary the labial under the infliction of influenza cold. In Normandy, again, the peasants christen him the money-teller, because, they say, his note is 'chink-chink,' and there popular belief reports that the soul of the priest who counted Judas out the thirty pieces of silver is, in the shape of this bird, condemned to count money till the judgment-day. Last among this group we notice our winged fairy, the gold-crest, whose 'note,' says Gilbert White, 'is as minute as its person.' This much resembles the 'cheep, cheep, cheep' of the lesser field-mouse, as if nature had purposely distinguished by the same sound the tiniest creatures, both bird and quadruped, of our British Fauna.

Good imitations both of the shrew-mouse and that too familiar beast of the larder may be observed

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among the cries of our bird-mice, the Parus family. Besides that odd sound like setting a saw, which is the peculiar characteristic of the great tit, he owns quite a variety of sounds, none of them very musical. Like the marsh-tit, our friend Mr Blue-cap makes a great pretence of song in spring, but, listening with a critical ear, you find it nothing better than a saucy chatter. Nature has bestowed musical utterance on but one of this genus, the bearded tit, a black, moustached little gentleman, of exquisite delicacy both in shape and colouring. He lives, feeds, and nests among reeds, and, as we might expect, is well distributed among the Norfolk broads. Last summer, on Wroxham Broad, the writer had an opportunity of observing a party, seven in number, of these airy creatures fluttering over the reeds of an islet in full song. There were little runs, silvery tinkling notes, ringing and clear, yet all on the most Lilliputian scale. It gave one the fanciful notion of a peal of fairy wedding-bells. More plentiful in the same locality, though not a music-maker of so fine a quality, is the sedge-warbler, which, beginning with a characteristic chiddy-chiddy, chit-chit, bursts into the strongest medley of notes pilfered from some half-dozen species, and all given in a desperate hurry. They keep up their performance the night through, to a grotesque accompaniment like perpetual kissing; in reality, nothing more romantic than the sucking of the eels round the water's edge. Should the reader ever be tempted to visit our broads by moonlight, to enjoy this curious serenade, his ears may be astonished by a well-known note, not generally supposed to be nocturnal. Perched on a dwarf-alder or willow-pollard, sits the cuckoo, shouting as merrily at midnight as at mid-day. In other districts, also, I have heard him at intervals during the night, but always under the same conditions, bright moonlight and warm still weather. The note seems more frequently broken, co-ok—co-ok—co-ok—koo, than by day. When perfectly given, a regular harmonic interval occurs between the two notes of this bird's plain song, which are thirds. The cry, however, varies so much in individuals, that listening to half-a-dozen cuckoos at once, they give you the notion of singing a catch. The old rhyme—

> In April, the koocoo singeth her song by rote;
> In June, of tune she cannot sing a note—

is not ornithologically true. Although, towards the end of the bird's stay with us, you do often hear the note broken, yet it will come across the meadows sometimes as clear and musical after mid-summer as in April.

To the same subdivision, *Scansores*, as the cuckoo belongs another summer visitor, now rare indeed, although Sir Thomas Browne mentions the hoopoe in his time as 'often met with in this country.' His contemporary, Dr Plot, describes the 'hoopoe, or hooping-bird, whereof I saw one alive on Otmoor, a bird to admiration beautiful, curiously decked with feathers of divers colours, and with a large crest on its head, never appearing or being heard, as the vulgar will have it, but immediately before some approaching calamity.' The calamity happens to itself in these days, for no sooner does the bird fold wing on our shores than it gets shot. The 'hoop, hoop, hoop' of this stranger is, we need hardly say, a classic note, accounted for by the old Roman, who had poetical theories of his own on the origin of species. King Tereus, a gentleman of the ancient world, whose notions respecting marriage with a (deceased or otherwise) wife's sister were highly heterodox, gave his queen, Procne, such deep offence that she fled the palace by night. Running after his wife through a wood in the dark, 'the pursuer,' in a sense both literal and legal, suddenly found the gold crown on his head change to a crest of feathers. In short, Tereus there and then became a hoopoe, and has ever since followed Procne and Philomela through the countries of Europe, crying out: 'Epopoe, pou, pou, io?' (Where, where are you?) On the same authority, we may, if we please, believe that we hear the story just given rehearsed by the nightingale while listening to her

> Capricious passagings
> And murmurs musical and swift, jug-jug,
> And one low piping sound more sweet than all.

M. Raymond, a French naturalist, has made some very interesting observations on the nightingale's song, from which it appears that, with all its wonderful variety of notes, they are strictly limited within a single octave; he says that he remarked, indeed, some sharp tones which formed the double octave, and which were emitted like lightning; but this happens rarely, and only when the bird by an uncommon effort raised its voice to the octave. An old compatriot of M. Raymond, Belon (*Histoire des Oyseaux*, 1555), winds up an eloquent description of the song with the remark, that in no spot on earth were the birds more plentiful than in the forest of Ardennes. Are they singing there still, one would like to know, the descendants of those old nightingales? What winged creatures could have a better right to people the 'melancholy boughs' of forest glades which Shakspeare has made enchanted land. The singular little croak with which the parents of this species lead their young under the brakes, and its robin-like call-note, 'hweep, hweep,' may be so perfectly imitated by the human voice, that the birds will answer; nay, I have even heard the song mimicked capitally by a Suffolk village lad, with the help of a sort of pipe improvised from an elder-shoot; and, by the way, anent mock-nightingales of this description, I call to mind a somewhat amusing story. A certain Captain B——, quartered in some district where the nightingale was rare, invited a large party to hear one sing in his garden by moonlight. The guests assembled on the lawn, and were presently—the captain's brother-officers excepted, who had laid heavy bets that the bird would prove some inferior nocturnal singer—in ecstasies. That their host had won the wager, nobody could for a moment doubt; never was nightingale more musical and melancholy than this, and at the first break in the melody, the ladies especially were loud in its praise. Their applause unluckily proved too much for Philomel's discretion, who, thrusting a hirsute German face out of the lilacs, exclaimed: 'Ach, Himmel, but you haf not heard von leetle peeg! Herr Captain, *now* I do de leetle peeg!' And I leave what followed to the reader's imagination.

In Germany, the bird prized next to the nightingale is the chaffinch, though to English ears his few notes have nothing beyond a cheerful briskness to recommend them. Among individuals of the species, there are, however, varieties and degrees of merit well known to fanciers. First, the bird with the common hedgerow song, comically rendered by the Scotch peasant into 'wee, wee, wee drucken sowie;' another, and better, ending in 'kiss-me-de-' (this syllable very long) '-ar;' and a third ditty, less affectionate, but more highly prized, closing with 'chop-way-der.' The perfect song of the last bird is 'ching-ching-ching-hull-hull-hull-chop-way-der,' and the little fellow who can pipe this loud and clear, will be worth his couple of guineas. A more 'observable bird,' both for plumage and voice, is the finch, whose gay motley had won him his country name, Fool's Coat, in Chaucer's time. An exquisite elegance and airiness distinguish the goldfinch's note among the chorus of small singers, and cultivation wonderfully improves it. The best singer in captivity is a hybrid between the goldfinch and a hen-canary. A publican in the Borough possessed one of these, for which he more than once refused twenty sovereigns, the bird being worth twice the money to him, from the number of

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free-spending fanciers it attracted to his house. As for another cage-favourite, the bullfinch, the less said concerning his wild notes the better for his credit. Even in a natural state, however, this ready scholar will improve his song by imitating the ploughman who whistles down the furrow, unconscious that he is giving Mr Bullfinch a music-lesson. A pleasant sound over May meadows, it has been well likened to the sweep of the scythe, comes the 'reesle' of the green linnet, though the true singer of the tribe is the brown linnet, who, as spring approaches, enlivens her dusky feathers with a rose-coloured breast-knot. Our tiny red-pole also deserves some notice, who, besides an affectionate little song for its mate, has a musical call-note like 'Marie, Marie,' that you hear to perfection while you watch a party of these social pigmies perched together, and politely passing an alder-seed from bill to bill, till it goes the round, much like Washington Irving's never-to-be-forgotten lump of sugar. With the yellow-hammer (whom I consider to be simply the soul of a bore put into feathers), I had intended to weary neither myself nor the reader, but here he is pertinaciously singing close at hand, as if to insist that no list of hedge-songsters could possibly be complete without him. However bird could come by the doldrum chant he perpetually iterates, is a mystery, unless we suppose that he officiated as mute at Cock Robin's funeral, and has kept on repeating the dirge ever since. Monotonous as the notes are, popular fancy contrives to vary them. Throughout some counties, the bird sues *in formâ pauperis* for 'a little bit of bread and no cheese;' flying southward, and grown more luxurious, he calls for 'bread, bread, butter, curds and cre-am;' elsewhere, the rustics hear him address his mate 'Pretty, pretty, pretty cre-a-ture;' while over the border, the objurgatory little rascal shouts 'Deil, deil, deil tak ye-ee.'

Better birds than the yellow-bunting must be passed over, for this 'loquacious and canorous' paper already outruns its limits, but I must find space for a word or two on the hirundines. While their dark cousin, the swift, dashes past us with a wild tern-like stream, the pretty gutturals of our summer housemates have a peculiar home-charm. Especially is this noticeable on a July midnight, when opening a window close by a martin's nest, the sound wakes up the brood to a soft chatter, which gives you a pleasant sense of companionship in the solitude of night. Our swallow-people make one of the loveliest shows in nature as they weave their airy dance in the sunshine, their shadows dancing on the grass beneath. Watching this, you presently become aware that the sight has attractions, not on æsthetic grounds, for pussy, who steals along the hedge towards the party, apparently too intent on their revels to notice her. Another moment, they have all sighted the enemy, and, screaming the swallow war-cry 'peet, peet, kleeue-hu,' rush to the charge. Grimalkin finds herself centre to a circle of dark glancing forms, which dash past her bewildered eyes, swoop down on her back, brush ears, head, and tail with their wings, till, worried out of her feline senses, she gladly escapes at full trot, when up fly the conquerors, and all the neighbouring chimney-pots ring with songs of triumph.

THE MOATED GRANGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

Old Lady Betty Wagstaffe arrived one morning at the Grange, earlier and more fussy than usual. In fact, Mrs Austen, who had a vivid appreciation of her friend's absurdities, said she puffed as well as waddled like her fat elderly pug. 'Such news, my dear! There hasn't been such a sensation in the county since you took the Grange. How mad we thought you, to be sure! and yet it hasn't turned out so badly after all. Well, as I was saying—no, I forgot; I haven't told you yet. Your dog won't worry my darling Snap, will he? That's right.—You know, my dear, that old General Cowley died two months ago, and that no will was found; and that his heir-at-law, his nephew, was travelling somewhere in the East Indies. I think he was at Jerusalem or the Cape of Good Hope, I forget which; but, at all events, he could not have the news for several weeks; so the Priory was shut up, and we forgot all about it. Now, my woman went to Great-level yesterday, to buy herself a gown—I had just paid her half a year's wages—and, as luck would have it, while she was there, a travelling chariot drove up to the George; and she went in to have a gossip with the landlady; and—would you believe it?—the old general's heir, Alfred Hyde, is come home; and he has brought the family lawyer; and they say that the will is in an iron box under the planks, under the bed where the old man died, and that he told Alfred long ago where he would find it when he was gone: and Alfred and Mr Griffin—he has managed the estate for years—went on as soon as the horses were baited.'

'Do you know Mr Hyde, Lady Betty?'

'My love, I haven't seen him since he was ten years old, and he must be five or six and twenty by this time. A very handsome man indeed, Jones says, and very fair, though he's been many years in foreign parts; and his mother was very dark—a Spaniard, you know, and a papist, like your new friends. She died at his birth; and his father, an odd man like the general, had all sorts of fancies about the boy's education, and said he shouldn't turn out a clod-hopping country squire, if he could help it. But now we shall see what he's like. Soon after he came of age, his father died at Cadiz; and the general went over when he heard his brother was ill, and brought his remains and Alfred to London. I don't know why the young man never came to the Priory. His uncle loved to talk of him, and used to read his letters to people. He said they were better than Mr Pope's or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, which are so much cried up; to tell you the truth, I think them all tedious.—Yes, my dear; you're very good; I *will* take a glass of wine and a biscuit; and some sponge-cake and warm milk for Snap. Your dog is really very good-tempered. I'm glad I was the first to tell you. I suppose Mr Austen will call on Alfred Hyde?'

'Oh, of course. He will be our nearest neighbour; and his uncle was always civil. It will be pleasant, too, to have a younger man at the Priory.'

'Yes, my dear, as you say, it will; and I hope he'll marry. You're lucky that your girls are babies still; it's always best to have sons first. A woman looks all the younger, the longer she has no daughters to take out. And how heavy on hand they do hang sometimes, to be sure! There are the three Nevilles, and two Giffards, and' [with a little scream] 'seven Heckstetters! It is very provoking that the men, instead of taking to them—good wives they'd make too—hanker after girls like your dark beauty, who won't look at them. I shall never forget how thankful I was when I got my last daughter off. "Now," said I, "I'll enjoy myself;" and so I do. If I can have the horses to-morrow, I shall go and see young Hyde; but my coachman said something about physicking them; I shall see if it can't be put off.'

Lady Betty Wagstaffe's information, excepting the geography, was substantially correct. While she was imparting it, Alfred Hyde was going slowly over the ancient house, from which he had been absent since boyhood. It had taken strong hold on his young imagination; but his pleasure in possession was subdued by honest regret for the kind-hearted though eccentric old relative from whom he inherited it. He would like to have been welcomed there by him, to have soothed his last moments, paid the last honours to his remains; but, strangely as till then it had appeared to him, his uncle had always

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discouraged his visiting him, advising him to see as much of the world as he could while he was young, and had some one to take good care of his property for him; he would have time enough in the Priory when he succeeded to it. The reason had never seemed to Alfred the true one; but it was not for him to oppose a relative of whose affection there could be no doubt. It was evident not only in his extreme liberality, but in every line of the letters, almost womanly tender, which followed Alfred wherever he travelled. The last disclosed the mystery; it said: 'I have no new symptoms, my dear boy; but something powerful, though indescribable, tells me that I am not far from my end. It may come when I least look for it; and while my hand is firm and my mind unclouded, I will write what I wish you to read when I am laid with my ancestors. I shall direct Griffin to forward it then. There is not a great deal to say. You know, with one reserve, all that is, and for years has been in my heart towards you. That one so young and fresh has been able to love one so old, and perhaps odd, has been a consolation in my latter years. I will not die leaving a secret to part us. You must have wondered why I have always discouraged your living with me, or even visiting me; the simple fact is, that your father and I—it has often so happened to brothers—loved the same woman, and he won her. I could never get over it, never could feel the same affection for him afterwards. Even when he was dead, my unburied love made me feel bitterly towards him when I saw you; for, different in complexion as you are from your mother, there is an unfathomable something in your eyes which I never saw in any other's but hers; and every time I looked at you, my old love, anguish, and bitterness revived. It was not fit that an old man's mind should be so disturbed; and, thank God, I had courage to keep you at a distance from me, as I had to destroy every memorial of your mother, when it was no longer lawful for me to think of her. I am the happier for it now that I am, I hope, going where I shall love her without sin, and your father better than it is possible to love on earth. When your time comes, may your wooing be fortunate! It soothes me to know how affectionately you will receive this, will wander through the old home of your and my fathers, and pause at the grave of your fond uncle.'

General Cowley did his nephew but justice, and was truly honoured and lamented by him. He was slow to return his neighbours' visits, and led a life of comparative seclusion for a year. Lady Betty said she was afraid he was going to turn out as odd as his uncle, and that so young a man had no excuse; that, for her part, however, she had not expected that much good would come of all that travelling and reading. He seemed to have no real pleasure in any one but that bookish old abbé. She could see that Mrs Austen—arrant flirt that she was—a married woman, too, and thirty-eight, if she was a day—flattered herself that he admired her. He never thought of her. Lady Betty hoped that when his turn did come—if, indeed, a man so fond of books could fall in love at all—he would have more sense than to fancy that made-up thing. She would give him a hint the first opportunity, that his poor dear uncle—a shrewd man, *though* no great talker—had no opinion of Mrs Austen.

All at once, when no one in the least expected it, Mr Hyde invited all his neighbours to a ball. It made such a stir. Everybody accepted. Mrs Heckstetter was worried out of her wits by her seven daughters. There was a disagreement among them. Three wished that all seven should be dressed alike; the others, that they should be all different. When the dispute was at the worst, their brother Hubert, an unscrupulous young dragoon, on long leave, drove them frantic by recommending them to represent Shakspeare's Seven Ages, suggesting that 'the lean and slippered pantaloon' was specially adapted to Myra's figure, and finding equally apt reasons for fitting an Age to each sister. The tumult grew so 'fast and furious,' that Papa Heckstetter, maddened, moreover, by the gout, swore that not one of them should go at all, unless there were immediate peace and submission to mamma. In every visitable family in the country, confusion abounded more or less. There was no writing then to the milliner in London, who had your dimensions, and would send you by train on the shortest notice all you wanted. Nor was there in the adjacent towns any one who had 'the latest fashions always on hand,' and could be trusted on an emergency to turn one out tolerably fit to be seen. But somehow or other, everybody got dressed after a fashion, and there was the largest county gathering on record at the Priory on the day three weeks from the date of Alfred's invitations. The first arrival was Lady Betty Wagstaffe. She went early, she said, to offer to be of use to him in receiving his guests. Having no lady to do the honours for him, it would be awkward, and she was one of the dear general's oldest friends. Indeed, when they were very young—— But no matter—it was all for the best. She had no reason to complain of Mr Wagstaffe—they lived in perfect harmony—he never contradicted her. 'But, my dear,' to use her own words when, years later, she was talking to her grand-daughter, 'if I live to be a thousand, which isn't likely, I shall never forget my surprise when Mr Hyde presented me to a stately, handsome, middle-aged lady in black satin and diamonds, saying: "My aunt, Madame de Firmont." To be sure, it was quite natural that his mother should have had sisters, and that one of them should be living, and come to see him; but the thing had never occurred to me or any one else; so it seemed odd. But this was not the only surprise, for at Madame de Firmont's side was Mademoiselle de Tourzel, looking lovely in India muslin and pearls. From that time, my dear, I smelled a rat, for she had never gone out at all; she had even remained in her room when the Austens had parties, excusing herself because of her misfortunes. "So, so, Mr Hyde," I said to myself, "this is your regard for old abbés and books." I do believe we were all asked there that he might have the pleasure of seeing and shewing what a sweet creature that French girl was in full dress. I'm not superstitious, but really she looked like the Virgin Mary. She would not dance—she said she did not know the English dances—but she talked very prettily in her broken English to the men who thronged round her. They were all wild about her. It was really enough to make the other girls mad; but she was so modest, that I don't believe any one in the rooms had a bad feeling towards her, except Mrs Austen, and I saw her looking daggers in spite of herself. It spoiled her; and that good-for-nothing Hubert Heckstetter whispered to me that "the maiden's curse" was down in the mouth. I must tell you that he had observed how she, a married woman, tried always to carry off the beaux from the girls, and he had given her this nickname, and written some stinging verses about her with that title. Mr Hyde behaved with as much self-possession as if he had been the head of his family for years. I never saw a better-bred man. He was attentive to every one, and marked to no one. I only suspected that he had a particular feeling to Mademoiselle de Tourzel, because his aunt made so much of her. I overheard her saying once: "You know, my sweet child, I have loved you by reputation some time." Well, it all came to an end, like everything else, and I never enjoyed myself more, and Mrs Heckstetter said the same; and well she might, for she got off one of her daughters that evening, and not the youngest or prettiest either.'

Far on in the day succeeding the ball at the Priory, Mrs Austen awoke, after troubled sleep. She felt

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sure that fatigue and turbulence of mind had left such marks on her face as she should not choose even her maid to see. She got up, and drew back the window-curtains sufficiently to judge; and finding that she looked worse than even she had expected, she closed them carefully, returned to bed, and rang. She ordered breakfast there, said she should dine late in her dressing-room, and desired to be undisturbed. She wanted to be alone with her bad passions, in order to reflect how she might be revenged. Her inordinate vanity had received its first check. She had been the most admired woman in the neighbourhood ever since she came into it. Her good health and carefulness had preserved her beauty wonderfully; her mastery of all the arts of dress and pleasing had made her a rival with whom even girls in the first bloom of youth had had no chance. She was, she assured herself, as handsome as ever, in spite of her thirty-eight years. She had not found a gray hair; her figure was perfect; her skin soft and white; her teeth might be less dazzling than they had been, but they were all in their places, and whiter then than most people's. Yet she was, in Mr Hyde's estimation, and she had been at his festivity, no more than any other good-looking, agreeable married woman! She had never concealed from herself that it must come to that at last, but *not yet*. She intended to be more seductive at fifty than other women in their prime. And it was all over! in that neighbourhood at any rate. Her prestige was gone; and all through that odious girl, who had hitherto resisted all invitations, kept ridiculously in the background, and seemed perfectly indifferent to dress. Mademoiselle de Tourzel could go to Mr Hyde's ball; she, cold and impenetrable to Mrs Austen, could hang on his stately aunt as if she had been her mother—she, who did not dance, who made no effort whatever to attract, had been surrounded by men, had been, in fact, the cynosure of all eyes. 'The girl' had always been intolerable to her, first, because, in her regard, her husband had, for the only time, compelled her to resign her will to his; next, because she could detect nothing in her to condemn, because of her meek dignity, her command of temper.

Mrs Austen's hatred had culminated. Had her power been commensurate with her malignity, she would have set her heel on Pauline, and crushed her to powder. But what could she do? Madame de Firmont was a distant connection of the De Tourzels; she might offer Pauline a home; she was evidently charmed with her. In that case, she might not return to the Grange at all; she was, at any rate, to remain a month at the Priory. With the marvellous microscopic power of jealousy, Mrs Austen detected symptoms possibly indicative of growing love between Alfred and Pauline; but she could not be sufficiently confident of them to act in their direction by exciting him to doubt or suspicion. Moreover, the young girl's purity and simplicity were so evident, that she knew she might as well try to traduce a child in the cradle. *How could she ruin her without involving herself?* But for that fatal contingency, she would have coveted some of the Brinvilliers's deadly secrets.

Meanwhile, Pauline's young life had blossomed anew. Alfred Hyde had not yet told her so, but he worshipped the ground she trod upon. It was for her sake that he had induced his aunt to come from Florence to stay with him; for her sake, he had given the ball; for her sake, he had so suppressed himself—gauging exactly all the difficulties and dangers of her position in that bad woman's house—that even she, as we have seen, had but a bare suspicion of them. He had seen his idol triumphant, and that had gratified his pride; he had seen his aunt open her motherly heart to the motherless girl, who rushed into it as a sanctuary, and that had satisfied his affection. He had been the instrument of all the happiness his darling had known since never-to-be-forgotten horrors had robbed her of her family. And she was so joyously at ease, so simply childlike, happy, that, not caring to drain his cup too quickly, he put off from day to day asking the decisive question, about the answer to which he had no fears, but which would end one delicious era in their lives, while it inaugurated a new one. He asked it at last, as perhaps it was never asked before. His aunt was present; they sat in winter twilight by a huge old-fashioned fire of coal and oak-blocks. Pauline was between them on a low stool, her head resting on Madame de Firmont's lap. She said: 'How wonderful it is that I should be so happy! I had never hoped it. It makes me tremble to think of its all coming to an end, and what may come after.'

Madame de Firmont stooped to kiss her, looked at her nephew, and said: 'I am in hopes, my dear child, that it will not come to an end for many a long year. I think it will be your own fault if it does.'

'Mine! mamma,' returned Pauline with unfeigned surprise.

'Yes, Pauline,' said Alfred, 'yours. If you are so happy with us, stay for ever to be my wife; but if you cannot love me well enough, tell me gently, for all my happiness hangs on your words.'

Throwing her arms round her adopted mother's neck, hiding her face in hers, and weeping from excess of joy, she said: 'Tell him, I love him better than my life.'

Cannot we guess how Madame de Firmont kissed and blessed them both, and left them for a time? Why should we intrude where even she felt that she would be an intruder?

There was a great deal to arrange. Madame de Firmont did not deem it *comme il faut* that Pauline should remain a guest in her betrothed's house. She proposed going to any place that he selected, taking her with her till the marriage, which need not be long deferred; but Mr Austen would not hear of Pauline's being married from any house but his. He had been honoured, he said, by her making it her home, and he had regarded her as his dear younger sister, or even child. She and Madame de Firmont *must* come to the Grange. Mrs Austen was equally, though not affectionately, urgent. After various consultations, it was arranged that Madame de Firmont and Pauline should go to York, while all indispensable preparations were in progress, and spend at the Grange the week previous to the wedding. Pauline's spirits fell as the day approached for returning thither. 'I cannot tell you, mamma,' said she, 'what a feeling of dread I have over me. It *is* a very gloomy place; and I don't think that even with my pictures and holy-water, I could have endured my room if Delphine had not slept in it with me. The hangings are the darkest green; so dark, that they look black by candle-light. Then there are three doors. One on the south landing, where no one sleeps, except when there is company; but I suppose they will put you there, and your maid in your dressing-room; that's a comfort for me. Another door opens on a curious panelled corridor, part of the ancient building, through which you go to the servants' apartments. But the door that troubles me most is one that leads into a strange, dark little place at the foot of four stairs, up which you go into another bedroom, which is hardly ever used. Can you fancy how I terrify myself at night sometimes, fancying some one is hidden there who will do me a deadly mischief! I have often made Delphine help me to push the heaviest furniture against that door at night, and though she has smiled, and said: "My child, our Blessed Lady will protect us." I know she has slept all the better for doing it. There is some excuse for us; we have seen such terrible sights.'

Madame de Firmont kissed her adopted daughter, and told her she must not give way to such feelings, but commend herself to her guardian angel. She

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could have told, however, that a feeling of apprehension troubled her also. It ought to have been dispelled by their welcome at the Grange. Alfred awaited them there. Mr Austen was cordial hospitality itself; Mrs Austen was unimpeachably courteous, and looked beautiful; she complained, however, of debility; said that she was sure she had been too long at the Grange; she began to believe in the unlucky character of the place; the children were not as well as they ought to be; and, now she thought of it, Mademoiselle de Tourzel had never looked so well during her residence there as she did now.

About eight o'clock, the hostess asked to be allowed to go to bed: she had a terrible headache. Of course, every one was conventionally sorry, but no one believed she was ill. She looked positively brilliant. She went to her room, was undressed, and told her maid not to come to her in the morning till she rang. She and her husband had long occupied separate rooms, and she locked the woman out, and sat by her fire till the servants' supper-bell rang at nine. Then she took a small parcel from her dressing-case, opened her bed-room door, looked cautiously round, listened, left her room; passed through an unlighted corridor off the north landing, into an unoccupied bedroom, felt her way to a door there, and locked it, leaving the key in; passed down three other stairs into the panelled corridor Pauline had described, and thence into her bedroom; went into the little dark place, of which the poor girl had spoken so timidly, and locked herself in. She had on a silk dressing-gown, and carried a shawl, which she put as a cushion on one of the stairs, then sat on it, alone in the dark, with dark thoughts which would have made a weaker or less wicked woman tremble and retrace her steps; but Lydia Austen said to herself that she was no superstitious fool. So, when the wind in the great avenue blent its cry with the howling of the dogs in the stable-yard, her nerves were not affected, and she thought only of what seemed to her the near accomplishment of a cherished purpose, which would revenge her on a hated rival without inculpating herself. Time passed very slowly. It seemed hours till the great clock struck ten, and Pauline did not come immediately afterwards. Madame de Firmont was with her, and they talked some time in a low voice. Then Mrs Austen heard Pauline say: 'Let me shew you the panelled passage. It is dismal enough, is it not? The door, however, has a strong bolt. But here is my chamber of horrors. I am always too frightened at night to even open the door and peep in. I turn the key quickly, dreading lest some one should spring out on me. Ah! no key, and the door locked; that does not reassure me. Will you let your Sophie come and help Delphine and me?' What were they going to do? Should she escape at once by the other door, or wait to hear? By the by, where had she put the key? Not till that moment did she remember that she had left it in the lock outside. There was a great deal of noise before the guilty woman realised in what a trap she had placed herself. At length a concussion, which affected the whole door, told her that a large, lofty oak-press was pushed against it. No one man, much less one woman, could have moved it. But that was not all; she heard that other articles of furniture were ranged against that, and she stood there, utterly helpless! 'Fool! idiot that I was!' she hissed through closed teeth. 'I have heard that criminals generally make some fatal blunder, which defeats their plans, or tends to their conviction, and I have mocked their stupidity.' Soon there was silence in the bedroom, and she understood that Pauline had dismissed her maid. A few minutes later she was singing very softly the *Ave Maris Stella*. Mrs Austen knew what it was. She liked music, and the air had struck her once, and Pauline had shewn her an English translation of the words. 'Drivelling fool!' she muttered savagely. Perfect quiet succeeded within doors, but the wind blew harder and harder, and she thought once or twice that she heard the church-bell. That must be fancy. How cold she was! and how long the night would be. She must set her wits to work to devise some way of getting back to her room undetected. How fortunate that she had told Robertson not to go there till she rang. It was possible that when the furniture was replaced in the morning, she might get an opportunity of slipping through Pauline's room; but that abominable Delphine was hardly ever out of it. The wind was certainly dismal; and after all, she must admit that there was something in the howlings of the dogs which entered her marrow, and made her think of death. She wished she could sleep. Her vengeance must wait. Her first object was to get out of that detestable hole. How wearily the time dragged on with her, while the unconscious, affianced, happy girl, but a few yards from her, was no doubt sleeping peacefully, and dreaming probably of Alfred Hyde. She clenched her hands and her teeth, and said bitterly: 'But wait, wait!'

More noise; and not the wind, not thunder. Violent knocking at doors, and hurried footsteps through the house. She strains her attention agonisingly. The furniture has muffled the sounds in Pauline's room, but she hears that the door is opened abruptly, and catches the awful words: 'The house is on fire in the north wing. The flames are bursting out of Mrs Austen's bedroom windows. Wrap yourself up as quickly as possible, and go to Madame de Firmont's room.' She understands in a moment. Her maid had put linen before the fire to air, and she had left it there. Probably the violence of the storm had driven fire on it; or she could not say that she had not, preoccupied as her mind was, pushed the horse down accidentally, as she passed between it and a table to leave the room. Shall she shriek for help before Pauline's hurried preparations are made? How could she bear the shame of detection? It was impossible to invent any lie which would account plausibly for her being there. She could not, would not, humble herself to the girl she had intended to crush—to the man to whom that girl was dearer than life—the man on whom all her own blandishments had been wasted, though they had been prompted by a tenderness she had not felt for years. She hated them both; she would die to destroy them. And while she weighed such considerations, Pauline was gone.

What an intensely dreadful prospect that guilty woman had before her! Between her and the north wing were unoccupied bedrooms, near which no one would come, for all efforts would be directed to save as much valuable property as possible. Her husband, Pauline, Madame de Firmont, Alfred Hyde, and the abbé, would all escape easily by the south hall-door. The children and servants would be got out of the other wing without difficulty, for their apartments were at some distance from the fire. She would be left where she was to die the most horrible death conceivable. Her heart beat as if it would burst, and then seemed as if it had stopped. Cold perspiration streamed all over her. Her damp hair chilled her head and face. She threw her arms aloft in agony, then flung them on her knees, and laid her head on them. Should she do that to herself, to end her misery, which she had come there to lie in wait to do to an innocent girl? No; she would not. After all, she did not know what might follow death. She remembered some of the dreadful words that her maid had told her the dying cook had uttered, and that she had laughed at. Perhaps the dying did see more than the living could see. Besides, 'while there was life there was hope,' and it would be some hours before the fire got to her. If only the wind had not blown from the north!

There was no possibility of getting the flames

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under, though there were from eight to ten feet of water in the moat, for there was no fire-engine within twenty miles. She screamed as loud as she could. The shame of exposure had become nothing to the horror of death, and such a death! Pray! How could *she* pray! She had never prayed; it would do her no good. She shrieked, and shrieked again, and stamped, and beat her head against the walls. There was a blank interval; she could not tell how long; she supposed she had fainted, for she found herself lying in a heap on the confined floor. There was no sound but the merciless wind, and those untiring dogs. She could not bear it; her mind was going. Before the fire entered the next room, she was a maniac.

A man riding furiously through the park, to fetch a doctor for his dying wife, had seen the flames, and given a hasty alarm in the village. The church-bell had been rung, and the inhabitants of the Grange roused with as little delay as possible. It was, however, out of the question, even by that time, to approach Mrs Austen's bedroom. The fire was rushing out of it with great fury. As she had foreseen, however, every one escaped. The most valuable property was, moreover, saved; and the vigorous use of all available resources got the dangerous element under sooner than could have been expected. It did its last work in the room next the closet containing the wretched occasion and only victim of the conflagration, scorching the door, and killing her by suffocation.

The ruins smouldered and smoked even on the second day; but as there could be no danger then in going into the south wing, Mr Hyde, the abbé, and Mr Austen, rode from the Priory, where all the expelled household were sheltered, to look at the wreck. Their minds were silently occupied on the road by conjectures respecting Mrs Austen's fate. Her unhappy husband knew enough of her character to be oppressed by a suspicion that she, for some inscrutable purpose, had occasioned the fire. Still, where was she? Neither he nor his companions could even approach a conjecture. It seemed impossible that she should have been burned in her sleep; such a fire would have aroused any ordinary sleeper from natural rest. The servants and poor people, to whom she had been ever hard and unsympathising, had settled the matter unhesitatingly: they said broadly, that 'Old Nick had come for his own, and left a blaze behind him.'

The half-burned pile of building looked like a living body fastened to a dead one. As the south wing had been left furnished, the door into it had been locked, and when it was opened, Mr Austen felt somewhat of the mysterious horror that had oppressed him on his first entering the old place, years previously. Alfred Hyde, lover-like, was all impatience to know the fate of Pauline's room, and sprang lightly up the stairs to go into it. Under other circumstances, he would have felt that doing so would be an offence to her delicacy; but she was never to sleep there again, and he longed to look into the chamber to which her dear presence had been so familiar. It told, as a lady's bedroom seldom fails to tell, how its mistress's mind was really bent and regulated. It was eloquent of neatness, elegance, mental cultivation, and piety. Books, a guitar, drawings of beloved foreign scenes, done from memory; china, and various little prettinesses that innocent young girls love in the way of dressing-table decoration; clothes, fresh and tasteful; a statue of the Virgin Mother and Divine Child, with 'Mater admirabilis ora pro nobis,' in Pauline's writing on the base; a picture of 'la vierge adolescente' fastened to the bed, so that she lay down to sleep at its foot; a crucifix, where her eyes would fall on it as soon as she opened them; a holy-water font within reach from the bed.

These accessories spoke deliciously to Alfred Hyde, who had been, at his dying mother's request, reared in her faith. The Abbé Oufroi smiled benevolently at the external signs, and the lover's delight in them. Poor Mr Austen the while brooded sadly over thoughts of his long-dethroned idol, and dark surmises about her fate. 'See, Father Louis,' said Alfred, 'there is the furniture pushed, as the dear child told us it was, against the door that shut in something terrible to her imagination. I *must* look in.' He was proceeding to remove the furniture, when Mr Austen, to whom, however, torn as he was by very different feelings, the intention seemed ridiculous, told him that he could enter from a different room, and led the way to it. Dismal enough that room was, with blackened walls and ceiling, charred furniture, and the tinder of burned draperies. Alfred tried the door, and found it, as we know, locked, with the key in it. The fire had injured the lock, so that there was some difficulty in turning the key. He looked in, paused, and staggered back, pale and speechless, with horrible amazement. The abbé obeyed his signs, and went quickly to see the cause of his extraordinary perturbation. His sight was less keen, and he did not for a moment distinguish the dreadful face that, rigid and distorted, glared from a heap of clothes on the floor. When he did, a just suspicion took instant possession of him, and he exclaimed rapidly: 'Lacum aperint, et effodit eum; et incidit in foveam quam fecit. Convertetur dolor ejus in caput ejus; et in verticem ipsius iniquitas ejus descendet. Confitebor Domini secundum justitiam ejus, et psallam nomini Domini altissimi.'

Mr Austen had walked on to another room, and they had a few moments to consider what to do. 'He must be told,' said the abbé. 'Terrible as the fact is—shocking, monstrous as are the suspicions it involves—it is impossible, and it would be unjustifiable to conceal it from him.'

'God help him, and pity him, poor fellow!' said Alfred fervently; 'but one word before you speak to him. Don't let that fiendish thing be taken into my innocent Pauline's room.'

The abbé nodded assent. He fetched Roger, and broke the intelligence gently to him, and advised him not to see what they had found. An irresistible fascination drew him on in contradiction to the advice, and he fainted, and remained a long time unconscious. Time had shewn him a great deal of his wife's real character, but he only remembered then that she had been the *beau-idéal*, the pride of his youth; that she was the mother of his children; and that he had parted from her but recently in the flush of health and beauty. Yet there she was, suffocated in a paroxysm of maniacal fury—every limb, every feature deformed by agony. He had not supposed that anything so loathsome could be seen out of hell.

They took him away, and when he regained his senses, they soothed him as well as they could; and then, in order to betray as little as possible to the public, they, shuddering, and with averted faces, lifted the remains from their hiding-place, laid them on a sofa, and carried them to the remotest room. When they moved her, they found the key of the door leading into Pauline's room; and a small silver box, with a tightly-fitting lid, fell from her clothes. It contained a white powder, the character of which neither of the finders knew, and which they judged it best not to investigate. They tried not to think of it; but the belief that it was poison, and that in some way or other it would have been given to Pauline in the night, took firm, though unwelcome hold of their belief. As soon as they returned to the Priory, the abbé burned the powder, and he returned the box subsequently to Roger, remarking only that it had been found on his wife's person.

There was an inquest; but the coroner was obtuse, and the jury did not ask pertinent questions, so no facts were elicited which could establish the true case.

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The verdict was, that 'the deceased lady perished in the fire at the Moated Grange, but the immediate causes of her death there was no evidence to shew.'

Mr Austen felt that it was impossible to ask, and Alfred Hyde that it was impossible to offer to have the hideous remains received at the Priory. The women who did the last offices for them could not be induced, even by offers of extravagant remuneration, to stay in the Grange with them at night, and they were buried as quickly and privately as possible. The evil character of the Moated Grange reasserted itself, and the mystery involved in the fire, and in Mrs Austen's being found unburned, and so dreadfully disfigured, expanded into the wildest rumours. Roger discharged all his servants, and removed without delay to as great a distance as possible. The abbé was asked, and agreed willingly, to make the Priory his future home, and he united with Madame de Firmont and Alfred in urging Pauline to become Mrs Hyde immediately. She had been so nearly lost to them, that they felt as if it would be impossible for her to be safe as Mademoiselle de Tourzel. She suggested that an interval of mourning was demanded by respect for Mr Austen, to whom she was under the greatest obligations; but she was overruled.

A few years later, when the twenty-one years' lease expired, the landlord of the Moated Grange was glad to accept a moderate offer for the ruins and their site. The Hydes purchased them, and built a small church, in commemoration of Pauline's deliverance, on the spot where her bedroom had stood. They had naturally a strong feeling against using the old materials, and they sold them; but the ancient portion of the edifice, which had seen and survived so many changes, was converted into a residence where old followers of the De Tourzels, escaping from perils on their own soil, found glad welcome and peaceful shelter for their declining years.

UKASE EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR—Some time ago, you did us the honour to insert an article in your magazine concerning us Boys [*C. J.*, No. 479]. It was not a complimentary paper, but it shewed that ourselves, our manners and customs, had occupied a considerable share of the writer's attention. I wrote a reply to it (if you remember), which was not inserted in your columns; that literary effort was considered, by all the fellows to whom I read it, at least equal to the original essay which provoked it; but, however, from you there is no appeal. I now apply to you about quite another matter, in which I do not despair of getting your sympathy. At a private school which 'prepared' for the public seminary to which I at present belong, there was a ruffian who used to beat me, to steal my sugar, to make me lend him money, and compel me to write out for him his impositions; but when another young gentleman broke open my desk, and read my mother's letters, he advocated my cause, and thrashed him. Similarly, although in the article 'Against Boys' you almost exhausted invective with respect to that species, a humble individual of which is now addressing you, yet it is possible that a wrong may be committed even against *us*, of a magnitude sufficient to excite your commiseration. Even Nana Sahib would have his sympathisers, if the English government proposed to baste him over a slow fire. You will at once perceive that I allude to the paragraph in the *Times* of August 6, headed 'Pocket Reform:' 'The headmaster of Harrow School has issued an order that the side-trousers' pockets of the scholars shall in future be dispensed with, his reason for the prohibition being, that the boys continually had their hands in these pockets, and thereby contracted a lounging and stooping habit.'

I happen to have been of late professionally engaged upon a theme which had for its subject Peter the Great. This savage despot, it seems, did what he liked with people, until he began to meddle with their personal appearance. He cut off their heads, and they submitted; he cut off their beards, and there ensued a revolt. Our head-master, it is true, might cut off all *our* beards, and welcome, so that the parallel fails a little in detail; but if history is capable of affording him a warning, let him pause. De Witt (who occurs in another theme of mine) was torn to pieces by a mob, *many of whom*—the historian does not seem to reflect that it may have been for that very reason—*had served under him*. One feels a great temptation, at all times, to do one's master a mischief; and really, when one is forbidden to keep one's fingers quiet in one's pockets, he who sews must expect to reap—— But there, we do not wish to threaten. Rather let me take the moral tone, and ask whether we are not told, upon good authority, that Somebody always finds 'some mischief still for idle hands to do;' that is, for hands that are not reposing where nature has intended them to lie, in one's trousers pockets. I don't know what the *Times* paragraph means by 'side' pockets; I have never heard of pockets being placed anywhere else, except in the case of the opossum. I have got an uncle who wears 'a fob,' but he is much too stout to get anything in there but his watch. He puts his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and that's where we now intend to put ours, until another ukase appears here forbidding any waistcoats to have armholes. Mr Editor, it is possible you only perceive the ludicrousness of this edict, and not the misery which it entails upon persons at our time of life. Your profession is to write original articles, or to transcribe them (forgive me if I have been misinformed) from other authors, in such a manner that they may appear to be original. In a word, you have something to do with your hands. Even if they are not employed, it is probable you wear gloves. I need not say that this is not our case.

If there is one thing that puzzles a boy more than another, it is where to put his hands. You have doubtless seen us upon ceremonial occasions, such as an introduction to a young friend in his domestic circle (for at school it is very different), and your observing eye will have remarked our painful embarrassment. This principally arises from the knowledge that our hands are straying aimlessly about, and very likely imperilling the drawing-room knickknacks. 'Now, my dear boy, don't touch the chimney-ornaments; don't fiddle with those delicate chessmen; do keep your fingers off those engravings.' These are the remarks that my mother is continually addressing to me at home, and I candidly confess, not without reason; I do break a good many articles of *vertu*. A drawing-room is not a proper place for a boy at all, but least of all when he may not put his hands in his pockets. In circumstances such as I have referred to, Society seems to demand to look at our hands. Goodness knows why: *I* don't. If she hopes to find them clean, she will be generally rather disappointed; if a blister (or two) offends her, I am sorry for her; if they have not been recently and profusely in connection with toffy, Society will be fortunate; in winter she has a fine choice of chilblains. However, as I say, when we are introduced to a fellow, she expects to see our hands: when 'a friend of our fathers' (generally a dreadful sort of person) comes down here to pat us on the head, and hope we are a credit to our family, he also expects to see them; and there are other ghastly ceremonial occasions when they must be visible. Generally speaking, however, allowance is made for us; at dinner, for instance, my father says: 'There, there—put them in your pockets, boy; anything is better than making bread pills upon the table-cloth.' We *must* be doing something with them, as he well understands, though our head-master doesn't. In school,

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indeed, pockets are absolutely necessary. I do not refer to the comfort and consolation they afford to a fellow immediately after he has been caned upon the hands—which is unspeakable; that is beside the question, because the form of corporal punishment at Harrow is different; the possession of pockets would afford no relief after *that*. But with respect to Education, Mr Editor—in which I am assured you are much interested—this matter is of the most vital concern. Everybody knows that the answers of a boy in class mainly depend upon whether he has got lots of things in his pockets—a clasp-knife, marbles, a ball of string, a stick of liquorice, a live frog, &c., &c.; something, in short, 'to fiddle with.' Deprived of these indirect channels of information, his mind —excuse me if I do not express myself in psychological terms—driven in upon itself, collapses. This is, of course, the origin of the term 'at one's finger-ends;' information before it reaches one's mouth accumulates there, and is there produced by aid of the foreign substances above enumerated. I am persuaded of this by my own experience. The day after this edict was issued, I acquitted myself in Greek play, notwithstanding my sewn-up pockets, in my usual indifferent manner: being called up to construe, I say, I did not disgrace myself, although I failed to elicit any particular expression of approbation from Mr Digammer; and on the day after that, I was equally successful. But consider at what a sacrifice! On the first occasion, I twisted every button off my jacket; on the second—well, I am now obliged to wear a belt instead of braces, because there are no buttons to which to fasten them. On the third day I skewed it entirely;* on the fourth, I was deprived of my liberty (every Englishman's birth-right) for the whole afternoon; if the fifth had not been a Sunday it would have been worse for me; on the sixth, I was ill—— In short, I was regularly floored by having my pockets sewn up.

I remember, when I was a child at a dame's school, that conventional old woman insisted upon my standing up in class with my hands folded demurely before me, one in the other, like a prayer-book in the pocket-handkerchief of a servant-girl; then she inquired of me the respective dates of the Reformation, the Revolution, and the Restoration. To her folly I principally ascribe the fact that at this day I am unable accurately to distinguish those three remarkable events from one another; it is true, however, I have learned nothing of such matters since, having been brought up solely at classical seminaries. The cause of my late misfortune was an inability to name the date of the establishment of the Olympic Games. The question occurred incidentally, and was put as if it was scarcely worth while to ask such a simple thing. If I had had my three-bladed knife in my trousers' pocket, as usual, I should have come out with my 776 B.C. as true as Babbage's Calculator; but there were my poor fingers trying in vain to get in at the seams, while my wits went a wool-gathering. 'Olympic games! Fight for the championship. I wonder whether my brother will remember to post his *Bell's Life* to me, when he has done with it this week, by the by. Rifle contest at Wimbledon. Those confounded Eton fellows beat us.'

'*Now, sir, the date?*' says Digammer sharply.

'The date. The palm. The *Arabian Nights*, and the party that put the other party's eye out with a date-stone; awfully hard, and nothing inside of them. That is the case with dates of all sorts. What is the good of dates? What can possibly be the harm of not knowing dates?'

'*Sit down, sir, and write out the first two hundred lines of the present play, for inattention*,' says Mr Digammer.

Inattention! How could a fellow be attentive with his pockets sewn up! With respect to those Eton boys above mentioned, what degradation have we not suffered at their hands through this obnoxious ordinance! We Harrovians have an honest aversion to Eton, which is shared, indeed, by the other great public schools. It holds itself aloof from us and them in rather an offensive manner. It won't accept the monitorial system; it pays no attention to the new-fangled systems of education; it laughs at Tom Brownism; it makes no attempt whatever to secure 'the Tone,' which (as you are probably aware) is what *we* are prepared to pay any price for; it has five lords to our one. Above all things, then, it was necessary that we should not be rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the Etonians. When we went up to town to play them at cricket the other day, it was with the most unpleasant forebodings; not, indeed, respecting the match itself—we were confident enough about that, and should most undoubtedly have won it, but for circumstances which need not be here explained—but lest they should find out about this ukase. Sir, they *did* find it out. The 'chaff' of those young persons rings at this moment in my tingling ears. Not a boy of them but had both his hands well in his pockets, and nodded at us in a triumphant and ecstatic manner. 'How very annoying it must be,' remarked they, with pretended sympathy—'how perfectly Harrowing!'

This subject is too painful to me to be dwelt upon any longer. In your hands, Mr Editor, I leave our unhappy case. Your *Journal* has often evinced its sympathy for Oppressed Nationalities; here is an unparalleled example of tyranny nearer home. Even the Russians never sewed up the pockets of the Poles, as their pecuniary exactions amply testify. It is an edict which runs counter to human nature, or, at all events, to the instincts of civilisation. The proof of the barbarism of a nation may be said to depend upon the answer to this question: 'Do they put their hands in their pockets?' You will find that the reply will be in the negative only in the case of the most savage tribes, the Earthmen, the Caribs, and the New Zealanders.

I am now at home for the vacation, on the very first day of which you may be sure that a pair of scissors emancipated my pocket-holes; I implore you to use your influence in the cause of social freedom before our school reassembles. FRANK FINGERFREE.

Liberty Hall, Pocketborough.

* *Sic* in MS.—ED.

GREEK ROBBERS.

I HAD started from Athens on a ten days' ride; I was to begin with the pine-treed mountains that wall in the dusty olive plains of Attica, and to end —O delicious uncertainty of travel!—I knew not where. My horse Potiphar had just stumbled over a tortoise that was lasily plodding from one arbutus-bush to another, when a thought struck me like a rifle-bullet full on the heart—I should be robbed! An instinct crept over me that I should; the certainty of it came up and hit me in the face, so that I nearly dropped my white umbrella. I remembered all at once innumerable stories of the Klephts, and how, since the war of independence against the Turks, wherein those guerrillas distinguished themselves, it had been deemed an honour to be a robber. Had not General Epaminondas, who took soup three times, told me at the *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de l'Europe in Æolus Street, about the mail from Corinth being stopped lately, and robbed by Klephts, it was supposed, merely to throw discredit on the ministry, whom the opposition instantly attacked for their disgraceful indifference to the public safety! Did I not know that guards of soldiers were now placed along the isthmus to defend the diligence that took people who were going up the gulf in the steamer! Did not the Rev. Mr Maccaah, the Scotch missionary, also, after shewing me the Acropolis by moonlight, take

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me to tea to a Greek merchant's—Trepani, from Crete—whose sister-in-law, in the Morea, had been carried into the mountains by the robbers!

We were on the sacred way that led to Eleusis, and I should have been full of thoughts about the Elgin frieze, and about Thermopylæ, whither I was going, but this thought of robbers led me to at once spur a horse, not remarkable for energy, and ride on to overtake my invaluable guide, my faithful Demetri Pomoni, who, with my baggage-horse and *soorijee*, or groom, were far in front, with their backs to the Acropolis, that now seemed a mere molehill behind us, with Hymettus and Parnes, purple dark, far behind it to the right.

To shew what I trembled for, what treasures the robbers might have taken, I will describe briefly our order and mode of march. My sumpter-horse, dragged by a crabbed and rickety old man, who led it twelve hours a day, was a rawboned jade, covered with sores, that seemed to invite the eagles that now and then hovered over us; it was knock-kneed, and not very clear about the eyes, but it bore stolidly and slowly a mountain of luxuries—my trunk and portmanteau, stamped with vermilion letters; my fold-up iron camp-bed, ready for shepherd's hut or open air; a huge bolster of black leather, which contained my bedding, and in its inner folds my plates and cups, which Demetri contrived to roll up with admirable skill; over this were plaids and wrappers, not to forget Demetri's own rough capote of goat's hair. All this, a vast entanglement of cords secured on a stiff wooden pack-saddle, over the packing of which Demetri and his man quarrelled unceasingly.

As for the soorijee, in his dirty tunic, greasy red fez, bound round with a ragged handkerchief, torn greaves, and bandaged shoes, he looked as if he must be left in some vulture-haunted mountain long before we reached the fastnesses of Delphi, so decrepit and limping was he. As for Demetri, with his rough, good-natured, shrewd face, he was no gay retainer; he had neither white kilt, sabre, nor pistols, though he looked as tough as pin-wire, and as hardy as a moss-trooper. He bestrode his horse like a Mamaluke, balanced by immense saddle-bags, which contained loaves, tins of coffee and sugar, and bottles of St Irene wine and brandy; the last we should be unable to obtain for a long time. With his large trunk-hose of coarse blue cloth, and his brown greaves and semi-Turkish shoes, he might, but for his leanness, have passed well for a Sancho Panza, of whom, in wit and philosophy, he was no unworthy successor.

It did not calm my apprehensions, when I rode up, to find Demetri singing a Greek song about some captive robber-chief, who cries: 'Woe is me that I am not on Parnassus, where the boys in the white kilts fire from behind the pine-trees! Pity, pity! Ai—ai! for here come the mounted travellers, and the horses laden with baggage. Fire, my children in the white kilts, quietly from behind the pine-trees.'

I began at once upon the subject, Demetri welcoming me with the military salute, as he always did, if I rode up to him three hundred times a day. There was a curious mixture of the old soldier and the faithful groom in him, for he had carried a musket once in Athenian troubles, and he had been a courier twenty years.

Demetri laughed at the idea of robbers in Greece now—it was an English delusion; there had been none for ten years—not since the improvement of the gendarmerie. I might pretty well judge, when I heard that he had never been stopped by robbers, neither he nor any of 'his gentlemen,' in all his twenty years' travel. They once certainly had caught a baggage-horse of his, but released it again, he knew not why.

All this said Demetri, interrupting himself several times to point me out the direction of Marathon or of Salamis, or to tell me how far we had got from the Colonos of Œdipus, or to stop a country girl and shew me her skull-cap helmet of silver coins, or to aid a priest, who, not as in the parable, was helping some peasants whose cart, laden with rinsed-out wine-casks, ready for the approaching vintage, had broken down in a rut. We were on our way to a convent whose drones of monks supported themselves by the produce of their bees, and we were plodding on in a fierce sun at the unambitious rate of four miles an hour. The mud-coloured lizards were flickering across the road, and hiding themselves in the earthquake chaps and cracks the heat had made in the soil of the bridle-track. Road there was none, for the carriage-roads cease about five miles out of Athens.

I very soon began to see that Demetri's sympathies went entirely with the Klephts, though he kept up moral appearances by now and then spitting and calling them 'bad pippal, bad pippal!' The fact is, the war of the independence has so associated the Klephts with the guerrilla chiefs, and with hatred of tyranny, with chivalrous exploits, and with generous devotedness, that it is impossible to blacken them in the eyes of a Greek. A Hellene cannot see anything base or vile in openly attacking a traveller, and after a fair contest, compelling him to surrender his purse and portmanteau. They will confess they do not give you money's worth for what they take from you, but they venture their lives for it, and is not a Greek's life worth more than an old leather trunk or a few beggarly drachmas and napoleons. They are poor, brave men, so they take toll from travellers passing through their country. They are at war with every one, and the plunder is merely accident, quite episodical. Such I knew were Demetri's real arguments, but he kept them in their secret sheaths, for less prejudiced minds. Experimentally, I asked Demetri, were we attacked, if he would defend me, for his gun was slung threateningly at his back.

'Not so foolish,' said Demetri. 'Klephts never attack you but from behind rocks and trees, where they see you, and you cannot see them. They send out a man to tell you to lay down your arms—if you resist, twenty guns fire at you. Saint Irene! they always make sure of the game, and that is why they always take up the trumps. Fire at the messenger, and you are a dead man before the smoke is blown away from the muzzle of your gun.' He went on to tell me that an American traveller, to whom he had once been guide, asked him if he should surrender his money if they were attacked. 'Every drachma,' said Demetri the undaunted. 'Then,' said Jonathan, 'the first barrel of my revolver that I fire will be at you.'

We were now in a narrow bridle-path, between pine-trees, whose trunks the turpentine-gatherers had cut and notched into cups, which were full of the yellow viscid liquid; and in this inspiring place Demetri broke out into Robin Hood stories of generous robber-chiefs—of how they stole fat oxen from rich Turks, to reward poor Greeks; of their heroic defences against incredible numbers of government troops; of their stratagems and their escapes. He talked so eloquently that we lost our way, and got two miles too far to the right of the mountain.

Demetri having now shewn me that I should have no defender in him, became anxious to prove that I should need none; he assured me that robbers had passed away ever since a band of twenty-four of them had been shot down like wolves in one of the valleys of Parnassus. I had to bring him to reason, and to shew him I was not to be made a fool of.

'Why, Demetri,' I said, stopping to pick a tuft of arbutus, thick hung with crimson sorbs, 'did not I hear at every table in Athens the famous story of the great picnic-party to Pentelicus being stopped on their way home, just by the bridge over the Ilissus, by briganda, and how the head of the Athenian police, afraid of retribution, called himself a tailor,

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and, as such, was ignominiously stowed away with the rest under the dry arch of the bridge, where the frightened sons of Helen were kept by the thieves as prisoners.'

'An exceptional case, sir,' replied Demetri; 'a mere experiment of the brave Klephts. They have long deserted Helicon; the snow-peaks of Parnassus know them no more.' (There was regret in Demetri's voice, and I trembled for my red-diamonded portmanteau.)

I thought it would be bad taste to mortify Demetri's national pride by reminding him that when the brigands stopped that laughing train, two English midshipmen, breaking through, and felling each his man with his fist, galloped full speed into Athens for aid, followed by a shower of bullets, but escaping, as reckless people generally contrive to do, unscratched.

It was long after, and on a different tour, that I and Demetri found ourselves on our way to the great battle-plain of Marathon, in company with two Scotch missionaries, home from Bombay to recruit their health. We had lunched at the fountain by the English ambassador's country-house with great good-will; our wine bathed in the water, while we tore our cold roast fowls to pieces, and wrangled with the countless wasps for our figs and peaches. No thought of robbers entered our minds as we rode in cavalcade by the first slopes of the marble mountain, and passed through the quarries of the dead Greeks. Now and then, a tortoise dragged across our path, now hurried lizards flashed from right to left. The cyclamen, leafless but in flower, sprang up amid the stones; dry bushes of aromatic herbs were thick around us; the arbutuses spread their glossy leaves, in thickets where wolves shunned the daylight, and the stems bore crimson berries large as strawberries, but more beautiful. We had left our carriage at the fountain, and had now mounted our horses, which, if not lame, were vicious, and if not vicious, were lame. We shouted scraps of Aristophanes (the Bird-song), or tried Demetri's modern pronunciation with verses of Homer. We were riding between cliffs of marble, flat and smooth, painted orange by the oxidising of their candied surface. From these mountains, all the Venuses and Apollos, and piping Fauns and Herculeses, were sawn out centuries ago—all the beauty turned into stone, that now, in the Vatican or other galleries, preach to a listening world. Their fellow-stone was there helpless and dumb, for no Prometheus had stolen flame to make its veins throb and its cold heart warm into life. There it lay, waiting for the poet-artist, as it had waited long. A mantis, exactly resembling a split kidney-bean, here alighting on my bridle-hand, excited some conversation.

Half an hour later than this, we were all dismounted, and resting in a cool cavern half-way up Pentelicus, a huge cleft in the rock, widening out into a large chamber, with gouty boughs of the fir-tree, and playful curling tendrils of the vine, of a transparent golden green, trailing down from the upper cliffs of oranged marble across the entrance. The change from the broad hot sunshine to the dim wine-cellar coolness of the cavern, filled my mind with pleasant thoughts of rustic Pan, crowned with fir-cones, and dragging the struggling goats to the milk-pails, in times long ago, when trees had souls, and every brook had its guardian nymph; in times when Theseus, the demi-god, was cleansing Attica of pests, like a divine police magistrate, and was impaling the club-men and robbers of the mountains on the sharpened boughs of the pines.

This cavern has been, since the days of Phidias, the sheltering-place of the marble-workers, and the stone roof is blackened with centuries of their fires. Here generations of robbers have emptied their wine-skins, and quaffed the resinous wine, while narrating stories of crimes, perpetrated away on Helicon or Cithæron, or down in the city below, in the olive groves, where we see the pile of the Acropolis crowning Athens. Here stolen kids have been offered to Mercury, god of thieves, and libations of wine been poured out to the same wily deity. Amid the smoky soot of the cavern walls, you may even now discern fragments of paintings of tawdry saints—St George or St Demetrius—where the quarrymen's chapel once was. Even now a priest sometimes ministers in this wild haunt, and a sort of poor-box is placed here for the alms of the religious. It says well, indeed, for the piety or superstition of the Greeks, that often in retired roads you find one of these alms-boxes placed on a solitary mound of turf, with a simple confidence that is not, I was told, misplaced, for even a Klepht would not dare touch money so set apart for holy uses.

It was in this den of satyrs, where wolves only now howl their devil's mass, that a few years ago some robbers nightly rendezvoused to discuss forays on the low countries, on the Theban plain, or on all the valleys that horsemen traverse round the spurs of Parnassus. Incessant pursuit thinned these Klephts, but enough still remained to torture the country, to thin the flocks, to burn the houses, in revenge, of those who informed against them, and to extort secrets from mountain farmers with boiling oil. At last the police persuaded one of the band, who was in prison in Athens, on promise of release, to undertake the capture of the Klepht chief. The spy, accompanied by gens d'armes dressed as robbers, went up Pentelicus, where he expected to find his old companion. He left his soldiers behind, hid among the arbutus-trees, and entered this cavern, where he found Gorgi, the chief, who at first suspected him; but the spy, disarming his suspicions, told him he had escaped from prison, having refused all offers to turn informer. As Gorgi still hesitated to believe him, the spy drew a pistol with his left hand, and fired it into Gorgi's breast, who fell wounded, and was bound by the soldiers, who rushed in on hearing the signal. Gorgi was tried, and found guilty; and struggling with the executioner on the scaffold, was at last stabbed behind, after a long fight, such as often takes place at Greek executions. All this, with the appropriate result of the ill-fortune of the spy and his final bad end, was as certainly the end of Gorgi's story, as the happy marriage is of the fashionable novel.

All this, and much more, Demetri narrated to us as we clambered up higher, through copses of coffee-berried junipers, up paths of shingly, glittering marble chips, where the untiring lizard flashed, and the beetle, rolling laboriously his globe of earth, suffered from our visit to his haunts. It was high up there, while looking at Marathon, that Demetri, roused by a draught from my flask of St Irene wine—unpoisoned by resin—burst forth into rapturous praise of the wonderful marksmanship of the Klephts, who, when not robbing, amuse themselves on the mountains by firing at marks, at fez tassels, calabashes, and fir-cones. Demetri imitated the firing with such gusto, that I really began to think that the faithful little Zante-man had once been a Klepht, for he talked of them as demigods in courage and generosity; and all that day, going home, did Demetri beg me to assure English travellers that there was no longer any fear of travelling in Greece, that for ten years the roads had been as safe as those of England, and that everywhere the Greeks were hospitable, kind, and courteous to strangers. I am afraid Demetri's date of the cessation of robbery in Greece was rather doubtful, for he was a guide, and did not want to frighten off travellers.

It was an interval of some days before I thought again of the Klephts, as I and my red-starred portmanteau jolted over marble mountains, and through forests of myrtle-trees, over battle-plains, past ruined temples, and legendary scenes of old mythology. Once, when I met a shepherd with a hare slung over his shoulder, and with a long-barrelled gun in his hand, I looked at Demetri, as much as to say, 'Is the

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time to fight come?' but all Demetri did was to stop and buy the hare for our dinner. On another occasion, near Thebes, we stopped to pick some grapes, when there was a rush of fierce dogs on us, and a leap of some shouting men from a mountain-side, but all Demetri did was to take out three copper drachmæ, and lay them on a stone near a fountain where some women were washing purple wine-casks; these men were not robbers, but only rough-handed vineyarders, who did not like to see vagabond travellers picking their grapes.

True it is that Demetri, sometimes as we reached our village at night and closed our sleeping-hut, would tell us that the people in that place did not bear a very good character formerly, but that they had improved lately, and were afraid of the soldiers. But I never feared harm, and I never met it, and the men, though savage in look, and dauntless and free in bearing, were tender to me as women, and gave up everything in the house to my mercy, always sleeping outside, and picking at my bones and scraps with Demetri, after I had finished dinner, in the humblest and most grateful manner.

It was a long day's journey, and we had left Plata and Thebes far behind us, and threaded more than half the stony spurs of Parnassus, whose blue clouded cliffs seemed to slope down from the very clouds to my feet. We had just trampled through a thicket of burned shrub, of which the calcined black stalks remained in patches, with here and there the white shell of an unfortunate roasted tortoise visible in their darkness.

'Abeit omen,' I was saying, as a huge snake stole from my threatening olive switch into the charcoal covert, when suddenly we found ourselves at a turn of the path in a rocky pass, sterile and gray, with a short turf-track at its foot, and at one end, on the Parnassus side, a low hill covered with loose slabs of rock as large as tombstones. Two passes opened up to it, while the mountain of Apollo came shouldering down to it almost sheer, with the exception of here and there a ledge of pines, or an eagle's blue peak of cliff.

This was a memorable spot in the history of Greek Klephts, the last great band that infested Parnassus having been here belted in and shot down on that very rock of the tombstones I have just described. These men had become intolerable to the neighbouring country, thinning the flocks, exacting tribute from villages, torturing rich farmers, carrying off women, plundering travellers, now up in the snow of Parnassus, now flaming out in Parnes or Helicon, or venturing even to the heights above Marathon, making rapid forced marches by night when pressed on one mountain, and reappearing suddenly on a distant range. The government, pressed by angry shepherds and plundered travellers, who beleaguered Athens, determined to hunt down these men like wolves, and the people of the villages round Parnassus, particularly Delphi, joined them in closing the passes and completing the circumvallation. The day came: the brigands were hunted like foxes from peak to peak, from pine-clump to pine-clump, from cave to cave, from ledge to shelf, from crag to cleft, and everywhere beacon-fires scared them back, steel glistened, shots rang, bullets whistled.

Hounded and at bay, the survivors of the band, including the chief, bore down from the very edge of Parnassus, straight down the mountain-side, towards the very rock of the tombstones that now lay before us. They hoped to gain the pass we stood in, and so, once down upon the Theban plain, to dash for the Attic mountains. But just as they were leaping down the rocks, fierce upon their project, the government soldiers entered the pass, and cut off their exit that way. They had been warned by some shepherds, and had come up at the double from Thebes.

At bay, indeed, now, with glaring eye and clenched teeth, were the chief and his children. The Klephts clambered up the low hill, and, lying down behind the stones, prepared to sell their lives dearly. The village musketeers closed in upon them, while the soldiers, taking advantage of trees and rocks, fired at any brigand that ventured to shew himself. The firing lasted for hours, the Klephts knowing that, could they hold out till night, they might succeed in escaping by a rush to the mountains.

The marks of the bullets can still be seen on that hill; but few of the brigands were shot by this random firing, and not many of the assailants. At last, the Klephts' ammunition got nearly exhausted, and several of them determined on a sally, and a fierce attempt to cut their way through their enemies. Demetri shewed me a lentis-bush where the youngest of the band, a brave lad, but stained with many murders, ashamed of flight, and seeing escape hopeless, turned back to the hill to die with his companions.

The resistance would have lasted till dark, when, probably, the Klephts would, after all, have escaped, had not the captain of the Ortakoi people encouraged his men to storm the hill, which they at first dreaded, till they saw the thieves' bullets were running short. The hill was taken, and the Klephts, after a bloody grapple of knives, were all overpowered or slain. The chief, wounded by a bullet in his right arm, alone remained alive, and seeing him make a motion of surrender, the Ortakoi captain went up to him, to take possession of his silver-mounted pistols, which the Klepht held out, as if to surrender. As he approached, the Klepht, smiling, fired, and shot him dead, and was instantly cut to pieces.

Demetri told me that the brook we stood near ran red for a whole day after this fight, and that twelve days after the slaughter of the twenty-four Klephts, who were buried on the mountain—if heaping a body over with loose boulders can be called burying—the air was foul with the putrid smell of carrion, and the eagles and crows were hovering round.

We rode on, I thinking of the highwaymen in London streets, less than a hundred years ago, of the bodies in wire-bags on the Thames' banks, of the murderers in chains on lonely English commons; and as we passed the Greek men who were cleaning out the cisterns for the grape-trampling, I thanked God such things had ceased to be, and the men, thinking I greeted them, saluted me in the beautiful language that Plato spoke.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

One of the most beautiful poems in *In Memoriam* speculates upon the kind of reception the Dead would meet with from their relatives, supposing that they could resume their life once more, with all their privileges of heirship and of marriage. As for the writer, he avers that whatever change the years have wrought, he finds not yet one lonely thought that cries against his wish for his dead friend; but with regard to others, there is some reasonable doubt.

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear:
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands:
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Certainly, it would be the height of inconvenience for the widow, who has just given permission to Captain Dangleton to entertain a golden hope of becoming her No. 2, to find her No. 1 resuscitated; and still worse, if she has actually become Mrs D. in the interim.

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Nor would it be altogether gratifying to the most devoted of sons to exchange the tangible proceeds of a rent-roll for the old expectancy, or rather for a worse one, since *post-obits* would never be renewed for him after such a catastrophe. And yet, such resuscitations have happened, not once only, but very many times.

In 1685, a miller at Abbeville, passing by the gallows where a robber had been suspended on the previous day, perceived some signs of life in him. Being moved with compassion, he managed, with the assistance of his servant, to take him down, and convey him home in his cart. Then he tended him carefully until the felon was quite restored to health, with the intention of dismissing him with a sum of money, in order that the poor wretch might be enabled to recommence life in an honest manner. Unfortunately, however, this good Samaritan delayed the execution of this design too long; and on a certain Sunday—of all days in the week—this ungrateful scoundrel left the hospitable mill with as much of the money and valuables of the owner as he could lay his hands on. Now, it so happened that the curate of Abbeville had preached an unusually short discourse, and the miller and his men came home from church in time to overtake the robber. This they did; and without wasting any more valuable time in reforming him, they took him to the gallows upon which they had found him, with many apologies for having disturbed him there, in the first instance, and there they hanged him, with particular care; 'pulling his wicked legs,' adds the chronicler, 'to make sure that he should thieve no more.' Nevertheless, the doers of this most righteous deed had to flee the country, until a pardon was obtained for them from the most Christian king.

This seems to confirm the poet's theory, that in most cases dead people should remain so; keeping in mind the excellence of the saying, 'Let bygones be bygones;' nevertheless, here is a case to the contrary. In the Church of the Apostles at Cologne, there is a large picture descriptive of the restoration to life of Reichmuth Adolch, the wife of a Counsellor of that city, under circumstances which have been borrowed for materials to construct many fictitious stories of a similar kind. This lady was supposed to have died of the plague, which devastated Cologne in 1571; but being buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the sexton of the church thought it a pity such good jewellery should be wasted, and opened her coffin on the very night of her interment. This conduct she resented by sitting up and collaring him on the instant, whereupon he fled with excusable precipitation, under the idea that he had irritated an inhabitant of the other world. Mrs Adolch, however, was far from dead; and leaving the vault, at once proceeded, in her grave-clothes, to her own house. She was not, however, 'out of the wood' yet, except in the literal sense. The maid-servant, who was roused by her ringing, declined to let her in, although she narrated the circumstances of her reappearance, through the keyhole, in order to still her fears. The girl was either really too terrified, or preferred a situation without a female head to it, for she did not open the door, but ran to her master's room, who informed her for her pains, that she was a mad woman; and all this time the poor lady was shivering in her shroud, and almost wishing herself back again under cover. At length she was admitted, and by means of proper treatment, so entirely recovered that 'she afterwards had three sons who were clergymen.'

A still more wonderful death-in-life experience is that of François de Civille, who, to use his own words, was 'thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, restored to life.' The mother of this gentleman, having died during pregnancy, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterwards, he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. This child was five-and-twenty years old and a captain in Rouen when that city was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another dead body, into a hole, and covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the besiegers, who required his apartment for their own uses, threw him out of window upon a dunghill; and from this couch, which seems to have possessed none of those disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have at least considerable foundation; nor was François de Civille a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1728. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offence of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owning to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart, to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public-house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves, Mrs Dixon gave indications to the bystanders that she should like to take a little something, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed, cannot suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the King's Advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the unfortunate Sheriff for omitting to fulfil the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her publicly within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army, he tells us that General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Comtesse Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse, and several soldiers who were near him. The general's aide-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aide-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done, the aide-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Ornano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The Emperor, who was very fond of the general, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed:

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'Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!' and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself upon this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter, and taken to head-quarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the Emperor and the whole army.

'General Ornano,' concludes Captain Gronow, 'is now (1863) a Marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer.'

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the *Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and the trellis-work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Ginevra*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son, and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to thus uniting their two 'establishments' with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire with the heiress, while they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that carriage-exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had forbidden her former lover ever to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up by her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its beauty withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried the body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady upon resuscitation was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments he urged in favour of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desiring to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a very few days, the happy pair came suddenly upon the bereaved banker, in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower, but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away. The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value upon her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued, that but for him the lady would have now had no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of anybody else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband No. 2, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favour his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where the lady and himself remained until the banker died. How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I cannot tell; but with respect to incomplete executions—however it may have been in Scotland at the period of Mrs Dixon's case—the idea that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence runs, that he is to be hanged by the neck until he be *dead;* and if he be *not* dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that the offender is still subject to the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have done before the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1350, a criminal, named Walter Wynkbourne, was hanged at Leicester, and having been taken down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of St Sepulchre in that town, until the will of the king should be known. Edward III., the then monarch, happened to be with the religious in Leicester Monastery at the very time, and an application was at once made to his clemency. The king thereupon forgave the criminal in Latin, which, I hope, was translated to him without delay—*Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos tibi dabimus castam* (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon).

THE WILLOW BROOK.

Cold flowing over the cresses,
Cold flowing over the stones,
Cold flowing over the pebbles,
With little rippling moans.

Level over the speckled trout,
Level over the weeds,
And long green tresses trailing,
Whither the current leads.

Glittering over the deeper pools,
Glittering over the sand,
Whene'er the sun comes flashing
From over the Eastern land.

But shining broad and silvery,
What time the moon looks on,
When the cattle cease their lowing,
And the long June day is gone.

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THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.

THERE are sufficient reasons for concluding that the ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is, we believe, an ascertainable fact, that, in proportion to the increased population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People now a days have something else to do but talk; not only do they live in such a hurry, that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity of reading to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the opened page; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, far within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and as the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life, they read.

What did people, before books were multiplied to this frightful extent, do with all the time now filled up in this manner? Did they, in palace, castle, and hut, sit with eyes cast down in solitary, silent meditation? Principally, we make answer, they talked. The fact is incontestably true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century. Monastic institutions, both male and female, might well be created for its more undisturbed pursuit; let there be Brethren of the Diurnal Journal, and White Sisterhoods of the Novelline Orders. It is high time it should be announced that Reading is not the *summum bonum* of this mundane existence. Why, in the very act, reading is unsocial. Look at the person so engaged. He retires from his fellows into a corner, or makes for a distant window; and there, either head propped up on hands, or else half recumbent, is altogether withdrawn from sociality. It is an incipient kind of later barbarism, and having discovered its imminence, we hereby proclaim it.

Conversation means a commerce of the eye and lip, as well as an interchange of ideas. Talk is the fence of the wits; it is the chivalry of intellect—there is thrust and parry, nimble brain-shiftings, quick movements of the fancy, retreats upon the memory, strategic advances of the argument. Are not conversations combats of that which is immortal in us, and why, when successfully carried on, might they not, excepting for mere weariness of body, be prolonged perpetually? People now a days laugh at the fine disputations of the subtle dialecticians upon such a topic as—How many thousand angels could dance upon the point of a needle? Yet that was a splendid instance of the possibilities of argumentation. It is a mistaken notion which says it is possible to tie the human intellect into a knot, and for ever after call it by the name of a doctrine. Controversies, properly handled, ought never to be concluded. If two clever disputants could so marshal reasons as that one should pin the other into a verbal corner, from out of which there was not a word more to be said, talk would be endangered, silence would be impending. Forbid it, all ye powers of utterance! It is requisite, as making provision for the carrying on of social life, that one compliment should always admit of another—if the second person is subtle enough to appreciate its drift—that any retort, however severe, gives an opening for another—and that no possible argument should quite seal up a dispute. The writer of this paper confesses that, in his unripe, younger days, he was often puzzled to conceive why the interminable theological, metaphysical, and other controversies of the scholastic disputants, were permitted to form part of the mundane scheme. Such matters as they generally discussed did not then appear to him to have any direct, practical bearing upon human life in this sphere. O the foolishness of youth! He is happy to state that he has long since grown wiser; he now sees that those ancient controversies, as well as the modern disputes happily at present raging, were permitted, and indeed, it may be, were designed to furnish men with talk—to keep the world's tongue wagging. Long, long may they survive! Is it not a splendid spectacle—if the spectator be not a client, which, of course, disturbs his impartiality, and prevents his quiet enjoyment of the scene—to attend the law-courts, and there witness the advocacy of trained talkers? It is calculated to enlarge the human intellect, and purify mortal charity, to see how much is possible to be said upon both sides of any matter. One is tempted, on such occasions, in view of the sublime

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mystification of the juries, to advise that verdicts should only be considered momentary adjournments of the inquiry, founded only on the accident of the last speech or the latest deposition, the adjournments to be carried on through interminable appeals. To suppose that truth, either as to facts or in opinion, is so absolute that it is possible to reach a stage where talking on one or the other side must cease, is most alarming. Our whole social system is endangered by such a supposition, for talk is at an end. Of course, these latter observations apply to disputes carried on by writing or printing, as well as by talk; but how immensely more attractive is oral disputation than the other! It may also be mentioned as a great advantage, that while book-arguments have sometimes been ended, debates carried on by the lips scarcely or never are.

Reading, however, implies writing on the part of some one, and it may be as well to say a word or two upon that dangerous art. If reading is unsocial, and threatens a new barbarism, what is to be said of writing? The very posture is ignoble: look at the man crooked up, his limbs all twisted, at desk or table; it is an unmanly attitude; while the process is calculated to warp the intellect, even if not to corrupt the heart. Is it rashly asked how? We answer that a man when writing is removed from the controlling influence of the eye and lip of his fellow, and therefore it is that lies edge themselves into print which could never be spoken. Excepting as jottings to assist a defective memory, or as an arithmetic of logic for extracting remote conclusions, writing, it must be admitted, is cowardly. A man so engaged has it all his own way; he is opposed only to himself. But a cumulative evil is springing up from the excess of writing and printing in modern times, which it is our duty to indicate—speech is becoming wofully enervated. A distinction has already long been made betwixt our language written and spoken. Discussing this alarming prospect with an intelligent friend, and casting about for a remedy, he suggested that it would be some abatement of the evil—since we could not hope to remove it wholly—if printed matter, and especially, as he well urged, newspapers, were issued in a language other than the native. It was recommended that the Hebrew should be chosen, on account of there being a fine uncertain latitude for the vowel-points, which would be likely to deter the commonalty. Is not this huge disparity between our language written and spoken, sufficiently apparent to strike any one? Words and phrases which constantly appear in books, no sane man introduces into conversation, and endless instances of phraseology occur in talk that never are given in print. In the long-run, however, by virtue of the superiority of stolid persistence fools have over sane men, the books will beat the tongues; and, indeed, already, as we have stated, conversation is becoming emasculated. The friend whom we have already quoted, ably argues, that, if you wish to hear a real dialogue, you must go to the lower classes, among whom books have the least spread. He informs us that the faculty of speech, which has partially perished in our salons and drawing-rooms, fortunately still survives in pothouses, and notably among taproom companies. Preference is, however, given by him to a group of navvies at a new railway cutting; though, he says, a fragment or two of the native tongue can occasionally be caught up in a third-class railway-carriage on market-days. These, it would seem, are now the only chances left of hearing the English language spoken with fluency and vigour, full expression being given to the natural feelings. Parliament is often instanced as being an institution for talk. What passes there, however, excepting on the few happy occasions when a minister is baited, or the house becomes impatient, and introduces imitations of rustic cries, is not conversation—it is rather that worst of worsts in this matter, beyond which the imagination refuses to advance—printed matter spoken: the speeches made are designed to be reported, and a newspaper fate, even in the moment of delivery, weighs heavily upon them. We, however, as the ultimate resource in the impending dreariness of universal silence, would cling earnestly even to parliament; the lips at least are put in motion, and the forms of talk are observed, if the genuine spirit be no longer there.

If the warning of the present writer as to the insidious decay now creeping over conversation alarm the public, he will be contented. He is conscious of not having exhausted the topic, and especially in its relation to woman; but that part of the subject may be separately attended to hereafter in a quarto volume. There are reasons for fearing that the sex is itself losing volubility, for they are more and more addicting themselves to reading. But of this separately. It has just alarmingly occurred to us, that our objections against writing have themselves been written, and that in issuing them in type, a request is implied that people should read. But that the writer is naturally a silent person, he would have something to say in explanation upon these points. Shaking, however, such trivial paradoxes from him, he again avows his admiration for talk; it is the final end of life—everything has reference to it; people perform great achievements simply to set others talking, for talk of you is fame granted; it is the last thing always remaining to be done: after the battle is won, after the city is built, when the statue and the painting are finished, you have still one unending duty to discharge—to talk.

VEGETABLE IRRITABILITY.

At first sight, nothing would seem to be more widely different from each other than an animal and a plant. How different is the tree from the bird singing on its branches, or the traveller resting beneath its shade! The tree is immovably fixed to the soil, its birthplace, and is incapable of feeling. The hatchet penetrates its tissues, and it falls without exhibiting any external signs of suffering. The bird and traveller are living beings, whose structure is far more highly complicated. They are endowed with the power of moving from place to place, have a will and desires, and the senses of hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, and seeing, of all of which the tree is totally deprived. The bird can sing, and the traveller can talk; but the tree is voiceless, silent as the earth in which its roots are embedded. It would seem at first to be impossible that there could be anything in common between plants and animals, between living organised bodies so strikingly dissimilar in their habits and organisation.

But if we consider more attentively the vital phenomena manifested by animals and plants, we shall very soon see that there is abundant reason for believing that the difference between these organic productions of nature is not so great.

In the first place, both the animal and plant spring invariably from a being perfectly similar to themselves, to which they adhere during a space of time more or less long, and from which they are finally separated at a regular determinate period, in the form of an egg or a seed, which, under envelopes more or less resisting, encloses a germ. In this germ, all the organs of the adult animal and plant exist in a rudimentary undeveloped condition. Germination, or the act by which these organs disengage themselves from their envelopes, does not increase their number, but only augments their size, or modifies their form. The seed contains the plant; the egg the animal: thus they are alike at the commencement of their being.

In the second place, the organs of animals and plants—the bones, muscles, and limbs of the former, and the root, stem, and leaves of the latter—will not grow without a plentiful supply of food and air. In both instances, it is absolutely necessary that the

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nutritious materials should be introduced into their interior, and be distributed to all parts of their organisation. Now, the nutritive processes of absorption, circulation, and assimilation of food and air by animals and plants are, in principle, precisely the same. This proposition admits of the most abundant and satisfactory proof. We merely say here that growth, which is the result of nutrition, whether it be animal or vegetable growth, has been proved by the microscope to be the result of the operation of identically the same organic forces of nature. In fact, lessons the most instructive and deeply interesting, which greatly facilitate the acquisition of correct views of the physiology of animals, may be obtained, if we will come to the plant for instruction.

The chief distinction between animals and plants appears to lie in the possession by the former of a nervo-muscular system, which gives them the power of sensation and voluntary locomotion, of which the latter are totally devoid. The branches and leaves of plants are moved by the wind, not by nerves and muscles.

Some few species, however, exhibit movements which it is extremely difficult to explain satisfactorily, and which there is no denying seem to be, as it were, the faint foreshadowings of those higher powers of life manifested by animals. Take, for example, the *Mimosa pudica*, or Sensitive Plant. Everybody has heard of this plant, and we should think that many of our readers have seen it. The leaflets of the sensitive plant rapidly fold together and droop when touched; the influence even extends to the base of the leaf-stalk, which drops downward; the foliage of this plant, in fact, assumes the same position suddenly as that which it takes when unmolested, on the approach of evening. Then there is the

Schrankia uncinata, or Sensitive Brier, found throughout the Southern States of America, but chiefly in Virginia. This plant is a perennial herb, with a procumbent stem and rose-coloured flowers, with prickly leaf-stalks and twice pinnate sensitive leaves, whose small leaflets promptly fold together when touched by the hand or the foot. This wild plant is almost as irritable as the *mimosa* of the conservatories.

Still more remarkable are the movements made by the trifoliate leaves of the *Desmodium gyrans*, or Telegraph Plant of British India. The large terminal leaflet of this plant forms a direct and continuous line with its leaf-stalk when exposed to the bright light of the sun, but is manifestly depressed if placed in the shade for a few minutes. Its position varies with the increase or decrease of the light during the day, and in this respect it forms a natural *Photometer*, or light-measurer of great delicacy and power. The two lateral leaflets are much smaller than the terminal ones, and are not at all affected in their movements by the light; for they move continuously by night and by day, even when the terminal leaflet is asleep. They move by a succession of little jerks, in a manner which has been well compared to the movements of an old semaphore telegraph, and in such a way that the midribs and leaf-stalks of both leaflets always continue in the same right line. The terminal point of each leaflet describes the arc of a circle in thirty or forty seconds, the movement then stops for about a minute, and is then resumed in a contrary direction. These movements, although independent of light, are rendered more active by heat, and by a more vigorous and healthy condition of the plant.

The *Dionæa muscipula*, or Venus's Fly-catcher, exhibits movements which are very interesting. This plant, like those of the Sundew family to which it belongs, has ciliated leaves, their margin being fringed with a row of stiff bristles or hairs; three shorter and more slender bristles with swellings at their base are placed on the upper surface of the leaf in a triangular position, on either side of the midrib. It is in these last that the irritability chiefly resides. If an insect should alight on the upper surface of the leaf, and then, in crossing that surface, should happen to touch one of these sensitive hairs, the two sides of the leaf fold together on their midrib, and the bristles with which they are fringed at the margin interlace like the fingers of the hands when clasped, and the insect is as effectually caught in this vegetable snare as a rat in a steel trap. In this manner, insects are captured and held till they are dead, when the irritation caused by their struggles ceases, and the leaf again expands ready for another fly. This remarkable plant grows in great abundance in the sandy swamps in the neighbourhood of the Cape Fear River, especially from Wilmington to Fayetteville, North Carolina. It has not yet been found in any other locality. The generic name of the plant, *Dionæa*, is a derivative from Dione, one of the names of Venus, and alludes to its elegant and delicate snow-white flowers.

The Catch-fly of North America, *Silene antirrhina*, which the writer noticed in the state of New Jersey, North America, deserves some consideration. It is true that it does not possess the striking leaf-mechanism of the Fly-trap, yet a portion of each internode—that is to say, the naked interval of stem which separates the leaves—is covered with glutinous matter, to which small flies adhere.

The phenomena exhibited by the last two plants seem to be inexplicable, unless on the supposition that there is such a thing in nature as a carnivorous vegetable, and the experiments of Mr Knight on the *Dionæa* would almost lead us to entertain such an opinion. A detailed account of them may be read in the article on Botany, in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The following is the substance of what is there stated.

Mr Knight cultivated specimens of the *Dionæa* in separate pots in a suitable soil. From the leaves of some of them all the bristles were removed, but the plants were otherwise uninjured, and pieces of scraped beef were placed on their surfaces. The other specimens were allowed to retain their bristly fringe, and irritable hairs on their leaves, and had as much light, air, and water as their disarmed neighbours; but all flies were prevented from gaining access to them. The result of the experiment shewed the more flourishing condition of the *provisioned specimens!*

Up to the present moment, no satisfactory explanation of these movements has been given. The opinion most favourably received amongst scientific men with respect to them is, that they are referrible to a power of *contractility* possessed by the tissues of the plant, analogous to that which exists in certain animal tissues, but especially the muscular. The term vegetable irritability is used by most writers when they speak of these movements. The twining of the stems of weak plants around the more vigorous herbage in their vicinity, and the spiral coiling of the tendrils of vines about the objects to which they attach themselves as a means of support, are exceedingly common, yet nevertheless very interesting movements, and probably only a feebler manifestation of the same principle as that which produces motion in the leaves of the sensitive plant. That the irritability of the tendrils produces their spiral attachment of themselves to the bodies to which they cling, is capable of direct experimental proof. All tendrils are first put forth in a right line, which is curved into a sort of hook at the top. If, whilst the tendril is in this condition, a twig or young shoot be rubbed against it below the hook, in a few minutes the tendril will be seen to be curving slowly around the twig, and if the friction be continued, the regular spiral attachment will be ultimately formed. In cases where tendrils only are put forth, the irritability appears to be confined to them; but when the whole stem acts as a tendril, it seems to be diffused throughout its entire length.

In some few species, such as the barberry and *Kalmia latifolia*, or Sheep Laurel of North America, the stamens exhibit active movements during the

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period of fecundation. In the barberry, the filaments are very irritable, for when they are touched with a pin or by the antennæ of an insect in search of honey, with which the flowers abound, they will move suddenly towards the pistil. In the Kalmia, there are ten stamens, and ten depressions or little pits in the rotate or wheel-shape corolla, the filaments of the stamens are bent backwards, and their anthers are held in these little pits or pouches until the pollen is ripe, when the elasticity of the filaments of the stamens overcomes this confined position of the anthers, and causes them to fly up and eject the pollen on the stigma or top of the pistil. In the Grass of Parnassus, and in the Rue, the stamens move forwards to the pistil and discharge their fertilising pollen on its stigma *in succession!*

The object of these movements is plainly fertilisation; the cause is not so readily explained.

All the movements executed by vegetables are only partial in their character; none of them enjoy the faculty of displacing themselves *in toto*, and removing to another spot more favourable to their growth. When unfavourably located, seeds either perish, or the germination and subsequent growth of the plant are greatly retarded.

SURE TO WIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

You wish to hear the old man's story, my dear, and how your mother and I first made acquaintance? Well, if it will give you pleasure, so be it. The circumstances are still fresh in my memory; but if I trip, there sits the other partner in the firm—God bless her comely face!—ready to amend the record.

Just thirty years ago, last Hilary term, Colonel Josiah Stark, H.E.I.C.S., C.B., ex-commander of that famous regiment the Bogglywollah Fencibles, returned home from India. Age seventeen, he sailed away, with a smiling, ruddy countenance and a gleeful heart; age sixty-seven, he came back, with a sallow, war-worn visage and a diseased liver. Truth compels me to admit that the colonel was neither prepossessing in appearance nor amiable in character. Tall, broad-shouldered, and grim, with large, irregular features, and iron-gray hair bristling like bayonets, he did not strike you, even at first sight, as a man likely to do a kind action; you felt instinctively that he would have looked upon it as weakness. Woe betide the beggar who asked of him an alms! if a man, the colonel growled out a stern inquiry why a sturdy fellow like the applicant wasn't at work, or serving the king, and ominously twirled his cane; if a woman prayed assistance and bread for starving babes, he held her in conversation until a policeman passed, and then gave her in charge for vagrancy.

During his residence in India, Colonel Stark had shaken the pagoda-tree to some purpose. Yellow sovereigns, bright and glittering with the effigies of the first gentleman in Europe; or pleasant, crisp papyri, bearing the signature of one Mr Abraham Newland, were the fruit he had gathered. When the colonel considered he had amassed, not enough—no sensible man ever does—but at any rate sufficient to live upon in comfort for the rest of his days, he turned his thoughts towards home. One crowning pleasure he reserved to be still enjoyed, and this consisted in setting up as the great man of the neighbourhood into which he had been born.

So Colonel Josiah Stark retired from the service, and returned to England, bringing with him, as appendages of his state—*item*, one shivering Hindu servant called Johtee Lall, attired in white garments, with a turban like unto the hues of the rainbow; *item*, one large and heavy bamboo, brass-tipped, many-knotted, with whose weight and calibre Johtee Lall was painfully familiar; and *item*, one red-eyed, handsome white cockatoo, reported well versed in oriental slang.

Finding, upon his return to Bayfield, a pleasant country residence called the Ferns, about two miles from the town, the colonel hired the place, furnished it with the luxuries long residence in the east had rendered necessaries, and installed himself and his household in this new abode. Then came a difficulty.

The colonel, after realising his property in India, and laying out the plan of campaign for his future life, had overlooked the fact, that he must have somebody to superintend his household. A week's residence at the Ferns awakened him to the necessity. Why did he not engage a housekeeper? you will say. The idea did just flit across his mind, I admit, and with a lordly air he looked down the columns of the *Times* for the article he required. As he read, a vision uprose before him of an elderly female in black, with a sharp nose and a vinegar aspect, who cast in her employer's teeth, when rebuked, the recollection of the dear departed.

'Never, no, never in all the years as we was married,' the colonel seemed to hear his housekeeper wail, 'did my Mr Kenspeckle find fault with his victuals. Never would he have allowed *anybody* to say an 'arsh word to his Harabella. But alas! the dear saint has long been a hangel in 'eaven, and his poor lone widder must suffer in peace.'

To which the colonel caught himself replying: 'D——n it, ma'am, and I wish you did.'

Or, yet worse, he might engage a housekeeper with matrimonial views; and the colonel shuddered when he thought of what a terrible catastrophe this would be. He was rich, single, and elderly—not old; I should think not, indeed. What if the limit of man's years were placed at threescore and ten, and he only wanted three years to complete that period; age, after all, is only comparative, and should be reckoned by vigour and strength of constitution.

'There's many a youngster at five-and-twenty not half what I am at sixty-seven,' quoth the colonel grimly, as he tossed aloft his brawny arms. 'I should be a devil of a catch for some designing jade, I should. No; that would be worst of all.'

In short, the chances of comfort in engaging a housekeeper were terribly hazardous and dead against the colonel. Whether he was wept at or married, the result would be equally fatal to happiness.

'And what can I do with a woman that don't suit me?' pondered Colonel Stark. 'Not what I should if we were in India. There I should have a khansamaun to look after the house; and if he didn't do his duty, he'd be triced up at the halberds, and the drummer be laying on fifty before the nigger could squeak Jack Robinson. But what are you to do with a woman?'

And the colonel groaned again in utter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly, a bright idea flashed across him—his daughter Letty! Why, she was the very thing; open to none of the objections that had troubled him, his own child, who would naturally look after her old father's comfort—here the colonel grew pathetic—and smooth the passage of the few remaining years he yet might have to live. Besides, there was economy in this arrangement. For eight or ten years he had been investing capital in his daughter's education; she should now repay the outlay with interest by her affection and care. So Letty Stark, aged seventeen, was brought home from school to superintend her father's household.

There was one peculiar feature in Colonel Stark's character which rendered him a very difficult man to agree with—this was mistrust. The author of his own fortunes, compelled from early youth to keep a watchful eye upon his interests and expenditure, the habit had increased with age to universal suspicion.

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He may have had cause. A long experience of men in an arduous profession has taught me that the majority will swindle you if they can. I don't mean to say there are not exceptions, but there being such only proves the correctness of the rule. Never give any one an opportunity to get the advantage of you, and you will be spared many vexations and much loss. This is my candid opinion as a professional man. I should charge a stranger six-and-eightpence for the advice; but I give it you, reader, for nothing.

Still, there are limits to all things. Colonel Stark stepped over the limits, and distrusted everybody without distinction. His causeless jealousy poisoned his wife's existence. Meanings and intentions of which the poor lady was entirely innocent were attributed to all her words and actions, until, she being of frail and nervously susceptible organisation, the colonel positively worried and suspected her into the grave. Nor did he entertain a more favourable opinion of her daughter or of the sex in general.

'Cats, sir,' he would designate those delightful creatures—'cats, nothing more. Always trying to dip their whiskers in forbidden cream, and purring meekly about you, to make you believe 'em honest.'

Coupled with universal distrust, the colonel entertained another unpleasant persuasion—this was, that all the world had entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink—or, as he expressed it, to 'do'—him upon every possible occasion, which naturally begat a strong determination upon his part never to be done. Successful evasion of various artful snares had produced its necessary consequence, an overweening trust in his own sagacity and clearness of sight; so that I verily believe there did not march up and down upon the earth's surface a more self-confident and conceited individual than he.

Now, at the time Letty Stark came to live at the Ferns, I, Caleb Stutely, was articled to my uncle Ferril, a solicitor in large practice at Bayfield, and the professional adviser of many of the county families round the town. He had acted as the colonel's agent for years. To his care Letty had been consigned upon her mother's death in India; by him she had been placed at the same school with my sister Grace, now in London, married; in his house the girls had always spent their holidays; and the inevitable consequence of all this was, that though both of us were children in the eyes of our sagacious elders, Letty Stark and I were very old and intimate friends indeed.

At what precise period of my acquaintance with Letty I first began to—to—well, to feel a *tendre* towards her, at this distance of time I am quite unable to say; I only know that, when the sentiment did manifest itself, its growth was marvellous. Like Jack's beanstalk, it sprang up in a night. The first symptoms were, an unusual diffidence, a strange embarrassment in Letty's presence, exaggerated by a painful sense of personal deficiency. Up to that hour, I had thought I was rather a good-looking fellow than otherwise; thenceforth, I believed myself hideous; I depreciated my teeth, I abhorred my budding whiskers, I considered my figure anything but fine. Of a night, I established myself before the looking-glass in my bedroom, with a candle on each side the mirror, and fell to abusing my perfections seriatim.

'Call this coarse, ropy fibre hair!' I would exclaim, holding up my hyacinthine locks—which, by the way, must be surely blue; 'Ah! look at Letty's, curling around her delicate head like the tendrils about a sweet young vine. That a complexion, that mottled, sunburnt skin! Not for a second to be likened to my Letty's lovely red and white, blending so exquisitely that you cannot note the line where lily blushes into rose. And I to aspire to such perfection! I wonder at, and hate myself for the presumption.'

I made a great fool of myself, my dear, but I had taken the fever badly, and went regularly through all the stages of the disorder. However, in spite of my conviction of Letty's infinite superiority, I did somehow one day muster courage to enter my suit. Perhaps my pleading was too eloquent to be resisted; perhaps the judge was kindly disposed towards me; anyhow, the summing-up was entirely in my favour, and, to my extreme delight, the verdict also. Therewith, one step in advance was certainly made, yet not the most important one. It was all very well, and gratifying enough to the parties especially concerned, for Caleb Stutely, bachelor, and Letitia Stark, spinster, both of the parish of Bayfield, to exchange vows of eternal constancy and plight each other their troth, as these two rash young persons did upon various notable occasions; but they were not, after all, the chief parties to be consulted. What would the colonel say, when he came to hear of the matter? Ah! what *did* he say? Even after the lapse of thirty years, I still shudder at the remembrance. The event happened at a party given by my uncle Ferril at his house in Bayfield. Hunting about with his customary suspicion, Colonel Stark observed that his daughter and I were absent from the room; he instantly proceeded in search of us. As ill-luck would have it, Letty and I, having just finished a quadrille, were at that moment resting upon a seat in the adjoining conservatory, my arm entwined about my charmer's slender waist, my lips in the act of imprinting a salute upon her tender cheek. When I subsequently raised my eyes, they encountered the wrathful orbs of the colonel, glaring through the blossoms of a passion-flower. Medusa's head could not have turned Perseus, if he had only happened to see it, into more sudden stone. Colonel Stark burst in upon us like a tornado.

'Come along, come along, you—you jade!' he shouted, hauling my poor girl by the wrist into the midst of the astonished dancers. 'I'll put a stop to this. We'll have no more billing and cooing behind the old man's back, I promise you. Be off this instant; toss on your things, and order the carriage. —And as for you, young Parchment,' continued the colonel, turning to me, and thrusting his bony fist like a smelling-bottle close under my nose, 'damme, sir, I've a great mind to break every blank bone in your blank, rascally, pettifogging carcass.'

The commotion occasioned by this proceeding may be easily imagined. Letty rushed with crimsoned countenance to the door, followed by many of the younger ladies, who were indignant at the colonel's coarse violence, and stood by their order. The more severely virtuous and moral—wall-flowers these mostly, by the way—drew themselves up with an air of conscious rectitude, and frowned reproof upon the culprits. For my part, I was furious. I recollect making a rush at the colonel, with some vague intention of choking him summarily upon the spot, but was promptly collared and held off by my uncle Ferril. Others threw themselves between us, and edged me into a corner, while the colonel was half persuaded, half hustled from the room. In five minutes more, I heard the carriage which contained my Letty drive away.

This untoward accident broke up the party; gentility both dreads and loves nothing so much as a scene, and here had been a scene with a vengeance. One by one our guests pleaded fatigue, or alleged other pretexts for what was in reality desire to get away and talk over what had taken place; and in a short time my uncle Ferril and I were left alone.

'Well, nephew Caleb?' said my uncle calmly, raising his eyebrows into notes of interrogation, when the last visitor had quitted the house. 'This is a pretty business, truly. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?'

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'Not a bit,' I answered stoutly. 'There's no shame in liking a charming girl like Letty, I should hope, uncle. The only shame in the matter belongs to her brute of a father, who called me a pettifogger too—confound him! If you hadn't stopped me, uncle, I'd have had an apology out of the old tyrant, or I'd have known the reason why.'

'Pish!' replied Uncle Ferril, leisurely taking snuff. 'You speak like a very young man, nephew. If you really felt offended at a hasty expression, the law affords the remedy. Colonel Stark is a man of substance, and the epithet is no doubt actionable. See Skinnum *v.* Jagg, *Q. B. Rep.* 44, where defendant telling plaintiff he was no gentleman, plaintiff obtained a verdict upon the ground of being entitled by act of parliament to write himself Esquire. Again, Diachylon *v.* The O'Blatherum, M.P., *C. Pl.* xvi. 96, is even more in point. In this case, an Irish defendant refused to defray plaintiff's charges for plastering a broken head. Defendant, who had been bred to the bar, conducted his defence in person, and becoming excited, pleaded that plaintiff was only "a low thief of an apothecary," not a duly-qualified practitioner; but Bluck, C.B., quoted high authority to shew that the objection was shabby, and could not stand. Same plaintiff then brought a second action, arising out of the former, against same defendant, for the libel uttered in open court. Defendant pleaded licence of counsel as a justification; but a verdict was recorded against him. He appealed, and carried the case before all the tribunals, until it reached the House of Lords, where judgment was finally delivered in original plaintiff's favour—Bruffum, at that time chancellor, opining defendant would have had a better plea if he had alleged irresponsibility from imperfect cure; as it was evident upon the merits, that all (if any of) the brains originally knocked out could not have been replaced. A full report of these interesting and important proceedings will be found in Patter and Clatter's *Remarkable Cases*, t. 87.—But with respect to Colonel Stark, I leave you to judge how far an action against the father would advance your suit with the daughter.'

'I should have brought a very different kind of action to that you hint at, to bear upon the colonel, uncle,' I retorted bitterly. 'I pass over the personal insult, however; I can treat that with disdain; but the cruel annoyance to which he has subjected Letty is quite another matter, and for that I shall certainly call him to account.'

And I paced up and down the drawing-room in great exasperation.

My uncle was a bit of a philosopher in his way. He leaned back in his chair, and watched me for a minute or two with some amusement.

'It 's curious,' he said presently, 'to observe how completely passion blinds even tolerably sensible persons to positive fact. Here have you, by an ill-timed display of attachment to Letty Stark, provoked her father to exercise his legal authority as a parent over that infant, and you now feel immensely indignant at the consequences of your own act.—Have the goodness to pick up the chair you have just kicked over, if you please. The set is valuable. Thank you.—You feel indignant, I repeat, and threaten Colonel Stark with personal violence—most reprehensible and unprofessional, I must say—because he rightfully rebukes his daughter for impropriety of conduct. Love, Caleb, appears strangely at variance with logic in your mind.—May I trouble you to replace the coal-scuttle?'

'Then you actually mean to defend the man's brutality, uncle?' I demanded in greater anger than ever. My uncle had a most annoying way of putting things, which made him seem generally in the right.

'No, Caleb; there you mistake. Your usually clear mind is not apparently at this moment able to perceive the true gist of my argument. I do not excuse the manner in which Colonel Stark thought proper to exert his authority; I only assert his undoubted right, and your consequent unreasonableness; that is all. And now we will proceed to discuss what had better be done.'

So my uncle, having satisfied his forensic mind by placing the question in its correct legal bearing, yielded to his natural kindly heart, and sympathised with my unfortunate love-trouble as fully as an unprofessional uncle might have done.

The position was certainly awkward. But while it was simply unpleasant to me, for Letty it was really serious. To be the subject of comment for the sneers and innuendoes of the malicious and the spiteful, is bad enough in an extensive sphere; in the little circle that constituted the Bayfield world, it was social death. Letty must be rescued from this situation without delay. My uncle therefore undertook to proceed next morning to the Ferns, and propose in due form for the immediate recognition of our engagement.

This decided, I felt comparatively at ease. Sanguine and tolerably self-assured, I had little fear that the colonel would not consider me a fit match for his daughter. My uncle was wealthy, and I was his heir; I had property of my own even then; and when my articles expired, I was to enter the firm. Some trifling difficulty might perhaps be raised upon the score of unequal rank, but the colonel had no ancestry whose names might be offended by a *mésalliance* while I was the descendant of an ancient family. Even my uncle admitted that he did not believe this obstacle would be insuperable.

Alas! short-sighted lawyers that we were! Neither of us conceived in what direction the actual hindrance would be found.

CHAPTER II.

Were I to live to the age of Methuselah, which Heaven forbid, I should never forget the tremor of nervous anxiety in which I passed the time of my uncle's absence upon his mission to the Ferns.

Very sagacious people aver that whenever you have to wait for anything, time passes quickest in occupation. I am not prepared to deny the fact, but I do maintain that in this particular men are at a disadvantage. Ladies are more favourably placed. Many ways of employing time are open to them which are closed to the sterner sex. The excitement of recovering a dropped stitch, the absorption of rectifying a mistaken pattern, are exhaustless sources of feminine delight.

It will not seem singular, then, that I considered the two hours and twenty-five minutes of Uncle Ferril's absence at least thrice that period. When he finally returned, I sprang to meet him.

'Well, uncle,' I exclaimed, 'what news?'

Now, my uncle Ferril was a very methodical man. Nothing less than an earthquake, I think, could have moved him to omit a habit; so I was not surprised to see him deposit his cane in its accustomed corner, hang up his hat on its usual peg, slowly draw off his gloves, and folding one within the other, place them in his pocket, and sink into the comfort of his leather-backed chair, before he prepared to deliver his report. As for expecting to gain a clue to what had passed from the expression of his countenance, was he not a solicitor of many years' standing? But I was too eager now to give these circumstances due weight.

'Well, uncle?' I repeated hastily. 'What did old Stark say? What will he do? When can I see Letty?'

'Unfavourable. Very little—nothing. Not at all,' returned my uncle laconically, answering my questions seriatim.

'Good heavens, uncle! Why, what can you mean?'

'Just this—it is not Colonel Stark's intention to permit Miss Letty to marry.'

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'Not at present, I suppose. Well, no matter. We are young, and we can wait. What time did he fix for probation, uncle?'

'The colonel mentioned no particular period, Caleb,' pursued Uncle Ferril. 'The impression he conveyed to me, in fact, was that he did not intend Miss Letty to marry at all.'

'What! never?' I roared. 'Why, the unconscionable old barbarian! Does he expect to keep the poor girl in single wretchedness all her days?'

'Such, I was given to understand from his own lips, is his anticipation,' returned my uncle gravely.

'Oh, preposterous, ridiculous, absurd!' I shouted. 'The thing's impossible, upon the face of it. Why, uncle, he can't. He surely never intends to seclude her from society altogether, to make her a female hermit, to shut her out from the world in the bloom of youth! He doesn't entertain such medieval notions of parental authority as that would argue, uncle?'

'Something very nearly approaching thereto, I am afraid, Caleb,' replied Uncle Ferril with a sigh. 'The colonel's line of argument, so far as I was able to follow it, appeared to be this. He has no especial objection to you personally, further than that you desire to take away his child—to rob him of her, was his expression. You seem a decent young fellow enough, he obligingly observed, and would probably make as good a husband as another. But he objects to any husband for his daughter, as I gather; at least, during his lifetime. Her first duty, he remarked, is to her father. He has had her educated and brought up at considerable expense; he has never yet reaped any benefit from the capital thus laid out, and he intends, again to use his own expression, to make his money of her now. He has no notion, he says, of some good-looking gawk—don't be angry—stepping in and carrying off his child, just when she is beginning to afford some return for what she has cost. In short, he considers that, as her father, he has the best right to her services. And really, Caleb,' concluded Uncle Ferril, offering me his snuff-box, 'the colonel's position is, legally, so entirely unassailable, that I do not see what can be done.—Try the mixture; it's genuine blackguard, I assure you.'

'Done, uncle?' I repeated, aghast at this unexpected turn of affairs. 'I'll tell you what's to be done. If I can't get Letty with her father's consent, I'll have her without it. I'll carry her off to Scotland, and marry her at Gretna. That's what's to be done, if we can't bring Colonel Stark to reason.'

'There's only one trifling obstacle to that course, Caleb,' returned my uncle, 'and it happens to be precisely the one the colonel expects you will adopt. His last words to me, in fact, were: "Tell your youngster, Ferril, I wouldn't advise him to beat up my garrison in search of the prize; I'm too old a soldier to be taken unawares. A lawyer's skin may be of parchment, but it won't keep out a brace of bullets."'

'The brute!' I ejaculated in dismay. 'Then, uncle, what on earth *is* to be done?'

'For the present, I should recommend nothing. Perfect quiet and apparent resignation. For a time, of course, the colonel will be upon his guard, but his vigilance will soon wear off. Time and a little patience will solve the difficulty, I make no doubt.—I'll trouble you for Mr Verney's deed-box, if you please.'

Therewith the subject dropped.

But it was impossible for me, however easy to my uncle, to bury my sorrows in Mr Verney's deed-box; and, catching up my hat, I rushed away—out of the office, out of Bayfield, out of the world I half intended, in the madness of my rage. What might have occurred, I hardly know, if, turning a sharp angle of the road, I had not encountered and almost trodden under foot the colonel's Hindu servant, Johtee Lall. Ordinarily, I shunned this man. There was a writhing servility in his manner, so different to anything I had heretofore encountered in persons of a similar class in my own country, that I could hardly bear to speak to the fellow civilly. Even his colour was a fault in my prejudiced eyes. But there were other circumstances which swelled the dislike I entertained. The Hindu was a coward and a bully: I had seen him frighten children, when he thought himself unnoticed, with hideous faces and uncouth gestures, until the little things ran shrieking for refuge behind their mothers' gowns. Let but a sturdy labourer approach, whose Saxon heart and strong right arm were ready to protect the helpless, and Johtee, fawning with obsequious grin, would try to attract the tiny creatures he had just repelled. The spiteful mischief of the ape, the sinuous, gliding motion of the snake, and the ferocious appetites of the tiger, where their indulgence appeared secure, seemed mingled in the fellow's nature. Thinking of Johtee, I have wondered sometimes at the siege of Delhi, but could thoroughly understand the horrors of the Indian mutiny.

In my present frame of mind, however, the sight of the Hindu was welcome. Two bribes he found it impossible to resist—his fingers always closed with an instinctive clutch on gold, and he could never withstand the temptation of a glass of brandy-pawnee, or grog. From him, therefore, I knew I could obtain valuable information as to the colonel's proceedings at the Ferns; perhaps I might even persuade him to convey a note to Letty. Telling the Hindu to follow, I went straight to the bar of a country inn upon the Bayfield road, and administered a strong dose of the liquid bribe. It proved only too effectual. His weak head was unable to bear the liquor; and although I gained the intelligence I desired, I saw it would be too hazardous to intrust him with anything which, in his intoxication, he might easily betray.

That same evening, shortly after dusk, I set out to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for you may easily suppose I was not to be deterred by Colonel Stark's threats from attempting to gain an interview with Letty. I walked slowly down the road, and it was dark when I passed the swing-gate on the path leading to the Ferns. Treading very gingerly—partly from professional caution, partly from dread of man-traps—I approached the house. Lights shone from the dining-room windows, lights streamed from the casements of the servants' offices. Cautiously I stepped up to the dining-room, and breathing upon the rime-clothed panes, peeped in.

The enemy was seated at the table, alone, over his wine, big and burly. Behind his master's chair stood the Hindu with folded arms, his dark features glistening over his white robes and beneath his gaudy turban, the light falling upon the yellows of his gleaming eyes. Something had evidently put the colonel in high good-humour; perhaps he felt pleasantly replete with dinner; perhaps he was meditating upon the success with which he had that morning repelled my uncle. Whatever the cause, he laughed aloud, and called to Johtee to bring him the big bamboo.

The Hindu glided to the corner where this instrument was usually kept, raised it reverentially between his palms, and laid it, with a low salam, before his master. The colonel took the bamboo, poised it like a sceptre in one hand, and ordered his slave before him.

'Now, Johtee, you see this?' said the colonel.

'Iss, Sahib.'

'You know what I keep it for, eh, boy?'

'Iss, Sahib.'

'Well, then, now listen to me. If ever you come home drunk again, Johtee, as you did this morning, or carry any messages, Johtee, or letters, Johtee, except for me, or break any of the rules and regulations

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of this garrison, Johtee, do you know what 'll happen to you, you scoundrel, eh?'

'N-n-n-no, Sahib,' stuttered the trembling wretch.

'Why, I 'll flog you within half an inch of your life first, then clap you in jail for five years, and have you blown from a gun afterwards. D' ye hear, ye rascal?' roared the colonel, as he brought down the big bamboo upon the table with a rap that made the decanters reel.

'Iss, Sahib,' stammered affrighted Johtee, with a lower salam than ever, as he received back the instrument of torture, and reconveyed it humbly to its appointed place.

Leaving the colonel to the magnanimous amusement of practising upon this wretched creature's fears, I slid on tiptoe round to the servants' offices, and looked in at the kitchen windows. The prospect here was not more promising than in the dining-room. The evening being cold, the servants were gathered about the fire in a group. How was I to gain speech of one of them alone? Fortune here stood my friend. The man I desired to speak with was the gardener. Letty was fond of flowers; she must be often in the green-houses and garden; this man would have frequent opportunities of conveying a note. As I was thinking how to get hold of him, the man rose, grumbling that he must go out in the cold to look after his fires. He lighted a lantern, opened the door, and stepped into the garden—I followed. When he was a little distance from the house, I called him in a low voice. The man turned, held up his lantern, saw my figure looming large through the darkness advancing towards him, was seized with sudden panic, and fled with a shout back to the house.

'Thieves—thieves! murder! robbery!' yelled the gardener, as he burst into the kitchen, arousing a chorus of shrill screams from the terrified women. Anathematising his cowardice, I beat a hasty retreat, and retiring behind the shelter of a friendly bush, awaited what should follow. To the voices of the frightened women were speedily added the gruff tones of Colonel Stark, calling to Johtee to bring his pistols, and inquiring why they were making all this hubbub. Gazing from my concealment, I saw the enemy's portly frame blocking up the doorway, while the women peeped timidly from under the shadow of his wing. Next moment he rapidly fired a couple of barrels right and left, one ball singing closely enough over my head to enable me to realise being under fire.

'What savages these old soldiers are!' was my involuntary exclamation, as I crouched closer than ever to the ground, and wished my protecting bush of twice its size. The house was now thoroughly alarmed, and further attempts at exploration useless. As noiselessly as possible, I regained the high-road, and made the best of my way back to Bayfield.

Next morning, I received the following characteristic note from Colonel Stark:

'YOUNG PARCHMENT—My house was disturbed last night. The ass of a gardener, whom I 've just sent about his business, says by thieves; but it 's my belief that you were the culprit. Now, mark this: I've just sent up to town for a couple of the fiercest bull-dogs that can be bought for money. They will be here to-morrow. Look out, therefore, for the safety of the professional hide.

'Letty knows I'm writing, and sends word she has nothing to say to you.—Truly yours, JOSIAH STARK.'

This was atrocious. I ground my teeth as I handed the epistle to my uncle, who perused it with a smile.

'Upon the whole, Caleb, not unpromising, I think,' he said, as he returned the billet. 'It is something to have made the enemy speak. Now, keep quiet for a little, and let us watch the effect.'

Well, I took my uncle's advice, and restrained my ardour, though Heaven knows it was a difficult task. I went about my ordinary duties, made no attempt to communicate with Letty, behaved as if there were no such tormenting little person in the world, for full a month; then, also by my uncle's advice, I recommenced hostilities—in a clumsy way, however, and by channels sure to be detected, if the colonel exercised ordinary sharpness. I bribed the laundress to smuggle in a note with the house-linen, taking care to be previously seen talking to the woman by one of the servants at the Ferns. Next day, the colonel came down to the office in high glee, and with quite a polite air handed me my note, remarking he should be sorry to detain any property upon which I possibly set a value. Similar measures were met in the like manner, until at last sagacious Colonel Stark, convinced of the utter futility of any efforts of mine to break his blockade, and strong in the conviction of his excessive cleverness, came forward with a proposal which, at a given period, should terminate the strife.

'Uncle not in, young Pounce?' said the colonel, swinging one morning into our office with an easy air. 'No matter. It 's you I want to speak to principally. Now, just listen to me. For the last six weeks you 've been trying your utmost, in one way or another, to communicate with my daughter Letty behind my back. Letty 's a good girl, and I don't believe she would have anything to say to you against my wish. However, that 's not the question. The plain state of the case is this: you say you love Letty, and want to get her. I say I 've got her, and I mean to keep her. Now, it 's quite evident we can't go on playing hide-and-seek like this for ever; either you must give in, yield all claim, and shake hands amicably, or I must carry Letty away somewhere—to town, or abroad, or even back to India—where you can't follow. Hey, what do you say to that, youngster?'

I could only reply that, much as I should regret to be the cause of Colonel Stark and his daughter, even temporarily, leaving the Ferns, I could not consent, in fairness to the lady, to give up the hold she had assured me I possessed upon her heart, save at her own desire.

'Very good. That 's as much as to say you won't give her up. Now, look here. I've come to propose an arrangement. You have plenty of assurance, I know, and no doubt fancy you will ultimately win the day. I have a fair share of experience in strategy, and I don't think you can. Let us put the matter to the test. Try you, for the space of six months, to take me in, deceive me, clearly, plainly, in my own house, under my own nose, if you like, so palpably that there shall be no mistake about the matter. If you succeed, I 'll surrender Letty. If, on the contrary, you fail to hoodwink me within those six months, you shall give me your word and honour—even a lawyer's got some, I suppose—to draw off your forces and raise the siege. You shall relinquish all right, claim, title, and all the rest of your jargon, to take advantage of any promise my girl may have given you, and leave her free and unmolested to marry or not to marry as she and I may settle. Now, there 's a fair, straightforward proposal, and I 'll give you ten minutes to think about it.'

The colonel placed his watch before him upon the table, took up the *Times*, and plunged into a leader.

My uncle luckily coming in at this moment, I laid Colonel Stark's proposition before him, and requested his advice. When the appointed time had expired, the colonel emerged from the newspaper.

'Well, youngster, what 's the decision?' he inquired.

'Colonel, I accept.'

The conditions of this curious compact were speedily reduced to writing. The document was signed, sealed, and delivered. A duplicate was prepared for me; the original was handed to the colonel, who buttoned it with a chuckle securely inside his breast-pocket, asked if he should give my love to Letty, and with this Parthian shaft departed on his way.

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You see, Colonel Stark had such profound reliance upon his own sharpsightedness, and felt so thoroughly convinced that he must win.

VICTOR HUGO.

Out of England, at all events, there certainly does not now exist a writer equal to the author of *Les Misérables*. He has described, by intuition perhaps, rather than from personal observation, the serenest heights of virtue and happiness; he has laid bare the murkiest depths of human degradation. He is distinguished as a poet, a satirist, and a politician. He was a peer of France, and one of the first orators of the French tribune. There is no question about his being a great man, in any sense; even Louis Napoleon admits so much of his enemy.

Under these circumstances, a Life of Victor Hugo,* even though indifferently compiled, should be a very interesting publication. The biographies of literary men are generally of great interest; those of Oliver Goldsmith, of Samuel Johnson, of Walter Scott, are the most charming in our language; the genius of none of these men was so varied as that of him we speak of; the lives of none of them were nearly so eventful; and yet the narrative before us cannot be compared with the least attractive of the three. There are, however, reasons for this. Victor Hugo is yet alive, and for biographical purposes, a dead author is better than a living one. The present two volumes are avowedly but an instalment; they only describe Victor Hugo's youth (which, however, includes his marriage), and his failures and successes as a Dramatist; whereas, perhaps, it is as a writer of dramas that he is least great. The object of the next volume, we read, will be to exhibit him as an orator. Now, this exhibition of the various facets of a genius—this revolution of him, after the manner of the lady on horseback in Moses's shop, just so many times as he *has* facets—is a most detestable method of writing biography. We do not know who has it in charge to represent to us the life of this great author; some say it is his wife, and it is certainly some one who is intimately acquainted with him, and French to the backbone; but he or she is not doing it well. Everything that relates to the Idol is unnecessarily spun out; the works of the Idol, which have not been judged worthy of publication elsewhere, are here generously presented to us; and, alas! they are stupid. We do not want his letters against the punishment of death, addressed to the Guernsey people on the occasion of a very great ruffian being condemned to be hung there: 'O population of fishermen, brave and good men of the sea, do not let this man die,' &c.; we do not even need to read again his appeal to Lord Palmerston upon the same subject, wonderfully eloquent and impassioned as it really is. 'Listen, my lord; we inhabit—you and I—the infinitely small. I am but an Exile, and you are only a Minister.' The misfortune of French writers, even the very wittiest of them, is that they have no humour.

However, there is much to be thankful for in this biography, and occurring, too, in the most unexpected place. What terrifies one from most works of the same nature, or causes us to begin at the thirteenth chapter or so, is that wearisome account which is sure to preface them of the hero's ancestors, who were not themselves heroes. It is so pleasant to skip over *that*. Now, in the Life of Victor Hugo, by far the most charming portion is that which concerns his father only, General Leopold Hugo, the capturer of Fra Diavolo, and governor of Avellino in Italy; the governor of three provinces in Spain, and of Madrid itself, under King Joseph Bonaparte, his friend and patron. This soldier of fortune was a very fine fellow, although, I am afraid, not strictly a domestic character; he endured his long absences from his wife and family with an admirable fortitude; but in many instances they really could not be helped. When he sent for them from Paris to join his Excellency in the Spanish capital, it was no ordinary travel that was proposed for them. No French persons could enter the conquered country except under convoy. Numbers of families waited in the frontier towns for the occasion of treasure being sent to the capital, that the troops and artillery which guarded it should guard them also. When Madame Hugo and her children started from Bayonne, in their enormous private coach, which carried their larder and their beds, it was with more than one hundred other carriages. Two hundred others had been refused convoy, the commander not feeling competent to protect so many, notwithstanding that he had fifteen hundred infantry, five hundred cavalry, and four guns. Only a month before, such a convoy had been pillaged and massacred by guerrillas at Salinas, and the catastrophe was chiefly imputed to the immense length of the line. It may be well imagined, therefore, that people got as near the treasure-carts as they could, since there was sure to be the best protection. The contest for the *pas*, in such a case, was not a mere struggle for social supremacy, but for life or death. The lady of the governor of Madrid had the foremost place of all, notwithstanding that the Duchess of Villa Hermosa, with all her quarterings, disputed her rights. The question was referred to the Duke of Cotadilla, the commander of the convoy, and, 'like a true gentleman, he gave the post of honour to the foreigner.' Thus Victor Hugo, then a boy of nine or ten, entered Spain in state.

The inhabitants, who were bound to furnish provisions gratis, treated his mother as the wife of an inspector, of a general, of a chief officer in the king's household, and of a governor of Madrid, all in one. She received, at every halting-place, a quarter of beef, a whole sheep, eighty pounds of bread, and a keg of brandy. The description of this journey is the best part of the whole work. It gives an admirable picture of a country conquered, but not subdued, and in the occupation of hated aliens. The peasants, but for whom Spain would perhaps never have been free, were actively hostile; the nobles were sullenly submissive. The reception of the visitors was everywhere as cold as ill-feeling could make it. 'The general style of the stopping-places was a strong, massive house, resembling a jail, with a low, stubborn-looking door, made of very thick oak, bound with iron, studded with prison-like nails, and with strong bolts on the inside. If one knocked, there was nobody to be found; if the knock was repeated, the result was the same. On a third application, one fancied that the inmates of the house were all deaf. At last, after hammering at the door the tenth, and very often for the twentieth time, a grating would be partly opened, and a stern-looking maid-servant would appear, with pinched lips, and a frozen aspect. This servant was speechless, but would allow you to talk as much as you pleased; would disappear without an answer, and shortly after reappear, and hold the door ajar. Certainly, it was not hospitality that opened its doors, but rather hatred. You would be shewn into rooms only furnished with the most strictly necessary articles. Not one convenient or ornamental object was to be seen. Ease was banished, luxury forbidden; even the furniture itself was hostile. The chairs were uncomfortable, and the walls seemed to exclaim: "Be off!" The servant would introduce you to the rooms, to the kitchen, and to the provisions, then take herself off, and be seen no more. The owners were never visible. They had understood that they would be expected to entertain the French; they had prepared rooms and food for them, and they considered that they had

* *Victor Hugo. A Life related by one who has witnessed it.* Allen & Co.

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then done all that was required. At the first sound of the knocker, they would retire with their children and servants into the most distant room in the house, shut themselves up there, and would wait, imprisoned in their own house, till the departure of their unwelcome guests. No voice or step was ever heard. Even the little children fiercely held their tongues. It resembled the silence and annihilation of the tomb; the house was as the house of death.'

Once, indeed, Madame Hugo was received in a very different manner. 'At the first stroke of the knocker, the door was opened, and, in lieu of a servant, the master himself welcomed her. He placed himself and his children at the disposition of the general's lady, and gave up to her his large furnished house. It was a cheerful, fresh-looking habitation. Marble and water were to be found in every part, and it was comfortable to superfluity. Everything was delivered up to the mother and her children, the drawing-room, the garden, the servants, and the very proprietors. Madame Hugo felt herself even more at home than she had been in Paris. The family spent several days in that town, and this perfect hospitality never varied for a single moment. Madame Hugo had noticed in her bedroom a silver vase, which she wished to possess. Her host was so polite, that, on quitting him, she ventured to inquire if he would kindly allow her to carry it away. The Spaniard took it, and put it amongst her packages. She thanked him, and inquired its price. He seemed much astonished, and made no reply. She repeated her question, and told him that she fully intended paying for the vase. The Spaniard answered that he did not understand what she meant. She observed that it was very courteous of him, but that she had not come to his house in order to rob him, and declined taking the vase, unless he would allow her to pay him for it. He smiled bitterly, and replied that he plainly saw that there had been a misunderstanding between them the last three days; that, nevertheless, he had done his best to prove to the general's lady that she was really in her own house, and not merely his guest. He remarked that everything belonged to the French, even Spain and the Spaniards, and that as his country was in a state of slavery, he had endeavoured to behave as a slave should, but that he was not a seller of vases; and he was surprised that the French should feel so many scruples as to carrying off a mere cup, when they had shewn so few in pillaging whole towns.' Even in the Masserano Palace at Madrid, where the Hugos were housed, as became their dignity, there were doors with little bands of white paper and red wax on them—sealed rooms. The French were looked on as robbers everywhere. The incidents of the march itself are most graphically painted; the false alarms, and the real attacks of the guerrillas; the meeting with 'the lame regiments,' made up of disabled soldiers from every corps, who were on their way to their beloved France, and therefore happy, notwithstanding their condition. It was a hall of miracles, one of Callot's beggar groups. 'They included every kind of infirmity dressed in every variety of costume. There were men from all the different army corps of all nations in Europe. Horsemen, who had lost their horses, went along at a foot-pace; foot-soldiers, who had lost their legs, rode awkwardly enough on asses or mules; the blind allowed themselves to be led by the lame. The oddest thing of all was, that these poor devils, whose ragged uniforms no longer boasted epaulets, carried in their place some animal that they were bringing home; very often it was a monkey; but some retained both epaulets, and added a parrot to the monkey.

'The convoy greeted, with boisterous shouts of laughter, this remnant of an army that had entered Spain with eagles, and was now leaving it with parrots. The maimed soldiers took no offence at these bursts of merriment, and even joined in them; but one of them said to the grenadiers: "See what you'll all come to!" Another added: "Always supposing that you come back at all!" The gaiety of the escort was somewhat cooled by this retort, and one of the grenadiers glanced at a man who had but one eye left, and no nose at all, as much as to say: "There's a piece of luck!"'

On one occasion, news arrived that Queen Julia would pass the convoy at a certain hour. As the soldiers were very dirty, and had not attended to their costume for many days, their commander directed they should put on clean linen to do her majesty honour. For this purpose, the line was halted, and the ladies in the carriages warned not to look out of window. Wearied, and warm, and dusty, the men eagerly obeyed, but were in no hurry to put on their clothes again. They delayed matters so long, indeed, that when Queen Julia did arrive, a little before her time, her carriage had to pass through a couple of thousand men in the act of changing their shirts. The Duke of Cotadilla was desolated, and lost his spirits, in consequence, for the remainder of the journey.

After a short residence at Madrid, it became necessary, thanks to Lord Wellington, that the Hugos should go to France again. There were no laughable incidents upon that return-journey. 'The carriages were huddled together, and ceased to be a file, becoming a continuous and unbroken chain. Forced marches were made; it was necessary to obey orders, to load and unload, and put the horses to at all hours of the day and night; women and children could no longer be considered; everything was done under orders; the convoy hardly ever stopped; the people were ill-fed; they did not go to bed. This was really travelling. As a result of this pressure, they had hardly passed the village of St Jean de Luz, and caught sight of the great plains of France, when, without a word of notice, and without any farewells, all the carriages broke through the ranks, glad to escape from such a rough kind of protection; they scattered themselves at once in all directions, regardless of order or direction, running up against the slopes, and sticking in the mire, with all the excitement of a joyful defeat and a triumphal rout.'

The greatness of General Hugo was as short-lived as that of his master. His having served King Joseph well was no claim upon the Emperor, his brother. Napoleon despised all persons whose importance did not emanate directly from himself; he would not even acknowledge their titles. General Hugo was only recognised as a major, until the allies invaded France, when his real value was unwillingly acknowledged, and he was made governor of Thionville, which he most gallantly defended. There was another reason why he was neglected—he had been Moreau's friend, and Moreau had conspired against the First Consul, who never forgave. General Lahorie, another conspirator, was in hiding in Madame Hugo's house in Paris (she was, unlike her husband, a bitter royalist) for more than a year. He used to live in the ruins of a chapel in the garden, which young Victor thought was a very strange taste. He was given to understand that the general was his relative, and fully believed it, until the day when the police came and dragged the poor fellow off to prison. Thus the great romancist has met with not a little real romance in his own life. Some of it he made for himself, however, like another Midas, turning the commonest sands of life into golden particles. Since the publication of *Les Misérables*, Barbès has addressed a letter to its author, thanking him for his life, which for three-and-twenty years he had enjoyed without acknowledgment to the man who had preserved it, thus: A certain night in 1839, after the insurrection in which Barbès and Blanqui were the ringleaders, Victor Hugo was at the opera, where *La Esmeralda* (from his *Notre Dame*) was being performed. A peer

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of France sat down beside him, and observed: 'We have just performed a painful duty; Barbés is condemned. He will be executed, without doubt, to-morrow morning. You know there is no appeal from the Chamber of Peers.' Victor Hugo quitted his companion, went behind the scenes and into the manager's room, where at the table, scored with theatrical caricatures, he sat down and composed these lines, addressed to the king:

Par votre ange, envolé ainsi qu'une colombe !
Par ce royal enfant, doux et frêle roseau !
Grâce encore une fois ! grâce au nom de la tombe !
Grâce au nom de berceau !

He went straight to the palace, where he was told his majesty would receive his communication the next morning. 'It must be now, at once,' quoth the kindly poet. He carried his point. The king replied: 'His pardon is granted: it only remains for me to obtain it.' And after much opposition from the ministers, Barbés' life was spared. Royalism had at that time ceased to be the political religion of Victor Hugo. In his boyhood, he was an ardent supporter of the throne. Louis XVIII. gave him a pension of 1000 francs on the appearance of his first book of poems, and on this income he married! He was not twenty years old, but he had a little reputation already. At fifteen, he had written for the Academy prize, and received favourable mention. His Ode on the Death of the Duc de Berri, composed two years later, had been often quoted by majesty. M. de Chateaubriand had termed him 'a sublime child.' Before his birth, his father had betrothed him to the infant daughter of his friend Foucher. 'You have a daughter, and I will have a son, and the children shall marry each other.' Victor Marie Hugo was born in 1802, and made haste to fulfil his father's prophecy. The young couple were very poor and very happy. The husband was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by Charles X., but he could not live on his ribbon. Having discovered that the government opened his private letters when addressed to persons in opposition to it, he began to think less highly of it. At a ball at the Austrian ambassador's, the Duke of Taranto was introduced as Marshal Macdonald, the Duke of Dalmatia as Marshal Soult, the Duke of Treviso as Marshal Mortier. All Paris was wild with the insult, and our poet maddest of all, although he had no cause to revere the memory of the Emperor. He wrote his *Ode à la Colonne*, which was equivalent to cutting his court-moorings. Then his play, *Marion de Lorme*, was forbidden to be acted. 'In your Louis XIII., who is described as a hunter governed by a priest,' observed the censor naïvely, 'everybody will see an allusion to Charles X.' The king granted him a second pension of four thousand francs, by way of atonement, but the young poet refused it with indignation. It was not till 1830 that literary struggles—struggles for bread and cheese—began to cease with him; in that year his *Hernani* achieved an immense theatrical triumph. 'The success was secured by the monologue of Charles V. in the fourth act; that tremendous monologue was interrupted at almost every verse by bravos, and ended in interminable rounds of applause. These shouts were still going on, when some one came to tell the author that he was wanted. He went out, and saw a little man with a round stomach and staring eyes.

"My name's Maure," said the little man; "I'm the partner of Monsieur Baudoin, the publisher. But we can't talk here. Will you spare me a minute outside the house?" When they were in the street—"Now, then," he said, "Monsieur Baudoin and I were at the performance, and we should like to publish *Hernani*. Will you sell it?"

"What do you offer?"

"Six thousand francs." [L.240.]

"We will talk about it when the performance is over."

"I beg your pardon," said the publisher, "but I make a great point of settling the matter at once."

"Why? You don't know what you are buying: the success may be less complete."

"Ah, that's true, but it may be much greater. At the second act, I thought of offering two thousand francs; at the third act, I got up to four thousand. I now, at the fourth act, offer six thousand; and after the fifth, I am afraid I should have to offer ten thousand."

"Well," said M. Hugo laughing, "since you have so much fear about the play, you shall have it. Come to-morrow morning, and we will settle the matter."

"If it's the same thing to you, I should prefer settling it at once. I have got the six thousand francs in my pocket."

"I've no objection, but how can it be managed? We are in the street."

"Here's a tobacco-shop."

'The publisher entered with the author, bought a sheet of stamped paper, and asked for a pen and ink. The treaty was written and signed on the counter, and the author received the money, which was by no means unacceptable, as he had not more than fifty francs in his possession.'

Victor Hugo had now set his foot pretty firmly on the ladder to Fame, and to something more tangible and not less necessary to mortals. *Notre Dame de Paris* appeared in 1831, and took the town—which in the case of Paris means the country also—by storm. Then he sold the copyright of his works of the last eleven years for about ten thousand pounds. These consisted almost entirely of poems and plays. It is most remarkable that upwards of thirty years should have elapsed between the publication of his last two novels, *Notre Dame* and *Les Misérables*, the success of the former of which would be called stupendous unless compared with that of the latter. He was elected to the Chamber of Peers in 1841. The reverses which have since befallen Victor Hugo are a part of European history, and their detail will doubtless form a most interesting volume. In the meantime, we wait with patience, and some of us, including His Majesty the Emperor of the French, perhaps, with no little anxiety.

CYCLES OF FASHION.

We are without doubt in some respects wiser than our ancestors: we don't, when comets visit us, bring out all the warming-pans and kettles in the country, and try to scare away the fiery intruder by dint of rough music, as the Chinese do; nor do we grovel, quaking with senseless terror, on the stone floors of our churches, till bell, book, and candle have driven off the grisly portent, as our forefathers did. We do not fear comets any more. Their horrent aspect, the lambent fire of their dreadful tails, their hideous cargo of war and pestilence, alarm us no more than a scarecrow would frighten the London sparrows. We glance at the almanac, and see when they are expected, and when they came before, and view their periodical advent with quiet interest.

Fashion is to us what the comet—the real old flaming dragon of the sky—was to our seniors by a few centuries; it is obscure, and therefore terrible—obscure as to its origin, that is to say, though glorious in its hour of sovereignty. It may spring, Minerva-like, armed cap-à-pie from the brain of an empress, or from that of Mademoiselle Honorine the milliner, at her wits' end to avoid bankruptcy. It may be the offspring of caprice, of accident, of some mistake, craze, or perversity on the part of a leader of society. More commonly, perhaps, it arose in an anxious wish to conceal the imperfections of royalty, just as high heels and hair-powder, hoops, rouge, and periwigs were kind enough to do in their day.

Another resemblance between comets, meteors, and

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the other radiant bugbears of the old world and Fashion, consists in the awful rumours, the advanced-guard of reports, preceding both of them. A fiery sword in the sky, a winged serpent, a flaming sign, would be telegraphed from pilgrim to pilgrim, from monk to merchant, from pedler to alewife, all over the land. Toledo was soon on the watch for the boding messenger that had terrified the Catalans; York looked out with panic-stricken apprehension for the prodigy that had thrown middle-aged London into hysterics. Just so does Fashion send forth her skirmishers, and announce her approach by a blatant flourish of trumpets. Long before these intellectual periodicals, the *Follet* and the *Courrier*, chronicle the accession of the new potentate, vague, mysterious thrills have pervaded the world, and a thousand tongues are timorously descanting on the character of the coming autocrat.

It is a pity that we have no astronomer-royal for the fashions; had it been thus wisely managed, much of the old superstitious dread would have evaporated, like the horror of witchcraft and the fear of Borgian perfumes. Fashion is no wild Will-o'-the-wisp, glancing aimlessly to and fro over a rush-grown swamp; she—for Fashion is surely feminine—rotates steadily in a rather eccentric orbit, and comes and goes on certain assured principles, rather dim as yet, but doubtless exact. While we wait for the welcome philosopher, the Newton of the Mode, who shall be able to lay down charts of the new and elegant science, let us endeavour to strike out a path of truth for ourselves.

The great Elizabethan age beheld the expansion of more material things than the human mind; it was the apogee of monstrous farthingales, often distended to balloon-like proportions. A court-lady, in the Great Queen's days, needed a whole coach to herself. Wire, canvas, wood, and horse-hair were employed to spread the ample skirts of paduasoy, or Genoa velvet, or cramoisie of France, or Flanders cloth, to the huge dimensions measured forth by Fashion's foot-rule. There was no *Punch* then to quiz the innovation and its fair and unfair worshippers, but there were preachers. It was not for loyal rectors and curates to fall foul of what was worn by the queen's highness; but there were fierce zealots in the land to whom court-patronage of the farthingale only lent the abomination a deeper dye. They thundered against it. If hard words and texts sorely strained could have annihilated the farthingale, not many shreds of that offending garment would have been left to vex the eyes of puritanical critics. But the more it was preached against, the bigger, saucier, and more portentous grew the farthingale. It reigned its reign, and did its work, and was scarcely out of date at the time of the execution of Charles I.

Sixty years sped their course, and, under a new name, and in altered guise, the farthingale of Queen Bess was in fashion again. What Henrietta Maria had disused, what Katharine of Braganza, and, more to the purpose, their gay graces of Portsmouth and Cleveland had not worn, what Mary of Modena had despised, and Mary of England overlooked, came in again under Anne. The hoop throve and flourished. From Marlborough's disgrace to the French Revolution is a pretty long lease of popularity, and such a lease had the hoop. Small at first, and sparingly patronised, it attained its utmost popularity and extremest diameter towards the middle of the century, when the Highlanders were at Derby, and when the trial of Mr Eugene Aram was engrossing the attention of Yorkshiremen.

About an equal interval of time, and the hoop was in again, not, this time, as a hoop, and still less as a farthingale, for Fashion is no servile copyist, but as crinoline uniting some of the merits of both predecessors, while avoiding their defects. It was not hot and heavy, like the weightily wadded garment of the sixteenth century; it was not stiff and hard, like the wooden cincture of the eighteenth, which had to be sloped on entering a doorway; but it had faults, and those radical ones. In an age keenly alive to the ridiculous, an age of pictorial illustration, refined humour, and sensitive taste, it deliberately made itself a laughing-stock.

Crinoline, when bad of its kind, is frightfully absurd and grotesque. To mimic the old farthingale, to caricature a caricature, was hopeless; as well paint the lily, or lay gold-leaf on the pure metal from Ophir. That prodigious vestment lay open to abuse, but hardly lent itself to a joke; and as for the hoop of the last century, it was simple and cheap. Molly Cook, or Dorothy the dairymaid, could be in the fashion at small cost. True, their gowns were of linsey-woolsey, or poor camlet at best; but the cooper could toil for them as deftly as for Lady Araminta herself; and the Sunday attire of a milkmaid was often in those days both pretty and tasteful. We have changed all that. The smith has taken the cooper's place, and Vulcan must keep his forge a-glow to supply Venus with daintily tempered steel. I forget how many thousand tons of the best Swedish iron are yearly worked up into materials for Beauty's panoply. Ten myriads of flesh-and-blood workers, at least, get a living out of this new craft; and when skimped skirts come in again, they will take the bread out of many mouths. But inferior crinoline, the second-chop article, the poor makeshift, is a delusion and a snare indeed. It is very well for Lady Felicia to measure seven yards in circumference, and to carry her ample robes and pliant framework with ease and grace; but think of Sally the kitchenmaid, with her nine pennyworth of split cane; of Mrs Cook, with her battered wires beneath that hebdomadary satin of hers; of Susan Brown, with her poor little frock of state strained to drum-like tightness by the harsh framework within. These are the people whose foibles are an annuity to Mr Leech and his brethren.

Neither the Grecian women, nor those of Rome, were perhaps what we should admire now a days; they had, to judge by the statuary and frescoes that have come down to us, large hands and massive feet, and were altogether more manly of aspect than would suit with our ideas of the fitness of things. Let us keep our retrospective admiration for the ladies of feudal Europe—for Constance in her balcony overhanging the lists, where gallant champions fought to win the wreath from her white hand; for Margaret on her milk-white palfrey, speeding merrily along after the fierce goshawks and swift-winged heron. Compared with these queens of the tournament and the hunting-field, how dry, and tame, and scholastic do the maids and matrons of Rome appear! From covetous Tarpeia to stout Volumnia, a dreadful association with the Latin grammar seems to cling to them all.

Possibly, one cause of this want of sympathy with the fair ancients is the singular ungracefulness of their attire. Classic costume may answer tolerably for a statue, but it would have few merits in real life. Those short waists, those long and narrow garments, the hair worn in a crop or in the loose knot and untidy braids, the fillet, the coif, the sandals, make up anything but a becoming toilet. It was impossible that such a style of dress should take a firm hold of the popular taste; nor did it. We find the proud dames of old Rome borrowing without scruple from the East. Syria, Egypt, the rich kingdoms won from the weak successors of Iskender's strong-handed captains, set the fashions to the seven-hilled city; and as the Greco-oriental modes, in dress at least, were splendidly frightful, and loaded with ornament, strange pantomimic figures must have emerged from the stateliest portals in the world's capital.

The middle ages displayed an immense amount of independent thought. The race that knew how to

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rear the fair magnificence of those minsters which we can now but wonder at, had a marvellous invention in dress. Medieval men were equally ready with the mason's chisel and the tailor's shears, deft at cutting stone into lace-work delicate as the very hoar-frost on the trees beyond, or at snipping, pinking, and slashing the robe that Mistress Katharine was to wear at festivals. What prodigal wealth of fancy was lavished on the shoes, the hats, the hose, and mantles of our ancestry!—on those shoes whose toes now curled upwards like a ram's horn, now spread out broadly, like the feathers of a fan-tailed pigeon; on the head-gear, that varied from the muffin-cap to the steeple-crowned hat; on the mantles, ranging from the short Norman spencer to the wide and many-folded cloak of Spain. No approach to the classical can be traced in the wardrobe of the dark ages.

Suddenly, round the death-bed of the rouged, patched, raddled Eighteenth Century, appeared a throng of enthusiasts of both sexes, ardent, if not accurate, imitators of the classic style. Republicanism was in vogue, and for precedents as to how republicans acted and dressed, the French had to rake among the ashes of the past. The result, though partial and ephemeral, was very curious. Shaggy patriots, in red Phrygian caps, prowled about the streets, calling themselves Brutus and Scævola. Rash men strutted forth upon the boulevards in the toga and buskins, and were only checked by the irrestrainable laughter of the mob. Reason, typified by Mademoiselle Oliva, famous in the history of the diamond necklace, was publicly worshipped in a costume modelled on the antique; and, to crown the extravagances of the period, the short waist of the classic school was imposed upon Europe.

The victory was complete. Paris caught the innovation to her heart, and spread the epidemic far and wide. Wherever the French armies penetrated, they found that Fashion had outmarched them. Even our chalk-cliffs, which held invasion at arm's length, even our stormy waves, fatal to hostile navies, could not keep out this intruder. Fashion did what Napoleon, with all the First Consul's horses and all his men, backed by the Boulogne flotilla and the fleets of two monarchies, could never effect. This foe laughed at blockading squadrons, made light of camps on the Kentish downs, of pipe-clayed regulars and hair-powdered volunteers. She marched straight to London, took undisputed possession, and insisted on tying the sashes of our grandmothers immediately beneath their arms. This strange revival of classicism lasted a long time. Mutius and Brutus learned to shave; Cassius got his hair cut; scowling Cato resumed his Parisian gaiety, along with the name which his sponsors had given him at the font. Republicanism was at the lowest discount, and toga and chlamys became the property of the rág-merchant, but short waists kept their empire. How quaint and absurd they were, even when worn by the young and charming, the portraits of the day survive to tell us. How grotesque their ungainliness was in other cases, must be learned from the savage pencil of Gilray. It is much to the credit of Sir Thomas Lawrence that his portraits of beautiful women were, on the whole, so successful. He had a hard task. Those corkscrew curls, those preposterous combs, the blue ribbon round the unnatural waist, the long lank stretch of white satin below—these were heavy odds against a painter. It was hard to make Lady Lavinia or Miss Lucy look other than awkward school-girls in a hideous costume. If the poor man did flatter a little, it was in self-defence: glittering eyes, vermilion lips, and a complexion of lilies and roses, were indeed needed to be set off against that frightful apparel.

It is not always that we can trace so clearly in the recurrence of a long-forgotten mode an old friend with a new face; but this only proves that the data at our command are not sufficiently numerous to point to a conclusion. We can no more, in the present state of the world, know 'all about' Fashion than we can have the last word on electricity, latent heat, or dynamics. We only guess and wonder at the mysterious rule by which the cast-off tastes of a long-past generation are suddenly adopted by posterity. Sometimes a wide gap intervenes, and the revival is that of the fashions of a race wholly extinct; at other times, the space is so short that Mrs Partington, who has courageously adhered to the costume of her youth, is surprised to see that the wheel has revolved, and that she is in the fashion again.

There are apparent contradictions in the onward progress of Fashion, striking instances of unpopular things living down scoff and scorn. Thus, the colour black has triumphed, at least as a hue for masculine wear, over all opposition. Three centuries ago, black was singularly out of favour; none wore it save the sad and sour zealots of the Puritan party, and it was eyed with little liking by the rest of the community. Gay cavaliers in velvet, silk, and fine cloth, flashing with embroidery of gold and silver, paraded all the tints of the rainbow through the Mall of London and the gardens of Versailles. Amid that perpetual pageant of lace and satin, of coats green, scarlet, pink, or sky-blue, those suits of amaranth or peach-blossom, those plum-coloured mantles and yellow roquelaures, how sombre and dull looked plain black broad-cloth. Yet it won the victory. The Spanish taste for the colour probably helped the Puritan's affection for its inky hue, and it has survived all the bright and gaudy rivals that once held it at so cheap a rate.

A very curious episode is that of the Highland garb. It is not too much to say that, down to the 'Forty-five,' this martial dress was unknown in England, and viewed with dislike throughout the Scottish Lowlands. At the close of the rebellion of 1745, an effort was made by the government to abolish a costume which could scarcely be complete without weapons, and whose significant checkers tended to remind the wearer of his ties of clanship. Tartans were forbidden under severe penalties; the kilt was blotted out by act of parliament, and plaids were ordered to be stained to a uniform black or purple. But the so-called Clan Acts attracted little notice in the south, and we may be sure that George II. took small interest in the subject. A hundred years later, George IV. could devise no compliment more grateful to his northern lieges than that of wearing the proscribed garb of the Gael at an Edinburgh ball, and regiments in kilt and plumed bonnet were held as ornaments to the army of which they formed a part.

Ruffs have undergone as many transmutations as the grub on his passage to butterflyhood. In their case, however, the process was reversed, for the ruff may be reckoned the very climax and superlative of neck-gear. Huge as it was in the reign of Elizabeth, it was even more important in the days of her successor. It culminated when the yellow starch, invented by gentle Mistress Turner (who had, alas! more hurtful recipes than this innocent one), was used to stiffen it. No holly-hedge had more sharp angles than some of these formidable compilations, which were worn by both sexes, and which were at once the joy and the torment of laundresses.

The ruff gave place, abruptly, to the falling bands and heavy flapping collars of the Commonwealth, mere square pieces of thick linen, without embroidery or decoration of any sort; and these were succeeded by collars still deeper and more ample, but richly laced when the wearer's purse allowed it, or perhaps adorned with white seam, or more homely needlework. And with the Flanders campaigns came in the standing collar, which gradually changed to the sharp-pointed gills that once menaced every Briton's ears, and which were fined down into the unobtrusive dogs-ears of the present pattern.

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Bracelets and bangles, 'brooches, pearls, and owches,' rings and chains, have ever and anon metamorphosed themselves into what seemed audacious novelties, but which were really the merest copies of bygone jewellery. Painted, pencilled, and enamelled faces have occasionally been in vogue, from the siege of Troy, or perhaps that of Babylon, down to Queen Victoria's reign. One generation out of three, on the average, has preferred plaster and artificial blushes to the natural complexion. But, to the credit of humanity, this method of counterfeiting beauty has always been despised and blamed by the great mass of mankind. As for such small matters as games and toys, it is no uncommon thing to see English children busy in a sport that Aristides may have played at, but which slept forgotten, to all appearance, through the middle ages. Hopscotch, for instance, is a game that Roman boys played before Cæsar was born.

Fashion takes cognizance of more than dress and ornament, of more than games and playthings. In Charlemagne's time, good society is said to have dined at nine o'clock A.M. Is this a myth, irreconcilable with common sense, and are the days of Great Charles too far off in the dim past? Then, to come with a jump to the days of good King René, Shakspeare's 'Regnier,' the minstrel-king of Provence, Naples, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, unquestionably dined at eleven; and all our English kings, down to the Restoration, dined at noon. They also supped at five, or thereabouts, with a rere supper, that was not the least valued meal of the day, taken between eight and nine. Thus, the late supper of Plantagenet reigns is but our modern London dinner in disguise, and the habits of the polite world have changed less than some who love and some who loathe the past would have us believe.

Fashion is ever young, like a fresh fountain throwing up a thousand sparkles of spray. What matter if the novelties, as Molière has it, are of ancient date; so are the wild-flowers and the thrush's song, old as the hills, but new as the new-born day that has yet to be measured out, sand by sand, grain by grain, from Time's great hour-glass. It is not wise to carp and cavil at the constant stream of change. The change comes, however little we like it; and, to do us justice, most of us accept the sway of fashion with as good a grace as when Antony was calling Cleopatra's attention to a charming improvement in sandals, or Mæcenas was shewing Horace and Ovid the 'last sweet thing' in togas.

WIDOWED IN THE WILDS.

It is now many years since I accompanied my husband, a missionary, into the interior of Southern Africa. His undertaking was an arduous one, for he went to found a new station, and to plant the Cross among utter heathens. But he was enthusiastic in the good cause, and I had married him with the earnest desire of proving a worthy helpmeet in his labours.

In those days, missions were not organised as they are now; and when our long sea-voyage was ended, alone and unfriended, we again started for our destination, making our way in a bullock-wagon across the broad plateaus and rugged water-courses of the Amakosa country, and mounting the loftier hills and threading the wilder passes of the Griqua territory, as we pierced deeper into the wilderness. But our hearts were in our task; and when the long day's journey was done, cheerful and hopeful, we would sit beneath the stars, and learn from our guide the language of the people we were going to teach.

At length we reached our station in Namaqua Land. When I saw the wild savages among whom our lot was cast, my heart was ready to sink; but the goodness of our purpose upheld me; moreover, there was little time for fears, for a house must be built ere we could live in one, and a chapel be erected before we could commence our duties; and toiling with our own hands, aided by our guide and driver, who remained for a while to help us, we at length completed both. Humble little edifices they were, of wattle and clay, with a palm-leaf sheathing; but they sufficed for the wants of those who had no worldly vanity to consider.

It was a joyful day when we first heard the little bell ring out over the kraals, summoning their inmates to the chapel, at one end of which my husband was to instruct the men; while at the other I should try to instil into these rude wild women the womanly and wifely virtues; and though for a time these efforts were met by peals of laughter, and my husband's services were more frequently sought as a rain-maker or witch-finder than in any other capacity, yet ultimately our endeavours prevailed, and we won their respect and confidence, and, as we hoped, in one or two cases, something more.

Thus passed nearly three years; and though to the world our life at that remote mission-station might seem desolate and dreary, it was in reality full of interest, and cheered by the daily increasing hope that we had planted the germs both of a religion and civilisation which would spread and bear much fruit.

Such were our prospects, when one day we learned that the great chief Luto, beneath whose protection we lived, was taken ill, and we resolved to visit him; more especially as, like most missionaries, my husband possessed some medical skill. The chief's kraal was scarcely five miles from the station, and we started early, to avoid the heat of the tropical sun; but we had hardly traversed half the distance, when a faint sound, as of rushing water, broke the intense stillness of the wilderness, increasing as we advanced, until it swelled into a succession of wild cries and fearful shrieks. Ignorant whether this might not be the form of mourning for one so exalted as Luto, we hastened on, though, when we reached the spot, it was with difficulty we could force our way through the thick belt of terrified-looking Kaffirs who were eagerly pressing forward to witness the scene within.

At length we reached the front; but very different was the sight we looked on to what we had anticipated. On one side, stretched on a dingy mat, lay the mighty chief whose will was law over hundreds of miles and thousands of lives, his huge form writhing with neuralgic pains, and his stern countenance discoloured by suffering. But his eyes glowed with rage as he exclaimed to us, with a doubly guttural intonation: 'I am bewitched—an evil eye has been cast upon me. However,' he added with set teeth, 'I am punishing him.'

Following the direction of the chief's outstretched finger, our horrified and astonished eyes fell on the form of a Kaffir bound hand and foot with withes, and pinioned to the ground; while two others, wearing the dirty feather-decorations of magicians, were busily engaged in breaking and spreading over the uncovered chest of the wretched man nests of the fierce red ant—those favourite instruments of Kaffir torture—each fresh application of which drew forth a new burst of agony from the sufferer, and elicited another flash of triumph from the sick chief's eyes.

But mingled with our horror at the scene was the feeling that the victim of this fearful superstition must at once be rescued. It was obviously a difficult task, for the prosecutor was likewise the judge, but it must nevertheless be achieved; and with all respect, in consideration of his sovereignty, but eagerly, earnestly, entreatingly, as if we had been petitioning for our own lives, we besought the chief to release his tribesman. The answer was an abrupt negative. But in such a case, and with those frightful cries ringing in our ears, we were not to be deterred; and more zealously, more anxiously than ever, and with

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many assurances that health and sickness were in a Higher Hand, we preferred our suit.

At length, wearied of our importunity, the chief uttered the emphatic denial no Kaffir ever rescinds. That door of hope was closed. But it was impossible for us, the servants of religion, civilisation, and humanity, to stand idly by and witness such a sacrifice; and though well knowing he incurred much peril by braving the despot's will, my husband sprang to his feet, and snatching an ostrich-feather fan from one of the chief's attendants, bounded with it across the area, and pushing aside the conjurers, swept with a rapid hand the ants from the tortured man; then cutting the detaining withes, he assisted him to rise.

So sudden and unexpected was this act, that Luto and his great men seemed almost paralysed by its temerity, while my heart trembled with fear as to its consequences. Another moment, and the chief recovered himself, and catching up an assagai, which lay beside him, ere I could interpose, hurled it, with a fierce Kaffir denunciation, full at the devoted missionary.

To this hour, I seem to hear the whir of the swift weapon, as its long slender shaft quivered through the air; to see the gleaming steel of the barbed head, as it entered the side of my beloved husband, and struck him down on the very spot from which he had just rescued an innocent victim.

With a cry of anguish, I rushed to his side, while the entire Kaffir concourse was stirred by howls and deafening yells, whose meaning I did not seek to learn. My whole thoughts were with the husband moaning in, it might be, his death-agony, as I knelt beside him, and tore my dress in shreds to stanch the wounds through which his life seemed ebbing. Meanwhile, louder and higher swelled the tumult around me, until it broke on my sorrow with a terrible fear lest they were discussing the completion of their unfinished deed, which alone and friendless among that savage assembly, I was impotent to resist. At length a step approached me, and involuntarily I clasped my beloved one closer, as if that could avert his fate.

But the voice which addressed me was a friendly one—that of Keemer, the most promising of our little flock; and he came with a hard-wrung permission from the chief to bear my wounded husband back to the station, to which was added an imperative command to return without delay to our own country, and no longer trouble his. A few other friendly Kaffirs followed, and between them the missionary was borne carefully home. That night, however, he died.

I will not speak of the grief of that sudden bereavement, which left me and my child so utterly desolate in a far country, distant from all of my race and colour, and beset with innumerable perils, from which we had little chance of extrication. But, first of all, a sadder duty awaited me. In that warm climate, burial quickly follows death, and the thought of the careless interment which suffices Kaffir feelings was terrible to me. The little band who had brought my husband home, and still remained with me, had never seen a coffin, but they undertook, with my assistance, to make one; and that night, when widows in more civilised lands would have been weeping in their chambers, I was preparing my husband's last covering; and when, next day, he was laid to his rest, I kept down my sobs, and repressed my scalding tears, that I might repeat above his beloved head the hopeful and consoling promises with which Christians consign dust to dust, while my little one, unconscious of our great calamity, played with the wild-flowers beside the grave.

The Kaffirs raised a lofty cairn of stones, which formed at once my husband's tomb and his security from the wandering beasts of prey; but ere it was finished, a message reached me from the chief. 'By the Kaffir law,' he sent word, 'the widow and children of a slain man become the property of his conqueror, therefore my child and I were his. But he would be merciful to me; and if I and mine left his territory at once, we might go free.'

I was sorrow-stricken and desolate, and save for my child's sake, life was to me of little value, but the threat of so fearful a bondage appalled me. I must not yield to grief, but after one last farewell to my husband's grave, brush off my blinding tears, and flee away for more than life.

I had neither wagon nor oxen for our transport, and at first it seemed that I must take my little one in my arms, and go forth alone to encounter the chances of the wilderness. But my faithful Keemer did not desert me in this strait. The only pack-ox he possessed was devoted to my service, and he himself undertook to be my protector and guide, though, as he had never before travelled that way, he must shape his course by the passage of the sun across the heavens, and the flow of the rivers towards the sea. Never was man truer to his trust, and that through many trials. I was haunted by a perpetual dread lest the chief should repent his clemency, and send to demand us back, and Keemer shared my fears; and to escape this danger, we fled like deer before the wolf. At early dawn we mounted our pack-ox, and hastened on our unknown way, over wild hills and down precipitous passes, where a single false step would have been destruction; through thick, thorny jungles, which tore us as we passed; and across vast plains of burning sand, where there was neither tree to shelter us from the fiery sun-rays, nor water to relieve our consuming thirst; hurrying on, regardless of hunger, and heat, and weariness, until darkness brought our arduous day's journey to a close.

And through all those hours, watchful, eager, and zealous, Keemer was ever at his post, his hand on the halter of the somewhat erratic beast I rode, and his keen eye scanning the horizon, so that no foe should approach by stealth, or we ourselves unknowingly draw nigh a kraal; while it was to his bow and spear we owed our food, and to his care the discovery of the rocky nook or sheltered covert in which we passed the night. At length, to our unutterable thankfulness, we crossed the Namaqua boundary, and were safe from the dominion of its dreaded chief.

Thenceforth, we travelled by shorter and easier stages, and with occasional pauses at Kaffir kraals, where, for a few beads and buttons, they gave us milk and maize; and when we doubted, directed us on our way. We had crossed about half of Kaffirland, when, one night, the ox on which my child and I had hitherto ridden broke his halter, and wandering over the flat, was killed by a hyena. This was a serious disaster, and Keemer was greatly troubled at the thought, that, having no means of purchasing another, I must henceforth travel on foot. But I had suffered too many great afflictions to have much care for small ones, and taking up the sheepskin and blanket, which had formed alike our saddle and bed, I trod diligently on beside the faithful Kaffir, who, in addition to his wallet and arms, bore my little son upon his shoulder.

But though I did my best, it soon appeared our progress was reduced one-half; and so weary did I grow with this unusual exertion, that more than once we were compelled to halt for a half-day's rest. On one of these occasions, we had camped beside a large *vly* or pond. The day was intensely hot and breezeless, and we had retreated to the deepest shade of an aged mimosa, when suddenly we perceived an extended cloud-bank shewing darkly against the bright-blue horizon. Something in the cloud's aspect made us watch its coming, as, advancing rapidly, as if borne on a strong wind, it swept along the brilliant sky, spreading and lowering as it proceeded, until it

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covered half the heavens with inky blackness, and seemed ready to burst upon the land in a furious tempest. When it reached the zenith, it began rapidly to descend, emitting a strange crackling sound; and in another minute, to our infinite astonishment and consternation, like a great hailstorm, a vast swarm of locusts came rushing down—whirling, whizzing, and tumbling around us, in a blinding and bewildering mass, until they lay three or four thick upon the ground.

Not a spot remained uncovered by them. Far as the eye could reach across the level prairie, nothing was visible but the shimmering gleam of the russet brown and green armour of the aërial legions, as they battled fiercely, and ate voraciously every bud, and leaf, and blade of grass. Nothing escaped them: even the arums on the borders of the pond, and the blue and white lotus flowers floating on its surface, were hidden beneath their struggling clusters; while the feathery foliage above our heads drooped and trembled under the universal foe.

Small as were the ravagers, it was a fearful sight; and yet more appalling was that which met our eyes scarcely an hour after, when the living cloud rose to seek fresh pastures, and we looked on the desolation it had left behind—the denuded shrubs, the skeleton-like trees, and the long stretches of bare brown earth, which that morning had been green and glowing with verdure and flowers.

If anything could have increased our horror at the scene, it was the knowledge that our path lay through this new-made desert, and that however far it might extend, we could in no way escape it, since the same dire destroyer had passed both east and west; while at the same time we knew that its kraals would immediately be forsaken, and its game would flee where pasture could be found, and that consequently no food would be obtainable. The only course open to us was to press on indefatigably, and trust to Providence to bring us to the fertile country ere it should be too late.

But the interval was terrible. Toiling over that sterile waste, the way seemed longer and the sun hotter than they had ever done before, and though the great blessing of water was still vouchsafed to us, our only food was a few scarce edible roots, save once or twice when Keemer found a lingering group of locusts, and cooked and ate them, after vainly pressing them upon us. Great as were our sufferings, for the first two days hope upheld us; but when a third and a fourth broke over those cloudless skies, and there still stretched before our eyes a vast sea of leafless desert, no words can express our bitter disappointment, our dawning despair, to which each hour added strength; while, to complete the sum of our misfortunes, my powers began to fail rapidly beneath our innumerable hardships and privations, and my hapless little one to utterly reject our miserable food.

Still, could we escape the desert, there might be hope, and making an almost superhuman effort for my child's sake, I again struggled on, urged to the uttermost by the low wailing cries which now and then broke from my suffering treasure. At length even maternal love could strive no longer, and in utter exhaustion, and, as it seemed, sick unto death, I sank upon the ground, with scarcely strength left to entreat my sorrowful companion to leave me to my inevitable fate, and endeavour to save my child.

It seemed as if the little creature understood me, for he stretched out his wasted arms, and a few tears rolled down the infant cheeks, withered and aged by suffering; and as Keemer laid him by my side, I felt with a pang that his short race was run, and that he, too, was about to tread the dark journey. By an effort, I gathered him in my feeble arms. My last tie to earth seemed broken, and trying to forget the fierce pains of that miserable desert death, I prayerfully awaited its coming. At length my little one's moans and my own intolerable agony announced his hour and mine alike had come, and with, as I believed, my expiring breath, I murmured for him and me the same words of faith and hope I had so lately repeated beside the grave of the beloved husband we were now about to join.

For the hundred thousandth time was the axiom verified, that man's extremity is God's opportunity, for when hope was past, and life was almost gone, help came. A trader northward bound into Kaffirland, coming to the devastated district, had left his wagon on its edge some twenty miles distant, and travelling on with a Hottentot attendant, to discover its extent, had providentially encountered us just in time to save our lives by the provisions he carried with him. Every kindness was lavished on us by this good Samaritan; and as soon as we were equal to the journey, his wagon returned with us to the colony, where Keemer accompanied us, and where he has ever since remained, valued by me as the friend of my greatest need, and generally respected as a most efficient teacher of the Kaffirs within the colony. But neither time nor resignation can soften the harrowing remembrance of the sorrows and sufferings attending my widowhood in the wilds.

THE BEAUTY SPRING AT CREWKERNE, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

At early dawn, on the First of March,
She stood by the Beauty Well.
Of a bonnier maid, or a better maid,
No man in the town could tell.
Her skin was white as the wind-flower's bloom;
Her eyes were hyacinth blue;
Her breath was sweet as the sweet primrose;
What did *she* come there to do?

'I want,' she said, as she laved her face,
While up rose the glowing sun,
'To be fairer than anything else beside
To him, my darling one.
O heaven, that art so rosy, grant
A part of thy bloom to my cheek!
O may I be as this water pure,
As yonder violet meek!

'For I could not bear that my love should think
Anything better than I;
I could not bear that a fairer face
Should in his memory lie.
I would that every moment should pass
In a tender, true caress;
I would my life should be life of his;
That my love he ever should bless.'

She turned away, and the lark sprang up
And sang with joy above her;
And over her sang, than lark more blithe,
The jubilant heart of her lover.
She grew more beautiful day by day—
The reason who shall tell?
He said 'twas caused by her gentle soul;
She laid it all to the Well.

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THE OPEN WINDOW.

WHEN I was a boy, my Uncle Jervis was notable among us and our acquaintances for always sleeping with his window open. Not exactly in all weathers; justice to his memory obliges me to state that the beating rain and the driving snow were generally shut out when they happened to come on before my uncle went to rest, or he to wake in the midst of their fury—matters by no means to be reckoned on, for he was an early-to-bed and a sound-sleeping man, but except on those rare occasions, his bedroom window stood open all night long, summer and winter. Being a bachelor, he had his liberty in that as well as in other things—I quote the honest man's own words—and however he had contracted the habit, it appeared to serve him in lieu of all the peculiarities with which his state of freedom is generally accredited. My uncle was neither stingy, fault-finding, nor precise; in short, he was remarkable for nothing but his open window. It was the one strong point on which our grown-up friends marvelled and moralised. We lived in the oldest part of Exeter, and were not partial to fresh air. It was also the point on which myself and contemporaries took to imitating Uncle Jervis, to the serious disturbance of mother and nurse, and the getting of sundry coughs and catarrhs. But those days of bold adventure and trouble-giving passed away, with many a change of cares and places. My contemporaries went some into business, some into the grave. I got engaged; went to China for seven years in the service of a tea-company; came back again, and was married to the present Mrs Makeweight; and had not seen Uncle Jervis for nearly fifteen years, till he came to visit us in our new house at Clapham Rise. There had been no quarrel, but mere separation, produced by seas and circumstances. My uncle was still the travelling partner of a notable wine and spirit firm in Bristol; and but for a greater quantity of gray about him, would have looked as fresh and active as when I saw him last. Was it his open window that should get the credit? Harriet and I discussed that problem together with what should be had for dinner when he came back from the City. Young housekeepers are apt to be fussy on such matters, and she particularly congratulated herself that it was Uncle Jervis who must sleep in our spare room that night, as our maid had broken the largest pane in its window, and the glazier, who had been coming to mend it for the last fortnight, had not yet arrived.

Uncle Jervis always kept his window open, and would not mind a broken pane, of course. I thought so too, and sat down to dinner with an easy conscience. Mrs Makeweight left us early. She had to see that the maid did not break our best china, or wet the tea with water that had never boiled; and being punctilious in those days of early domesticity, I thought it incumbent upon me to mention the broken bedroom window, and remark that I knew he would not care about that.

'I am afraid I do care, George,' said my uncle; 'but you have a shutter or something to keep out the night-air.'

'The night-air!' said I. 'Don't you always sleep with your window open? I told Harriet so a hundred times, or she should have sent for the glazier, and made him mend it, under pain of her highest displeasure.'

'It is lucky that I am not obliged to verify all the tales you told to Harriet, George; but you were perfectly correct as far as your knowledge went,' said Uncle Jervis. 'I did sleep with my window open, as long as I can remember; from my early youth, in fact, till about ten years ago, when a strange adventure frightened me out of the practice. You are curious to hear the story, I see, and it is worth telling. Besides, we are alone here, and one likes to tell such tales to a boy who will listen, and not repeat indiscreetly. That is my estimate of you, George.

'Strange to say, the beginning lies fifty years back, when I was at Dr Chancellor's school in the Cathedral Close of Exeter. It was a select seminary for young gentlemen, where good Latin and sound morals were taught; and if birch were not regarded as the veritable tree of knowledge, it certainly did the representative business. There were nineteen boys besides myself under his tuition and discipline. The doctor never received beyond that number, saying it was as much as he could manage. I am not going to give you a complete account of my school and school-fellows, having forgotten most of them myself; but there was one among the twenty at Dr Chancellor's whom they had all cause to remember; his name was Linton Southwell. I believe the Christian name came from his mother's family; but we called him Lint. He was the only and orphan child of a country gentleman belonging to one of the oldest families in that part of Devon,

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and heir to Southwell Manor, a comfortable estate with mansion and park some five miles from Exeter. None of us knew Lint's age. He looked about twelve, but was probably older, for the boy laboured under a curved or deformed spine, with its usual consequence, general delicacy of health. There must have been a peculiar crack in his brain too. It was not perceptible in Lint's talk or looks: the former was like that of boys in general; the latter, though sickly and wizened, were by no means silly. He got on tolerably with his lessons, wrote very decent exercises, stood the half-yearly examinations as well as most of the twenty, and took a creditable part in all our quiet plays, the active and rough ones being rather beyond him. But there was a spirit of mischief, or rather of malice in the heir of Southwell Manor, which, for activity and ingenuity, I never saw equalled. If any boy in the school had written a copy, got a new book, or bought a new plaything of which he was particularly proud and careful, Lint never rested till it was damaged, if not totally spoiled, by some contrivance of his. The trouble he gave himself, and the cunning he displayed in upsetting ink-bottles, overturning desks, and letting heavy slates fall just where they were sure to work the requisite destruction, were truly marvellous. There was not always a visible motive: sometimes it might have been spiteful envy of things in which his schoolfellows happened to excel him; but more frequently it seemed to be the pure love of destroying whatever other people took pride or found pleasure in. I have known him run considerable risk, and wait for hours, to get an opportunity of splashing the usher's best coat with ink, or breaking Dr Chancellor's favourite spectacles.

There was a tradition in the school that Lint had been frightened in his infancy, some said by a mad bull, some by a monkey. Nobody was clear on the tale; but most of the boys were inclined to believe that his deformity and withered looks were somehow owing to that incident. If the like had ever taken place, Lint seemed inclined to turn his experience to account on all around him; his propensity for spoiling things was, if possible, exceeded by his zeal to surprise and frighten. Hiding himself in the most unlikely places, uttering the most unearthly sounds, and popping out at the most unguarded minutes, were the smallest of Lint's performances in that line. He spent the greater part of his pocket-money on masks, was caught at least once a quarter stealing through the bedrooms with a sheet wrapped about him; and his chosen pastime was to look with a horrible grin through any of the windows which happened to be left uncurtained at nightfall, no weather keeping the delicate boy from slipping out for that purpose. Nothing but latent insanity could account for those strange and troublesome ways. Neither I nor any of my schoolfellows were intelligent enough to think so at the time, but Dr Chancellor probably knew it; and that, together with the general delicacy of Lint's health, may have been the reason why the good doctor departed from his established rule, and spared the birch to a degree which astonished and rather displeased us all. Lint Southwell escaped punishment for crimes and misdemeanours which would have insured the highest penalties to anybody else. He got more admonitions than any boy in the school, was more frequently sent for to Dr Chancellor's study, and lectured by Mrs Chancellor in the back-parlour—we were all boarders, and she did the domestic government—but Lint was in a great measure exempted from what the doctor called the consequences of insubordination, and the tale went that his relations had specially stipulated and paid for the immunity. They were few in number, but near in blood, consisting, as far as we knew, of Captain Southwell, his wife, his son, and his daughter, being uncle, aunt, and cousins to Lint.

The captain being a younger brother, had gone early into the army, by way of provision, was said to have done duty like a gallant officer, but lost an arm in one of the battles of the Peninsula, and retired on half-pay. His wife had been one of the Devonshire belles in her time; but she had no fortune. His son and daughter had grown up to inherit their mother's good looks and their father's high spirit, but other inheritance they had none; and as there was nothing else for the children of county gentry in my young days, the son was a poor ensign, never out of debts and difficulties, and the daughter a fisher of men—that is to say, of eligible matches—at all the county balls. It was agreed among the gossips of Exeter—and few towns were richer in the like—that if Captain Southwell had not been appointed guardian of his nephew, and care-taker of the mansion and estate till Lint came of age, the family would have had little to live and dress upon. As it was, they were highly-respected people; resided in Southwell Hall; paid their trades-people, though on rather lengthy credit; kept a genteel establishment; saw company occasionally, and made themselves agreeable to high and low. Everybody said it was a pity that they must turn out when the boy at Dr Chancellor's came to his majority, with that deformed spine, wizened face, and odd, ungainly disposition. But the Southwells did not appear to vex themselves about that, nor to grudge the poor nephew his prospects; on the contrary, they were universally allowed to have done their duty kindly and considerately by the boy. He was sent to Dr Chancellor's school because no tutor could manage him at home; some people said because no servant would stay in the house with him and his habits of singular mischief. He was supplied with pocket-money, and well looked after in the matter of comforts and conveniences. Mrs Chancellor had the special charge of his personal well-being. The carriage came for him as sure as the holidays came round. His uncle, his aunt, or his cousins were calling to inquire for him every week; and the medical man was to be sent for if ever Lint said he was the least out of sorts.

'Such and so situated was my remembered schoolfellow. I did not dislike him more than the rest of the boys did, and I am not aware that any of them had occasion to like Lint. They had all been plagued by him more or less, as time and opportunity served, been vexed at his getting off, and made endeavours to pay him back in his own coin; but one transaction brought him and me into more direct and unlucky collision.

'Dr Chancellor was an enthusiast in the art of drawing; he practised it with success, did his best to make the whole twenty do likewise, and gave special encouragement to any boy who happened to excel in it. I was one of the select few. However little of a draughtsman now, my performances were then the subject of Dr Chancellor's frequent praise, and my own abundant pride; and when the benevolent ladies of the Close got up a bazaar—I think it was for the Church Missionary Society—the doctor's best hands with the pencil were set to work, and myself among them, to make a prize-drawing of Exeter Cathedral. The successful effort was to be rewarded with a splendid portfolio, colour-box, and pencil-case. It was afterwards to be exhibited in the bazaar, with the maker's name clearly written below, and sold for the benefit of the mission. My attempt had been pronounced, almost from its commencement, the winning-card. The doctor's opinion of it was so decided that my rivals did not think of competition, but only finished their work for form's sake. Mrs Chancellor had talked of it everywhere; my friends had called to see it; the bazaar-week was approaching, and I was giving my Cathedral some finishing-touches, one wet Saturday evening, when I

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perceived Lint busy about my desk. My experience told me he was bent on mischief. I had kept my drawing well out of his reach all the time of its preparation. I had taken a resolution not to mind anything he should say, or do anything he should want, till it was out of my hands; but Lint was not to be so easily foiled in his cherished design. While I was occupied in admiring my Cathedral, he discovered that there was a large inkstand put out of the way on a shelf immediately over my desk. Before I was aware of his intentions, the little wretch had got on the form behind me, caught at the inkstand, as if to take it off the shelf; and the exclamations of my schoolfellows, who perceived what he was about, were accompanied by its downcome on my drawing, with a cataract of ink, which splashed up into my face, and ran down upon the floor. The cardboard was soaked through —the work of a full fortnight, the pride of my heart and of Dr Chancellor's, was utterly destroyed: not a line, not a vestige of my Cathedral visible, but one black mass of ink, and the bazaar was to open on Monday. I was a strong boy, with a great turn for boxing, though the noble science was not allowed place or practice in that select seminary, and in my indignation I would have taken such vengeance on the evil-doer as would have kept him from further mischief, by finishing his days on the spot; but as he fled from me crying out: "I couldn't help it; I don't know what you mean;" that was Lint's style on such occasions—we both ran against the doctor, who had been absent for the moment, but returned in time to see Lint's performance through the half-open door, though not in time to prevent it. The good man's wrath was almost as great as my own. He had taken nearly equal pride in the drawing; and its wilful destruction was so flagrant a crime in his eyes, that it overcame the doctor's usual charity or prudence, and Lint did not get off that time. He was seised as a felon caught in the act, and punished, to the great delight of the entire school. The discipline was given with good-will, though not with extra severity; but the shrieks of the culprit were something to be remembered by those who heard them. I believe the doctor entirely lost his character among the benevolent ladies of the Close, for there was not one of them that didn't send in a servant to inquire what dreadful accident had happened, and the execution of his justice had to be curtailed on account of two policemen knocking at the street-door. How Lint could make such a noise, was a marvel to us all. His exertions in that line, however, made him appear so ill, when the business was fairly done, that the doctor began to repent of his haste, and I would have given my drawing in its pristine beauty to have had no part in the matter. Lint's illness was mostly sham, as we soon found out; but the people in Southwell Hall, though they could not have heard his shrieks, got news of them, and next day the captain arrived in his carriage to have a serious discourse with Dr Chancellor in the study, and take his nephew home. The captain was a sensible man. Whatever passed between the doctor and him, he took his leave gravely, but not in angry fashion. Lint went home with him, to the joy and satisfaction of the school; we would have made a bonfire, but for fear of Dr Chancellor, who had lost a well-paying pupil, and was consequently out of humour for some days.

'Things went on in their usual course. The bazaar was held without my drawing, and nobody else exhibited; the doctor said there were none of the drawings good enough, and we thought he wanted to please the Southwells, by keeping the whole business out of sight and out of mind. There was therefore a terror among us that Lint might come back to school; but our minds were relieved on that point about a fortnight after, when it became rumoured that the Southwells were going to the continent, and taking their nephew with them. A trip to the continent was not so common among the west-country gentlemen then as it is now. Some people thought they had overrun the constable, and were going to try cheap living; some, that the captain was going to place his unmanageable nephew at school in France or Germany, where he had less chance of being spoiled than at home. The Southwells rather encouraged the latter opinion, as far as anything could be got out of them by their curious friends; but away they went, husband and wife, son, daughter, and nephew. The best part of the Hall was shut up, the servants were put on board-wages, and we heard nothing of them for nearly a twelvemonth. At the end of that time, Captain Southwell's man of business, with whom Dr Chancellor had dealings and acquaintance, told him that Master Linton was very ill at Hamburg, where the family were stopped on his account, because the sickness had been sudden, but he hoped the boy would soon recover, and they should return to Southwell Hall. The next news from the attorney startled the good doctor, for he had been expecting Lint back again, but I don't think it grieved any of his scholars but myself. The poor boy had died in Hamburg of an attack of scarlet fever, which his constitution was too weak to stand, and the Southwells were bringing home his corpse to lay it beside his father and mother in the family vault. They had done their duty handsomely by the orphan, and good people said it was a reward from Providence that he should thus be called away, and leave them his inheritance of Southwell Manor. They came home in deep mourning, and made a solemn funeral for poor Lint; it was attended by the half of Exeter, and many of the county gentry. The boys of Dr Chancellor's school were there with crape on their hats, though I was the only one among them that felt anything like sorrow; not that I had any more reason to regret the departed, but it went to my heart that the poor sickly boy should have been punished and taken from school on my account, and that the next thing I saw of him was his coffin. They laid him in the vault, and I went back to school. The Southwells took full possession of the hall and manor, became established people, with no chance of being turned out, and prospered accordingly. The son got a captain's commission; the daughter got a major from India. The family saw more life, exhibited more grandeur, but kept, on the whole, a steady hand, like people who had seen hard times.

'Now, George, there is the first division of my story. The other goes far into after-years, and has nothing to do with the chances and changes between. I had been doing a man's work, and filling a man's place, though it was that of a single one, in the world. I had got from a clerkship to be a travelling partner, and done business for the firm, as I am doing it still, in all the British, and half the continental towns. My school-days, with their joys and troubles, had melted from my memory, and grown dim in the distance of time, except those unforgetable landmarks on which the mind ever looks back; and the scenes and doings of Dr Chancellor's school were among them. The few companions of that time whom I chanced to meet in business or friendship were all hard-headed men like myself, and much occupied with having and holding, with families and firms; but sometimes, when any chance recollection brought them up, we used to talk and laugh over the old days in the Cathedral Close, and particularly the mischievous deeds of poor Lint Southwell, which were so grievous then, and seemed such trifles now.

'Well, it was thirty years, good measure, since we had seen the last of them, and our wine and spirit trade had brought me to the rich old town of Hamburg. Our house generally does a good stroke of business there in the distilled department. I had accomplished one already, and retired with great satisfaction to an old-fashioned but respectable hotel kept

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by Christina Ramsay, a widow, and a Scotchwoman from Leith. I need not tell you that there are more Scotch people in Hamburg than any other sort of foreigners; indeed, they are scarcely foreigners at all, many of their families having lived there for two or three generations. But to them all, and to British travellers generally, when they were not too grand or fashionable, Christina Ramsay's house was known as one where real comfort and moderate charges might be expected. It was therefore much frequented, though rather out of the way, in a narrow street of that old part of Hamburg built before the Reformation, on the east bank of the Alster.

'Mrs Ramsay knew me, for I had been at her house before. It was rather full when I arrived at the close of a sultry day in the beginning of September, when the summer heat still lingered, though the nights were growing long. She found me a comfortable room, however; it was on the second-floor back. Let me observe, Mrs Ramsay occupied the whole house, though private people, except very wealthy, live in flats in Hamburg. The window looked out on the black roofs of some low buildings which served for stables to the hotel, and immediately beyond rose the equally black walls of high old houses belonging to another street. "Never mind," said I; "I will get fresh air any way," opening the window as far as it would go, for the early Germans seemed to have all gone to bed in the opposite houses; and being heartily tired, I undressed, and got quickly into bed, after seeing that my door was securely fastened.

'I fell asleep almost as soon as my head was on the pillow, and must have slept for some hours, when I was awakened by a mingled sensation of lights and sounds in my room. I looked up, and saw the moon, which had risen above the tops of the opposite houses, and was shining right into my window with that intense brilliancy peculiar to her waning time in the nights of autumn. But by her light I also saw a white ghastly face looking in upon me with a grin of such hideous mirth and malice as chilled my blood, and I knew it at the same instant to be that of my long dead and buried schoolfellow, Linton Southwell! I never thought myself wanting in courage, and have had some occasion for it in my time, but at that sight my reason and manhood utterly forsook me; I drew the bedclothes over my head in the extremity of terror, and for all the wealth of rich and busy Hamburg, I could not have looked up for at least two or three minutes. Then my mind gathered strength again; I raised myself, determined to address the apparition, though I am not sure that I could have done it; but there was nothing there: the bright moon still shone through the window, and made everything on my table visible; the whole neighbourhood lay still as death; and I sat there on my bed with bristling hair and chattering teeth, expecting another appearance, for some minutes more. At last, I summoned resolution enough to rise and go to the window. It was the most desperate effort I ever made in my life. There was nothing to be seen but the black roofs below, the black walls opposite; the flood of moonlight poured down between them, and the exceeding darkness of the corners it did not reach. I closed the window, and fastened it down, blind, curtains, and all; nothing earthly would have induced me to go to bed again and leave it open. I struck a match, lit my candle, and looked at my watch—it was half-past one; there was many an hour till daybreak yet, and the thought made me shudder. Tired as I had gone to bed, sleep was now impossible. I dressed myself, drank a quantity of cold water, for I was positively faint, and sat down, hoping my German candle would hold out till morning. It did hold out, and I sat there trying to think, trying to read, and, I believe, half sleeping, till daybreak came, and the early household began to stir. Let me honestly confess that never was any sound more grateful to my ear than the first of their movements, and never any sight so welcome as the first creeping in of the early gray. But the daylight, with all the life it woke around me, could not dispel the conviction of the night. It was not possible to entertain the idea that my eyes or imagination had deceived me. I had seen the face of the boy whose funeral I attended thirty years before, looking in at my open window. It was a face not to be forgotten, and stamped on my memory by many an unpleasant recollection, which, strange to say, last men longest. In short, I had seen Lint Southwell's ghost. I could not doubt the fact; but I would not speak of it: the thing was too terribly real, and people would only laugh at me for weakness and superstition; but to remain in Mrs Ramsay's house for another night and risk the same sight again I could not, though why the spirit should have chosen to appear to me there, seemed unaccountable, till I recollected that it was at Hamburg Lint had died, and probably in that very hotel, the Southwells being English travellers, and likely to patronise it. I would have tried to get information out of Mrs Ramsay on that subject, but could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to go about it with anything like the requisite calmness. To get out of her house and out of the town before another night fell, was my one object, and I accomplished it so far as to sleep at a Danish inn in Altona, which lay near enough for my business with the Hamburg merchants. I thought the shrewd Scotchwoman suspected that there was some particular cause for my hasty departure, but either her national prudence or hotel-keeping experience kept her silent, and I went my way.

'That is the second division of my story, George, and you will allow it is a strange one. I kept it shut up in my own memory, however, partly from an unwillingness to talk on a subject of such fear and horror—for the mirth and malice in that ghastly face seemed to have a terrible reference to the terms on which Lint and I parted at Dr Chancellor's school—and partly from the conviction that my most confidential friend would set me down as superstitious, if he did not say so. I shut the secret in myself; but I kept my window closed thenceforth in all my sleepings at home and abroad, however sultry the night, however close the room; it would have been impossible for me to shut my eyes with the thought that they might open to see that face looking in upon me again. You may think me weak, George, but seeing is believing, and the recollection haunted me like a special experience or revelation, dividing my life from that of other men, as one who had come face to face with the returning dead, and received a demonstration that old-world tales were true. The thing never occurred again, but I lived in the dread of it—not in daylight or in business—they have concerns enough to occupy a man; but nobody ever remarked that I was changed or become singular, like the ghost-seers of old stories. My solitary hours by the fireside in long winter evenings, and my waking times by night, were rendered terrible by fears and fancies; unusual sounds startled me; I had a terror of looking into dark corners; and more than once I found my imagination playing me the trick of bringing back that fearful face when the candle burned low, or a moonbeam crept in at the window. I know it made me go out more into company and public amusements; and I believe I got the character of a gentleman to be looked after in the hotels I frequented, from the habit of keeping a light in my room all night.

'Well, years passed under that remembrance. I saw nothing more of the supernatural; but I knew what I had seen, and resolved to tell it to some thoughtful friend before I left this world. It is strange that nobody likes to carry a secret of any kind with him. I never went back to Mrs Ramsay's, though I always intended to take some opportunity of questioning her concerning the Southwells, if they had stopped at her

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house, and if the death had taken place there. But back to stop in it myself I could not go; and when business did lead me to Hamburg, I could find no excuse for catechising the good woman. At last I heard she had given up business, and returned to her native Scotland; and as my travels were occasionally in that direction, I set about inquiring after her in Leith and Edinburgh, and soon found out that she had established herself in genteel privacy in one of the old-fashioned but handsome houses of Baxter's Place, Leith Walk. To call on the highly-respectable widow, at whose house I had been made so comfortable, and received so many kindly attentions, and inquire after her health and welfare, would not be a remarkable movement. With that apology, I could enter into conversation, make my queries, and learn if any one else had shared in my experience of her back-room.

'The call was accordingly made. Mrs Ramsay, though rather more gray and wrinkled, was still upright and active, and had all the shrewd sense and keen observation of her former days. She recognised me at once, seemed glad to see me, and we were soon seated together in her comfortable parlour. Of course, there was a preface of talk on general subjects—the state of the weather and of the times, and the doings, well or ill, of mutual acquaintances. At length, I drew the talk to her hotel in Hamburg. It had been a satisfactory speculation; she had realised a decent profit on the business, sold it advantageously, and retired, to spend the last of her days in peace and quietness. The house was a good one, Mrs Ramsay averred, and would pay the person who had taken it from her; it was so well known to Scotch and English travellers. "But, sir," she continued, "you never came back after that night you slept in the back-room—it will be seven years ago come Lammas. You saw something that disturbed you, sir, I am of opinion, though you did not mention it."

"Why did you think so?" said I.

"Well, I 'll just tell you, sir, as it is all over now, and I have often wished to get an opportunity of speaking to you in private on the point, as it is our duty to clear up dark and doubtful matters, if we can," said Mrs Ramsay. "In one of the houses opposite your window there was living at that time, and for many a year before, a very decent body from England. She had been a soldier's wife in her time; her husband had been servant to a gentleman called Captain Southwell all the fighting-time in Spain and Portugal. The soldier was dead, and she had married a German; he was mate of a ship trading between Hull and Hamburg, and she lived in that house because it was near the docks. Well, she was a decent body, as I said, only she liked a little drop strong at a time, and got plenty to spend on it in this way. Captain Southwell being out of the army, and on his travels, came to Hamburg, and left a boy in her care. I don't think he was the captain's son, but some relation. At anyrate, they said he had been always a bit daft, and went out of the remains of his judgment when travelling with the captain. I don't know why the gentleman thought proper to leave him with my back-door neighbour. When the honest woman got a drop too much, she used to talk about the right she had to be well paid, and the service she did to Captain Southwell by keeping the boy. I never could get any explanation on the subject from her, sober or otherwise, and I had my own business to mind; but it is my opinion, that if they profited by the boarder in that house, they had a heavy handful of him. He was a great example of the crook in the lot, sir, being small and withered-like all his days. There was no change that one could notice in him, boy or man. He was outwardly deformed, and inwardly astray; as active as a monkey, and far more mischievous; full of troublesome tricks, in the way of destroying things and frightening people. I judge you got a sight of him, sir. After you left our house, and I had done wondering what you found uncomfortable in it, a cousin of my neighbour's husband, the German mate, happened to sleep in your room, and he found out that the creature had a practice of getting out of a closet-window, which nobody thought of fastening, and then, down upon the stable-roof, for no purpose that could be guessed but to make fearful faces at any of my windows he might chance to find uncurtained after nightfall. I judged what had disturbed you then, sir, and meant to explain the matter on the first quiet opportunity; for my neighbours, poor bodies, were particular about keeping their charge very private. I suppose it was a condition of their getting the business to do; the old woman said as much, and so did her daughter and son-in-law, who lived in the house, and helped her to manage the boy. I believe they did their duty honestly, and a hard duty it was. Master Southwell, as they called him, had been with them long before I came to the house, and outlasted the old woman who first got the charge of him; but it was the will of Providence to call him away, sir, the winter before I left Hamburg; so there is no harm in telling you the story, just to take off any false impression that might be on your mind concerning my old house."

'The story did take a false impression off my mind in good earnest. Mrs Ramsay never knew the full extent of it. One would not like to own how much one had been frightened by the sight of what was no ghost after all. Had the explanation never come to my ears, I should have believed in Lint Southwell's apparition to my dying day, and probably revealed the long-kept secret to some trusty friend, who would hand it down to posterity as a well-authenticated instance of ghost-seeing. The Southwells certainly managed their getting the estate in a clever and unique manner: it was probably easier and less expensive on the whole than a commission of lunacy against the luckless heir. Yet who could have imagined the like, and who, in my circumstances, would not have believed his own eyes, and been frightened accordingly. Believe me, that to see a young gentleman whose funeral you have attended making faces at you about two o'clock in the morning, is a sight not to be forgotten. Long after the fact was explained, the fearful memory of it remained with me, and I have never since been able to sleep in a room with an open window.'

HIGHLAND ROADS AND HIGHLAND CANALS.

'WHO 'LL buy a canal? Who 'll make a bidding for this splendid work of engineering? Who 'll have it *for nothing*, and our thanks into the bargain?' The government virtually proclaim this to all the Queen's subjects in reference to the Caledonian Canal, which has been a millstone round the necks of Mr Gladstone and other finance ministers year after year.

Many are not aware that the nation supplies something every year for maintaining certain roads, bridges, and canals in the northern half of our island. It is a matter worth a little attending to; for this appropriation of public money to the roads and bridges, if not to the canals, has proved to be a useful exception to a general rule. We are, most of us, arriving gradually at a recognition of the maxim, that in a country like ours, it is well to leave industrial and commercial matters as much as possible to the initiation of private traders and joint-stock companies, and not to intrust them to the government. Roads, railways, and canals come under this category. At the same time, there may be reasons why the state should lend a helping-hand occasionally, when there is not available local capital, and when the public spirit of the

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time is not up to the necessary level. Such was decidedly the case in the northern half of Scotland at the early part of the present century. Those great civilisers, *roads*, were sadly deficient. Before the power of the Stuarts was broken in 1745, the chiefs of the clans had their fastnesses and strongholds among the hills, so placed that regular military forces could scarcely get access to them; and this was one cause for the long continuance of the struggle. This had been found especially the case in the time of the first Pretender, in 1715. General Wade, reporting to the king on this subject a few years afterwards, said: 'I presume to observe to your majesty the great disadvantage which regular troops are under, when they engage with those who inhabit mountainous situations. The Highlands in Scotland are almost impenetrable from the want of roads and bridges, and from the excessive rains that almost continually fall in those parts; which, by nature and constant use, becomes habitual to the natives, but very difficultly supported by the regular troops; they are unacquainted with the passages by which the mountains are traversed, exposed to frequent ambuscades, and shot from the tops of the hills, which they return without effect.' This information, the result of hard experience derived in 1715, determined the government to stir in the matter; they resolved to employ General Wade and his soldiers in making roads in the Highlands. As they were made by military men, and chiefly for military purposes, these new roads became known as military roads. That which was begun by General Wade was continued by other officers, at intervals for more than half a century; until at length the military roads of the Highlands extended from Stirling across the Grampians to Inverness; from Inverness along what is now the margin of the Caledonian Canal, to Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William; and in other parts—until, by 1785, they extended 788 miles, with 1011 bridges over the streams. So much of this system of roads as was finished by 1745, greatly aided in suppressing the rebellion of that year.

There was an old epigram in vogue at the end of the last century:

> Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> You 'd lift up your hands, and bless General Wade!

The apparent Hibernicism was forgiven on account of the usefulness of the roads; for that which gave a passage to troops at first, was also found available for peaceful traders. The soldiers, separated into small parties, made the roads and built the bridges, receiving a small increase of pay while so employed; they worked under the direction of a master-mason and an overseer, both amenable to military authority. The roads were nearly straight, ascending and descending hills at inclines that would astonish modern road-makers. A satirical critic of the general's doings said that he 'formed the heroic determination of pursuing straight lines, and of defying nature and wheel-carriages both, at one valiant effort of courage and science. Up and down, up and down, as the old catch says, it is like sailing in the Bay of Biscay. No sooner up than down, no sooner down than up. No sooner has a horse got into his pace again than he is called on to stop; no sooner is he out of wind than he must begin to trot or gallop; and then the trap at the bottom that receives the wheels at full speed!'

However, those military roads did much good to Scotland—not only of themselves, but also by giving rise to those 'Highland Roads and Bridges' which to this day take a little money out of the national exchequer annually. The old military roads, in many places, were kept in occasional repair at the expense of the counties; but early in the present century it was felt that some of them were too steep and too narrow for general traffic, and that others were needed in districts hitherto wholly unprovided. A commission for 'Highland Roads and Bridges' was issued, to remedy these defects by degrees. The work was to be paid for in the following way: one-fourth of the expense was defrayed out of the national exchequer, and the other three-fourths assessed on the proprietors of land in the Highland counties. There was another arrangement afterwards introduced, to the effect that the county gentry and authorities might relieve the commissioners of any further liability, and take the tolls of the roads to repay the cost of maintenance. During no less than fifty-eight consecutive years have these commissioners annually reported what they have been doing, and at what cost. Scotland has most unquestionably benefited by the system. Roads have been opened through districts before unprovided with them; agricultural produce has been brought to market in largely augmented quantities; quarries and mines have been developed; and facilities for personal travelling introduced. Let us not make the mistake of supposing that because railways are gradually superseding many of these roads, the roads themselves were not wanted. The population and traffic which the roads created, rendered railways probable and profitable; and thus the roads were the true precursors of the railways. Generally speaking, the annual Reports of the commissioners contain some such sentence as this: 'The commissioners have much satisfaction in reporting, that notwithstanding much wet weather in the Highlands, the roads under their charge have not suffered many casualties. The roads have been maintained throughout in a perfect state of repair.' The demands on the public purse for these purposes in recent years have varied from £4000 to £5000 per annum: this being the amount of the imperial present made to the Highlands for the maintenance of the excellent roads in the ten northern counties of Aberdeen, Argyle, Banff, Bute, Caithness, Inverness, Moray, Nairn, Ross, and Sutherland. There are nearly a thousand miles of road, and more than a thousand bridges. The counties, as we have said, pay the remainder of the cost.

There is a good deal of public spirit shewn in some of the counties which were at one time very poor. In Caithness, for instance, almost up as far north as the bleak Orkneys, the heritors, in 1829 and subsequent years, raised and spent no less than £40,000 in making much-needed roads and bridges; these they handed over to the commissioners in 1838, to be managed by them for twenty-one years, on certain terms; the tolls have since that time almost wholly obliterated the debt; and now the commissioners are able to give the roads back again to the county in a capital state, easily to be kept in repair out of the forthcoming tolls. There is really very little 'red-tape' in all this. A small annual expenditure on the part of the government has been the means of developing the industrial resources of Scotland in a very useful way. Whether the railways now forming will lessen the tolls along the chief roads so seriously as to touch the coffers of the commissioners, or whether they will be the means of developing new traffic on the branch-roads, remains to be seen. At any rate, we cannot look upon the government money spent on Highland roads, from the days of General Wade to the present time, otherwise than as a profitable *national* investment.

But how about the poor Caledonian Canal—are we to pay *this* also the compliment of saying that it represents a certain sum of money well laid out? Scarcely. We can only say that the motive was a good one, and that the constructers believed the canal would confer a lasting benefit on Scotland. There were many temptations to cut a canal through that region. In the first place, there is a depression running right across Scotland from north-east to south-west, called the 'Great Glen,' of so remarkable a character, that it seems like a hint from nature to make a canal there. The Glen comprises Beauly

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Firth, Loch Ness, Loch Oich, Loch Lochy, Loch Eil, and Loch Linnhe; together with certain rivers which convey the waters of some of these lakes to the German Ocean or North Sea, and others to the Atlantic. It was a very tempting spot for such an enterprise. All the maritime trade from the east to the west coast of Scotland had to be carried round by the stormy coasts of Pentland and the Hebrides, consuming many days of time, and subjecting the vessels and crews to imminent danger of shipwreck. Towards the end of the period when the military roads were under construction, the government reasoned in some such way as this: 'These lochs and depressions in the Great Glen will facilitate the cutting of a canal from sea to sea; the Highland counties are too poor to do it; but if *we* do it, the tolls on the ships passing through the canal—either in going from sea to sea, or in the development of local traffic—may probably pay interest on the capital spent in making the canal, besides maintaining the annual repairs, and may even possibly pay off in time the capital itself.' James Watt surveyed the Glen for the government, and many other engineers were struck with the feasibility of the undertaking; but it was not until 1803 that the canal was actually commenced under Mr Telford; and no less than twenty years elapsed before a ship went through it from end to end.

It is very easy to be wise after the event, and to say that the government ought not to have done this. If the government could have foreseen that nearly a million and a half sterling of public money would thus have been licked up, and that after all the Scotch shippers would care very little about the canal, of course they would not have made it; but ministers and parliaments must buy wisdom like other folk. A great work it certainly is, in an engineering point of view. Beginning at the Beauly Firth, near Inverness, the Caledonian Canal is cut through seven miles of solid rock to Loch Ness, which is itself twenty-four miles long; then six miles of canal leads to Loch Oich, which is three and a quarter miles long; then two miles to Loch Lochy, which is ten miles long; then eight miles of canal to Loch Eil, which opens out into the western sea. There are thus four canals, twenty-three miles in length altogether, connecting five firths and lochs, having a length of about thirty-seven miles—or sixty miles from sea to sea. And all these nine portions are almost mathematically in a straight line. The lochs themselves were naturally very deep, but the short connecting canals involved great labour; for they are one hundred and twenty feet broad at the surface, fifty feet broad at the bottom, and seventeen feet deep—large enough to admit ships of considerable size. As the surface of the water at Loch Oich was found to be ninety-four feet above the sea-level, two vast series of locks were required, to ascend to the summit-level from the one end, and to descend to the other. These locks, no less than twenty-eight in number, are very large engineering constructions, each being about one hundred and seventy-five feet long, forty wide, and has a water-lift of eight feet. Eight of them are quite close together, and form a series known as 'Neptune's Staircase.' Many powerful mountain-streams are carried wholly under the canal, by well-constructed culverts.

Such is the Caledonian Canal. It has been a most unfortunate speculation, in a commercial point of view. Just sixty years ago, it was begun, and in those sixty years parliament has spent nearly L.1,300,000 upon it, besides the L.100,000 which have been received in tolls. So far from paying the cost, it does not pay the interest on the cost; so far from paying the interest, it does not even pay the annual working-expenses. The state would now actually be the richer if some one would take the whole canal and its works as a present. The shippers and captains of vessels have never made much use of it. Various modes of explaining the fact have been adopted; but a fact it certainly is. There are no towns of any note on the mid-route; insomuch that almost the only traffic to be expected is through-traffic from sea to sea. Now, taking one day with another, during the last few years, there have only been four vessels a day passing through or even into the canal; and the tolls which shippers are willing to pay on these four vessels are not sufficient even to defray the ordinary repairs and expenses. When, as in the winter of 1848–49, great floods injure the canal, and call for an additional expenditure of many thousand pounds, the balance of the account is, of course, still more unfavourable. The House of Commons often gets restive on this matter. A committee seriously recommended the transfer of the canal to some other authority, if any one would take it; but nobody will, for nobody can see the way to make it 'pay.' Every year the commissioners have to come to the nation's strong-box, because the tolls do not recoup the working expenses; the loss, it is true, is not much, but still there *is* a loss. In order to expedite the traffic, steam-tugs have been introduced; but the poor canal does not afford a return for even this modern improvement. Powerful steamers are now establishing a trade on the sea-board, and railways are gradually entering the Highlands; so that the canal is beset by two formidable opponents not contemplated when it was first planned. And yet, with all this, it will not do actually to abandon the canal, seeing that any neglect might lead to overflowing that would devastate neighbouring lands; insomuch that we are somewhat in the predicament of the Irish soldier who told his officer that he had 'caught a Tartar.'

The 58th Report of the Commissioners, just made public (July 1863), tells us that the canal had a slight increase of good-fortune in the year 1862–63; inasmuch as the receipts exceeded the working-expenses by a small sum. About 1836 passages of vessels were made through, or partially through, the canal, giving an average of 5 per day; these vessels paid L.7000 in tolls, which was a few hundred pounds more than the commissioners paid for repairs and wages—leaving the commissioners' own remuneration and expenses, and the interest on the cost, to be borne as usual by the nation.

There is another Highland canal, too, the *Crinan*, that belongs to the nation. This canal is very short, but it cuts off an immense distance in sailing or steaming from Glasgow to Oban and Fort William: seeing that it goes across the isthmus that connects the elongated peninsula of Cantire or Kintyre with the mainland. It is only nine miles in length, beginning at Loch Gilp, and ending at Loch Crinan. It is on a very much smaller scale than the Caledonian Canal, being twenty-four feet wide, and twelve deep, and having fifteen locks. The canal has been in existence half a century and more. In 1848, it was placed under the same commissioners as the Caledonian, with (to use the big words of the act of parliament) 'all its harbours, basins, reservoirs, aqueducts, feeders, water-tanks, fens, dams, embankments, weirs, locks, sluices, culverts, drains, soughs, tunnels, arches, piers, bridges, banks, fences, ways, roads, towing-paths, landing-places, docks, quays, wharfs, houses, warehouses, toolhouses, buildings, cranes, weighing-machines, works, and appliances.' The canal fell into trouble in 1859, and the public purse had to get it out of trouble again. A sad accident befell it. The canal is fed by three great embanked reservoirs, which collect the rains and springs from a large area of mountain district. The uppermost of these, Loch Camloch, covering forty acres, and eight hundred feet above the sea-level, burst its boundaries on the 2d of February in that year, after a long series of heavy rains. Down rushed the water, burst in the banks of the second reservoir, rushed on again, and did the same to the

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third or lowest. 'The contents of all these,' said the resident engineer, 'were discharged in common down the narrow valley or rocky ravine along which the summit-level of the canal was fed. In the course of their violent descent an immense mass of stone and earth, with some brushwood, was dislodged from the precipitous slopes on either side, and carried down by the water, so as to occasion their deposit on the summit-level of the canal. Not only was the channel of the canal filled right across for a considerable space in length, but the accumulated mass at the principal point rose much above it.' What was to be done? The commissioners spent a small sum in clearing away the rubbish so far as to prevent further mischief; but John Bull was solicited to come to the rescue for anything further. 'How much?' he asked. 'Eighty thousand pounds to make a really good job of it,' said Mr James Walker. 'Can't afford the money,' said John; 'do the best you can with ten or twelve thousand.' And the best *has* been done. The Crinan Canal has been restored, and is a useful though not profitable work. Less valuable to the nation than the Highland roads, it is more so (in relation to its cost) than the Caledonian Canal.

The 58th Report of the Commissioners, above adverted to, shews that in the year 1862–63 the Crinan Canal spent L.3277 in earning L.3780—thus just keeping itself out of difficulties. About 2260 passages were made by steamers and sailing vessels through the canal.

SURE TO WIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

OPEN hostilities were therefore now declared—Stutely *versus* Stark, Themis against Mars, Bayfield and the Ferns the scene of action, six months the duration of the campaign.

After the colonel's departure, my uncle and I held a consultation. Our deliberations resulted in the conclusion, that some means of communicating with Letty must positively be found. The colonel's vigilance was only to be baffled by securing an ally within the garrison. None could be so effectual or valuable as Letty, if we could only engage her upon our side. Now, how was this to be accomplished?

We were lawyers, and between us we conceived a plan. It was stagey, romantic, and hazardous; its success was very doubtful; its failure would only cause the enemy to double his watchfulness. But his insolent defiance had put us upon our mettle, and we resolved to leave no wile untried to secure victory.

Not far from my uncle's house lived an old college chum and lifelong friend, Dr Polt. Like habits, like tastes, like politics, like bachelorhood, bound the two strongly together. The doctor was the oldest medical man in Bayfield. He was in very tolerable circumstances, and had of late years almost retired from practice, maintaining his connection only with a few families, many of whose members he had introduced into existence. The intimate terms upon which Uncle Ferril and Dr Polt stood rendered the latter fully cognizant of all the circumstances attending my troubled love-passage, and his warmest sympathies were for our success. Much of this feeling may have been owing to the colonel having upon several occasions treated the doctor with considerable rudeness. Colonel Stark, crammed with Indian prejudices, did not see why he should be civil to the 'vet.,' as he chose to call our old friend. Dr Polt was a short man, and short men are touchy upon the point of personal dignity.

'Big, blatant blusterer!' exclaimed the doctor to my uncle one evening, when Colonel Stark's want of urbanity formed the topic of discourse. 'I wish he'd fall ill, and call me in, Ferril. Wouldn't I physic him? Aha!' And the doctor glared balefully over his spectacles, in a manner intended to signify that the pharmacopœia would hardly afford the tremendous compounds he should like to inflict upon his enemy.

Dr Polt entered heart and soul into the little plot my uncle and I had devised for Colonel Stark's confusion.

'Ay, ay, boy,' he ejaculated, rubbing his hands gleefully, when I told him what had been resolved upon, and asked his assistance—'I'll help, I'll help willingly. 'Twill be almost as pleasant as prescribing this nigger-flogging colonel asafœtida and creasote. Ay, ay, I'll be ready.'

Riding into Bayfield, therefore according to custom, one frosty forenoon, it happened that my usually well-behaved mare began to grow restive as I approached the house of Dr Polt. Feigning to lose temper, I punished her pretty severely about the head and ears. The mare began to kick; I began to reel in my seat; a sentimental cheesemonger's daughter tripping past with a three-volume novel under her arm, began to scream; the mare started, reared, my feet left the stirrups, and I went to the ground with a crash just opposite the doctor's door. The mare galloped wildly down the street.

Dr Polt was upon the watch, and pounced upon the case in an instant, like a vigilant spider upon a heedless fly.

'Hullo! hullo! What's the matter? How's this?' exclaimed the doctor, as naturally as if the whole thing had not been pre-arranged. 'Who's this, tumbling off his horse like a sack of oats? Why, dear me! Can it be? No? Yes! Positively, so it is. Bless my soul, my young friend Stutely! Dear, dear! What a sad piece of business! No bones broken, I hope. Let's see. Hm! hm!' passing his hand rapidly over my limbs as I lay upon the ground, hardly able to restrain my laughter. 'Skull not cracked; no, no, impossible—too thick. Lie still, young gentleman, if you please. Collar-bone all right. Radius, ulna—no damage right or left. Not broken his neck—time enough for that to happen—nor yet his spine. Any ribs smashed? One—two—three—four—five—and the false ones; no; all in order. Now, let's try his legs—right leg: femur, tibia, patella; all straight. Left—ah! something wrong here. Dear, dear!' with a very solemn face, and a learned shake of the head, to impress the half-dozen idlers who had gathered round. 'Severe fracture of the os cosmographicensis; displacement of the head of the quan. suff.—most important bone that; extensive luxation of the tendo Achillis. Dear, dear! More severely injured than I thought. Bring him into my surgery, my friends, and I'll soon set him to rights. Gently, gently; don't displace the quan. suff. any further, or I won't answer for the consequences. Bring him in—bring him in.'

Preceded by Dr Polt, enjoining upon my bearers the utmost caution, I was carried into the house, placed upon a sofa, and left in due professional care. Within half an hour all Bayfield rang with the exciting news that young Mr Stutely had been thrown from his mare opposite Dr Polt's door; that the mare had fallen upon and crushed him, breaking several of his ribs, his cosmos, the head of his panstuff, and his tender killings. Later intelligence added that, in spite of these desperate injuries, Dr Polt still entertained hopes of the poor young gentleman's recovery. Another bulletin declared that the doctor had been heard to say Mr Stutely might recover, but would certainly remain a cripple for life. The very latest news averred that the only doubt Dr Polt felt was whether the fractured limb would be two inches and a half or three inches and a quarter shorter than the other.

As the plotters intended, the report of the accident was not long in travelling to the Ferns. I must

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confess to some compunction at the alarm I knew it would cause Letty, although I was consoled, upon the other hand, by picturing to myself the glee with which the heartless old colonel would rub his hands and growl forth: 'There's a stopper to young Parchment's exertions for the next few months at any rate. Bravo! Josiah, my boy; the game's your own.'

The colonel having been induced to believe that I was helplessly shelved, we were enabled to proceed with the next item of our scheme. My uncle communicated with a friend in town, by whose instrumentality a letter was addressed to Colonel Stark, ostensibly from the India House, requesting his appearance before the Board of Directors upon a day named, they being informed he was able to give valuable evidence respecting details of management connected with the Company's native forces in Bengal. As we had anticipated, the bait was greedily swallowed. Nothing could have been more congenial to Colonel Stark's lofty opinion of his own consequence than such a summons. The opportunity was favourable. His enemy was out of the way, and he could leave home for a short period with a quiet mind. Four days later, my uncle hurried to me in the afternoon with the news that he had seen the colonel set off in a post-chaise half an hour previously upon his road to town.

This gave the signal for action. Despite the colonel's departure, I dared not shew myself openly at the Ferns, for there could be no doubt the servants were all in the colonel's interest, and would not risk their places by disobedience; but a letter was despatched by a trusty messenger to Letty, to whom access during her father's absence could not well be denied. In this I briefly acquainted her with the actual state of affairs, and implored her, with all the epistolary eloquence at my command, to meet me after dusk at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, a secluded winding thoroughfare hard by the Ferns, leading at some distance to the north main road. Here a chaise should be in readiness to carry us at once to Scotland. If she consented, I begged her to send a few words by bearer.

Within an hour, the answer came. It bore no signature, and was laconic enough, consisting only of the four words: 'Your request is granted.' Still, the note was in Letty's well-known hand, and the assurance it contained too precious to criticise. 'She may not have liked to write more,' I thought. 'The dear girl's sensitive modesty would not allow her to dilate upon so delicate a theme. For me must be reserved the pleasing task of overcoming her scruples, and of persuading her to unite her fate with mine.'

At the appointed time, behold me, therefore, at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, anxiously awaiting the beloved of my heart. Some little distance down the lane, well out of sight from the main road, was the chaise that was to bear us off, as fast as four spanking steeds could gallop, to Scotland and to bliss. In my anxiety and eagerness, I drew nearer and nearer to the Ferns, watching the instant when fate and love should bring Letty to my desiring arms. It was eight o'clock of a November evening, pitch dark and bitterly cold. Even the ardour of passion that coursed through my veins was insufficient to keep me warm. I paced to and fro outside the fence, and stamped upon the ground for cold and impatience; it is not unlikely even that I swore. At last, however, at last my hopes were realised; along the road came tripping a gentle step, which was surely Letty's timid footfall. Dear girl! how I sympathised with her hesitation, so natural, so womanly, to intrust her destinies to the charge of one of the ruder sex. How it should be the study of my future life to make her happy! Even as I listened, the footsteps ceased. A voice, whose tones were music, breathed my name. I rushed forward, and in another moment the sylph-like figure of Letty was sobbing upon my breast.

Time would not permit of long entreaty. Leading my charmer rapidly on towards the chaise, I poured forth my hopes and wishes in a passionate appeal, which clearly found a responsive echo in Letty's heart, for, although she said nothing, she hurried along at a speed I found it difficult to equal. Even at that anxious moment—so critical is ungrateful man!—I could not help reflecting that the haste she testified was slightly unfeminine, and ill in accordance with the ideal of shrinking modesty I had hitherto considered her especial attribute. But I dashed the cruel thought away as soon as it arose, and we hastened down the lane.

The chaise was reached at last. I called to the postboys to look to their horses, and opened the door of the carriage to help my Letty in. Judge of my consternation, when a tall, portly figure, in a long military-cloak, stepped on the instant out of the vehicle, and withdrawing the slide of a lantern, shewed by its light the mocking and detested features of my enemy, Colonel Stark!

'Hullo! young Parchment,' he sneered, with a hideous grin distorting his malignant countenance, 'what are you going to do with my daughter? Come, come, my lad, your gallery's countermined. Catch a weasel asleep if you can, and shave his eye. It won't do. Your plan was clever, but not clever enough to deceive an old campaigner. Come, sir, give up the lady, and march away.'

'Never!' I shouted, throwing my arm around Letty's shrinking form. 'There are limits even to a father's authority. Never will I surrender this dear, this lovely prize, save at her own request. She honours me with her affection, and I will not abandon the precious boon, except with life. Stand away from the carriage, Colonel Stark, and let us pass this instant!'

To my intense astonishment, the colonel broke into a burst of uproarious laughter. The postboys, who had turned sideways upon their saddles, the better to survey the scene, exploded with similar glee. Last and hardest blow of all, from beneath the veil that shrouded Letty's features issued sounds unmistakably those of mirth! I fell back a pace, and gazed upon her shaking figure with speechless dismay.

'Ho, ho, ho!' bellowed the colonel. 'This fellow 'll be the death of me. Hold me up, somebody, or I shall fall. Ho, ho, ho! What did he say? "This dear, this lovely prize—this precious boon!" O Lord! O Lord! Here, young Parchment, look at your lovely prize!'

Slowly the figure before me raised its veil, and instead of my Letty's charming features, I beheld—O horror!—the sable visage of that disgusting Johtee Lall, his eyes gleaming with malicious delight, his mouth distended with a hideous grin from ear to ear!

'He, he, he!' tittered the wretch, holding out his arms, 'Missa Tutely want run away wid Johtee all de way to Cotland. Come along, Missa Tutely—come along!'

How I got home that night, I never knew.

Long afterwards, I learned how this terrible mishap had come to pass. Up to the morning of that unlucky day, it appeared, all had gone well. The colonel believed me seriously hurt, and intended to avail himself of the circumstance to appear at the India House, in obedience to what he imagined a genuine summons. Being in Bayfield, he had called at the postmaster's to order his chaise; while in the yard, he noticed another vehicle being got ready for service, and inquisitive as usual, asked for whom it was intended. The postmaster, knowing no reason for secrecy, replied that the chaise had been ordered for that evening by my uncle Ferril, who was going to the north. The colonel's ever-ready suspicions were instantly aroused; he determined to delay his journey for a day, to see if this unusual event concealed mischief. Ostensibly, however, he made no

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change in his arrangements; at the appointed time, the chaise conveyed him from the Ferns, and took the road for the metropolis; but at the post-town ten miles off he halted, ordered the postboys to remain where they were until the ensuing day, and returned to the Ferns secretly and on foot. My note to Letty arriving shortly afterwards, was intercepted by the colonel's vigilance. It shewed him at once that his precaution was fully justified. Under some pretext, he obtained from Letty the answer I received, and the subsequent plot was carried out without her knowledge.

Well, my courage was not damped even by this failure. Letty's genuine concurrence was absolutely essential, and I tried another scheme. I re-wrote my explanation to Letty of the present state of affairs, and despatched it to my sister Grace in town. As old schoolmates, the two corresponded frequently. I asked Grace to visit the lady-principal of the establishment where the girls had been educated, and telling that respectable instructress she was going to pass a few days with Miss Stark, offer to take charge of any communication she might desire to send. Postage-rates were high in those days; shillings were needed to purchase the privileges pence now buy; and such an offer as this was not uncommon. My sister was to copy my note to Letty, and append it to the packet of correspondence. I hoped that Colonel Stark, who would infallibly open the parcel, seeing it was made up of many sheets in that delightfully angular feminine hand so difficult to decipher, after wading through a page or two of latest fashions and school-gossip, would toss over the remainder to his daughter in disgust. I relied upon Letty's superior ingenuity then to discover a method of reply.

Within a week from the concoction of this notable scheme, a large packet was delivered by Johtee Lall at the office from Colonel Stark. It was directed to me. Opened, out fell the lady-principal's budget, my sister's missive to Letty, and a scrap of paper whereupon was written: 'No go, Parchment; try again.'

This last failure almost broke down my resolution. Fortune seemed desperate against me. How was this lynx-eyed disciplinarian to be lulled asleep? In my despair, I turned to my uncle, and humbly besought his assistance.

'Well, Caleb,' replied Uncle Ferril, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, 'I 've no objection to give you whatever help is in my power. It 's not perhaps strictly professional to be mixed up in these matters, but I plainly see you 'll be nonsuited unless I give advice. Still, I will only aid upon condition you shall not inquire what measures I employ.'

I assented eagerly.

'Then write to Miss Letty again, and I will see what can be done.'

One day passed—two days—three. No answer. Upon the fourth day came from the Ferns a packet of documents relating to some property in the neighbourhood of Bayfield Colonel Stark desired to purchase. Out of a mortgage dropped a neat little note from Letty, addressed to me. I seized it in triumph.

Now, how do you think my astute old uncle contrived so easily what had baffled my less-practised ingenuity? Very simply indeed. I did not make the discovery myself until some time after, but this was how he proceeded. Going to the Ferns apparently to consult the colonel about the property just mentioned, he managed to time his visit so as to find his client and Letty at their morning exercise in the grounds. My uncle took the colonel's arm and walked in front of Letty, but contrived, in the course of the interview, carelessly placing his arm upon his back, to exhibit my note between his fingers. Letty demurely tripped forward, deftly extracted the missive from its hiding-place, and slipped it into her pocket. A few lines from Uncle Ferril pointed out the packet of deeds as a fit vehicle for her reply.

Letty's answer was more than satisfactory—it confirmed my belief that her father had purposely kept her in ignorance of the compact into which he and I had entered. Better than all, her fertile woman's wit pointed out a method by which, if ably managed, every condition of the agreement might be thoroughly fulfilled.

Colonel Stark, therefore, like most remarkably cunning persons, just contrived to overreach himself. Had he frankly appealed to his daughter not to enter into any engagement without his sanction, so high was the dear girl's sense of filial duty, that nothing would have induced her to run contrary to his desire. She would have trusted to patience, submission, and time to subdue her father's selfishness, and to soften his heart. As it was, her spirit revolted at the mistrust implied by his reticence, and the colonel created an adversary where he should have secured an ally.

It was my turn to chuckle now.

CHAPTER IV.

Acting in strict accordance with my instructions, I remained perfectly quiet for several weeks. I still took occasional horse-exercise, but sedulously avoided the neighbourhood of the Ferns, and thought it useless to repeat the fracture of my cosmos. My uncle and Dr Polt, who had both been made acquainted with the scheme now in progress, approved it highly, and augured favourably of its success.

'She 's a pleasant little woman, that Letty Stark,' opined the doctor, 'and a sensible one into the bargain. Caleb, my boy, I shan't envy you your father-in-law, but I shall your wife.'

That which we confidently calculated upon soon happened; Colonel Stark, failing to detect further hostile manœuvres, and too old a soldier not to know that an enemy of whose movements you are ignorant is dangerous, grew uneasy. His restless spirit would not allow him to play the safe game of waiting patiently until the expiration of the stipulated time, and in his turn he resolved to reconnoitre the hostile camp. One frosty morning, therefore, my uncle and I were disturbed in our avocation by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, succeeded by a lusty peal of the office-bell.

I ought, perhaps, to state that my uncle Ferril, like many other country solicitors, transacted his professional business at his own house. For this purpose, two rooms upon the ground-floor were set apart as offices. The outer room was usually occupied by the clerk, rent-collector—we were agents for a good deal of house-property in the town—general manager, and factotum, Roger Tice, while my uncle and I tenanted the inner apartment. In cases where a private consultation was desired, I slipped out of my uncle's room by a door leading into the hall, and going round to the front office, kept Roger company until the client's departure. As usual with persons of inferior rank to his own, the colonel, by excessive haughtiness and rudeness of manner, had contrived to insult Roger as mortally as he had offended Dr Polt. I knew therefore that, if requisite, we might confidently reckon upon the clerk's assistance and secrecy.

'Colonel Stark, sir,' announced Roger, popping his head into my uncle's sanctum.

'Very good, Roger. Shew him in,' returned my uncle. 'Now, Caleb.'

I nodded, and vanished from the room, just as the colonel, bluff and boisterous, blustered in.

'Well, Ferril,' exclaimed the visitor, 'how 's the world using you? Loot abundant, eh? Plenty of quarrels stirring. Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, only to be set right by a good dose of law and swingeing costs. It 's an ill wind that doesn't blow lawyers good, isn't it? Why, where 's young Parchment? Thought I saw him here just now.'

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At this moment I re-entered the room.

'Oh, there you are, young fellow,' continued the colonel. 'Well, how goes on the war? You don't seem to be making much progress. Three months of the six are past, and you haven't gained an inch of ground. You must be quick, sir, you must be quick, if you mean to out-manœuvre Josiah Stark.'

'Well, colonel,' I replied, 'we 'll talk the matter over a little, if you please. The terms of our compact are, briefly, that I am to succeed within six months in taking you in, "clearly, plainly, under your own nose, so palpably that there shall be no mistake." Those were your words, I believe, were they not?'

'Ay, ay, young fellow; right enough. But you haven't done it, my good sir—you haven't done it: you can't do it; I defy you to do it.'

'We shall see. Now, colonel, I have to ask further, would you consider I fulfilled the agreement if I were to tell you what passes in your own house, to which, as you know, I cannot possibly have access? Suppose, for instance, from private sources of information, I were to state the purport of a conversation you had with your daughter this morning during breakfast.'

'I don't believe you can state anything of the sort,' returned the colonel promptly, with an indignant snort at the supposition.

'Did you not say that you had finally decided upon purchasing the Wharton estate, and tell Letty she might begin to think of preparations for leaving the Ferns?'

Colonel Stark listened to the question in speechless wonder; surprise and consternation seemed to have suddenly stricken him dumb; finally, he drew a long breath, then uttered a tremendous oath.

'That infernal nigger!' he shouted. 'The vile, scoundrelly, treacherous spy! That's the fellow, without a doubt. Yes, yes. I recollect now that he was in and out of the room at breakfast I daresay half-a-dozen times. Directly he heard me speak of quitting the Ferns, he must have bolted off with the news to his precious employer. Oho! young fellow, so Johtee 's your private source of information, is he? Eh, sir? Was the nigger your informant?'

'Really, colonel,' I replied, 'you must excuse me; I do not feel justified in betraying whence my information is derived. It is enough for me to be assured it is correct. Do I understand you to admit this to be the case?'

'Correct! correct!' bellowed the colonel, with dreadful sarcasm. 'O yes, Mr Parchment, very correct, sir—highly correct. I wish I could say as much of the sense of honour that permits you to tamper with my servants, sir. If you find it impossible to gain your end without resorting to proceedings of that questionable nature, sir, the less you talk about correctness the better.'

And Colonel Stark marched up and down the room in a very wrathful state of mind.

'All 's fair in love and war, colonel,' I laughed. 'You invited stratagem, you know, and set me the example yourself in that post-chaise business. But I don't admit that you have discovered my source of information, by any means.'

'Of course you don't admit it, sir!' exclaimed the colonel. 'It 's one of the axioms of your —— profession never to admit anything. But common-sense tells me that you must have suborned the nigger. How else—— But I shan't waste another word upon you. I 'll put a stop to this business in double-quick.'

That same afternoon, Johtee Lall's sable visage, wearing a very piteous and imploring expression, appeared at the office. The Colonel Sahib, he declared, after administering a savage thrashing with the big bamboo, had literally kicked him out of the house. Not knowing where to go, the fellow came to me. Little as he deserved kindness at my hands, yet, as his discharge was certainly the result of my operations against his master, I felt a kind of moral obligation to provide for the man's support. For the present, I committed him to the care of Roger Tice. Roger sniffed dubiously as he received his charge, offered a mild remonstrance, but finally acceded to my desire, and walked away with Johtee.

A week passed without a sign of Colonel Stark; at the end of that time, unable, I suppose, to curb his impatience longer, he marched down to Bayfield, and again presented himself at my uncle's house. As before, I slipped out of the room immediately upon his arrival, and re-entered it after he had exchanged a few words with Uncle Ferril.

'Ah, youngster,' was the colonel's greeting, 'how are we getting on now? Any more choice little bits of intelligence from sneaks bribed to fetch and carry? Aha, my spark, I think your tampering with my servants has been pretty effectually stopped.'

'Well, colonel,' I replied, 'we shall see. I have got something to communicate, certainly, and I hardly think that my private source of information is at fault. Did you not tell Miss Stark this morning, while walking in the grounds at the Ferns, that you thought of taking her to town about the end of the month after next? When the time stipulated in our agreement has expired, that is, you know, colonel. Am I correct?'

My adversary fell upon this into such a passion of rage that I really feared at first he would drop dead upon the spot. His sallow complexion turned to a ghastly purple; the veins upon his forehead filled and strained till they stood out as rigid and taut as cordage; he gurgled in his throat as he gasped and strove for breath.

'Those infernal reptiles!' yelled the colonel, when he had sufficiently mastered his indignation to find words; 'those vile, mercenary, traitorous servants of mine! Why, you must have corrupted all the household. But I'll punish 'em. Stay you here till I come back, and I 'll put your boasted sources to the test. If you can answer what I ask you then, Josh Stark 's a Dutchman, that 's all.'

The colonel hurried away. Upon reaching home, he instantly discharged all the servants in the house, paid them their wages, and gave them an hour to get clear off the premises, standing grimly by watch in hand as they filed away. Then he rushed back to Bayfield, burst into the office, and required me to tell him what he had done.

From my private sources of information, I was enabled to comply with Colonel Stark's demand. I forbear to characterise the language of which he made use upon receiving my answer, further than by stating that his expressions were most discourteous and of a highly actionable kind.

Grown wiser by experience, Colonel Stark acted now as he should have acted from the first, and shut himself up in his fortalice altogether. When the new servants arrived from town a few days after the dismissal of their predecessors, he cut off communication with the world without. All the supplies required for his garrison were taken in through the half-opened door by one of the servants, appointed for that office, and supervised by himself or Letty. As an extra measure of precaution, he had all the locks changed upon all the doors by workmen from a distance, bells attached to the windows, strong bolts and bars fitted to the shutters, every loophole at which even a mouse might enter the fortress blocked and barricaded. It is not unusual, I fancy, after the steed has been stolen, carefully to brick up the stable-door.

As soon as these measures had been taken, the colonel once more presented himself at the office, and desired to know if I had anything to tell him. Again, and for the fourth time, my private sources aided me. He probably fancied I had learned what had happened from the workmen, for this time, in place of going into a passion, the enemy listened in silence, then nodded thoughtfully, and withdrew.

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We gave Colonel Stark a fortnight to recover his self-possession, and feel the inconveniences of the blockade he had established, then proceeded to strike the final blow.

Six weeks still remained of the time originally stipulated, when Uncle Ferril and I set out together for the Ferns. We sent in our names to the colonel, and, after some hesitation, were admitted into the library. There sat the enemy, looking worn and haggard. He pointed to chairs, and we sat down. Much of what is popularly called 'the bounce' had evidently been taken out of the colonel. His manner was more cautious, less defiant. Our visit clearly made him ill at ease, but he waited silently to hear what we had to say.

'My uncle and I have called upon you, Colonel Stark,' I began, 'to claim the fulfilment of your contract.'

Here the enemy was unable to repress a start, shewing how much his nervous system had become affected of late; still, he uttered never a word. I went on.

'Upon four distinct and separate occasions the stipulation contained in that agreement has been carried out. I have repeated conversations which I never heard, related circumstances which I never saw, and you have admitted both to be correct. You have adopted various methods to discover the source of my information; you have been unable to discover it; you are unacquainted with it even now. If necessary, I am prepared to repeat my execution of the stipulation for a still longer period. But it is not necessary. I maintain that I have fully, duly, and amply carried out my portion of the agreement; and I call upon you, as a man of honour and a gentleman, to perform yours. My uncle will testify that his opinion coincides with mine.'

The colonel had listened to this little speech in perfect silence; he now turned, still mutely, towards Uncle Ferril.

'I am decidedly of opinion, Colonel Stark, as a professional man of thirty years' standing, that my nephew Caleb has performed his portion of the contract.'

The colonel leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed upon the ground. Minutes passed, that seemed hours.

'Well, so am I,' he said at last. 'The battle has been fought stoutly; I can't see an error anywhere in my combinations; but the youngster is too deep for me. I've turned the matter over for the last fortnight, and I cannot for the life of me discover whence the information has been gained. I can't sleep o' nights for thinking of it; it haunts my mind incessantly by day; I've lost my appetite; I don't enjoy my wine; life's growing a burden to me; I wouldn't pass another month like this for all the lacs in the Company's treasury. I give it up. Parchment, Letty shall be yours! Stop! I consent upon one condition only,' he continued, checking my joyful exclamation with a warning finger. 'Before you leave this room you shall disclose the means you have employed.'

'Most willingly, colonel. Have the goodness, if you please, to call down Letty.'

'Letty!' exclaimed the colonel. 'Why, *she* knows nothing about'——

'Pardon me,' I interrupted. 'Call her down, and I think she will be found better informed than you imagine.'

Colonel Stark rang the bell, and gave the necessary order. In a few minutes my charmer entered the room. Little explanation sufficed to acquaint her with what had just transpired, and with her father's conditional surrender.

'And now, Letty,' I added, 'if you please, bring in the culprit.'

Letty went out. The colonel faced round towards the door, watching with a tremor of nervous fury to behold the traitor in his camp. Next moment, his daughter returned, bearing in her hand the warm fur-cap which her father, used to an Indian climate, almost constantly wore. Letty laid the cap upon the table. The colonel took up his headgear, twirled it upon his fingers, failed to derive information from the process—laid it down again, looked at me, then at Letty.

'You see, colonel,' I explained, 'ordinary stratagems were useless against your practised experience, and we were forced to make you your own postman.'

Lifting the silken lining of the cap, I displayed, to Colonel Stark's astonished eyes, a neat little pocket, artfully contrived, and quite invisible, unless on close inspection. In this receptacle, Letty, when she wished to communicate with me, had deposited a slip of paper containing what it was requisite I should know. Upon reaching my uncle's house, the colonel had naturally left his cap upon the hall-table while he went into the office; I had slipped out, extracted the missive, and returning to the room, had given the colonel the benefit of its contents.

Colonel Josiah Stark listened to this remarkably simple explanation of the mystery that had puzzled him with mingled anger and disgust; then taking his daughter by the arm when I had finished, he pushed her towards me, exclaiming: 'There, take her, Parchment; you've won each other fairly. Heavens and earth! that a wary old campaigner should be out-manœuvred by a girl and a lawyer!'

GOLD-GARDENERS.

Claudi, the Miser of Lyon, objected to that title being given to him, although he most unquestionably deserved it. 'Call me,' said he, 'a gold-gardener. Centimes are my seed; they grow into francs and napoleons, and then into hundreds and thousands. I sow and gather my seed.' Not to offend, therefore, that eminently respectable class of persons, whom men call Misers, Skinflints, Screws, and other opprobrious epithets, we designate this paper as above. We propose to treat of some of the more remarkable gold-gardeners, and to make merry at their expense, which, we may be sure, was never done during their lifetime.

The nearest approach to a merry-making that was ever given by one of this sort, was by a female gold-gardener, Miss Bolaine of Canterbury. A neighbour, who had shewn her many most undeserved civilities, was presented by her in return with a blighted gooseberry-bush, which he very properly threw out of doors. Determined to carry out her grateful notions, however, Miss B. invited his young family to come and eat fruit with her: a large basketful of decayed currants was provided for their entertainment, but the children would not touch them, and were reprimanded for their daintiness by the hostess. Still persevering in her generosity, the same family were asked on a certain day—next year—to range her garden, and eat what fruit they liked. Miss Bolaine, who watched their proceedings with the utmost anguish, observed that they plucked the largest strawberries without remorse. 'My little dears,' said she, at last, 'I am sorry to say that a snake was seen among these strawberries only yesterday.' 'Thank you, ma'am,' replied the eldest of her visitors, a very sharp little girl indeed; 'but we don't mind snakes.'

Miss Bolaine, we suppose, had some personal attractions, for she made a market of herself as well as of everything else. She was well connected—being sister-in-law to the Countess of Denbigh—and had many offers of marriage; in each case jilting the favoured swain for one with a little more money. At last, nobody would propose to her unless she gave a bond for two hundred pounds, which she was to forfeit in case she didn't keep her promise; and even then she jilted her suitors, and escaped the penalty.

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She was eventually engaged to a gentleman about half a century older than herself, who lodged in her own house, as a guest. But upon his having the misfortune to die there, she sent in an enormous bill to his surviving relatives for housekeeping expenses; and, moreover, got it paid. However,

> There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
> She finds some fitting gander for her mate,

and Miss Bolaine (as she still continued to be called) at length secured a partner to her mind. All the others had been too given to generosity, but this vice was not inherent in the man of her choice. He could wash, iron, and sweep the house; he could eat mouldy crusts and tainted meat, and was altogether charming. Yet this excellent pair were not without their ambition; they determined to keep a carriage—which, however, also helped to keep *them*, for they often let it for hire. Cart-horses served their turn to draw this vehicle, and a left-off suit of drummer's clothes formed the coachman's livery. They sometimes occupied a house at St Lawrence, Thanet, and drove thither from Canterbury. A gentleman who had the temerity to accompany them gives us an account of one of these expeditions. How on the roof of the chariot were placed pickle-jars and glasses, a warming-pan, and gardening tools, and a ladder—and how all these things came down with a crash. How, when they came to a haystack, the pair would get out, and pull some, and smell it—under pretence of purchasing the same—and give their horses a good feed, and then drive on. How that, in spite of this refreshment, one of the animals fell down dead on the road—from starvation—and was sold by the lady by auction on the spot, as well as the chariot and the living horse. How they walked the remainder of the distance, partaking of such food as they had with them, under a hedge, with very weak gin and water for their drink; and how they availed themselves of the almshouse at Rochester, where a bed, a breakfast, and fourpence were given to poor travellers who applied for them. These incidents in the hands of the author of *Humphry Clinker*, would have made all England merry, although held to be monstrous and incredible; and yet they actually occurred. The guest, of course, was not present when the lady and gentleman went to bathe, but he assures us that a retired bay was always selected—a machine being quite out of the question—and a stable rug formed the lady's bathing-dress. What fiction of the Bath waters can ever come up to such an incident as that!

Even when Miss Bolaine was extravagant enough to purchase any luxury of the table—such as a mutton-pie—she had not the heart to eat it. The top-crust was devoured, and renewed, and devoured again; but she would never touch the costly meat until it was tainted! She would often try for a chance dinner at a neighbour's house, invariably introducing herself with the facetious remark, that 'one volunteer is worth two pressed men;' and people were only too glad to see her. It is pleasant to reflect, however, that she disappointed all the hopes of such Toadies in her will.

It is a wonder that misers ever make a will at all. How terrible must it be to such wretches to thus anticipate the time when their wealth must needs be taken from them, and placed in hands that will certainly spend, and perhaps even squander it! What a hideous past they must look back upon!—to what a dreadful future must they look forward! The sole comfort they seem to derive from the execution of this document is the insuring for themselves a gorgeous funeral. Almost all of them are solicitous about this. They desire that some portion of that wealth should be spent upon their miserable carcass, which they had never the courage to expend upon their living body. Miss Elizabeth Bolaine had a costly funeral, according to her wish; the bell was tolled, and the family hatchment displayed upon the joyful occasion, and a noble monument was subsequently erected over her remains, with a broad blank slab to record her virtues. Pomp and vanity are rare, indeed, among the gold-gardeners during life, but they are not unknown. M. Dubois, who flourished after his own peculiar fashion in the reign of Louis XIV., was a magnificent miser. He had many attendants, who were made to run races in front of his house in winter, so that they might procure warmth cheaply, and without a fire in the servants-hall. His furniture was gorgeous, but all his saloons, save three, were locked up and in disuse. His sideboard was loaded with costly plate; silver dishes were borne on and off his table, and carried through the waiting-room for strangers, that his grandeur might be known and admired; but there was very little under the covers. A single egg, or a few olives, were his principal *plats*. Six massive candlesticks were brought into the drawing-room, if a visitor was present; but these lights were extinguished at the moment of his departure, and exchanged for one miserable taper.

The philosopher's stone, the perpetual motion, the desired Eureka of every gold-gardener, is, not to reduce his expenses to a minimum—for that he effects—but to live altogether *free of cost*, and often (but by no means too often), like the celebrated horse, whose feed his economical master gradually reduced to a single straw a day, they die under the experiment. They never commit suicide, for so they would leave all they love, to go where money is not appreciated; unless we call that suicide which, an ancient writer informs us, occurred to one in a famine, who sold a mouse for two hundred pence, and died himself of starvation. Misers are very seldom murdered, as the phrase goes, 'for their money,' which, considering the lonely lives they generally lead, and the sums they keep about them, is singular enough. The murder of Miss Conolly of Dublin—with whose accumulated hoards the assassin got clear off—and the Stepney murder of later years, are the only two instances of such a Nemesis that we remember. They suffer, however, a thousand deaths in the fear of being murdered, and worse—robbed. What an awful picture have we of the last days, or rather nights, of Elwes, always out of bed, and struggling with imaginary robbers, and crying out: 'I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property.' And yet Elwes was the least contemptible of gold-gardeners. He was, although not indeed in a high sense, a strictly honourable man. When elected for Berkshire, according to his own stipulation, without the least expense beyond the eighteenpence for dining at the ordinary at Abingdon, he performed his senatorial duties with uprightness; he was assiduous in his attendance, and never took a bribe in any form. He would lose at play, of which he was passionately fond, thousands and thousands of pounds, without losing his temper; then, leaving the glittering scene of dissipation at three or four o'clock in the morning, he would walk to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle coming in from his Essex lands, and haggle with a carcass-butcher for a shilling. He was even not altogether destitute of humour. When the father of a lady to whom one of his sons had made proposals of marriage, asked him what he meant to give his son, he replied: 'Give! I never said anything about giving; but if you wish it so very much, I will give—my consent!' Again, he was riding with a friend from Newmarket, and on the latter's going up to a turnpike-gate, Elwes called him back: 'Here,' said he, 'follow me; this is the best road.' In a moment he was seen climbing his horse up the precipitous side of a ditch. 'I can never get up there,' exclaimed the friend. 'There is no danger at all,' said Elwes; 'but if your horse be not safe, lead him!' At length, they mounted the ditch with exceeding difficulty, and got clear. When all was right,

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the friend thanked Heaven they were safe. 'Ay,' said Elwes, 'safe from the turnpike, you mean; very right: never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it.' Like Miss Elizabeth Bolaine, too, Mr Elwes, when on horseback, was given to steal hay.

Even in the above greatly mitigated specimen of the gold-gardener, we find the affections blunted, and scarcely recognisable; Elwes suffered his faithful servant and the partner of his journeys to perish, well-nigh starved to death; and he would rob his guest's horse of the provender he had pretended to place in his manger. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the less favourable examples of the species Miser are not remarkable for tenderness towards their fellow-creatures. Mr St Pierre of St Domingo, for instance, was certainly not a prey to that particular weakness. He had become, by accident, the heir of a distant cousin, whose two daughters should by rights have inherited the estate; but they were illegitimate—marriage being unhappily a very rare institution in the West Indies at that period—and since their father had made no will, they were left absolutely penniless, and dependent on this miscreant. They were Creoles, beautiful, accomplished, and accustomed to move in the best of such society as existed at Port-au-Prince: all this enhanced the value of these poor girls to Mr St Pierre, not, indeed, in his affections, but because it would procure a better price for them in the slave-market of Charleston, whither he actually sent them for disposal to the highest bidder. The whole particulars with, we are happy to add, the account of how he was foiled in this infamous proceeding, may be read in Mr Cyrus Redding's *Remarkable Misers;* an interesting work, to which we are indebted for many of the above anecdotes; at the same time the book has errors; of commission, in containing biographies of merely common-place 'save-alls'—such as one reads of in country newspapers every week; and of omission, in neglecting to record instances of parsimony that are really striking.

Perhaps, for example, there is no more singular example of the vice under consideration than that of the gold-gardener mentioned in a chronicle of the city of Venice, who had such a love of the precious metal that the bare speaking of a large sum of money raised his pulse, like wine. The spirit of mammon possessed him in such a degree that he actually made use of a gold coin—the zequin—whenever he made the sign of the cross. His bags of gold were each named after some saint, and decorated on the festive-days of their patrons; and three very large bags he had even dedicated, respectively, to the persons of the Holy Trinity. Being upon his death-bed, he requested his friends to withdraw, who, returning, found him dead, grasping with his arms a sack full of treasure, and with both his hands filled with pieces of gold.

One of the most common things with misers is to be exceedingly lavish in promises of what they will do for their friends after death, by will; these cost them nothing, and secure attention and comfort during their lives. The unhappy persons who have thus degraded themselves by their subservience, are often, however, their dupes even in this respect. Mr Fuller of Ponders End, who hired his own man-servant out to an apothecary, to pound the mortar in hours when he could not employ him himself, secured clerks upon lower salaries than any other banker, by promising them legacies—none of which he left. Mr Thomas Cooke of Islington probably lived better than any gentleman of his time, considering the cost. He was maintained entirely by his friends, in the expectation of favours to come. He took a fancy to every child he saw (whose parents were in a position to entertain him), soliciting its name, in *writing*, in order that no mistake might be made in the suggested case of a codicil. He was overwhelmed with presents of game and country produce, the overplus of which he himself disposed of at Leadenhall Market. He carried a phial that held about a pint of liquid, and used to beg ink to fill it with at the counting-houses of his acquaintances—the which he not only used for literary purposes, but to black his boots. His very amusements—even to the going to the Derby—cost him nothing, since the expenses were always defrayed by expectant friends. He appears to have been unsuccessful only in persuading anybody to keep his horse for him, for we read that he maintained that animal in his kitchen—having no other accommodation for him, and disliking the expense of a livery-stable. He even obtained gratuitous medical advice at the hospitals, under pretence of extreme poverty. In a word, no gold-gardener so nearly approached the great desideratum of living for nothing as Mr Cooke. He lied, however, to every individual whom he had promised to remember in his will, and left almost all his money to public charities—a philanthropist of that posthumous description which Mr Gladstone has so admirably described in a recent debate. John Overs—who rented from the City the ferry at the place where London Bridge now stands—used to heat black puddings in his bosom, rather than go to the extravagance of a kitchen fire. Meat he never bought unless it was tainted, because, in that case, as he observed, 'it went so much further in the family.' On one occasion, he even counterfeited death, for no other purpose than to save a day's provision, conceiving that whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unfeeling as to take their ordinary meals. They did not take their ordinary meals: they broke open the larder, and brought forth loaves and cheese; they drew flagon after flagon of beer, with an appetite that had not been satisfied for many a day; till, terrified at the unexpected waste, Mr Overs broke in upon them in his winding-sheet, with one of the two candles in his hand which they had extravagantly placed at the head and foot of his supposed corpse. One of his apprentices—a 'jolly young waterman' of the period—imagining this apparition to be the Enemy of Mankind, immediately struck out his brains with an oar-handle. His daughter, left extremely rich, founded the church of St Mary Overs, and endowed, in addition, a college of priests, who built the first London Bridge at the spot where the wealth of their benefactress had been amassed.

Guy's Hospital owes its existence to another of the gentry charitable in spite of themselves—an individual so attentive to business, that he dined behind his counter, with a newspaper serving for his table-cloth. It was he, or a brother-philanthropist, who, being visited on his death-bed by the governor of some public institution to which he had left a certain sum, offered to pay the amount at once, *provided that he would allow the usual discount.* Realities of this kind put into the shade all satirical fiction, even the 'I am afraid I shall have to cut it,' addressed by the miser in the play to his blunted pencil.

We know not who was the first gold-gardener, but it is a profession not likely, we fear, to fall into disuse. Quite lately, into the London Hospital came a wretch in rags, to die. An operation was performed of a painful nature, and under which a patient of eighty-three was almost certain to sink, but it was his only chance for life. After it was over, the old mendicant—as he appeared to be—sent for the clerk of the Hospital, and writing materials, for the purpose of making his will. He drew out of his mouth nine half-sovereigns, which he had kept there during his torture, and searched among the bed-clothes for a tenth, which had escaped his lips. He ripped out of his filthy, tattered garments ninety-six more of these precious coins, with acknowledgments for four hundred pounds on the Bank of England, and an annuity-bond for sixty-seven pounds per annum. Then he made his will, in which he set apart no less

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than fifty pounds for his funeral expenses: he did not wish, he said, to be buried like the vagabond he had lived. There was no one he wished in particular to follow him to the grave, or who, indeed, was likely to do so; but he desired that the deficiency should be supplied by plenty of *horses*. How Swift would have revelled in the description of a death-bed like this! It excels the dreadful epigram upon the dying usurer, who, looking upon the jewelled crucifix offered by the priest, exclaimed: 'False, false; I could only lend ten pistoles upon such security.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, extending through the week closing on the 2d of September, appears to have been one of the most successful ever held, the number of persons attending being 3356. The address of the president, Sir William Armstrong, has produced a deeper impression on the public mind than any for some years past. There was an abundance of good papers, and many good excursions were planned; but much enjoyment was marred by the wretched state of the weather.

The Rev. Professor Challis of Cambridge not feeling satisfied with any of the theories as yet offered in explanation of the process by which the sun's heat is maintained, has published a new theory in the *Philosophical Magazine*, which is worth notice. Starting from the fact, that an atom in movement will impress its motion on a large number of atoms when brought into contact with them, and that heat is an effect of repulsion, he argues, that by the undulations of atoms from without impinging on the gaseous mass of the sun, the supply of heat is maintained. But where do the undulations come from? According to Professor Challis, they 'emanate from the stars.' 'We have ocular evidence,' he continues, 'that stars transmit light-undulations, and it is quite possible that they originate others not sensible to the sight.' Hence, the sun being atomically constituted throughout, 'the stellar undulations, of whatever kind, entering his vast body, have their effects multiplied to an incalculable amount by the reaction of the immense number of atoms. This is the theoretical explanation of the sun's internal heat.' So long as the supply of undulations from without is kept up, so long will the amount of heat remain undiminished, and the universe will continue to feel the influence of the solar light and caloric. The operation appears to be reciprocal, for the same phenomena are going on in the stars at the same time that they take place in the sun, so that the theory which explains the cause of the sun's heat, explains also that of all other celestial bodies. In concluding this brief notice of an important question, we would mention that Professor Challis thinks the phenomenon known as the zodiacal light to be due to the effect of the collision of atoms in the cloud atmosphere of the sun.

The Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem have published their prize-list for the present year. Most of the questions proposed are of a very recondite nature, understood by profound physicists or naturalists only; but we notice a few which appear to be of general interest. One relates to Ruhmkorff's coil, an instrument by which surprisingly long electric sparks may be produced: hence the question—Determine experimentally and theoretically the laws which govern the length and intensity of these sparks.—In certain circumstances, the sparks from a Ruhmkorff's coil consist of two parts—the spark proper, and a luminous aureola. Required, new researches on the cause of this duplication, and the phenomena which accompany it.—According to the researches of Pasteur, fermentation is owing to the development of cryptogamia and infusoria. Required, new and positive researches into this question, with an exact description of those plants and animals, and of their mode of action.—Specimens are required, raised by soundings, of the bottom of different seas, with an examination of the specimens, and a statement of everything which they teach concerning submarine formations. —What difference is there between the perception of sounds with one or with both ears? Precise researches on this difference are required, and upon the influence of doubling in the organ of hearing. The prizes offered are gold medals of the value of 150 florins of the Netherlands, with, in some instances, the same amount in money besides. A question proposed last year—Of what nature are the solid bodies observed in diamonds: do they belong to the mineral kingdom, or are they vegetable? has been satisfactorily answered in an able paper by Professor Göppert of Breslau.

Herr Fessel of Cologne, in making experiments with tuning-forks, has by anticipation answered one of the foregoing questions. Holding one to each ear at the same time, he has discovered that the ears do not possess an equal power of hearing. It appears, from numerous trials on different individuals, that the highest tones are heard best with the right ear; and no instance has yet been met with in which the hearing was exactly alike on the two sides of the head. This, however, is but a refined demonstration of a peculiarity which has long been popularly known, for who has not heard persons speak of 'their best ear;' still, a practical knowledge of the subject may help in the education of pupils whose ear for music is said to be bad. Perhaps but few persons are aware that there is also a general difference in the sight of the right and the left eye. Some fancy themselves near-sighted, when the only defect is that the two eyes do not focus alike, a defect that may be remedied by artificial means.

Astronomers will be glad to learn that M. Foucault, the inventor of the gyroscope, has contrived a clock-work apparatus for driving the great telescopes used in observatories. It imparts, what has so long been desired, a perfectly uniform motion under all circumstances. The inventor has taken out patents in France and England.

The Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society have published the Report of their thirtieth meeting, at which, as usual, art and science were illustrated, and practical results exhibited. The mechanical department was not quite so good as in former years; but among new contrivances there were shewn an improved meat-roaster, which bastes the joint by an application of the chain-pump; and a carpet-sweeper on the same principle as the cart with revolving brushes by which the streets of London were swept some twenty years ago. The cart was drawn along the street, and left a clean track behind it. But unless in large empty rooms, we do not see how a machine could be advantageously introduced for sweeping carpets. Another invention, of which shepherds should be able to judge, was a lantern, so constructed as to keep warm a quantity of milk and water, as well as to give light, and is fitted with a 'teat,' by which sickly lambs or calves may be fed. Another contrivance, described in the Report as 'ingenious,' concerns the post-office, as it 'indicates the successive clearance of pillar-boxes.'

How is it that, in a mining county so enterprising as Cornwall, we find an annual exhibition of mechanical inventions pass by without a single contrivance for the improvement of mines or mining machinery? Are mining appliances so perfect that there is no room for improvement; and do accidents never happen? Moreover, has anything been done for the improvement of miners' dwellings, and of the families who dwell therein? Polytechnics will flourish none the worse for a recognition of moral considerations.

The trouble of drawing corks is well known. In most instances, a very strong pull is required, and numerous cork-screws have been invented to over-

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come the difficulty. A new invention has just been brought out, which is to supersede the use of corks, and thus overcome the difficulty in another way. It is a metallic cap, or capsule, to use the patent term, with an air-tight valve at its upper end, which can be opened and closed at pleasure. When fitted on the neck of a bottle, the air is as effectually excluded by this cap as by a cork, and with the additional advantage, that a small quantity of the contents may be poured out, and the valve closed down upon the remainder, whereby the trouble of recorking is obviated. The convenience of this arrangement to persons who empty a bottle of wine or ale by instalments will be great, and as the valve is intended to be locked by a small key, the liquor will be effectually protected. This cap, as we hear, is the invention of an ingenious American, but it is to be brought out by an important English firm, who are making preparations to supply a large demand at a cheap rate.

A cap of another kind has been for some time in use at Birmingham, which consists of a metal disc attached to a ring belt or flange of gum-elastic. It is applicable to jars or bottles of any size, as the discs may be cut of any dimensions. The belt of gum-elastic embraces the mouth of the bottle or jar, and holds the metal plate close down in place, and excludes the external air.

An inventor at Philadelphia has contrived a portable bookcase: the ends are hinged so as to fold to a length not exceeding that of the top and bottom; the shelves are fitted into their place with dovetails, and to each is fixed as much of the back as fills the space between it and the next shelf; and the whole is kept together by four screws. Besides portability, there is the advantage, that 'by reversing two shelves, with their portions of the back, over each other, boxes can be formed for packing the books.'—Another inventor shews coal-oil lamps, in which the annoyance from smoke is prevented, by giving a fan-shape to the wick-tube above the base of the burner. By this the upper end of the wick is spread out to double its first width, and the oil being distributed over so extended a surface, is entirely consumed, instead of clogging the burner, or running down the outside of the tube, and no chimney is required. If this lamp really answers its description, it will materially facilitate the consumption of the mineral oils which are pumped so abundantly from underground in various parts of the States.

In the *Journal* of the Canadian Institute, a few particulars are given of some of the oil-wells in the township of Enniskillen, Upper Canada, which are curious and instructive. The wells are situated within an area of a square mile, and it is observed that the deepest are always the first to cease the discharge of oil from the artesian tube. At present, it is the two shallowest wells which flow; from the others, which still yield, the oil is obtained by pumping. It is remarkable that no warning of the stoppage is given: the discharge of oil stops all of a sudden, and is immediately succeeded by salt-water, which pours out in a continuous stream. And equally remarkable is the fact, that wells may be sunk near to or between others which are in active operation, without finding a drop of oil; wherein we have an indication of geological phenomena not yet understood. For a time, these Enniskillen wells discharged twelve thousand barrels a day; now the number is reduced to four hundred. The total quantity hitherto obtained from them would fill a reservoir five acres in extent, and ten feet deep.

The government of Peru have made a survey of islands along their coast, which promises results of great importance to agriculture. The surveyors discovered, much to their surprise in some instances, that the islands were covered with enormous deposits of guano. The quantity is estimated at eight million tons, worth two hundred and thirty million dollars, which can be operated on as soon as the deposits at present worked on the Chincha Islands shall be exhausted. The British farmer may make his mind easy as to a supply of fertilisers, for some generations to come.

A recent calculation shews that the coal-fields of the globe comprise an extent of two hundred and twenty thousand square miles, with an average thickness of twenty feet. Of this enormous quantity, two hundred thousand square miles are possessed by the States of North America. The total quantity raised from the mines of all countries in 1861 was one hundred and fifty million tons, of which fifteen million were converted into mechanical power, and thirty million were consumed in the smelting and manufacture of iron.

Among geographical and commercial items, the following appear to be worth attention: The French commercial mission, which started from Algiers to open a trade with Soudan, has succeeded in its object, having conciliated the natives on the route thither, as well as the Touarick chiefs, and the authorities of Ghadames. There is to be security for the French or Algerine caravans, and the best routes are to be pointed out to the traders. The products to be obtained from that part of Africa are hides and skins, ivory, ostrich feathers, wax, and gums, and 'a description of silk produced by worms fed on the leaves of the tamarind-tree, which may be procured at a cheaper rate than raw cotton.' Should this favourable state of things remain uninterrupted, we shall soon hear of exploring parties pushing southwards from Soudan until they strike Livingstone's track across the continent near the equator.—The importation of foreign animals, with a view to acclimatisation, is still going on at Melbourne, a vessel having sailed for that port from the Cape of Good Hope, having on board six ostriches, three kinds of wild deer, and a boa-constrictor. The snake is, we presume, to be exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, and not to be turned loose as a free gift to the colony.

RETURNED.

Give me the place in your home, brother,
You offered me long ago,
When, beside a gravestone now grown old,
You held my hand—it was heavy and cold
With deep and bitter woe.

Weary, and long, and hopeless
Seemed the life then left to me;
For I loved her well who slumbered there;
From the first soft blush to the last sad prayer,
Knit heart in heart were we.

Rest there was none for that sorrow,
And I carried my burden afar,
In distant lands and wilds remote,
Whose sights and sounds could touch no note
That recalled my life's lost star.

It was long, long leagues to the northward,
Where, throned in Winter's name,
Huge, gloomy cliffs awed the still sea-shore
By the crests they reared, and the frown they wore,
That a change upon me came.

In my dreams I had oft beheld her,
With an angel radiance graced,
Warning me tenderly, solemnly,
Of the trust of Time that was passing by—
Not mine to lose or waste.

Break up my pilgrim's staff, brother;
I will wander the earth no more;
Through the clouds of the wrecked and blighted past,
The light of my love has broken at last
On the strife I shunned before.

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THE DEAD HAND.

We come into this world empty-handed, and when we go out of it, we can take nothing with us. So Scripture tells us, and our hearts echo the truth. Dives is dead. The man whose written or spoken word, one short week ago, was worth many thousand gold-pieces, the lord of lands and treasures, lies low to-day, low as poor Lazarus, who was his very humble servant and debtor, and died insolvent. They bury the rich man with proper state and solemnity, the hugest plumes, the sleekest sable horses, the gravest and glossiest mutes, all the upholstery of decorous woe. It is done, and the sculptor is at work on the grand marble monument that shall celebrate his virtues. The heir pays the undertaker's bill, grumbling, perhaps, a little at its amount, but grumbling below his breath, lest people should call him a shabby fellow—him, the inheritor of all the acres, shares, scrip, and funded property of the departed. There—the cheque is drawn, the expensive obsequies are over, and the rich man is poor and powerless as the beggar at his gate.

Not exactly so, after all; there is much truth in what has been said, but not the whole truth. Dives and the upper earth have not quite dissolved partnership, in spite of Death and of black horses, mourning-coaches, and Mr Mole's receipted bill for crape and velvet. From the grave itself, Dives stretches out a Hand, a Dead Hand, it is true, but potent yet, to grasp and rule his beloved property. Not easily do men relinquish their sway of what they have hugged to their hearts so long, of what they have schemed and striven for, longed for, thirsted after, got and kept by means fair or foul, according to their consciences. The Dead Hand keeps its clutch on the dear gold, the cherished acres, and will not unloose its hold. In more prosaic language, Dives has made his will.

Wills are common things enough, but of all the curious conventionalities of society, they are perhaps the strangest, if we do but look below the surface. That a man should own and enjoy his goods and gear to the fullest while alive, seems simple to all but the interesting disciples of MM. Fourier and Cabet. Even a Papuan negro can understand that. But that his possession should continue for centuries after his bones have dropped to dust; that he should control the living during ages yet to come, and exercise authority over unborn generations, is certainly a wonderful thing. Yet the talisman by which these prodigies are effected is merely a dusty deed, written on parchment or paper yellowed by age, but signed, sealed, delivered, proved, and registered as the law demands. Nothing shews more clearly the desire of Society in the abstract to do justice, than this implicit respect for the wishes of the long-dead, and the semi-sanctity with which a will is environed.

It must be owned that this excessive reverence for the written pleasure of defunct owners of money and land has been sadly abused at times. Testators have ridden their hobbies very hard, trusting to the world's fairness and tenderness to carry out objects that in some cases were neither fair nor tender. Many wills bear internal evidence of having been made out of pure spite; others betray morbid misanthropy, unhealthy sentiment, puerile vanity, or dangerous ambition. Some testators, especially of ancient days, were clearly mad; others have evinced a baboon-like malignity in affixing painful and odious conditions to their bequests. In many instances, sheer whim, innocent enough, but short-lived, and based on the most trivial grounds, has been the avowed motive of posthumous munificence. Often does it happen that if the public at large, instead of the sapient seniors of the Probate Court, had to decide on the validity of an absurd or unfeeling will, it would be torn to fragments amidst universal hooting; and it does occasionally happen that a testament, like that of the famous Bridgewater case, annulled by the House of Lords on 'grounds of public policy,' is set aside for the general good.

We are bound, however, to be very chary of such reversals. There is no doctrine more perilously alluring than that which teaches that the judgment of the individual must be made to bow to that of the majority, and that whatever is unpopular is bad. After all, we cannot judge of the strength of the feelings that once thrilled a dead bosom; we do not know, and cannot know, the complex reasons that may have urged actions that to us appear midsummer madness. If old Hunks did cut off his nephews and nieces with a shilling, we need not point the finger of scorn at his tomb, ignorant as we are *why* he drew the codicil that gave his Three per Cents. to the Spectacle-makers' Company. If old Miss Mincer really left her fortune to the polite stranger who gave her the best seat in his pew as she stood, forlorn and desolate, with her queer bonnet and grotesque gown,

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in the aisle of a strange church, who are we that we should deny her sanity? How can we gauge the impression which an act of kindly courtesy, soon forgotten by the doer, may have made on the withered heart of that poor, lonely old woman? Better so, than to endow a college or a cat, out of absolute lack of objects of human interest and sympathy.

There is something touching in the confidence in which, in a country like ours, men die and bequeath what they had, little or much, as the case may be, to those they loved best, and perhaps to helpless children or timid women, who know nothing of business, and have no power of a combative kind in their soft natures. There are executors appointed, and, it may be, trustees; but the true executor, the real trustee, is no other than the British nation. People die, confident that the arrangements they have made will keep the wolf from the door of those they leave to weep their loss. If there is blundering, the nation, through its law-courts, will set it right; if there is fraud, the nation will punish it. The ægis of Britannia will be as sure a protection as a mere earthly ægis, with unavoidable flaws in it, can be. It is not so in all lands. In the East, when a rich man dies, there is wailing and dismay in his house, not entirely in sorrow for the dead, so great is the terror of the living. Swoop! down come the official vultures on the home of mourning. Here they come, those swaggering gholaums, those oily lawyers, those brutal ferashes, in the king's name, to claim the king's share in the inheritance; and they sack the house, and dig for buried treasure in the garden, and very possibly put the family to the torture, if disappointed of plunder and bribes.

Before the reign of King Henry VIII., an Englishman could no more will away his real property, his fields and woods, than a modern Frenchman can disinherit a scapegrace son. To be sure, the hardship was not excessive, since very little English soil was then held in fee-simple by anybody. The great nobles, the wealthy knights and esquires, had fiefs instead of freeholds. Smaller gentry lived on their copyholds, their leases for a string of lives granted by church or crown, and the whole country was enmeshed in a great net of fines, fees, cess, service, poundage, and forfeiture. The confiscation of convent property threw much land into the market, and the free disposal of this land by will became an urgent national want. In elder days, the monasteries and religious foundations had been for a while favoured by the law-makers; they could inherit where a lay-heir would have been sent empty away. Their deep-voiced friars stood by the death-bed of baron and franklin, urging the expiring penitent to blot out the sins of a life by adding to the rent-roll of the monastery; and Malvoisin and bluff Longstaff, who had, perhaps, been stiff-necked railers at monkish luxury, and eager snatchers at church-lands when well and hearty, now proved plastic as wax between the dexterous fingers of their ghostly father.

At last the state became alarmed. If this death-bed penitence were not curbed in its outward manifestation of endowing abbey and minster, there was risk that the whole available property of England might pass into clerical hands. Successive statutes of mortmain were passed to check this consummation, but the risk endured until the Reformation had pared down the vast territorial wealth of the church. Yet, if we choose to grope among the black-letter deeds in old cartularies and muniment-rooms, we shall find that most monasteries were endowed, not by will, but by gift—the *donatio inter vivos*, as it was called—though the term hardly applies to a transaction between Sir Philip Malvoisin, palsied, ghastly, and with the damps of death on his brow, and the rosy prior of Jorvaulx, admirably robust in body, and remarkably wide-awake to the conventual interests. It was thought best, on the whole, that Sir Philip should make his tremulous cross and splash of yellow wax at the foot of a deed of gift.

It may be remarked, that most of the great English schools date from Tudor days, or from those of the first Stuart. A few were founded under King Hal, more during the short reign of his young son, most during the long period of Elizabeth's authority. There was a mania just then for founding places of education, a passion based on many reasons in that age of stirring mental activity. The bequests made, the schoolhouses built, and the founders' names embalmed in Latin prayers and inscriptions, the property went on swelling and augmenting in value, with the rising prosperity of the country, age after age. So it fared with many an ancient grammar-school. The actual fabric might decay, and very often did decay, physically and metaphorically; but the golden tide of prosperity rose and rose until it swamped the dreaming trustees, and overflowed into the High Court of Chancery. Gables and mullions crumbled away, stone-fronts were coarsely repaired with brick, Elizabethan windows were patched with common glass, scholars fell off gradually, and the number of the taught dwindled to a minimum. Yet the ruinous foundation grew in wealth as leases dropped in, and the national store increased.

As with schools for the young, so with refuges for the old. Such and such stately hospitals, year by year growing less worthy of their name, year by year sheltering fewer of the poor beadsmen, poor brethren, poor pensioners, for whose behoof they were reared, were notoriously waxing in wealth as they declined in bounty. Here, the daily dole, an institution adapted to do more harm than good, perhaps, but still a well-meant donation, had been reduced to an absurdity. There, a great almshouse, meant to be a quiet haven for decayed persons of education and good repute, sore buffeted by life's storms, had been partly shut up, partly perverted into a convenient shelf whereon to lay aside the worn-out dependents of the warden and governors. And so on, and so on, through dreary labyrinths of malversation and wrong-doing.

The Dead Hand was the real cause of all this evil and neglect. Its grasp upon the lands was tenacious; but it was a cold, hard gripe, easily eluded by the unscrupulous living men who paid it lip-service and mock-homage. Old Gervase the usurer, say, left his estates to found a school, with an asylum for the aged tacked thereto; and Dame Winifred gave hers to an almshouse; and Sir Paul Spice, alderman and mayor, signed away his worldly wealth to endow a school, as Gervase had done, and to grant all manner of scholarships and exhibitions to clever and needy lads, bred at his school, and bound for Oxford or Cambridge.

The gifts from the Dead Hand throve mightily. Each new generation saw the snowball of gathering property swell to more monstrous compass. Dame Winifred's poor uplands have tripled as to rent, her young oaks have grown up to build a navy. The London hovels that belonged to Gervase are replaced by the genteelest of squares and the most respectable of streets. As for Sir Paul, could the old grocer see his swampy meadows near to London walls, now covered by brick and mortar, red-tiled dwellings, and enormous warehouses, he could hardly believe his eyes. Where those three old founders pocketed groats, their worshipful stewards and trustees can pay golden sovereigns into their bankers' custody. Thus throve the gifts of Gervase, Paul, and Winifred, doubling and quadrupling with every rise in the world's exchange.

But all the living—such of the living as had to do with the disposal of these gifts—seemed to be in a grand tacit conspiracy against the Dead Hand. They got between it and the folks whom it had meant to help along life's highway; they turned the fountain of its generosity into alien channels; they fought and wrestled, they pared and nibbled, till the original intention of the founder was about as much regarded

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as the testament of Cheops. Even honourable men, where they had to deal with live fellow-citizens, became sad shufflers, and quite changed their natures at the first contact with the Dead Hand. Truth was not truth exactly, nor probity necessarily strait-laced, when that terrible Hand was in question. Wrong any man—John Brown, for instance—of a penny or a pennysworth—never, never as long as Robinson draws the breath of life. But as regards the trust-funds of that school, my dear sir, that is quite another question, and you must perceive that it would be Quixotic prudery to boggle at what every one has invariably done. Wherefore, we will—yes, I think we will let my brother-in-law have the lease renewed on the terms he proposes; and your nephew, Jones, will make a capital auditor, as you say, and I think, gentlemen, the Board may as well plumply reject that absurd application of the head-master for an increase of salary.

It is the old, old story. The stewards have had it their own way so long, first getting one modest finger into the luscious pie, then a second finger, finally the whole hand, that by the time they have taken possession of the mansion, and elbowed the true proprietors to the door, they feel a profound assurance that all they have usurped is theirs of right. And when Chancery, or a parliamentary commission, comes down upon them like a halting Nemesis, they shriek, and protest, and appeal to the public to protect them in their just claim to do as they like with other people's property, and consider themselves the most ill-used of our species. But the root of all the mischief is in the Hand. It offered an irresistible temptation to weak souls, like a wrecked galleon with none to claim it. It kept no watch, exercised no discretion, but was stiff and helpless as a marble idol. Sir Paul, with his flat cap and shining shoes, could not drop into the board-room to cudgel his faithless servants. Winifred was perforce dumb while they turned her 'decayed gentlewomen' into the street. Gervase had no power to petition the House or the Chancellor to redress the abuses of his noble charity. The property lay like a stranded whale, hacked at or gnawed at by every one and everything that had a taste for blubber.

Other Pauls and Winifreds left their goods and acres to carry out objects far less beneficial than teaching the young, or harbouring lone old age. We find that certain lands and moneys were bequeathed, here and there, for the deliberate encouragement of pauperism in all its branches. Master William Winkle, out of pure kindness, gave some hundreds a year, now grown into some thousands, through circumstances over which the said William had no control, to feed, warm, and clothe the poor of some particular villages. Innocent William! he would have stood aghast, were he never so obtuse, had he but known that he was sowing the seeds of much more misery than his cash could ever relieve. Perhaps William, out of family feeling, gave a preference to founder's kin, to anybody who could satisfy a vestry or a board that in their veins ran the tithe of a drop of Winkle blood; and in that case, there is much heart-burning and carping, much perjury and grumbling, rejected kindred of the tenth degree prowling empty around the parish boundaries, and bitterly complaining of the false strangers in cousin's clothing whom the partiality of the trustees has let in before them.

Or, perhaps, Will, as in one notable case in the west of England, ordered that coals, food, money, and clothes should be distributed annually to the indigent of certain villages, but that no penny of his should go to build cottages for them to dwell in. Had Master Winkle been scurvily used by some rogue-architect, that he so hated bricks and mortar? Or was William a grim practical joker, who chuckled at the tough knot he was going to tie for the confusion of society? More likely, he was a good easy man, soft of head and heart, and as ignorant of political economy as of submarine telegraphy. His bequest bore fruit—sour apples, that disagreed with many constitutions. Of course, there was a steady flow of all the poverty and laziness of that countryside into Master Winkle's cities of refuge. There they came, and there they stayed, a stagnant preserve of vicious paupers. The few rotten old cottages were crammed as full of unwashed humanity as the houses of Alsatia or the Savoy had been. More cottages could not be built out of Master Winkle's fast growing stores, on account of the testator's holy horror of architecture. And few speculators were likely to invest their capital in building for such tenants as Master Winkle's hereditary pensioners were likely to prove. So they lived on, idle, improvident, ague-haunted lazzaroni, until higher authority took a besom to that Augean stable, and insisted on grafting Winkle's sour apple-trees with wholesome fruit.—One peculiarity of such baneful charities as these is that nobody is grateful for them or their dubious benefits. People take the gifts of the Dead Hand without thankfulness, and usually with an uneasy and grudging scrutiny. They suspect that they have not got 'their rights,' and that some one has muddied the stream before it reaches them. A poor family would feel more gratitude to a live squire for a half-acre of potato-ground, or to a live parson for getting a daughter into respectable service, than to William Winkle for all the coals, loaves, and corduroys officially doled out during a century.

Many are the signs and tokens that the old superstition, by virtue of which a dead man's wishes were supposed to be so sacred as to override every plea of mercy, justice, or usefulness, is waning and paling away, like a ghost at cockcrow. A testator's power of entailing his estate has been smartly clipped, and he can no longer prescribe who shall be owner of a given parcel of land for ever and a day. Every fresh change in the law tends to add to the power of the living to do what they think best with their own, while they possess it, but to curtail the might of the Dead Hand. And there is no reason why the bequests of Sir Paul and his compeers should not be dealt with rather according to the genial spirit of the givers, than to a narrowed and harsh interpretation of the letter of their words. Their store has multiplied exceedingly, thanks to other men's labours; and where they bade to spread the board—whether for a feast of learning or of food—for scores, there is now enough and to spare for hundreds. Were the rich foundations of England once placed on such a footing as common sense demands, and this is doubtless but a question of time, there would be cause for millions to bless what is now sparingly dealt and coldly taken—the posthumous liberality of the Dead Hand.

ENGLAND'S THUNDER-STORE.

THERE are some things, I am well aware, in which, although they belong to himself, a man is apt to be much mistaken. If he have a pony, for instance, it is certain to be, in his own opinion, the very best pony that ever stepped: a pony that is worth his weight in gold, and will not be sold under two and twenty pounds in consequence; a pony that was picked, sir, out of a drove by the present possessor, and concerning which judicious choice his former proprietor observed that 'the gentleman knew a good animal—*he* did—when he saw it.' It used to be the same with one's own double-barrel; many a one might be more handsomely turned out, and enjoy more meretricious advantages; 'but for service—real service—and execution, give *me* my old gun.' Rifles, rather than guns, are now become the objects of man's egotistic admiration; but that does not matter for our argument. There are some possessions, we say, which we are all prone to admire unduly; some geese in our

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own farmyard, which the most modest of us will persist in holding to be swans.

One's legs, in particular, are a property in which most of us take an inordinate pride, quite independent of their intrinsic merits. Simon Tappertit, who had very thin legs indeed, we are told, could never keep his admiring eyes off them; and I know gentlemen in real life, with legs upon which one wonders how they dare venture out, who indulge in a similar hallucination. The Alpine Club is nothing more nor less than a society in love with their legs; its members are vain beyond measure of those particular limbs; they take every opportunity of rolling their trousers up to their knees, that the general public may be gratified by the inspection of what affords themselves such intense pleasure; and they would give three times the amount of their subscriptions for life, to any man who would furnish them with a decent excuse for adopting the Highland garb. They call themselves Alpine, and make it their profession to walk uphill, simply and solely, as I believe, that they may exhibit these limbs to the best advantage. For consider, what reasonable being would walk uphill if he could help it? Does not everybody —including the more sagacious of the dumb animals— avoid a hill whenever it is possible, and even make a detour for that purpose. Is not the effect of walking uphill to tighten the chest, to incarnadine the visage, and to strain the sinews? Does not Science go hand in hand with Nature in her abhorrence of a hill, and make a cutting or a tunnel of it, rather than attempt its ascent at all? The question does not admit of debate. I myself knock under in the matter of legs to no man living, and herein perhaps may lie *my* weakness—but I am not vain of their appearance. No human eye ever detected me in knickerbockers. Yet for walking—for a little distance and not fast—I defy competition. I have walked as much as most pedestrians; not, indeed, at the rate of sixty miles a day during a long vacation, but by easy stages all the summer through. I walk to enjoy myself, not to lose the fat which months of inaction have produced upon me. I have thus circumnavigated—although never upon shipboard—almost all the sea-coast of England. I select the coast, not only because it can never be otherwise than beautiful, with the glorious ocean for part of its scenery, but because the walking is mostly flat—upon sand or shingle. When it is not so, there is but a short, sharp climb, and then a long, delightful stretch over the breezy cliffs that well repays the exertion; and then comes that *bonne bouche* of the pedestrian—Down Hill! In some more favoured planet I have often thought there may be reserved for good men, with good legs, *a Switzerland all down-hill.*

However, even as matters are now arranged, I have made my way from the Solway to the Land's End, and have since been doing the east coast with little fatigue and vast enjoyment. When I have done the whole island—become the first pedestrian circumnavigator of Great Britain—I shall probably publish my experiences. They will be interesting, as I believe, and certainly novel. When I come upon any sea-side town, I merely mention the fact, and go on to what is comparatively unknown ground. When I am stopped by a river, I walk along its banks, until I find a bridge or a boat to take me across, when I immediately return to the coast-line. Of course, this method of travel is not cheap; even in shoe-leather my expenses are enormous; but I look to a discerning public to repay me all. Before my great work, however, comes out, I do not see why I should not give a specimen of its quality in these pages. I have called it England's Thunder-store, from which title it will perhaps be difficult to guess the spot which is about to be described. But I experienced the same difficulty myself with respect to it, and enjoyed the thing all the more when I understood it. When I start upon my day's journey, I never inquire what place I am coming upon. I repress the informing disposition of the waiters at the hotels; I eschew guide-books and maps; and make out everything for myself by actual observation. In this beautiful spirit of ignorance and inquiry, myself and my man Thomas—who carries my knapsack on these excursions—came only the other day, without the least expecting it, upon England's Thunder-store.

We were in Essex—I knew so much—and had been dropped by a Thames steamer upon the left bank before the open sea began. Our way was almost as flat on the landward side as on the other, but not without its picturesque features. We saw afar many a church-tower amid the unfrequent trees; we passed by little vicarages, made of wood, and almost toy-like, but set in flowery lawns sloping down to the beach, and, in strange contrast with them, long, white, many-windowed preventive stations, looking like marine work-houses. 'Prevention,' remarked I, 'so far as appearance goes at least, is not better than Cure in these parts, Thomas;' but Thomas only touched his hat, for he did not understand the allusion.

I went moodily on without speaking for several minutes, for I dislike, above all things, to be unappreciated. The Alpine Club, who walk four miles an hour uphill, neither make nor entertain conversation, but pedestrianism, pure and simple, of that kind is hateful to me. Like the great Samuel Johnson, 'I love talk,' and like him, too, I have an objection to be contradicted. Thomas, if not always appreciative, is never contradictory; on the contrary, he is conciliating. If it had been I who made the following observation first, and *he* had sympathised with it, I should have thought nothing of the circumstance; but as Thomas was the first speaker, the coincidence about to be recorded is perhaps the most remarkable since the invention of human speech. 'Do you like mackerel fried or biled, sir?' inquired my companion, breaking an unpleasant silence. 'I had a friend a cook, sir, as I once thought of uniting myself with, who used to say when mackerel was biled it was spiled.'

'Thomas,' said I, stopping short and sitting down, 'this matter must be inquired into. It is a question of the utmost physiological and metaphysical importance.'

'Yes, sir; cook used to say that it was everything.'

'Nonsense; cook was a fool: listen to *me*, Thomas. What put mackerel into your head? *For I was thinking of mackerel at that same moment; I was debating whether I liked it fried or boiled at the very time you asked me the question.*'

'Lor', sir,' said Thomas, breaking out into a profuse perspiration; 'why, that's Second Sight, or summut like it: one of us is surely going to die. There's a ship standin' in just round the point yonder, I see her mask; perhaps she's got a doctor on board.'

'That mast (not mask, Thomas) belongs to another preventive station, and will never get round the point; but no matter for that. There is no cause for fear. I have already discovered the reason of our both getting mackerel into our heads. Do you see yon bank covered with that tall, green weed; and do you not recognise the odour that blows therefrom, so powerful that all other scents are drowned in it?'

'Fennel sauce!' cried Thomas, slapping his legs in an ecstacy, at being released from the bondage of superstition. 'Bless me sir! but you are a clever one.'

'Yes,' said I, complacently, 'a bank of wild fennel was the sole cause of the curious coincidence. But for my possessing a philosophic mind, Thomas—— Bless my heart alive! Goodness gracious! Oh, lor'! What was that?'

Thomas had thrown himself down face-foremost on the sand, and, of course, made no reply. I do not wonder at his being alarmed, for I was a little startled myself. I had been interrupted in my remarks by the most terrific explosion, close to our very feet, as it seemed, which I had ever listened to. It shook the

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earth and the air; nay, far out to sea, its effects were visible in an inverted pyramid of foam. When I saw that, my native intrepidity reasserted itself at once; I understood what had happened.

'Thomas,' said I, 'you are a coward; do you not know a gunshot when you hear it? That is only the thunder of your native land. Do you not see the targets, which the ebb-tide is leaving bare; they are now practising at the second one; the ball—here I used the telescope, which, my only luggage, is always slung across my shoulders—the ball has gone through it, like a professional equestrian through a paper hoop. We must be coming upon Shoebury Ness.'

'Let us go back again, sir,' cried Thomas earnestly; 'let us take a walk inland for a change.'

'Nay,' said I; 'let us wait here until all is over, and then we will investigate the place. They never fire in this direction, of course.'

'What is this, then?' inquired my companion tremulously. He pointed to a circular piece of iron, projecting from the sand, close by, like an ostrich's egg, only about ten times the size, and ten thousand times the weight.

'Well,' said I, calmly, 'that is a shell; it would have hurt us if it had hit us; but it is as innocent now as any ball of feathers. Let us dig it out.' I lit my pipe in order the more thoughtfully to consider this phenomenon, while Thomas shovelled the sand away from the Thunderbolt with his stick.

'I don't half like the job, sir,' said he; 'but you always know best.'

'I should think I did,' replied I; 'that is the advantage of education. But *you* know a good deal for your station in life, Thomas; *you* do. You can read almost anything, can't you?'

'Well, sir, pretty nigh; if I knows what it's about beforehand.'

'Now, while I take your place there, and dig a little, let us see if you can read me what that board says, headed "*Notice*," and dated "*War-office*," yonder; I suppose it's something about trespassers.'

Thomas read as follows: 'All persons are earnestly warned against picking up shells found upon this beach'——

'Dear me,' interrupted I, 'how very arbitrary; it would never do to bring children down here, then; all right, Thomas—I'm getting it out now—"shells found upon this beach," go on.'

'The same being'—— 'Heaven preserve us!' cried Thomas, rushing over the wild fennel, and into the next field, like a lunatic. 'Run, master—run.'

His terror was so real and unmistakable, that I was almost as quick as himself in getting away, although without being in the least aware of what had occurred.

'What *is* the matter,' said I, when we had got a good distance inland; 'is it snakes?'

'Oh, no, sir,' faltered Thomas; 'it's worse than that—it's shells; "the same being *dangerous and deadly in the highest degree!*"'

It was my turn to grow pale then. I remembered that sad tragedy at Eastbourne, where the two soldiers found the Armstrong shell upon the shore, with the fuse yet in it, although they knew it not; and how they had sat down and smoked while they examined it, exactly as Thomas and I had done; and how presently, with a roar and a rush, the dreadful thing had exploded, killing one, and wounding the other. So we sat in the beanfield to see what would come of it—if I had by any chance lighted the fuse—for about three-quarters of an hour, which I conjectured must be the extreme limit that even a very 'slow match' would take to produce its catastrophe; and then we resumed our journey.

There had been no thunderbolts in the interim, whereby we rightly concluded that the firing was over for that day. The long, long stretch of sand could now be seen, with its different ranges of targets, from one to four thousand yards; and sprinkled with soldiers, and horsemen, and even artillery wagons, where but a little time before had rolled the solitary sea. The picturesqueness which the presence of death-dealing Man imparted to this tide-abandoned waste was remarkable indeed; nor upon the desolate and treeless promontory, which is Shoebury Ness, were his works less impressive—and striking. Among the long thin grass, about which the rabbits played as carelessly as though they knew the difference between three hundred pound shot and No. 5, lay huge fragments of wrought iron, torn, twisted, perforated, shattered by the awful power of Armstrong. In one place, a bunch of forget-me-nots shewed themselves through a hole in a jagged target, which having opposed its ineffectual strength to the winged ball, had been contemptuously cast aside like a waterproof that doesn't keep out the wet, and has no other advantage to recommend it. Jagged and prostrate, how different did it look from its spick-and-span brother, five inches thick, with teak and oak to back it, standing up so defiant of the battery it confronted! Nothing to mar the smoothness of its iron countenance, save a few cross-lines, for the easier estimation of the damage that will surely be wrought upon it. For to the same iron-mould complexion and jagged feature must all Shoebury targets come at last, no matter what their powers of resistance.

'Nothing as can float, can stand us,' as the sergeant of artillery, who very soon constituted himself our guide, observed. 'This is the exact plating of the *Warrior*, than which hardly thicker iron can encase a sea-worthy vessel, and only see how we have treated it.'

He pointed to another Target,* the depth of whose solid face, I could scarcely span, but which had been treated much as a mischievous boy treats a drum-head. How such a mass could ever be got to float seemed wonderful, but how anything could ever hurt it, if it did, was still more surprising. Yet if the *Warrior*, thus accoutred, should come within a hundred yards of a land-battery armed with a hundred and fifty-pounders, as this target had done—or gin a *Warrior* meet a *Warrior* similarly armed—something like what we now saw before us would infallibly happen. Here an eighty-pounder ball had rushed upon it, making only such an indentation as a child makes sitting upon the sand from which the tide has just withdrawn; here, a missile somewhat heavier had cracked the solid structure as dry mud cracks in the sun; here another, double the weight, had passed right through the target almost clean, like a bullet through a window-pane, and crashed into the wood behind; and here, another, had gone but half-way in, and stuck there, with its awful head buried in the metal. My companion approached this formidable object with much reluctance, notwithstanding the assurances of our military friend. 'Dangerous and deadly in the highest degree,' reiterated Thomas; 'I shall never forget *that*.'

'But it can't go *off*,' insisted the sergeant; 'if it went anywhere, it must go *on*. As it is, such a matter as that would have done no injury at all.'

'What!' cried Thomas, 'no injury? To have a thing like that sticking half-in half-out of a man'——

'I am speaking of a ship, sir—*a ship*. The hole would be made water-tight by the ball itself.'

'Now, how much would that missile cost?' inquired I.

'A little over a fiver,' returned the sergeant coolly. 'The target on your left, there, that is all but knocked

* By this word Target the reader is not to understand an oval of straw such as Toxopholites shoot at, but an enormous broad slab of wrought-iron, uniform in thickness, and propped and strengthened and padded with teak and wood and india-rubber and earth. The targets, on the other hand, upon the sand, are built to prove the accuracy only of the firing, and are riddled by every shot that hits them.

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to pieces, cost two thousand guineas; so what with the balls and what with the things as we breaks with them, we spends a good deal of money. We have tried every description of target; see, here's one made of loose bars of iron—I'd as soon stand behind a shepherd's hurdle; and even the very best has something wrong with them; we want a solid sheet of iron, without a rivet in it; the rivets *will* start—and its enough to make 'em—when they gets hit by them things.'

He pointed to a pile of Armstrong balls—so different from the old round shot—with their raised rifling shewing like piano keys, or like rare cabalistic writing, telling of Destruction and Death.

'Still,' said I, 'the armour of ships must always have rivets, and it is only ship-armour that you have to deal with.'

'True,' returned the sergeant doggedly; 'but if we had land-armour to deal with, Lor' bless you, sir, we'd serve that just the same.'

'Well,' observed I, 'you are right to speak up for your trade; it is certain you are not retained for the defence. But how is it, if guns can thus destroy ship-armour, that we should still go on building Ironclads.'

'Why, sir, it's just this; although *we* can destroy them, nobody else can. This here place—these few acres of grass and sand—contains secrets as neither Frenchman nor Yankee has yet got hold of. I trust, by the by, that neither you, sir, nor your servant are anything in that way. Very good; *I ask your pardon, I'm sure.* There is a stone target.'

This afforded quite a geological study, vast masses of different material, from granite to red sandstone, making up together a plane surface upon which very little impression seemed to have been produced; it appeared, indeed, so much more stubborn and capable of resistance than its iron brethren, that I scarcely liked to speak of it to the champion of attack. The red sandstone was quite scooped out by missiles, it is true, and exhibited the tops of several sunk within it, but the granite was hardly chipped, and the fossiliferous rock had scarcely one of its numerous specimens disturbed. What a strange mutation was this that had brought Armstrong bullets into contact with fossils! the latest improvement in modern gunnery with these remains of primeval life! If the megalosaurus could revisit the glimpses of the moon—supposing that there *was* a moon in his time—he would be bowled over by the smallest weapon at Shoebury like a ninepin; he would be slain, I say, before he could open his monstrous jaw in expostulation, as surely as the domestic cat is (too often) cut off by the pea-rifle.

'If you want to see how a shell goes about *his* business'—— observed the sergeant.

'We don't,' interrupted Thomas.

'We do,' said I, 'above all things.'

'Then here you have it,' continued our conductor triumphantly. 'This is the section of an Ironclad, and exactly represents one of her lower decks. See where the shell has rushed through her vaunted armour, and once withinside, has delivered its dreadful message.'

The gaping orifice by which it entered, the torn-up planks beneath, the gashed and splintered deck above, through which the cruel thing had burst, made up quite a hideous spectacle. How terrible, then, must such a scene appear when peopled with dead and dying men, and flushed with blood, ere all the floating slaughter-house sinks down into the hissing deep!

'It must be rather dangerous,' said I, 'to watch experiments such as these. I trust precautions are taken to preserve to us our Lords of the Admiralty, and those military nobles who are so good as to look after our Thunder-store.'

'Ah, they takes care of their selves, you may depend,' returned the sergeant with emphasis. 'They've a splinter-proof shed, where you might put your babbies to sleep without the least chance of a diminution in your family. Here it is, see, all snug and strong, with little eyelet-holes from which they can see all that's going on; and they have luncheon brought to them, bless you—have "the Iron Committee," as they are called—and a very comfortable method of carrying on a campaign it is.'

'And now,' said I, 'let us see the guns that commit all this mischief.'

'If you please, sir,' exclaimed Thomas earnestly, 'I had rather stay in this here shed.'

'A remarkably interesting spot,' observed the sergeant grimly; 'but I am sorry to say it cannot be permitted. The guns, however, won't hurt you, my man, because, you will see, they have got their mouths shut.' He led the way to a battery, and took out the wooden stopper that occupies the muzzle of the delicate Armstrongs, when they are not breathing forth flame and iron. 'Look at the rifling now; ain't it beautiful? Ain't she fit for any drawing-room in the land?'

'Well,' said I, 'she is smooth, and polished, and clean enough; but the drawing-room must be of tolerable size to hold her.'

'Then what will you say, sir, to this one as we were practising with to-day? Our twenty-two tunner, our six hundred-pounder—our big baby!'

No mother could have exhibited a greater pride in her first-born, than did the sergeant as he stood with his bronzed hand placed caressingly upon this gigantic gun. Mighty at the muzzle, it grew huger and huger towards the breech, like a drawn-out telescope reversed; or rather like some prodigious rhinoceros, whose iron hide misfitted more than usual.

'You heard this here lady speak as you came along, sir, I reckon. She have a beautiful soft voice.'

'An excellent thing in woman,' said I laughing.

'You may say that, sir,' remarked the sergeant, looking cautiously round him. 'I'm a married man myself, and I protest I'd rather hear number one battery firing all at once, than my little woman's tongue a-going when she's—— Oh, it's tea-time. I see her a-waving of her apron.'

The sergeant made a military salute; I dropped something into his hand, and he made another. Then Thomas and myself pursued our way; past a well-built jetty, and some machines for hoisting out of shipboard such little articles as Armstrong guns; past an artificial pond, where men were playing at constructing temporary bridges, over which guns could cross; past magazines of powder, and shot, and shell, the food of guns; past a considerable town, but newly erected, and inhabited solely by men whose mission it is to serve guns. The last thing we saw, as we looked back over the level strand, and when the noiseless shades of evening were falling upon England's Thunder-store, was that Leviathan gun as steadfast as the Sphinx, and like her, possessed of a riddle, the secret of which, I trust, may long remain with herself.

INSURED AT COPENHAGEN.

'THIS is the house, young gentleman. See, the name is on the doorpost there, but you can hardly read it, it is so old. *Strömwetter!* we folks who were born in Copenhagen know well enough where Willis and Boomen live.' So saying, the hackney-coachman who had brought me from the quay where the steamers touched, proceeded to open the door of the clumsy leathern ark in which I was ensconced as sole passenger. The man's English was intelligible enough, English being almost as commonly understood in Denmark as it is in Holland; and I at once alighted, and looked with some curiosity at the mansion which was likely to be my residence for the next six or seven

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years. It was a large and lofty house, built of brick, that had been covered with plaster coloured of various gaudy hues, after the old Danish fashion, but which had been turned to a dull maroon tint by stress of weather. The gables and heavy porch, the mullioned windows, and tarnished weathercocks on the turrets, spoke of a considerable antiquity, and there were ranges of warehouses abutting on the main building. But for these warehouses, erected probably in the ancient days when a merchant was never happy unless his goods were in close proximity to his dwelling, the house would have been isolated. On either hand stretched a tract of rubbish-strewed ground, and half-effaced foundations of demolished abodes.

'Ja, ja!' said the garrulous coachman, as he slowly heaved down my slender luggage from the footboard —'a good old firm that of Willis and Boomen, known and respected from New York to St Petersburg, ay, and Archangel to boot!'

By this time the bell had been rung, and the porter had answered the summons. New to Denmark as I was, and, indeed, unused to any ways but those of London, I could not help giving a start of surprise at the sight of this important functionary, who had, I was afterwards told, been for thirty years in his present post. Jarl was a dwarf, but not one of those dwarfs whose puny stature inspires a contemptuous pity among ordinary mortals; on the contrary, he was a broad-built, muscular personage, with long arms, immense hands, an enormous head, covered with grizzled hair, on which was perched a red Slavonian cap, and a face such as Rembrandt would have selected from a thousand—an ugly, shrewd face, with malice in every line of it, and with lips that wrinkled curiously in a peculiar smile, shewing the strong, yellow teeth like those of a fierce dog.

'So,' said Jarl gruffly, 'you are the young master from England? Welcome to Denmark! You may think it a queer place, perhaps, but you'll get used to it before you leave it.' And the porter grinned ominously as he shouldered my trunk, and looked on while I paid the coachman. Jarl was not far wrong. I *did* think what little I had seen of Denmark queer. The formal rows of clipped poplars, the rows of brick houses, daubed with white or dark-blue plaster for the most part, the absence of life from most of the streets through which I had passed, had a depressing effect upon my spirits; nor was the afternoon of a nature to bring out the brighter features of the landscape; it was a dull, chilly day, with a leaden sky that threatened snow, and with hardly breeze enough to stir the sails of the thousand wind-mills around. Winter was coming, but had not yet come, and all things had a gloomy air, as if of apprehension.

I remember that as I stepped under the low-browed archway of the old mansion, an involuntary shudder passed through me, and, for a moment, a feeling of almost instinctive repulsion to the house and its inmates welled up in my heart. Such a sentiment, in a lad of my years, scarcely sixteen, and leaving home and my native country for the first time, was by no means extraordinary, but I had cause, long afterwards, to remember the impression.

It was pleasanter when I had ascended the broad stair of dark old oak, and was ushered into the private apartments of my employer, Mr Willis, who received me with cordial kindness of manner. Our connection was briefly thus: My father was an old correspondent of the great Copenhagen firm of Willis and Boomen, one of the best known mercantile houses in the Baltic trade, and he had arranged that I should be sent to Denmark for some years, more as a pupil than as a clerk. The object in this was a twofold one—to perfect my knowledge of the foreign tongues, without which extensive correspondence is hardly possible, and to insure my becoming well acquainted with the products and customs of the north. It had been esteemed a high favour when Mr Willis agreed to receive me under his own roof. The merchant himself, an Englishman, but so long resident abroad that he spoke his native language less readily than the tongues of Scandinavia and Germany, was anything but what I had expected. He was a tall thin man, with a slight stoop, and hair dashed with gray, and a handsome grave face. I have called his face handsome, and so it must have been in youth, but the forehead was now deeply lined, and the restless blue eyes had acquired a habit of looking down, and were seldom or never fixed on those of the person with whom their owner was conversing. He was excessively neat in his dress, and had large white hands, with filbert nails, which he was vain of, and which he had a trick of paring and filing with a little pearl-handled instrument.

It would be a great mistake, however, on my part if I were to convey the impression that Mr Willis was in any way ridiculous or grotesque. In spite of one or two trifling peculiarities, on which a boy probably seized with greater avidity than a man would have done, he was respected by all who knew him. As a business-man, his experience, tact, and keen insight into the probable course of traffic had won him no slight praise, while he had a considerable share of accomplishments. A botanist, a conchologist, a dabbler in rotifers and marine animals, he astonished me by the wonders he exhibited with his large microscope, far more than he interested me by the sight of his cabinets of rare minerals and curious coins. Professors of the university, and learned men of all kinds were frequent guests at his table, and the conversation was often by far too deep and ponderous for the bewildered brain of a boy like myself; and yet, oddly enough, I could not help harbouring the idea that my employer cared nothing for these matters of art and science, with however great gusto he might discuss them in company, but that his real wishes and thoughts were far away from what seemed most to engross him. He was often abstracted, moody, and low-spirited. One thing was plain enough, his excessive fondness for his daughter, his only child, and who, as he was a widower, was naturally considered as his heiress. A pretty, delicate girl of about seventeen, with brown hair, and a faint bloom of rose-tint in her cheeks, was Annie Willis. She had been very well educated, and only too much indulged, since her mother had died early, and her father had been disposed to make an idol of the little frail creature whose eyes reminded him of his lost wife. But Annie's was a good, sterling nature, that could not easily be spoiled, and she promised to develop into a charming woman.

It has always been a puzzle to myself that I did not fall in love with Annie Willis. Boys of the hobbledehoy period of life are commonly disposed to bestow their hearts on fair ones considerably their seniors, and here were beauty, goodness, and propinquity combined. But perhaps the good-natured, sisterly way in which my employer's daughter treated me, presuming immensely, as I thought, upon the strength of the eighteen months more of worldly experience that she possessed, conquered me, and I soon learned to look on her as a friend older and more accomplished than I was. I have said that she was kind to me; she was, in truth, kind to everybody. Her old governess, Fräulein Müller, one of those whitehaired, pudding-faced women, with a stock of accomplishments and a fine appetite, which Germany turns out by wholesale, was a living proof of it. Her work of tuition had long been finished; the pupil surpassed the teacher, but Fräulein Müller, who was

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one of a large family of daughters, belonging to a Saxon *Oberpastor*, sorely puzzled to find them in *braten* and cabbage, remained at Copenhagen, the guest of her former charge.

When I began my regular routine in the counting-house, I found the latter rather a lively scene than otherwise. There were clerks of all ages—several who were as young as myself—and of almost all countries, Dutch, French, American, and even one English boy, who all, however, lived in the town, and seemed at first a little disposed to dislike me, as a resident under their employer's roof. They took it into their heads that I should 'give myself airs,' and had occult suspicions that I might play the spy on their conversation and habits; but I gradually won their confidence. At first, I was subjected to a number of petty annoyances—my pens were split, my inkstand upset, my Ready Reckoner hidden behind the office-stove; and it was not until I had caught the most mischievous of the imps, Hermann the Swede, in flagrant delict of dogsearing and smearing my neatly-ruled account-book, and defeated him in single combat, that I was really admitted as one of their confraternity. After a while, they were confidential enough.

'I say, Wood, how does old Willis live? Some say he 's stingy, and others tell a different tale. You ought to know. How does he treat you?'

'Well enough,' I told them.

'So he ought!' was the general remark, coupled with asseverations that he was as rich as a Jew—richer than Guldenstrom at the Haven; richer than even old Coblekink, the ship-owner, money-lender, and pawnbroker, in Elbekoping Street. The firm of Willis and Boomen had been in business seventy years, but Boomen was a myth. The last Boomen had died fifteen years ago, and all the capital and profits now belonged to the English partner, the successor of three generations of merchants. The lads could not find figures round enough to express their notion of the sum-total of our chief's wealth.

One youth, a shy lad from Prussia, ventured to say that he had heard his father say Mr Willis had suffered severe losses at the outbreak of the Russian war, which was then raging; but the remark was greeted with scoffs and incredulity.

'Losses! Willis is too wide awake for that!' said a French stripling.

'And if he did lose a few thousand thalers, what matters that to a man of his means?' cried another.

'Look at his interest in the Greenland fisheries—thirty whalers and sealers, as I know only too well,' bawled a youngster from Amsterdam.

'Mines.'—'Scrip.'—'Bonds, Exchequer bills, mortgages, whole safefuls of them.'—'Gold and securities stowed away in the vaults under this old barrack of a house!'—'Ah, I only wish I were old Willis; I 'd make the guilders spin, I can tell you!'

Such were a few of the exclamations that fell from my comrades; and the rash heretic who had spoken of our chief as a sufferer from losses, was fain to take refuge in the invoices and vouchers he was drawing up, silenced and ashamed of himself.

One favourite subject of discussion in the counting-house, at least on occasions when Mynheer Claas, the Dutch cashier, was out of earshot, was the future destiny of our employer's daughter. Annie was beautiful—that all the boys averred; and as the heiress of her father's untold riches, there was no match too brilliant to be predicted on her behalf. She would marry a duke—a prince, so they all said; and I, who alone was in the secret, thought it would be a sort of betrayal of confidence if I revealed the real truth, that she was going to marry Nils Hagaermann.

But for Miss Müller, I should never have been wiser than my office chums, for though young Hagaermann was a frequent visitor, I had never observed any particular assiduities of courtship on his part; and, indeed, the young merchant was so dull in conversation, that his presence was apt to be forgotten by others who had livelier tongues and brains. He was a stout, pale, large-bodied young man, of very light complexion, excellent character, and ample means; indeed, his father and grandfather had been famous men in their time, giants of trade, and principal citizens of Copenhagen. His mother, Madame Hagaermann, had one of the best houses in the New Town, gave handsome parties, and was reputed to be excessively rich. She had no other child than heavy, white-eyelashed Nils, and was wrapped up in him. She was an old friend of the Willis family, and it was understood that she had made up the match, which, in a pecuniary point of view, left little to be desired.

But for Miss Müller, as I have said, I should have been as ignorant as the other clerks on the subject of Annie's betrothal. The German governess, however, was very romantic and soft-hearted, and a great gossip, and she soon imparted to me the whole state of the case. The match was more likely to injure her own interests than otherwise, and Nils was certainly not a person likely to win the good word of a lady who studied Spiedler's novels and Wieland's poetry. But Madame Hagaermann, a clever, managing woman, whose quick black eyes, dark face, and Parisian vivacity of speech and gesture (she was from Bordeaux) contrasted forcibly with her son's heavy inertness, had thought the *gouvernante's* good word worth the winning. A cheap present or two, a good many kind smiles and sugared words, and the constant practice of inviting Miss Müller along with her pupil, had produced their effect—the Fräulein was loud in her praise of Madame, and even contrived to discover in silent Nils an *air noble*, for which I looked in vain.

It sometimes struck me that Annie Willis was afraid of Madame Hagaermann, and that she cowered before the bright imperious eyes of that proud, hard woman. Not that the widow was other than most kind and caressing in her manner towards the 'dear sweet child,' the 'little English dove' she had known since her cradle-days, and was never weary of praising and petting before company, but there was something tyrannical in the absolute taking possession of her on Madame's part. Annie must sit by her good friend always, and if any young man came up to ask her hand in the dance, he had to run the gantlet of the rich Frenchwoman's fierce scornful eyes, which never had a friendly look for those who seemed to admire her protégée. It occurred to me that Mr Willis himself, a man of the world and of education, was afraid of Madame too. He was very deferential to her, seldom opposed any plan of her suggestion, and even tried hard to hold converse with Nils, which was not easy.

I thought that, at first, Madame Hagaermann disapproved considerably of my presence under the roof of my employer, for she was very brusque and haughty towards me in our early interviews; but when she saw with what patronising sisterliness of bearing Annie treated me, the lonely English boy, new to the country, and unused to be among strangers, the worthy lady's dislike disappeared; I was always included in the frequent invitations to Madame's Tuesday and Thursday receptions, and grew to be rather a favourite with the young heir and hope of the house. Nils was a curious specimen of a lover. I think he cared a little for Annie, in his own cold-blooded way, for he hovered a few yards off, and his round gray eyes were seldom off her face, but he rarely spoke to her, and never danced with her, except under actual compulsion from his managing parent. Yet Nils thought of Annie a good deal, I am sure, for he would now and then ask me some common-place question about England, its habits, language, or productions, and then chuckle over the

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reply, like some ruminating animal enjoying its meal. I believe he liked me because I was English and Annie's countryman; but he was in no apparent hurry to be married, and the engagement dawdled on sluggishly.

Often have I asked myself since then what were the girl's own feelings concerning the proposed match, and the only conclusion I can come to is, that she only realised it as a dim possibility afar of. She was very young, gentle, and timid, much under the influence of her elders, and probably accustomed from early youth to hear her betrothal to the heir of the great merchant-firm of Hagaermann and Company spoken of as a settled thing. Nils was not capable of fascination, but then he never caused annoyance or repulsion by any overt act or word. Such marriages have been before this, and have turned out charmingly well, as match-makers delight to say. This, however, was to end differently.

The hard Danish winter, with its dark skies, deep snows, and ice-bound waters, passed by. It was the gayest, and at the same time the healthiest season at Copenhagen, and I found my life a reasonably pleasant one. In office-hours, or rather in working-hours, for much of my duties led me to the docks or the warehouses where the bulky goods were stored, I found my hands pretty full. Mr Willis had told one or two old clerks to see that the 'English boy' learned the business, and it was not their fault if I did not know a Memel log from a ton of Russian tallow, while I became quite a judge of eider-down, barilla, Pomeranian amber, and white Livonian brandy. My spare time was very much at my own disposal, and my Danish and Dutch friends had taught me to skate and to shoot wild-fowl as adroitly as could be expected from a tyro in his first season. One especial friend I had, a young officer in the Royal Guards, Baron Stahl by name, and whom I admired, as boys only can admire those who seem to them to possess those physical powers and brilliant gifts which the young value the most. Stahl was a fine dashing fellow, with a bold bronzed face, a ready wit, and the courage of a lion. He was very good-natured and attentive to me, taught me to ride, lent me books and guns, gave me tickets for the opera, and was never tired of hearing me describe the queer old-world house where I lived, and—Annie Willis.

That, no doubt, was the heart of the mystery. It was because I was pretty Annie's boy-friend, domiciled under the same roof, that the baron, older, cleverer, in all ways superior to myself, sought my company. But I never guessed the true cause. My youthful vanity was gratified by the captain's friendly preference, and I did not conjecture the real reason of it. Stahl, whom I had first met at Mr Willis's house, never was asked there again, and seldom saw the English merchant's daughter, since he visited among the noble families of the capital, while we usually mixed with the chief burghers, no less proud and exclusive in their own way.

I have since seen cause to imagine that Madame Hagaermann, ever intent upon her son's interests, and shrewd enough to notice Stahl's admiration for Annie, had exerted her powerful influence to keep aloof a rival who might have been formidable to poor Nils. But whether Annie was aware of the baron's sentiments, I cannot tell; to all appearance, she was fancy free.

Towards the end of the winter, an incident occurred which for the first time caused doubts in my mind respecting the stability of the long-honoured house of which I was a subordinate. I was returning from the marshes, wet and weary, and thoroughly out of spirits; the ducks had grown shy since the thaw, the treacherous ice had broken under my tread, and caused me a partial immersion in slime and water, and my game-bag was empty of all but one sorry snipe, after hours of trudging. As I passed the sharp angle of a brick wall in the northern suburb, I heard a voice say in shrill quavering accents: 'Have nothing to do with it, Brother Isaac; it is a rotten reed, the house of Willis and Boomen.'

'The Gentile hound spoke me fair, and proffered good interest for the money,' said a deeper voice hard by, and though both men spoke in Danish, I had learned enough of the language to comprehend them, and by peeping round the corner could see the persons whom I had overheard: a big, black-whiskered man; and another, bent and withered, with a long gray beard. I recognised the latter as Reuben Munch, a Jewish dealer in curiosities, whom the boys of the town often jeered and hooted, but who was notorious for his wealth, and was reputed to lend money at huge interest.

'He said,' pursued the other, 'he only needed the sum to make up a bill on' ——

'Pshaw! liars will lie,' fiercely broke in the elder Jew; 'the cur wants the cash for Madame Hagaermann. Are you a child, Isaac, not to know that he owed her husband ninety thousand florins, that he has signed papers which make him a puppet in her hands, and that she can make or mar him! If his daughter marry her booby son, he may get a quittance. As it is, she can squeeze him dry, like an orange. Where are your wits, Isaac, son of Chelid? Was it not told at the door of the synagogue, how, when the Russian war began' ——

Here the speaker, in his excitement, broke into Hebrew, or more probably into the Chaldaic dialect, familiar to educated Jews, and I could not distinguish another word, as the dealer in curiosities and his relative or friend passed on, and left me thunderstruck.

Mr Willis—Willis of the great firm of Willis and Boomen—in want of cash—applying to Jewish usurers for a loan, and in vain—he whose name stood so high on the exchanges of Europe! And what was that imperfect scrap of conversation relating to Madame Hagaermann, and her supposed power over my employer? Could it really be so—that he was the debtor and bondsman of that imperious woman—that his best chance was founded on the sale of his daughter to one whom she could never love—Nils Hagaermann? The mystery was almost too much for my young intelligence, but I courageously determined to keep it to myself. It would have been a sort of treachery, I felt, to reveal it to the idle gossips of the counting-house. Even from Otto Stahl I kept the secret; nor would I reveal it now, but that there are none living who could be served by its suppression.

There was one inmate of the old house with whom I could never be on cordial terms, never get over the first impression of mislike and distrust, and this was Jarl. The dwarfish porter, sitting in his den, opening on the deep doorway, with his red cap crowning his impish features and broad body, used to put me in mind of those ugly and malicious gnomes who are said in northern legends to keep a jealous watch over buried treasures. No one liked Jarl, and I am sure that he returned the compliment to humanity. Stay—one there was, for whom this ill-favoured human bandog had a canine attachment and fidelity, and this was Mr Willis our chief. Jarl was the third descendant of a race of hereditary porters, and it was an article of faith with him to render true service to the head of the great firm whose bread he and his had eaten so long. My young companions loved to tease Jarl, calling him a trolld and a drow, wafering up frightful caricatures of him in the porch, or trying their raw wits in a contest of repartee with his bitter tongue. I, however, wishing to be on friendly terms with all about me, tried to conciliate the dwarf, but failed signally; Jarl was prone to dislike those whom the 'master' seemed to favour, and I have even seen him scowl savagely when pretty Annie tripped past him.

It was about a week after my curious meeting with

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the two Jews, and when the impression produced by their words was fading away, that the actuary of the great Danneskiold Insurance Office, accompanied by a clerk, visited our premises. We—I cannot help using the collective term, which implied a sort of common interest in the firm—were already insured against fire, but that was in the smaller office of the Phœnix. Herr Rosenthal, the right-hand man of the monster company, was a well-known personage in Copenhagen, and his visit caused some excitement among us. It was whispered, on what authority I do not know, that the dwelling, as well as the valuable effects in warehouse, and especially those lately unloaded from the *Blue-eyed Jane* of Liverpool, were to be insured for an immense amount. Nor did Herr Rosenthal, as he walked about arm in arm with our principal, appear to throw any difficulties in the way; on the contrary, he seemed readily to accede to all which Mr Willis advanced, and the clerk's work was merely of a formal nature.

That very night, as I was undressing in my own room, at a later hour than common, since I had been to the theatre with Baron Stahl, I missed my bunch of keys, some of which unlocked my desk, trunks, and so forth, and which I had no doubt left in the counting-house; indeed, I could vaguely remember having quitted the office in a hurry, in consequence of some unexpected errand, and no doubt the key was yet in my desk, with the rest of the bunch dangling from it. This was annoying, for there was a particular trunk which I desired to open, and I was averse to waiting for the morning. Surely I could easily, with a little care, slip down stairs, and make my way from the dwelling-house to the deserted office, without disturbing any member of the family, all of whom, I calculated, were by this time probably asleep.

Opening my door very cautiously, and taking off my boots, I glided down the oak staircase with noiseless tread, and had got more than half-way to the counting-house, when I noticed, with surprise, that a side-door that led into the range of warehouses was ajar, and that a stream of yellow light flowed through the aperture, while voices were conversing within: they were those of Mr Willis and Jarl the porter; and low as they spoke, I caught the words in passing: 'That *I* should have fallen so low. Well, it is for dear Annie's sake! When do you say the smugglers can fetch away the goods from the *Blue-eyed Jane?*'

Jarl gave a gruff chuckle, and said something about the hour when the moon went down; but unwilling any longer to play the involuntary part of eavesdropper, I turned back, sped swiftly up the broad stairs, and reached my room unseen.

This was on a Monday; and on the Wednesday following, Madame Hagaermann gave a conversazione, which was expected to be unusually well attended. Mr Willis, however, who had seemed in unnaturally high spirits for the last day or two, never at rest, never silent, but always laughing, talking, and on the move, was unable to go; he had important business to transact, even at a late hour, and, besides, he had promised Count Thorn, the minister, to be one of the guests at his monthly reception, which fell, by ill-luck, on the same night as Madame's assembly. Therefore I—Henry Wood—must escort Miss Willis and Fräulein Müller to the mansion of the rich widow.

I was dressed in good time, and kicked my heels in the lonely apartments, wondering, in my boyish impatience, at the unconscionable time occupied by the ladies' toilettes, when Fräulein Müller came in at last, with a vexed air on her good-humoured, homely face. We must go alone, she said. Madame would be *so* disappointed, if none of us came; and Annie could not be one of the party. The poor child had a frightful headache, a headache which prevented her from even thinking of joining the gay crowd; and Miss Müller had vainly exerted all her eloquence and cajolery for the last hour in a fruitless effort to persuade her to make an effort.

Was Annie's headache real? I have often wondered, or was it a mere pretext for avoiding the party, and the disagreeable presence of Nils Hagaermann? who had of late become very pressing in his attentions, urged thereto by the imperious nods and constant hints of his mother, who desired the match to be hastened. At anyrate, Fräulein Müller, though sincerely sorry for her charge's indisposition, could not bear to lose the pleasures of the evening, the music, the cake and weak wine, the hazy philosophical small-talk, the recitations of poetry; and she went off to the party under my sole escort.

The rooms were crowded; a babel of tongues wagged at once, and I daresay that Miss Müller enjoyed herself; but I thought the hostess looked very black and glum at the news of Annie's headache, and Nils was a greater bore than usual, as he followed me to and fro, asking vapid questions about her health. Very late in the evening, as many of the guests were leaving, Mr Willis entered. He was very pale, and there were blotches of red, like spots of a hectic crimson, on his sallow cheeks. I looked anxiously at him, under the impression that he was ill, but he came up to me, and said with a sort of feverish gaiety: 'Well, my boy, how have you amused yourself? It was so hot in the minister's saloon, that I slipped off, and came here for half an hour. Has Annie been introduced to the poet—that German fellow whose queer verses she was wild about? Madame said he would be a lion to-night.'

'Miss Willis is not here, sir,' said I; but I was absolutely frightened at the ghastly change that came over her father's face as he griped my arm with sudden fierceness.

The next question was rather gasped out than spoken: 'Where is Annie? Not at home? Not at home, surely—not beneath *that* roof?'

I did not know what to do, alarmed as I was for my employer's sanity, and observing that his violent gestures were already attracting the notice of those around us. But before I could answer, another and more dreadful voice took up the task of replying—the deep, sullen clang of the great bell of the Frue Kirk, or high church of Copenhagen, and which is never tolled save at conflagrations, or a death among the royal family of Denmark. For a few seconds, the ill-omened notes hushed every tongue, but then arose from without a wild cry of 'Fire!'

A clamour of excited voices, both within and without the mansion, arose at once, women screamed, men hurried to throw up windows or withdraw curtains, hoping to discover the extent of the mischief. Then there was a sound of hurrying feet, and an officer of the Royal Guard in uniform entered hastily, followed by two soldiers; it was Baron Stahl.

'Are the family of Mr Willis here?' he exclaimed in a loud voice, running his eye over the crowd of guests. 'I trust in Heaven they are, for it is his house that is burning, and there seems little hope of saving it. I happened to be on duty, and my men are aiding in the attempt to extinguish'——

A hoarse, agonised cry, like that of a hurt wild beast, interrupted Stahl's speech, and Mr Willis, bare-headed, and with the frantic gestures of a madman, rushed from the room, and forced his way through the thickening multitudes that encumbered the streets in the direction of his own abode. The German governess announced, sobbing and panic-stricken, that Annie was in the burning house, and on the instant the room was deserted by almost all the male guests, eager to render help, if human help were still possible. Stahl and I were the first to reach the spot.

The great old house was in a blaze, and the warehouses were on fire throughout their whole extent, emitting dense volumes of smoke and showers of

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sparks and burning splinters. From all the lower windows the flame spouted like a fiery fountain; but the upper part, though wreathed in dark smoke, and licked by tongues of flame that crawled up the whole front of the mansion, was not yet ignited.

At a window in the uppermost story were dimly visible two human forms, whose fluttering and light-coloured garments proclaimed them to be females; but it was not until a sudden gust of wind cleared away the smoke that we could see that one of them was Annie.

Annie it was, and she stretched out her pretty girlish face, deathly white with terror, and waved her arms beseechingly. The other, a young Danish woman, one of the female servants, seemed stupified with fear, and clung fast to the sash, motionless. The firemen were busy; their helmets glanced in the fierce light, and their engines flung water incessantly on the flames, but their toil was in vain.

Mr Willis, pale, haggard, with frantic gestures, was appealing to the crowd. Many of the bystanders knew him well, and in pity would have removed him from the spot, by force, if necessary, but he broke from them, crying aloud: 'Save my daughter! save her—only her, and you shall have all—all—even the gold of the Danneskiold. Ha! that was a brave plot. Well done, Jarl, trusty Jarl! the old place burns like touchwood. Why, let it burn. It builds up my fortune again, high as that black smoke and red flame, aha! Wretch! wretch! I have murdered my own child! Annie, dear Annie, it was for you I sold my soul to the fiend. Save her! O save her!'

While he raved thus, and every word added fresh evidence to his frenzied confession, a ladder had been brought by some of the soldiers, and Stahl sprang forward with an energy and passion such as I had never seen before, and called in a loud voice for 'volunteers!'

'Volunteers to go to that window with me! I go first. Who will risk his life to save those of women? I only want two; who speaks first?'

There was a short dreadful pause. The peril was so extreme that it blanched the cheeks and froze the blood of many a stout fellow who was no coward on ordinary occasions. Whoever climbed that ladder must pass the lower windows, from which the flame and heat gushed savagely as from the jaws of a furnace, and the risk of being overwhelmed by a sudden downfall of burning beams and calcined bricks was no slight one.

'I will go, captain,' said a soldier who had fought under Stahl and others in the German war.

'Another?' called out the baron. 'We *must* have one to hold the ladder fast, while the work is done. Quick, quick! No—not you, my poor boy' (for in the excitement of my feelings I had offered the aid of my comparatively feeble arm to save poor Annie); 'I want a man, if there is one here.'

One of the fireman here came forward, saying that he had daughters of his own, and would lend a hand for their sake to save women in such awful peril; and in a moment more the ladder was lifted in the grasp of the three adventurers.

'Look to that unhappy man,' cried Stahl, pointing to Mr Willis, whose outcries had now been succeeded by inarticulate moans of pain. 'Stand clear, all!'

With a rush they broke into the ring of fire and smoke and ruddy sparks, and, undismayed by the glowing heat and angry flame, planted the ladder. They went up—up through the blinding smoke—up through the scorching heat, through the midst of fiery tongues that fastened on the ladder as they went—Stahl foremost, cheering on the others. The ladder was on fire, the walls were riving and cracking into ghastly fissures, and once, as the black smoke volleyed out from door and window in dense masses, there was a cry that all had perished, and I turned away in despair. When I looked again, a cheer broke from the people, and another, and another; and they came down, blackened, burned, bruised, but bearing in their arms the helpless forms of those whom they had ventured their lives to save. Stahl was the last to descend, with Annie, who had fainted, supported in his strong grasp; and as he sprang from the ladder and pushed his way through the crowd of shouting men and sobbing women, a hideous crash resounded, and the roof of the old house fell into the fiery gulf below with a noise like that of thunder. The rescue was but just in time.

The rest is soon told. Mr Willis was conducted to a neighbour's house, and tended with compassionate care; but his reason was gone. Jarl, the porter, was arrested on strong suspicion of having, in complicity with his unhappy master, fired the dwelling and warehouses, with intent to defraud the Danneskiold Insurance Office. This charge was corroborated by the discovery that the cargo of the *Blue-eyed Jane*, which had been insured for a great amount, had been secretly sold to certain smugglers, on condition that the goods should be removed by night. It was also rumoured that Mr Willis had been nearly ruined by certain Russian speculations, and that it was in his eagerness to raise a sum wherewith to pay his debt to Madame Hagaermann, and to complete the dowry of his daughter, that he formed the sinister design which had nearly proved fatal to his own child. But nothing certain could ever be learned from Jarl, who maintained a dogged silence, and on the eve of his trial was found dead, hanging from the barred window of his cell.

Almost all of Mr Willis's property had to be divided among his creditors, Madame Hagaermann coming in for the chief share. That astute lady at once forbade her son to think further of a bankrupt's daughter, and Nils, though he cared for Annie as much as was consistent with his nature, had never learned to disobey his formidable parent.

Annie is married, however, and to her preserver, Baron Stahl, who could not be deterred either by the poverty or disgrace which had fallen on the once respected name of the English merchant, from offering to the girl he had so long secretly loved the shelter of his name. They live on Stahl's small estate in South Jutland, as happy and attached a couple as any in Denmark; and their children are very tender and familiar with a bent, white-haired old man, who is always timidly desirous to please, and whom his little patrons call 'poor grandpapa.'

THE FAUNA OF AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA has been termed, and not altogether without reason, the land of paradoxes, by a certain class of writers, who invariably commence their narratives by declaring that in that country the flowers have no perfume, and the birds no song; that the trees give no shade, and the cherries grow with their stones outside; that the swans are black, and the crows white; that the ducks are clothed with hair, and the porcupines have beaks like a quill; that the southerly winds are cold, and those from the north intensely hot; that Christmas occurs in midsummer, and July in the depth of winter; and last, but certainly not least, that the moon is turned upside down—a series of statements, some of which are true, some accountable for on perfectly natural grounds, and others utterly without foundation, save in the fertile imaginations of the authors.

For instance, while many of the more brilliantly coloured native flowers are scentless, some of the eucalypti, and all the mimoseæ, are extremely fragrant; the perfume of the former, especially, being so potent as to become almost overpowering where many of these trees are grouped together in full bloom.

Again, not a few of the Australian birds are certainly mute, but, on the other hand, there are a

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good many sweet warblers amongst the *aves* of our antipodes; of these, I may mention the blue or painted wren, which formerly abounded in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, building in the dense tea-tree scrub that extended between that city and its port of Williamstown.

The zebra parrakeet, more generally known by the native name of budgerygar, and distinguished by its brilliant green breast, and back delicately banded with black and yellow, is a pretty universally diffused inhabitant of the Australian bush, and differs from all the parrot family in its faculty of song. It warbles a low, continuous, and by no means unlively melody, not unlike that of our English whitethroat.

The blue or ground thrush, and the collared shrike, or Australian magpie, are no despicable songsters; the latter, especially, possessing, when in a state of captivity, a marvellous faculty of imitating any tune that may be whistled to it a few times, which renders it a universal favourite throughout the colonies.

Without being exactly songsters, there are many of the birds of Australia which possess the most extraordinary notes. The *Dacelo gigantea*, for instance, a species of kingfisher, has a call which somewhat resembles a rude, powerful laugh, and rings through the lonely forests at regular intervals throughout the day—a peculiarity which has obtained for this bird the distinctive appellation of the 'settler's clock;' that, however, by which it is most generally known in the colonies is the 'laughing jackass,' from the fancied resemblance of its note to the braying of that melodious quadruped; though, in reality, it rather resembles the peculiar cry uttered by the common hen, when running away with a morsel in her beak which she is unable immediately to swallow, and fears her companions will take from her—though, of course, considerably louder.

The bell-bird is another not uncommon inhabitant of the bush, which has led many a wagoner a weary chase, from the great resemblance of its cry to the tinkling of the small bells on a horse's collar.

Another bird, a miniature magpie, which builds a solid mud-nest in the cleft of some dead tree, or upon a naked rock, has a loud and piercing note—'coo-hee'—the latter syllable indefinitely prolonged, which has been borrowed by the Australians, natives and aborigines, and is used by them as a substitute for, or an equivalent to our 'hollo!' and can, on a clear day, be heard at a very considerable distance.

The monk or vulture-bird, a species of shrike about the size of a fieldfare, very common in some parts of Victoria, has also a peculiar cry, which some have likened to the words: 'What o'clock?' but the shepherds, thirsty souls! to 'Glass o' grog,' which they declare to be the true interpretation of the bald-bird's note!

The native pheasant or lyre-bird, the *Menura superba* of Gould, is a performer of considerable merit, imitating, in its wild state, every sound that resounds through the forest in which it resides, from the low, sweet warble of the painted wren, to the hoarse, grunting squeak of the opossum.

The mopoke, a species of owl well known in the colonies, has a note somewhat resembling that of the European cuckoo, which has given occasion to some of the writers before alluded to, to declare that in Australia the cuckoo is nocturnal.

The black lark is a pretty good songster, rising in the air whilst singing, like our own skylark, which, however, it much surpasses in size and beauty of plumage, though certainly inferior to it in song.

The bower-bird is a beautiful creature, conspicuous for the rich satin texture of the glossy black plumage of the male. The young at first are of a dull green colour, which after a while becomes mottled with black, and finally altogether changes to that hue. Its habits are extremely interesting and curious. Long before the construction of the nest, and quite independently of it, these birds, with consummate skill, weave, with twigs firmly planted in a platform of various materials, an arbour-like gallery of uncertain length, in which they amuse themselves with the most active glee. The architecture of the bower is extremely tasteful, and the ornamentation of the platform on which it stands an object of constant solicitude to the birds. Scarcely a day passes without some fresh arrangement of the shells, feathers, bones, and other decorative materials, which they sometimes collect for this purpose from long distances in the bush.

The parrots form one of the most characteristic features in the fauna of Australia, and are exceedingly numerous, upwards of fifty species having been already determined, mostly belonging to generic groups which are altogether peculiar. Of these, the grass parrakeets are one of the prettiest; they, for the most part, inhabit the vast plains of the south, living almost entirely on the ground, and feeding on the seeds of grasses. At certain periods of the year, they migrate in immense flocks, their line of flight being apparently regulated by the scarcity or abundance of food afforded by the localities they visit. Their flight is very graceful; and as the tail is generally expanded in rising, the brilliant colours of the side-feathers make a striking and attractive display. The red-backed, shell or rosella, and crested parrakeets are also common and very beautiful; but Pennant's parrakeet, also called in the colonies the king-parrot or king-lowry, is the most magnificently plumaged of them all. The white cockatoo is a noble bird of snow-white plumage, with a bright amber-coloured crest, and is found in great abundance throughout the colonies, committing sad havoc among the ripening corn. It is so extremely wary, posting sentinels in the surrounding trees while plundering the farmer's crops, that it is difficult to snare or shoot it. Of this bird there are several varieties, of which I may mention the rose-crested, and the cockatoo-parrot, which has no crest at all, both much rarer than the white cockatoo.

The black macaw, or, as it has been erroneously termed, the black cockatoo, is a very curious, and rather scarce inhabitant of the Australian bush: it feeds exclusively upon the seeds of the eucalyptus, rarely if ever descending to the ground, and its nest has never been discovered by either aborigine or colonist. This bird has, not inaptly, been termed the colonial weather-glass, for when it has been observed to fly high up in the air, dry weather may be expected; but when, on the contrary, it just skims along the tops of the trees, in its evening flight towards its unknown roosting-place, uttering its peculiar wailing cry, it is equally certain that rain is not far off.

Australia is rich in pigeons, upwards of twenty beautiful species having been already discovered; of these, the bronze-wing and wonga-wonga are the most remarkable, the former being especially conspicuous for the metallic lustre of its plumage, and the latter for its large size, and the whiteness and delicacy of texture of its pectoral muscles, which are unapproached by any other species of this widely-spread and useful family.

The porphyrios are a beautiful genus, closely allied to our common water-hen, and pretty generally distributed throughout Australia, abounding on the ornamental waters in the Melbourne Botanic and Zoological Gardens.

The Australian crane very nearly resembles the great saras crane of India, from which, however, there is no doubt that it is distinct. This bird is remarkable for the bright red hood that covers the back part of its head, and the great aptitude it evinces for domestication. In fact, it has received the name of 'native companion' from the colonists, on account of the docility with which it accommodates itself to the society of man. According to Gould, this bird is only found in Northern Australia; but I have seen it frequently in different parts of Victoria.

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Australia is well supplied with water-fowl: among these may be mentioned the pied goose, the *cereopsis*, that celebrated *rara avis in terris*, the black swan, the Australian shieldrake, the mountain duck, a large and beautiful species, the black duck, and an immense variety of teal.

In the natural history of the whole class *aves*, there is nothing more remarkable than the mode of reproduction of the *Megapodes*, to which the talegalla, or, as the Australians call it, the brush-turkey, belongs. Instead of hatching their eggs by the ordinary method of incubation in a nest, these birds construct a mound of leaves, grass, moss, or other materials capable of generating and retaining heat, in which the eggs are carefully buried, and watched by the parents until the young are matured, and issue forth from this novel hatching-machine stout, strong, and so fully feathered, as to be capable of flight on the second or third day of their existence! The male birds construct the hatching-mound, which is generally situated on the slope of a hill, by throwing the leaves and grass into a heap, by means of their powerful feet. When it has reached a height of about four feet, all the birds work together to reduce it to a flat surface, and then begin to excavate a depression in the centre: in this the eggs are deposited, according as they are laid, and covered up to a depth of about fifteen inches by the males, who also watch the temperature of the heap very carefully, almost uncovering the eggs during very hot weather, and always maintaining a circular opening in the centre of the mound, probably to insure its thorough ventilation. On the young bird chipping out of the shell, it remains in the heap for about twelve hours, without making any effort to escape from it, being at that time almost as deeply covered up by the male as the remaining eggs. On the second day, it comes forth, with its wing-feathers well developed, but enclosed in a sheath that soon bursts; and, early in the afternoon, returns to the mound again, where the assiduous father covers it up, but at a lesser depth than the circle of eggs from which it emerged in the morning. On the third day of its existence, the nursling is capable of strong flight. These birds thrive remarkably well, and when supplied with a sufficiency of vegetable material, breed readily in confinement, and, I may add, are excellent eating. I have seen nest-mounds of the brush-turkey, in the vicinity of the Mallee Scrub, near Inglewood, that contained two or three large cart-loads of vegetable matter.

The emu (an aboriginal term signifying bright-eyed) is the representative of the ostrich in Australia, to which country it is exclusively confined, although allied species, which have been sometimes confounded with it, exist in the adjacent islands. This large wingless bird was formerly very numerous all over the Australian continent, but has now almost disappeared from the settled districts. It is readily tamed, whether taken young or in the adult state, and is very mild and gentle in its disposition, subsisting entirely upon grass and leaves. It lays a rather large dark-green egg, deeply pitted with small circular depressions about the thicker end, and is reckoned a great dainty by the aborigines. The oil obtained from this bird is held in great repute throughout the colonies as an infallible specific for rheumatism, and is of such a penetrating nature that it can only be kept in a glass or glazed earthenware vessel, since it works its way through iron or any other metal.

The fly-catchers or tree-swallows form another very beautiful group, the blue, black, and golden varieties being the most conspicuous. These birds are summer visitants in Victoria, and their winter habitat is a subject of considerable dispute. They all lay two eggs at each sitting, and breed twice during the summer. They are very readily tamed.

The finches, of which there are a great many varieties, many of them of considerable brilliancy, form another very attractive family of Australian birds; the most common are the diamond-sparrow and fire-tail finches, which breed abundantly in the vicinity of Melbourne, building large dome-shaped nests of grass, lined with hair and feathers, and laying from six to eight or ten eggs at a sitting.

The Australian robins, of which there are several varieties, are tolerably abundant, and, like their European prototype, are seldom seen in the vicinity of human habitations, except in winter, inhabiting, at other seasons, the deepest recesses of their native woods. They are perfectly mute, but several of them most brilliantly plumaged.

Hawks and eagles are numerous in the colonies; one of the latter, called the eagle-hawk, attaining to a very large size. The most remarkable of the hawks is a white variety, with yellow legs and beak. Quails are plentiful in the cultivated districts; and snipe and woodcock, almost identical with those of our own country, are by no means rare on the swampy volcanic table-lands, popularly designated 'Bay of Biscay,' and like their European brethren, are birds of passage, disappearing, no one seems to know whither, in the summer.

It is a remarkable fact, that all the indigenous mammals of Australia, with a few exceptions to be noticed hereafter, are marsupial—that is to say, the young are born in a rudimentary state, and transferred to a pouch situated on the lower part of the abdomen of the female, and supported by two peculiar bones, termed 'splanchnic,' where they remain until they have attained their full development. With the exception of a few found in America, these curious creatures are confined to Australia and the adjacent islands; the best known of the group being the kangaroo, of which there are many varieties, varying in size from that of a small donkey to that of a domestic cat. The general appearance of these creatures is so well known that it would be superfluous to enter into any minute description of them.

The island of Tasmania, formerly called Van Diemen's Land, possesses some curious animals, which are not found on the Australian continent; of these, the thylacine, the largest carnivorous marsupial now known to exist, is one. This creature is about the size of a pointer-dog; it is nocturnal in its habits, like all the marsupiata, and is extremely voracious and ferocious, giving great trouble to the shepherds by constant attacks upon their flocks; it is consequently the subject of an incessant war, which, sooner or later, must lead to its extermination. As, however, it is possessed of immense activity, bounding without difficulty to a considerable height, and as it inhabits the most inaccessible haunts, it may yet continue to defy its enemies for many a long day. Its popular name in Tasmania is the 'opossum wolf.'

The dasyure, or native 'devil,' is another remarkable inhabitant of Van Diemen's Land, which is not found on the adjacent continent. This creature, which is about the size of a bull-terrier, somewhat resembles a pig, or rather a wild-boar in shape, and, like that animal, is covered with bristles, and armed with formidable tusks. It is carnivorous and nocturnal, and very destructive to the settlers' flocks, but is annually getting scarcer and scarcer; so that, in all probability, before many years have elapsed, it will take its place, along with the dodo and dinornis, among the animals extinct within the historic period of our globe.

The opossums are a well-known group of herbivorous marsupials, of which there are several varieties: the gray, the black, the brown, and the ring-tailed. The last is the commonest in the vicinity of Melbourne. The black is peculiar to Tasmania, although it has been asserted that it has been occasionally found in the Western Port district in Victoria—however, its occurrence there has never been satisfactorily proved. The gray or brush-tailed opossum is very abundant

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'up the country,' and formed the staple food of the aborigines before the arrival of white men in Australia. The brown is probably a variety, or possibly the young of the former, as it is often found in the same nest with it. Albinos have been met with, and are referred to this species, but are rare.

The phalangers, or flying-squirrels, form another group of marsupials, extremely abundant, and are divisible into several species; like the opossums, they are arboreal and nocturnal, but, unlike them, are insectivorous. The largest is the vulpine phalanger, which rather exceeds the size of the gray opossum, is of a dark-brown colour, with the tips of its ears and tail white, and abounds in the 'stringy-bark' and 'messmate' forests in the vicinity of Ballarat. It has a loud and piercing cry, which is heard at a great distance through the stillness of the night. Another variety is about the size of a rat, and is clothed with a delicately soft fur of a beautiful silvery gray hue; another is hardly larger than a common mouse, and is the least of all the marsupiata.

The 'native cats' form another group of carnivorous marsupials, which are pretty generally distributed throughout the colonies; they are about the size of a ferret, which they resemble in shape, and are either gray or black, dotted with white spots. These animals are very pretty to look at, but horribly destructive, committing sad havoc among poultry of every description, and even attacking lambs.

Next to the kangaroo, the wombat is the largest of the marsupials. Of this animal, there are two varieties, distinguished from each other by marked characteristics—namely, the Tasmanian and the Australian. The wombat is nocturnal, herbivorous, and lives in burrows excavated generally near the root of a large tree; a full-grown specimen weighs from sixty to seventy pounds, and is about three feet in length; the legs and tail are short, and the head is thick and clumsy.

The kaola, or 'native bear,' is another curious marsupial inhabiting the country between Queensland and Victoria. It is not quite so large as the wombat, but is altogether a more striking-looking animal. It is strictly arboreal in its habits, of a delicate silvery gray colour, with long silky pendent ears, and, unlike the other arboreal marsupials, does not retire to a hollow limb or trunk during the day, but ensconces itself in the highest fork of a lofty eucalyptus, where, embracing the branches on either side with its fore-paws, and covering its eyes with its ears, it sleeps quietly till night summons it forth, to browse upon the tender leaves of the tree that has afforded it a shelter during the day. The young kaolas are carried on the shoulders of their parents until they have attained the size of a cat, when they are turned off to shift for themselves. This animal is perhaps the least readily tamed of all the Australian fauna, seldom surviving the loss of its liberty more than a few months. It is gradually disappearing from the settled districts.

The *Echidna*, or porcupine, and the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, or duck-billed platypus—which last has given occasion to some of the older writers on Australia to declare, that in that country the ducks were covered with hair instead of feathers—are perhaps the most remarkable specimens of animated nature to be met with in any part of the world. The former burrows in the hardest ground with wonderful rapidity, and the latter is an inhabitant of the rivers and creeks, but both are getting more scarce from year to year. Very little is known, even by the aborigines, of the true history or habits of these creatures: it has been asserted that the platypus lays eggs, but this is very doubtful. It seems to be generally allowed, however, that these animals are not marsupial, neither is the echidna, which, along with the former, constitutes the order of *Monotremes*, in which the intestine terminates, as in birds, in a cloaca, and the dental system is merely rudimentary, whilst the organs of reproduction present many anomalies. How the young echidna manages to extract the milk from the maternal mammæ with its long horny beak, I have never heard; but Dr Bennet, an acute observer, says the old platypus milks herself with her duck-bill snout, and the young ones gobble up the viscous fluid that exudes from her teats, as it floats on the surface of the river or pond they inhabit.

With the exception of the above-mentioned animals, and a species of bat, common in the caves on the south-west coast, the dingo or native dog is the only non-marsupial animal indigenous to Australia; a fact which has led many intelligent naturalists to conclude that it was imported thither by the aborigines, who are supposed to have crossed over from the Malayan Peninsula—an idea which is further confirmed by its general resemblance to the wild dog of India. It is about the size of a Smithfield sheep-dog, of a yellowish-gray colour, with a long bushy tail, and upright ears. It never barks, but howls fearfully at night, and the animals bred between it and the common dog retain these peculiarities for several generations.

It has been asserted that exposure to excessive heat and long-continued want of water were the exciting causes of hydrophobia; but this can hardly be the case, when we consider that in Australia, where I have seen the thermometer rise to 119 degrees in the shade, and where water is proverbially scarce, both the dingo, and the descendants of the European dogs, which have increased and multiplied there in great profusion, are entirely exempt from this fearful scourge, not one case of hydrophobia having ever been observed at the antipodes.

A FAMILY FAILING.

I, JONATHAN CHESTER, of Fastprint Villa, Lancashire, and also of Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater, am a Manchester man, and a radical to the backbone. The blue blood of the British millowner has run in the veins of my family ever since mills were. At what precise period they began, I cannot say for certain; but if Tubal Cain built a mill, he was my ancestor.

Notwithstanding my politics, the statesman who has my sincerest sympathy is Lord Derby. His notions of government, I am perfectly ready to admit, are ludicrous enough; his eloquence, to use a technical expression peculiar to my own calling, will never 'wash;' but yet there is that about him which Lord Palmerston can only boast of in a very inferior degree, and Richard Cobden will not possess as long as he lives, which endears the head of the House of Stanley to my soul. I feel for him; I pity him; there is not a pulse of mine that does not beat responsive to his, from head to foot, and most particularly in the foot, for the common link that connects us is this—we both have the gout, and have it uncommonly bad.

It is probable that the noble lord is not aware of *my* calamity, and it would be very impertinent of him to make public mention of it, if he were; but everybody knows how *he* suffers, and therefore there can be no indelicacy in my alluding to the circumstance. 'The Earl of Derby was unable to visit Windsor Castle, in consequence of a fit of the gout;' 'The noble earl still remains at Knowsley Park, in consequence of the obstinacy of his late attack;' &c. These are the records which have won for that statesman Jonathan Chester's respectful, nay, affectionate regard. Even when his lordship was in office (a thing not to be thought of with patience, in a political sense), I could not read that 'the Premier was unable to attend the cabinet council this afternoon by reason of his distressing malady,' without a twinge of pity. And let me tell you, my friends, who do not suffer from the respectable disease in question, that a twinge

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is something more than a pang. Yes, Gout knocks at the door of the charmingly situated villa residence of the millowner, and at that of the mansion of the lord of acres, with an equal hand; he knows no distinction between titled and untitled; he only demands that his victims shall be in competent circumstances, and tolerably well descended; for although I am told there is such a thing as 'poor gout,' it can be no more like the real thing, than home-made Curaçoa is to the luscious —— 'Oh, my goodness! that the very mention of an insidious drink like that should have exacerbated the demon! Reader, it is in vain any longer to conceal the fact that I write this, in pencil, as I lie upon the sofa, TORTURED, RACKED, with a hand that is not altogether free from flying spasms, and a foot dipped in soda and water, and swathed in triple folds of cotton-wool.—I say there can be no such thing as poor gout. The Poor have no sorrows, to speak of, compared with —— Thomas, John, you rascals! *Susan*! *Elizabeth!* Jemima Anne! Why is your master left to perish without assistance? Have you no human feelings? Can you not hear the bell?—Don't contradict me, sir! You must have heard it *before* the wire broke, and I don't care if I've broken fifty wires..... Thank you; those wet rags have relieved me; you may go now, and leave me the dinner-bell, where I can lay my hand upon it on the instant..... I am certainly better..... But what an idiot you were, John, to contradict a man with gout! What a blindworm! What an irrational ape! Go, go—*go*, I say.'

'Poor gout,' as I was observing, is a contradiction in terms; also the genuine disease demands a victim with ancestors. Nobody ever heard of a man without a grandfather having the gout. The possession of a father is not sufficient; for it is said that the Thing skips a generation, and comes indirectly in upon one, like the knight's move in chess, from one's mother's uncle. Can you conceive anything more maliciously fantastic, more ghastly capricious than this! Talk of the Banshee that sticks to your Irish families, who live upon potatoes and whisky, and have never been within two diseases of our complaint in their existence. Why, the Banshee is quite an agreeable visitor compared with the gout. He does not perch upon their great toes, I suppose, and fix therein talons of red-hot steel; he does not wake them in the dead of night by thrusting a skewer through their heels; he does not attempt to perform the operation of cupping upon their most delicate joints, which resent his efforts by swelling enormously and turning pink. Then take my word for it, that, compared to some things that haunt a family, the Banshee is a pleasant bird.

What mysterious terrors must have overwhelmed that man who was the *first* to have Gout! He probably imagined himself to be bewitched; possessed by some tormenting demon, like Ariel in *The Tempest:*

> Now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> He *flamed amazement;* sometime he'd divide,
> And burn in many places.

That's just what Gout does; he plays a horrid sort of Puss-in-the-corner all over one; now here, now there; sometimes coy, and sometimes decided, yet he never fails to tease. Never fails to tease, and rarely to torture: he has numberless instruments to work his fiendish will: besides his pincers (heated like curling-irons), his slowly perforating gimlets, and his whip-cord tightly wound beneath the affected part, he has his favourite Vice, in preference to which give me the most straitlaced Virtue. It has been truly observed of this engine that it compresses the limb selected until the agony becomes well-nigh unendurable, *and then gives it one turn more.* Cain, who had no grandfather, could not have experienced the punishment which comparatively innocent persons, like Lord Derby and myself, endure many times *per annum.* It may be urged that since *somebody* must have had it to begin with, it is probable enough that it was invented expressly for the first manslayer; but we are told that Cain was a wanderer, and compelled to roam, which is quite incompatible with the disease in question. There is nothing which could induce a man with gout in his foot to put it to the ground; under such circumstances, hot ploughshares would be pleasanter walking than the cool green earth; Love may beckon, Gold may lure, and even little Bailey's desire, 'I wish I was behind you with a bradawl,' may be granted to the most malicious enemy of the afflicted person, without producing locomotion: he is deaf to ambition, to glory, and even to duty itself, if it includes pedestrianism in its programme. The ringing call of Marmion fails to stir him:

> 'Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!'—

for how can we 'charge,' or how can we 'on,' when we have our foot at an angle of forty-five degrees, to decrease which elevation is anguish.

Speaking of poetry, I have just been reading one of those sentimental novels so common now a days, which seem originally to have been written in blank verse, and then recast, and I came upon this passage, referring to some unhappy social union: 'The shadow of his great woe overshadowed her.' Now, as it stands, that is mere vague verbiage, but the word 'woe' happened to be misprinted 'toe,' and the statement, by mistake, became a most sensible one! The shadow of my great toe overshadows my unfortunate wife; I do not refer, of course, to its physical size, although, indeed, *that* casts shadow enough—but to the unhappiness it occasions her. She knows when an attack is threatening me, even before I know it myself; my naturally angelic temper becomes ruffled; my language, generally so conciliating, is at this period rather hasty and unnecessarily forcible. She does not murmur; above all things, she does not contradict; she is another Griselda, in fact, in all respects, except that she places a couple of pills upon my dressing-table, so that I cannot fail to see them upon retiring for the night. These are gout-pills. Then say I: 'My dear love, you are quite mistaken; I never felt better in my life. Besides, I have not been the least imprudent lately.—*Draught stout?*—Well, what can be better than stout, or more innocent? Why, it's recommended for delicate mothers!—*Champagne cup?*—Pooh, pooh! quite harmless.—*Sauces with everything?*—Oh, that's all nonsense; if I am to live upon bread and cheese, I had rather not live at all. What do you mean, madam? I don't understand you; you are not a doctor, and if you are, I do not ask your scientific opinion.—*Isn't one to speak a word?*—No, one isn't; not a single syllable; that is, unless you can find something pleasanter to talk about than—— O! Jerryusalem!* O bim, bam, bomb!† what is the matter with my great toe?..... Do you know, my love, I think I must have *sprained* it. Don't you think so, too? Doesn't it look very like a sprain—there, just there—don't touch it, for goodness' sake! —in the second joint—*Pink?*—Yes, of course, it's pink. Sprains are always pink; yes, and shining, too; those are two of their principal features. I remember how I did it, now; I stopped the carriage in Piccadilly to-day, and jumped out rather hastily; then I walked to the club. Nobody can say, you see, that I don't take exercise.—*Drove home?*—Of course, I drove home. What is the use of keeping a carriage, Mrs Chester, if one never drives? Yes, it's a sprain.

* I learned this expression from an American gentleman, who assured me it was used by the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, as an excellent substitute for profane swearing.

† These innocent interjectional expressions will be found not less serviceable in superseding execrations.

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Now, what's a cure for sprains?—*Rags dipped in soda and water?*—Very good; anything else?—*Pills?*—No, I won't—ah! ugh! oh!—yes, I will. And I think I will see the doctor in the morning; and you may write to Captain Springal, to say that it's doubtful whether I shall be able to dine with him at Greenwich the day after to-morrow; and you may send that haunch of venison, which you said was too high already for you, over the way to old Keane, "with my compliments, and I had kept it on purpose until it should be just fit for his table." And you may give your mother the cream that we had from Devonshire last night.'

For the approach of certain gout is like that of death, in this respect, that one makes one's will, as it were, with reference to all perishable property of a toothsome character, and disconnects one's self from all worldly engagements that have been undertaken in the prospect of health.

I pass over the dark period when the Demon has altogether the upper hand, and his subject Man is prostrate, to speak of the time of convalescence—my present state—when Irritability once more resumes her sway, as before his assault. This era is not without its consolations. Even one's club companions, who have perhaps the least human feeling of created men, and would receive the news of our death, any fine afternoon, with the same sort of interest as they would a third Edition of the *Times* newspaper—even they, I say, make way in front of the fire, as we hobble into the library, and perhaps go so far as to hand us one of those scarlet rests, which some kind fairy at enmity with the wicked Enchanter Gout, must surely have invented to cross him. All persons are civil to men with a list slipper and a stick, except the abominable street-boys, who ejaculate at our approach; 'How's your poor feet?' or, 'Now, then, Deerfoot!' Street-boys have no fear; but others are cautious of giving offence to people who have been living on acids for many days, no matter what peaceful experience they may have had of them before. Gout, like an insult to one's Beloved Object, 'turns the sluggard's blood to flame,' and renders the very mildest, as in my own case, as fierce and unrelenting as the hyæna. We are therefore treated with respect, and at least the outward semblance of sympathy; remedies are suggested, and mitigations advocated, by well-meaning friends; and even one certain Cure—as though gout could ever be cured! This cure I should have passed over with the contempt it deserves, but that it corroborates what I have said against the possibility of the existence of 'poor gout.'

'Now you should keep a cob, my good friend, that's what you should do; that would be the saving of you. A quiet, but fast-trotting cob.'

This recommendation, which merely makes me angry, as an exhibition of ignorance and presumption, would in the case of a poor man be a positive insult; he might just as well be recommended a white elephant. It would indeed suggest a flaw in the eternal fitness of things, if a disease should exist among us the remedy for which the majority of those afflicted could never afford to procure; we of the list slippers have quite enough of speculation of that perilous sort to occupy us already. That the sins of our fathers should be visited upon their children down to many generations, we humbly acquiesce in; but that the peccadilloes of our mother's uncles should come down upon us, zigzag as it were, and bear such bitter fruit, seems hard indeed. Both my grandsires were free from this biting scourge, and died, with comparative ease, of ordinary diseases; but my maternal grandfather had a brother of whom it was flatteringly remarked, that 'he could give you as good a bottle of port wine as any man in England.' If he had confined himself to *giving*, I should to this day honour his memory, but he unfortunately also took it himself. He was a genial old soul, I do believe, but he drank a great deal more than was good for him,

> And now his shame goes blushing down a line of *mill-owners.*

There is a charitable report that he himself inherited this family failing; and that, finding he had gout within him, he imagined he was only doing his duty in bringing it out. Wretched man, the cause of woe to creatures yet unborn, it is possible that he may thus have deceived himself! We are all prone to self-delusion when it gratifies our—— What will I have for luncheon, John? Well, I cannot think that green pea-soup will hurt me, and nothing is more wholesome than a red mullet. A little dash of sherry, too, in Seltzer-water, in case there should be anything of a *suppressed* character in this insidious disease of mine—— Where was I? I was moralising about something. Men in my situation often do so, nor is it to be wondered at. Here to-day, and gone to-morrow; now in our great toe, and now in our stomach! Our end is certain, and on each of our chalk-stones—I mean on our gravestones—may be written, by way of elegy,

He lived not wisely, but too well.

THE CASTLE MOAT.

THERE be seas, and there be streams,
But commend me, for sweet dreams,
To the moat round Thurland's walls:
Thither come nor cares nor calls;
Nothing but the lullaby
Of the slow rook flapping by,
And the note, half-choked, half-clear,
Of day-dreaming Chanticleer.

Round and round, as if in sleep,
The dark moat-waters slowly creep;
Whence they come, or whither go,
That they know not; only know
Here 'tis meet to linger; here—
Better far than in river or mere,
Or sail-thronged pool by the town—
Where the smooth-shaven lawn dips down
With its wealth of flower and leaf,
And the heart of the feathered thief
Is gladdened, and sings to see
The clustered fruit on the tree
That clings to the terraced wall.
O'er the terrace, Thurland tall,
Swallow-haunted, ivy-clad,
Smiles as one who, having had
His days of trouble, henceforth spends
An honoured leisure among friends.
Wars enow that front hath seen,
Now but fenced in sheltering green,
Shock of cannon, whir of shaft!—
Haply some ill-fated craft
Pushed with Cromwell's iron men
Across this moat—not back again;
Where now the rose-leaves only fall,
'Tis like they perished one and all!

There be ships and there be boats,
But beyond all else that floats,
Or has floated since the Ark,
Give me that flat-bottomed bark,
Without rudder, without sail
(But which fears nor rock nor gale),
Sleeping on that sleeping wave
Which doth the slopes of Thurland lave;
Not the ocean's self, I guess,
Owns a path more limitless;
Round, and round, and round I tend,
But Thurland's moat, it hath no end.

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LOST ON HELVELLYN.

THERE is no man who entertains a greater affection for the Lake-country of England than the present writer: he knows every beck and fell, and can call them by their names, from the stony steeps of Wastdale to the pastoral slopes of outcast Hawes Water, cut off from its sister-meres by that huge hill whereon the Roman legions took their way sublime. I utterly despise and disbelieve that supercilious crew for whom our fells are not high enough, our lakes not deep enough, our fogs not thick enough, and the perils of locomotion generally not sufficiently hazardous. Do I not know one member of the Alpine Club who was 'crag-fast' on Langdale Pikes; and another who was lost upon Eskhaws! A murrain on their alpenstocks, say I; may their spiked shoes fail them; may their knapsacks become heavier as they move, and when they lay them by, may they know not that their backs are enfranchised. What a false soul must that man have possessed who first gave praise to a knapsack—the arm-cutter, the shoulder-blade blisterer, the top-heavy Tip-one-backwards-and-no-help-for-it! Let Switzerland keep its own, and shear them; may its filth and discomfort, its wines ordinary, and its bills extraordinary, never fail to please; may that unintelligent portion of our fellow-countrymen, who go there to rise and sleep with the sun, and seek for accommodation on the mountain-tops, amid ice and snow, and extortioners who make their demands in *patois*, all refrain from inflicting their Superiorities upon the English Lake district. We have little to offer them worthy of their attention—few of those advantages, natural and artificial, to which their foreign travel has accustomed them; no avalanches, no vermin, no carved paper-knives. It was a pleasant fancy of Mr Albert Smith's that Switzerland did not exist except in the four summer months; that it was a movable panorama set up at the latter end of May by Mr Burford, or some other speculator, and taken down in October; that its raised mountains were then folded up and carted away, and its water-falls distributed where they were wanted—among the continental theatres. A great slice of that interesting country, however, and one which forms an excellent sample of its scenery, was always retained at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, and used, under the name of *The Swiss Cottage*, as an emporium for cracknells and spun glass. The hideous alteration in the hours of active life, the unaccustomed odours, and the pains and penalties of expensive travel, do really combine to give Switzerland an air of excessive unreality; it has nothing of home about it: except a few bankrupts and felons belonging to countries which have no extradition treaty with the little republic, no alien ever dreams of living in Switzerland. Now, with our own Lake district the case is just the reverse: no sensible person, with eyes and a heart, ever wanted to leave Windermere—except to get to Derwentwater. Whoever comes to Grasmere desires to live there, and to be buried (after a great number of years, however) by the side of Rothay.

Having thus established myself as a true believer in Lakeland, I may be allowed to say a word or two in its disparagement; just as the Greenwich pensioner reserves to himself the right of abusing that famous Hospital, against which he will not suffer a stranger to breathe one syllable. I wish to explode a certain local superstition of obstinate standing—the belief entertained by the aborigines that the weather is not so very bad after all. This ludicrous notion is nourished by all north-country folks, more or less, but by the Lake people especially. It is somewhat excusable in persons who have been born and bred in the hill-fogs. Children of the Mist, they have never known what continued fine weather is. They never, probably, saw the barometer point to Set Fair in their lives. To them, a close drizzle is 'the pride of the morning;' and a steady down-pour for eight-and-forty hours, 'showers.' But what is very remarkable, the colonists of this lovely district—those who have been so enraptured therewith as to pitch their tents in the locality—embrace this illusive creed with an equal fanaticism.

'We used often to be warned against living here on account of the wet,' say my friends the W——s, for instance, emigrants from the south; 'but we find that is quite a mistake.'

'Indeed!' say I, who, residing as a guest in the house, wish to be as conciliatory as truth will permit: 'then I suppose this month has been exceptionally unfavourable in respect of rain?'

Out of the thirty-one August days, twenty have been wet, nine showery, and two exquisitely fine, wherein all Lakeland looked like the hills of heaven.

'We do not consider this month to have been wet at all,' retort the colonists tartly. 'Why, we have been out almost every day.'

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'That is very true,' say I; but I do not add that we have generally got wet through. Lake people think nothing of walking, driving, fishing, or being photographed in pouring rain.

'This is, nevertheless, a decidedly wet morning,' I urge, flattening my nose against the streaming pane, outside of which a wall of rain shuts out the mountain view as completely as though we were in Fleet Street.

'There is, however,' return they, '"a break" in the clouds yonder, above Coniston, which augurs well.' The enthusiasts point to a little blue speck amidst the mass of vapours, which, even as they are speaking, closes up, and is no more seen.

The storm not only continues with unabated vehemence, but increases in force. The steep carriage-drive in front of the house would become a gully, but for various artificial arrangements for carrying off such water-spouts.

'It is a good sign when the rain comes down in this way,' remarks a young lady of the family, in reply to my looks of astonishment, and indeed of alarm. 'This is most probably the Clearing Shower.'

Now, the W——s and myself are great friends, but there are extremities to which the courtesies of friendship should not be pushed. My own social principles in this respect are lax; I make myself agreeable at almost any sacrifice; but still there is a point—very far beyond Preciseness or Accuracy—at which Truth insists upon my making a stand. At the notion of the Clearing Shower, I burst involuntarily into a hearty laugh. Toleration to this theory would be worse than weakness. It is not one of those remarks to which you can answer, 'Very likely,' or 'Indeed,' or even 'Ah;' there is nothing for it between a servile and hypocritical acquiescence and the open expression of disbelief. The dear W——s are hurt at my rough hilarity, but I really cannot help it. I can only hasten to explain.

'It is now about fifteen years ago,' said I, 'since I first became acquainted with the Lake-country. I was lodging at Grange in Borrowdale, and upon the afternoon of the third day of my arrival was strolling with a friend up that beautiful valley'——

'Is this one of your stories?' asked one of my fair hearers, a little superciliously, for she is suspicious of my fiction, and condemns my published works to a certain shelf in the library devoted to light literature, and from which friends about to travel by railway are invited to pick and choose, without any particular injunction being laid on them to return the volumes. However, nobody has ever chosen *mine* yet; but I am straying from my subject.

'Madam,' said I, 'this is not one of my stories. If it had been, you would have had several pages of description of the valley before you got to "the two travellers," you may be very sure of that.—My friend and I were of course arrayed in waterproofs, or garments that are warranted to be so in all other districts; it had been raining uninterruptedly for nine-and-forty hours; the little river was foaming and raging at finding its bed not half big enough for it; the mountains were vocal with a thousand streams, the road itself was a cataract, and it was almost impossible to hear one another speak. Presently, we perceived two of the aborigines coming towards us, at some distance apart; the nearer and younger man—who, however, was about seventy-two, which is the average age in Borrowdale—carried an umbrella in his hand, but without unfurling it. The occasion, it seemed, was not sufficiently momentous to demand its use; he kept it for what he considered a wet day.

"My good man," said I, "how long is it going to keep on like this?"

'He replied something in which the word "saft" occurred, but whether with reference to me or the state of the atmosphere, I could not clearly understand. Then he looked round to the quarter from which more than another it was charitably supposed the deluge came, and answered cheerfully: "It will be gey fine soon; I see naething like *malice* in the weather."

'The elder man came up with his waistcoat open, as though the heat and drought were oppressive.

"My good man," said I, "you ought to know these parts." [He looked hale and hearty, but was of that deep mahogany colour peculiar to persons who have attained their hundredth birthday.] "Can you give us any hope with respect to this rain?"

"Rain!" returned he, as if he was not aware that there was anything falling of that serious character. "It 's just the Clearing Shower!"

'This incident, as I have said, happened fourteen years ago, but that clearing shower—with intervals—has lasted in Borrowdale to this very hour.'

I have my doubts whether this apology for my rudeness was quite satisfactory, inasmuch as it in some sort repeated the offence; but at that moment a juvenile member of the family rushed in with a proposition to play croquet; which we presently proceeded to do with umbrellas and goloshes.

But all this is keeping my readers from Lost on Helvellyn. They have been long eager for the picture of a mountain solitude by night; they have been awaiting 'an awful silence, broken only by the caw of the rock-raven, or the yell of some belated eagle;' these are all coming in their proper places, but, in the meantime, there is the Clearing Shower. It is impossible that we can ascend Helvellyn in weather like this. Suppose, however—for we may suppose anything—that the storm-clouds have rolled away at last; that the sky-curtains have gradually lifted, fold after fold, from the verdant steeps of Bowfell, and that the mountain-passes that lie about it are once more open. It is worth all the wet to see the fine weather coming into Lakeland. The mists that have had it all their own way so long, arise at the summons of the sun, as a vast assembly rises when some vague news arrives that their sovereign is approaching: first one, and then another starts from his seat, and looks around in doubt; some rise, and then sit down again, perceiving that the majority yet remain seated; but presently the blare of the trumpets, or the voices of the people without, or some other convincing sign, strike all with certainty, and all seats are vacant suddenly. So with the clouds: there have been so many false reports of the arrival of the Sun in the district, that it is not believed in; his coming has indeed been confidently enough predicted for several weeks, but the word of an inhabitant, or colonist, upon *this* subject, is anything but trustworthy. When he does come, therefore, even the least obstinate mountain-mists are slow to do him homage; they 'reach forth an arm, and loiter, slowly drawn' from pine to pine; the majority merely billow aimlessly about, as usual. But when the sun really does break forth, the whole fleecy mass starts upward from base to pinnacle; and leaving only a few trailing skirts of gauzy drapery, disperses over the illimitable sky. Then all the mountain-guards of Lakeland, from Blackcombe, who has the outpost to the west, to innermost Pillar over Ennerdale, stand forth in glory; the fair twin-sisters of Langdales wear each their crown of pearls, and diamonds twinkle upon their bosoms. The lakes are aglow with gold, and out from boat-house and from bay a fairy fleet emerges, as though by beck of wand.

Fair Winandermere, too seductive siren, how many young lives hast thou devoured! Shall not one summer ever go by without thy human sacrifices? Much as I love thee, and excellent as thou art to row upon—or, better still, to be steered while others row—in the gorgeous noontide, or beneath the harvest-moon while loved voices discourse sweet music, yet, for sailing, thou art not trustworthy. Now, upon the mountains, it is difficult to come to harm, or at least in pursuing innocent Pleasure to meet with Death.

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With the single exception of poor Gough, whose fate has been sung by two great poets, and to whose memory the innkeepers of Lakeland owe a magnificent monument, there is no well-known example of much evil happening to a summer explorer of the hills. In winter, a shepherd now and then gets 'smoored,' poor fellow, in the blinding snows; but the incident circulates no further than the columns of the local newspapers. There are, indeed, well-founded stories extant of the gentleman who loved botany not wisely, but too well, and who, prosecuting his rash researches upon the Langdale Fell, had to make a rope out of his clothes, including his shirt, and only got down in safety *in puris naturalibus*; also of the professor of Natural History, who, being benighted upon Fairfield in company with a rare but rather offensive beetle, discovered in the early part of the day's wanderings, was compelled by hunger to devour the same. But these are exceptional adventures. There is no record of any serious misfortune occurring of late years to lovers of nature in the Lake-country, save the thrilling narrative that follows.

Mr and Mrs Billing (of the great firm of Billing and Cooing, who have a more than European reputation) were staying of late at the Low Wood Hotel on Windermere. Mrs B. had only obtained that wished-for title a very few days before; on the Wednesday-week previously (to be precise) she had been the beautiful and accomplished Miss Syphorim; in other words, they were 'neogams'—as the bridal pairs in the locality have been designated by a gentleman from one of the universities who is accustomed to take pupils into the fastnesses of this district. The Clearing Shower had lasted for a considerable period; and without suggesting that Mr and Mrs B. were in the least degree tired of one another's company in the Low Wood bower, they hailed the approach of settled fine weather (which sometimes really lasts for days) with some enthusiasm. Up to that date, their out-door diversions had been almost limited to a game at bowls in that charming green by the water-side, where players are always to be seen in pairs, with one eye only fixed upon the jack—the other refusing to be divorced, even for a second, from the beloved object; besides that, they had fished in the lake (under one large umbrella) for perch, but with such ill-success, that Miss—we beg her pardon—Mrs Billing had begun to wonder whether it wasn't cruel of dearest Augustus (who always baited for her) to put a hook through the back of those poor minnows. So when the mountain mists began to clear away in the magnificent manner I have attempted to describe, and the western horizon at night began to assume that hue which is said to be 'the shepherd's delight,' as indicative of a fine day on the morrow, Mr and Mrs B. determined to make the most of it.

'My darling love,' cried Mr B., who, with his adored one, was standing in that little niche above the coffee-room which is more sacred than the habitation of any stone saint in the calendar to all who have passed their honeymoon at Low Wood—'my darling love, what say you to our going up Helvellyn to-morrow?'

'My dearest Gus,' responded the lady, with ready acquiescence—they had scarcely been married a fortnight, we must remember—'whatever pleases you is sure to please me.'

They put their heads into the window for a moment, doubtless for a purpose that is too sacred to be made a jest of in these columns, and then reappeared in the balcony.

The present writer, then a bachelor, with only a cigar to comfort him, happened to be lounging in the neighbourhood, and both heard with envy every syllable of this conversation, and was a malignant witness of the estrangement that eventually followed.

'We can drive to Grasmere, I am told, and then ascend without a guide,' continued the male turtle-dove: 'it will be pleasanter to be alone, my own Poppetty, will it not?'

'My darling Gus, be quiet. People can see us, remember. There's a horrid man somewhere quite near; I can smell his abominable cigar.'

I withdrew hastily to leeward, wondering within myself whether any well-principled clergyman could possibly have christened a female infant Poppetty. What godmother could have desired it? What father could have sanctioned it? Nay, what imagination could, in the first instance, have conceived it?

'Then that is settled,' resumed Augustus, without expressing that sympathy with the excursus against tobacco, which, I rather imagine, was expected of him. 'The carriage will wait at Grasmere, and bring us back, love, to an early dinner.'

'I think, my dear Gus, that we had better take something with us,' observed the charmer, with some decision.

'Certainly, if you wish it, my pet: I will take a bag of biscuits; sandwiches get so unpleasant when kept in the pocket.'

'I don't very much care for biscuits, dear Gus.'

'Then we will have a cake, my darling—a nice large round plum-cake. I chanced to see one in the larder this very morning. It will just fill the new satchel which I brought for these pedestrian expeditions. When we get to the top of the hill, we will divide it, unless my love is greedy, and then she shall have it all.'

Unaccustomed as was my ear at that time to the variations of the female tone, I thought the reply: 'Just as you please, Gus,' did not altogether express satisfaction; yet I was far from attaching to it that dreadful significance which the accents of demure resignation in a wife possess for every husband. Augustus, however, was entirely ignorant of the volcanic nature of his new acquisition, and left the room to bespeak that cake without the least misgiving. The next morning, I beheld the devoted pair start in a car upon their expedition, the male carrying upon his shoulders a sort of knapsack, much distended by a round substance, which I rightly concluded to be the cake.

They arrived at that humble Grasmere inn which has received Scott, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and poor Hartley Coleridge a hundred times beneath its roof, and at a short distance from which the ascent of Helvellyn commences. There they left their vehicle, and began their toilsome task, at first cheerfully and with elastic tread, but presently with plodding steps and almost in total silence, as is the case in every expedition of the sort.

All mountain-trips begin in gladness, but thereof come in the end—and sometimes before folks get half-way—despondency and sadness.

'Is it much further, Augustus, dear?' inquires Mrs B., passing her scented pocket-handkerchief over her brow.

'My own Poppetty, why, we have not yet got half-way!'

They toil on in silence for another half-hour.

'Is that the top yonder, Augustus?'

'I think it is one of the tops, my darling,' replies conciliating Mr B.

'One of the tops! Gracious goodness, how many tops are there?'

'Sit down and rest, my pet; do look back at that lovely valley and those majestic hills, coming into view one after an'—— Mr Billing paused. He was interrupted by the words 'Majestic fiddlestick!' There could be no mistake about it; they were uttered with remarkable decision. He tried to believe it was a mountain-echo—a very curious, but still, perhaps, not impossible effect of reverberation. 'I don't think I ever saw such a view,' continued Mr Billing, ignoring this acoustical phenomenon; 'did you, my dear?'

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'I have seen it forty times, Augustus; I have turned round to look at that view, and rest, at least forty times; I am sick of that village church and that bit of swampy'——

'Leonora, my own love, I am astonished at you! But, then, you are tired, exhausted.'

'I am,' observed Leonora with distinctness.

'And I daresay my pet is hungry too.'

'I am starving,' returned the lady sententiously; 'hungry does not express my feelings.'

'Then directly we get to the top we will sit down and eat the cake; but if you once begin it here, my love, we shall never get up; I am quite sure of that. How disinclined, you know, one always feels for great exertion after eating.'

'Just as you please, Augustus; for my part, *I hate cake.*'

She turned and recommenced the ascent; Augustus followed, repeating to himself, like one in a dream, 'For her part, she hates cake.'

Their arduous toil was at last brought to a conclusion; they had passed the spot where the remains of 'the unfortunate Gough' were discovered beside the lonely tarn. Mr B. had remarked upon the circumstance, and Mrs B. had replied, she was not in the least surprised; it was likely enough that her own remains might also be found somewhere in that neighbourhood. She was almost dead with fatigue and starvation.

They traversed in some terror the narrow ridge that leads to the crown of Helvellyn, and at last stood, sublime, with the world of Lakeland lying spread beneath them. It was a glorious scene: mountain and mere on every side, and on the west the illimitable sea. Immediately at their feet descended almost sheer a verdant precipice.

'My own Poppetty,' exclaimed Mr Billing with enthusiasm, 'does not this more than repay us for all our exertions? Does not this prospect seem to satisfy every yearning, every craving'——

Mrs Billing, seated panting on a little pile of stones, pointed with half-shut eyes towards his knapsack; she had not yet recovered her breath, but the motion was unmistakable; it cried 'Cake, cake.'

Augustus unslung the satchel, opened it, withdrew their treasure carefully from its depths, and held it in his hand; it was not so much a cake as a prodigious currant-wheel. He placed it upon the ground, while he sought for his clasp-knife, not upon its side, alas, but edgeways. A little slope in the turf caused it to revolve, slowly, imperceptibly at first, and then—upon a combination of the principles of geometrical progression, and of One good turn deserves Another—rapidly, madly: with a despairing cry, Leonora dashed at its retreating form; but all too late; she nearly overbalanced herself over the very edge of the precipice, which it had reached and passed. Like some wild creature rejoicing to have escaped from captivity, it bounded down the steep, leaping higher and higher as it flew, until, about a thousand feet or so beneath Mrs B., it chanced upon a rock, and split into two pieces—the one rolled towards Patterdale, the other towards Thirlemere; but neither of them was ever heard of afterwards.

'My cake! my cake!' cried Mrs Billing, clasping her hands.

'It's gone down Catchidiecam,' exclaimed Augustus lugubriously.

'Catch-it-who-can, you unfeeling wretch!' returned Leonora, bursting into tears; 'a man that could joke at such a moment'——

'My own dear pet,' exclaimed the terrified bridegroom, endeavouring to pat her damask cheek.

'*Mr Billing!* Be good enough to keep your hands to yourself,' was the icy reply. She rose to her feet like a queen, and without one faltering step led the way in total silence down to Grasmere.

I saw them subsequently arrive at Low Wood, and perceived at the first glance that there was something awfully wrong.

'I think, dearest, since it is so late, that we had better have a sort of meat-tea, had we not, instead of a regular dinner?'

'For my part,' returned the lady, 'I have had nothing to eat to-day—nothing; and never felt less inclined for [if my ears did not deceive me] slops. But just as you please, Augustus.'

A minute or two afterwards, I heard the waiter order 'dinner for lady and gent. in No. 24, and quick.' He grinned as he said it, for his long experience of neogams at once informed him that Mrs B.'s supremacy was established. 'A deal more has been Lost on Helvellyn,' added he, 'than that 'ere cake.'

THE PEOPLE OF BRAZIL.

THE COLOURED RACES.

ADVENTUROUS travellers like Waterton, and scientific investigators like Messrs Wallace and Bates, have fully and accurately described the natural history and the physical peculiarities of the larger part of the empire of Brazil; but of the varied population of that country, a comprehensive account is wanting. The Brazilians with whom we have political relations and commercial dealings are only a portion of the Portuguese people who have, for some generations, been subjected to the influence of a tropical climate, and the stimulating conditions of colonial life. They are only the civic and governing classes of the country; we must remember that upwards of two-thirds of the Brazilian population belong to the coloured or mixed races; and making due allowance for future European immigration into Brazil, there seems every probability that this proportion will long be maintained.

Probably not one-hundredth part of the surface of Brazil has yet been reclaimed, and the total productive capacity of the empire is incalculable. It is, then, of some importance that we should understand what are the qualities of those various races who form the great bulk of the Brazilian population, and on whose energies the material development of so large a portion of South America seems to depend.

All the varieties of the Brazilian people have proceeded from three original stocks, representing as many different continents; thus we see there the aboriginal American, the African negro, and the Portuguese of Southern Europe. Men of these types now dwell in Brazil, side by side with the hybrid races which, arising at first from intermarriages, and still occasionally increased by that means, have formed distinct communities of themselves. Altogether, there are to-day in Brazil six varieties of mankind, one white, and five coloured. The coloured—to place them in the order of their numerical proportion—are the negro, the *mameluco*, the mulatto, the native Indian, and the *cabocle*.

1. Of these five coloured races, the mameluco seems to claim precedence by virtue of the energy of his character, and the picturesqueness of his personal aspect. He is descended from unions between the *conquistadores*—the early Portuguese invaders—and the native women who survived after the Indian warriors of the coast and the banks of the larger rivers had been exterminated. They now occupy, or rather traverse, an immense tract of country on both banks of the Rio de la Plata, and are spread over a large portion of the southern provinces of Brazil. Under the name of *guachos*, they are known throughout South America for their skill in horsemanship, and their feats with the lasso. They appear to live on horseback, and are so seldom seen on foot, that they have been styled 'the Centaurs of the Desert.' Their wild life, with its constant activity, has given to them a fulness of energy which, when subjected

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to military discipline, has made them the bravest soldiers of Brazil and the Argentine Republics. Constantly struggling with the wild horses of the Pampas, and habitually breathing the free air of the desert, the mameluco appears to have acquired vigorous and energetic qualities superior to those possessed either by his European or Indian progenitors.

When the mameluco has no patrimony, he takes up the profession of a *peon*, that is, a trainer, or rather a tamer of horses and mules. The Brazilian planters are themselves astonished with the daring and skill displayed by the peon in his single-handed struggles with the most intractable animals. This is a description of these Brazilian grooms, as given by M. D'Assier, a French gentleman, who has resided some years in Brazil: 'The peon is generally a man whose frame seems dry in nature, but muscular and solidly built; his complexion is of a deep-brown tinge, as if stained with bister, exhibiting the effects of constant exposure to the open air. He wears a coloured shirt and striped linen trousers, and he carries an enormous cutlass suspended from his girdle. His eyes glance and sparkle from under a straw hat, which has been bent and scorched by the alternate effects of the heat and rains of the tropics. To his naked and hardened feet, he has affixed enormous spurs, like those of the paladins of the middle ages—a European spur would have no effect on the skin of an American mule.' If we add thereto the lasso, coiled up on his saddle-bow, such are the costume and equipment of the guacho, especially in his character of peon. When a refractory horse or mule has to be tamed, the peon takes his stand on his own steed, at some distance from a wall or hedge, one end of the lasso being in his left hand, whilst, with his right, he whirls the loop in concentric circles over his head. The restive beast having been previously pointed out to him, is driven, along with the rest of the horses belonging to the plantation, between him and the barrier. The loop of the lasso falls with unerring aim over the head of the refractory beast. The peon then bends all his strength, and spurs his own horse in an oblique direction, throwing his victim with great force to the ground. The end of the lasso is twisted round an iron rod, previously fixed in the ground for the purpose; the prostrate brute being half-stifled with the lasso, the peon approaches, slips on a bridle, loosens the lasso, and then the hand-to-hand struggle commences. In spite of kicking, biting, and somersaults, the saddle is eventually put on, and then the fearful spur is applied by the peon to the sides of his vanquished foe.

Many of the mamelucos possess troops of horses and mules, and herds of cattle. The horses they hunt for amongst the wild herds of the Pampas; the mules they rear and train; and both are sold by them at the large fairs which are held throughout Brazil. The mameluco used formerly only to kill the cattle for the sake of their hides, but gradually he learned to smoke and preserve the flesh, which is now, under the name of *carna seca*, an article of regular consumption throughout South America. More recently, it has been the practice to extract the tallow, which is used in Brazil for the manufacture of soap. Quite lately, there have been also projects for economising the bones of these cattle; and, possibly, the mameluco may learn to become a producer, in spite of his inbred habits of wild adventure.

In some instances these people have flocks of sheep; but true to the hidalgo pride of their fathers, the mameluco will not undertake the laborious task of a shepherd. His remarkable tact in the control of animals is displayed in the substitute he has found to supply the place of man in this ancient occupation. He has trained dogs with such success, that the faithful animals set off alone with the flocks of sheep in the morning, bearing, suspended in a basket from their necks, their own pittance of food for the day, and, without assistance, at nightfall, drive home their woolly charge. The mamelucos are never found engaged in regular labour; and however useful they may be in the present state of Brazil, their energetic qualities will require much adaptation before they can be utilised for the future development of the country. One pleasing characteristic of this people is their prompt and zealous hospitality; in no country of the world is the traveller received with a more cordial welcome than that he meets with in the *roncho* of these equine horsemen of Brazil.

2. The mulattoes of Brazil are generally freemen. The greater number of them are found in the cities of the coast and in the towns on the great rivers. In these places, if of poor parentage, the mulatto becomes an artisan, and a large proportion of the skilled working-classes of Brazil belong to this class. If the father of a mulatto be wealthy, and should he give him a good education, there is no bar to his social advancement; many become merchants, some doctors, others priests, and occasionally even legislators. In these positions, the mulatto loses much of his distinctive physiognomy, and is recognised as a gentleman, more or less irreproachable. It has been remarked that the mulatto is generally characterised by a certain astuteness and wariness of address, as a peculiarity of his mixed organisation.

When the mulatto is left to his own resources, he has, like the mameluco, an irresistible desire for the control of horses and mules. The inland transit in Brazil between the *fazendas*, or plantations, and the outports is still conducted by trains of mules. On the backs of these animals are brought down to the coast the sugar, cotton, and coffee which form the staples of Brazilian production. In return, the planter requires salt, oil, wine, and—for his slaves—carna seca, the dried beef spoken of above. In this system of transit, the mulatto generally occupies two important offices: that of the *arreador*, or guide of the mule-train; and that of keeper of the *roncho de la venda*, the inn or post-house where the caravan halts at mid-day, and reposes at night.

The post of the arreador is a very responsible one: he is the captain, the treasurer, and veterinary surgeon for the whole caravan. When the journey towards the coast is taken after the rainy season, or if the train be overtaken by a storm, his duties are arduous and perplexing in the extreme. His great difficulty in the journey from the coast is to guard the stores of wine and carna seca from the pilferings of the negro *tocadores*, or drivers. The arreador takes his repasts and lodges behind a pile of bales, so that he may keep his negro assistants at a proper distance, and maintain the dignity of his station; occasionally, he has two or three dogs as a body-guard.

The mules exhibit great intelligence; probably their instincts are sharpened by contact with each other, a result which may often be observed in animals which are constantly associated together. At the mid-day rest in the roncho de la venda their loads are removed or much lightened. If one is served with food before the rest, a great disturbance would take place, and the negroes have to serve them simultaneously, lest they should witness a scene of revolutionary violence. M. de Ribeyrolles—who travelled in Brazil at the same time as the writer quoted above—thus describes the mule which leads the long train: 'His head is surmounted with a plume; to his rich harness is fixed a bell; for a frontlet, he has a plate of silver, on which glitters the name of the house to which the train belongs; but the noble animal—thanks, doubtless, to the weight of this display—trembles not under his charge. I have seen many generals and drum-majors who did not so well understand how to sustain their pomp under the calm pride and tranquil dignity which the mule-leader exhibits. . . . . The line follows in order and with regulated freedom, without

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brutality, without lashes of the whip, almost without word of command.' This is a pleasant picture. But how does it fare with the mules and their captain in the rainy season? Most of the roads in Brazil are utterly unworthy of the name—they are either steep ascents or mere gullies. At such times, the poor mules slip or stumble at every step, occasionally plunging into deep holes full of tenacious mud. Presently, one of them falls, and is unable to extricate itself; then the arreador is summoned by the cries of the negro driver. The load is taken off, and a lasso is put round the neck of the luckless beast; the negro tocadores pull at the line, whilst the arreador plies the mule with his whip. This mode of assistance seldom enables the mule to rise, and it is generally left to perish in the mud, and its carcass becomes a prey to the vultures. But the load must not be left, and it is disposed of by being distributed amongst the loads of other mules; these object to the new burden; and when a second mule has fallen, and the loads have again to be increased, the sensible creatures resist with all their resources of bites and kicks, well knowing that it is for them a question of life and death. If the coffee or sugar has to be left at the roadside, there is little chance of recovering it; myriads of rats, squirrels, and other rodent animals, soon pierce the packages, and devour the contents.

There is great waste of animal life in Brazil. M. D'Assier says, that in passing over the Serro do Mar—one of the maritime Cordilleras which is a main route for the caravans into the interior—he noticed the shoes of horses and mules scattered about in a quantity that would have sufficed for a cavalry regiment. He met with a *tropeiro*, who, out of one hundred oxen, had just lost fifty of them in a storm. In many places, the air was quite infected by the decaying carcasses of mules and oxen. Flocks of vultures hovered around, and, as if conscious of the usefulness of their functions, gave little heed to the approach of the traveller.

Besides the employments already specified in which mulattoes are engaged, some among the lower classes of them serve as guides into the interior of the country, and attend the fairs which are held in all the colonised parts of Brazil. From the coarser and more debased individuals of the mulatto race, the planter obtains the field-overseers for his slaves. Answering to this character is the following description of an overseer whom M. D'Assier saw in charge of a gang of negroes in the field: 'A huge mulatto with muscular arms, an animal physiognomy, a countenance deeply sunburnt. He was dressed in a striped shirt, linen trousers, and a large straw hat. From his girdle was hung an enormous ferule (*palmatorium*), and he held behind him, in his right hand, a long whip.'

3. Of the total population of Brazil, the negro race forms a larger proportion than any other single element; the negroes number little short of three millions. The peculiarities of the negro race, and the ordinary aspects of slavery, are sufficiently understood; but there are special circumstances connected with the black population and slavery in Brazil, which should be duly considered in estimating the position of the negro, as compared with the rest of the Brazilians.

Brazil was the first American colony to which negro slaves were taken, and—if we except the clandestine slave-trade of Cuba—the last colony which has imported native Africans. The Portuguese enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the first—and, we trust, the last—regular slave-traders. Many of the negroes first taken to Brazil belonged to the more vigorous races of Africa. Some of the free negroes in Brazil, as those in the province of Minas, bear evidence of superior mental and physical powers, their profiles being in some cases nearly equal to the Caucasian type. In the war between the Dutch colonies and Brazil in the seventeenth century, a negro regiment under its black colonel, Henriquez Diaz, made itself the terror of the Dutch; and about the middle of that century, the negro republic of Palmares was reduced by the Portuguese soldiery only after a protracted blockade, having maintained its independence for upwards of fifty years. It is perhaps owing to the existence of these vigorous and truculent qualities in the negroes of Brazil, that the colonists have refrained from some of the severities practised in other colonies; and also, that certain limitations to the masters' power have become established by custom.

The Brazilian slaves may be divided into three distinct classes: the field-slaves, the planters' domestic and personal servants, and the slaves of the large cities and seaports. The first of these classes is the most numerous, and in the worst position. Their lot differs little from that life of monotonous hardship which is inseparable from slavery in tropical climates. They work in the cane-field or coffee-plantation, under the eye and within reach of the lash of the overseer; they are fed by the side of the field, like herds of cattle, and on the week-days they know of no respite from toil, except the time allowed for sleep and their two daily meals. The Sunday, which the religious profession of the planter induces him to sacrifice, finds the slave without any disposition to improve his condition. Most of the day is spent by the negro in dancing and noisy amusements. He has a small plot of ground allowed him, but most of the profit gained from its cultivation is spent in indulgences; instead of this fund being devoted, as the planter intends it, to the improvement of the negro's wardrobe, he spends it on tobacco or *cachaça* (brandy), whilst his garments flutter in rags. There are two economical checks on the frequent or too severe punishment of the slave, the force of which is felt by the planter—these are, a fear lest the labour of the plantation should be interfered with, and the danger of the market value of the slave being lessened. There are many small proprietors in Brazil, and with them these considerations operate as a practical protection for the negro. The buyer of a slave first examines the state of the negro's shoulders and back, and according as the marks of frequent floggings are visible or not, he thinks to estimate with tolerable correctness the moral and industrial qualities of the labour-machine which he wishes to buy. In Brazil, the transfer of slaves is not unfrequent, and the facility of escape is great; so that a variety of causes tend to lighten the lot of the Brazilian slave, and prevent those more atrocious cruelties which have sometimes been associated with the slavery of the West Indies and the Southern States of North America.

In Brazil, as in all slave-countries, except, perhaps, in the cotton states of America, where a strict necessity exists for economical production, there is sufficient evidence of the wasteful character of slave-labour. The method of road-making adopted by the negroes is a good illustration of this. Quite ignorant of the views of Macadam, their idea of a road is merely that of a route through, or an opening in, the forest; for that purpose, they contrive, previously to the rainy season, or immediately before a storm, to fire the dry forest in the direction which the 'exploitation' is to take. After the fire has cleared away the foliage and all but the largest trunks, then comes the rain of Brazil, compared with which, as Waterton says, 'our heaviest thunder-storm is but a gentle shower.' The deluge scoops out a route, intersected, as may be supposed, with deep pools and muddy chasms. Surely the ingenuity of indolence could not have a more imposing illustration than is afforded by this feat of negro engineering.

The few negroes attached to the personal service of the Brazilian planter generally live under mild and

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considerate rule; but if they should offend, corporal punishment or the terrors of field-service await them. There is a certain peculiar custom in Brazil which often intervenes for the protection of a domestic slave from a sentence of flogging; when the slave has committed a serious fault, he hurries off to any neighbouring planter who may be a friend or relative of his master. The negro confesses the fault he has committed, and then begs for an *apadrinhar*, or letter of pardon. The planter gives the suppliant a lecture—severe in proportion to his offence—warns him never to come on a like errand again, finally dismissing the culprit with the coveted document. So well established is this custom, that the offended *senhor* always remits the flogging, though he may dismiss the offender to a life under the overseer, a lot which comprises all the sufferings of slavery, and which is degradation compared with the position of the domestic slave. This sentence is dreaded more even than the whip.

The third class of Brazilian slaves are those in the large cities and seaports, where they perform all the heaviest work, such as that of porters and dock-labourers. Far the larger proportion of this class are denizens of Bahia, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro. In such occupations as these, control and coercion are impossible. The negro in this position becomes the farmer of his own energy; he pays to his master one *milreis* (about two shillings) per day, and then obtains the largest amount he can by his labour, retaining the excess for his own advantage. When he has saved sufficient to pay for his own ransom, he presents himself before his senhor with a bond of manumission, ready drawn up, and this the law requires the master to sign. Thus, with the city-class of Brazilian slaves, involuntary servitude assumes its mildest form—that of a money obligation; and the negro there exhibits that remarkable capacity for arduous labour which in him is always developed by favourable circumstances.

4. The Portuguese divide the aborigines of Brazil into two classes—the *Indios bravos* and the *Indios mansos*. The former designation is generally applied to the Indians who have retired into the distant recesses of the forest; while the latter term is used in speaking of the natives who dwell in the open country or on the banks of the streams. These divisions answer also, in some points, to the distinctions of *Guarani* and *Botocudos*, names which have been often used by European travellers, who seem to prefer the former appellation for the natives in the northern provinces, and the latter for the southern aborigines of Brazil. In reality, the geographical separation seems a very uncertain one.

All the Brazilian aborigines have had, and many of them still retain, a hatred to, and dread of, the Portuguese colonists. Before the introduction of negro slavery, the Indians had been cruelly enslaved or pursued with relentless ferocity. The gold-mines of Brazil were not worked until the latter half of the seventeenth century; it was the teeming fertility of the soil which attracted the cupidity of the Portuguese, and to extract wealth from agriculture, they must have slaves. Some excuse was needed before the subjugation of the Indians could be openly commenced. The Jesuit missionaries had continuously affirmed the natural equality of the Indian race with that of their invaders, and yet, as we shall see, this truth was used with diabolical ingenuity to furnish the needful apology for the oppression and ultimate extirpation of the Indians on the coast and the larger rivers.

The Jesuits had endeavoured to teach to those simple children of the forest the abstruse dogmas of the European faith, and they had been listened to with exemplary attention. The missionaries marvelled at the assiduity with which the new communicants attended on their ministrations, and the bishops sent home glowing accounts of the eagerness with which this unsophisticated people crowded to the settlements to listen to the 'word of God.' This apparent thirst for religious instruction on the part of the aborigines admits of easy explanation. The missionaries had with them provisions and some of the gaudy manufactures of Europe. The Indians were content to listen to sermons, however incomprehensible, so long as the maintenance of that passive demeanour was the only sacrifice required in order to obtain the material blessings which accompanied the new faith. But when the provisions were exhausted, and, in consequence, the priestly influence began to wane, then the Portuguese captain-general began to develop his more practical views. He desired the Indians to plant maniocs, and to turn to regular agricultural labour. From this portion of the invaders' creed the Indians dissented, and they left the settlements of the whites, and retired to their former haunts by the streams or in the recesses of the forests. Here, then, was the plea required. The redskins were apostates from the faith, whom it was righteous to capture or destroy. The Botocudos, especially, were pursued with relentless ferocity by the Portuguese. In connection with one of their tribes, a device was adopted by the colonists, which in malignant cruelty surpasses probably anything else even in the dark annals of early colonisation: some chintz and other cotton goods were distributed as presents to these Indians, and these cloths had been previously exposed to the contagion of small-pox. The poor wretches fell by thousands before this foul disease, and were thus overcome by an invisible foe, from which they could not flee, and with which they were unable to combat.

Let us turn to the aborigines who yet remain in Brazil. It is generally agreed that the Indios bravos are superior in physical strength and excellence of configuration to any other native American race. Mr Wallace's description of some whom he met with in the northern provinces of Brazil corroborates this account; he speaks of them as having 'superb figures'—superior to those of Europeans; and as to their character, though bashful and cold in manner, he considers that they are 'capable of being formed by education and good government into a peaceable and civilised community.' As to the religious ideas of either class of Brazilian natives, there are somewhat contradictory accounts. M. de Ribeyrolles, who has lived in Brazil for some years, says, that 'amongst the hundred tribes scattered between the mouths of the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata the greatest number live without gods, and no worship is practised under the evergreen vaults of the virgin forests. The great temple knows no other incense than that of flowers.' Although M. de Ribeyrolles here denies the practice of religious ceremonies by the modern Indians, he does not dispute the statements made by the Jesuit missionaries and other travellers, which attribute to the natives the possession of a rude system of theology. Testimony from various sources shews that the Brazilian Indians have generally acknowledged one supreme God, their title for whom was similar to their word for thunder (*Tupan*). To this deity was opposed a spirit of evil (*Anhanga*), and under these two a crowd of inferior supernatural agencies: the whole system of their mythology terminated in their sorcerers or diviners.

The attitude of the Indians towards the present religious efforts of the Brazilian priests is similar to that with which they met the earlier missionaries; the Indian steadily maintains the principle of 'giving nothing for nothing.'

The appellation Botocudos is derived from the Portuguese word *botoque*, 'bung of a cask.' The colonists applied this term to the discs of wood which those tribes suspend from their lower lips and the tips of their ears. Amongst a people without traditions,

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it seems vain to inquire into the origin of this custom. Not only is the exposure of the teeth and gums —caused by this strange ornament—very unsightly, but it prevents the pronunciation of the labial sounds. Whenever *b* or *p* occurs in their rude syllables, they lift up the pendent lip with their fingers, so as to enable them to make some approach to those sounds. The language of the Botocudos displays the low state of their mental condition: thus, their word *tchoon*, for 'tree,' has to do duty alike for the living branch and the dry wood in all its shapes, as beam or billet, stick or stake. Their word for 'head' has, by the help, we presume, of signs to serve for several parts of the body. A reference to their animal wants supplies a large portion of their vocabulary: thus, 'night' is spoken of as *taron-tè-tou*, 'the time of hunger;' a sober man is *couang-ê-mah*, 'empty stomach.' The bluntness of their moral perceptions is also indicated by their having to use negative terms when they speak of honesty, truth, &c. To describe an honest man, they say *nyinkeck-amnoup*, a compound which is equivalent to 'not-thief;' so with a truthful person, he is *iapoiun-amnoup*, a 'not-liar.'

The clearance system as practised in Brazil is one that moves back the aborigines without actual collision with the colonists. Sometimes they are first ordered to remove; but if it be a tract of forest-land that is needed for a plantation, the usual method is to set fire to the wood; then the poor Botocudo takes up his guitar, the only movable he prizes, and he again sets up his roncho a little further from the white man. Generally, the Indians on the borders of the plantations exhibit that listless, dejected attitude which seems to invite extinction, and 'appear to await with terror the day when the hatchet of the Portuguese will come to destroy their last refuge.' The fearful swords which some travellers have asserted that these people possess, prove, on close inspection, to be little better than toys, being made of a species of rushes. When it is remembered that, in Brazil, iron is often found nearly on the surface of the earth, the absence of it from the dwellings of the Indians may be taken as one indication of their incapacity for the arts of civilised life.

5. The cabocle is the least numerous variety of the coloured people of Brazil. This name is applied to the class which has arisen from the occasional unions of negroes with Indian women. As a class, the cabocle inherits the defects and misfortunes of both the conquered and proscribed races. Although he possesses more capacity for regular labour than the Indian, yet hereditary indolence and self-indulgence seem to have centred in this hybrid race, which has obtained the cognomen of the *lazzaroni* of the New World. The cabocle is generally associated with the Indios mansos, and joins them in gathering the stores of medicinal plants for barter. He also displays some ingenuity in the manufacture of rude pottery. In this he exhibits a grotesque taste by the intermingling of red and dark clay; he seems to delight in producing the figure of the cayman on the sides of his jars.

This review of the five divisions of the coloured population of Brazil does not, when we merely regard their qualities and habits, inspire much hope of any rapid development of the immense resources of that empire. All these races exhibit, in a greater or less degree, a disinclination for continuous exertion. Yet, if we venture to look a little beyond the present circumstances of Brazil, the prospect is far from being a hopeless one. The mamelucos and mulattoes both inherit some of those energetic qualities which made the Portuguese the most daring navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and if it should happily come to pass that the Brazilians become induced to offer to their field, as well as their city, slaves the chance of becoming free labourers, the full capacity of the negroes for tropical labour will then be fully evoked. In the great variety of human faculties and qualities which Brazil holds within her borders, the empire seems to possess special facilities for the development of her remarkably diversified natural resources. Too much stress has been laid on the deficiencies of particular races. It is one of the beneficent tasks of mechanical science, especially as applied to locomotion, to bring an ever-increasing variety of men into dependence on, and therefore sympathy with, each other. There is a vast scope for this kind of progress in Brazil, and there is some evidence that the Brazilians are awaking to a due sense of their opportunities. In opening the legislature a few weeks ago, the emperor's speech contained this passage: 'The development of the means of communication, the immigration of free labourers, and the turning to better advantage the labourers you already possess, call for your serious attention.' If that attention be given, there is no doubt that all the six varieties who make up the Brazilian people may be of mutual service to each other.

KITTY CLARK'S WILL.

I.

A COMPLIMENTARY and (in their way) sympathising throng were assembled in the room where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying now, there was no doubt. The wolf, so often cried causelessly during the few preceding years of her long life, was at last growling at the door. From this attack it was certain she would not recover.

She herself was aware of it. The hand of Time, which was crushing her into the grave, which had stolen from her all the vigour of life, leaving her like a dry and sapless tree, had not quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit which for seventy years she had possessed. She well knew she was dying. It was understood that she had made a will, which was lodged in the hands of Mr Crocks, who, as merchant, postmaster, and member of the council,* was undoubtedly the proper person to have charge of a document of such importance. Great curiosity was felt, and many now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from her, or those who nursed her, some intelligence as to what that will contained. But she had made no confidents; and, as evening drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stupor, from which she only awoke by sudden starts, when she would utter a groan of pain, or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

Very strange, to unaccustomed eyes, would have been the scene, lit up by the red glow of the fire of bark and pine-wood blazing on the broad hearth; for, though the season was May, the night-air was chill, and the rough log-walls by no means forbade its entrance. In one corner was the bed, where lay the invalid, uncurtained and unscreened: while on and around it were the two or three women at present in office as nurses, one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon and phial, while a third supported the pillows on her arm. Filling the rest of the room, were about a dozen female figures, among whom the seven ages of woman might have been sought and found, from the infant in the cradle to the crone of threescore and ten. There was the child creeping on the floor, in charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the fireside, a young mother fondled her first-born with exultant pride, as she talked to the sedate matron who watched the gruel simmering on the glowing coals; while the old women compared notes as to the death-beds they had attended and the funerals they had seen. The men were mostly gathered in the 'stoop' outside, but the masculine element was not entirely wanting within; it was represented by old Silas Doyle, who had 'the gift of grace,' and had come to pray with the invalid;

* The scene of this story is laid in Canada.

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and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning over the shoulder of pretty Amarylla Dollman, who looked up in his face with such a languishing expression in her great soft eyes. Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have aided her by any means in their power, but their sympathy did not in the least prevent their attending to their own affairs; nor did any seem to remember that as she was now, so they all in their turn must be. The peculiar hum of many voices speaking low sounded in the room, while over all the red fire shed a lurid light, and cast fantastic shadows on the smoky walls.

Now and then, the creaking door would open, and give entrance to some fresh visitor, and the crazy floor would rock under even a careful tread, as the newcomer advanced to the bed, held the candle so as to throw the light on the sick woman's face, and made audible remarks on her appearance, and the change for the worse perceptible since the last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done and put away; this accounted for the unusual gathering, where there were generally only those who were needed or had nothing to do at home; but all were now free to make inquiries and to indulge, at a common rendezvous, in a little friendly chat. Kitty's was not the only sick-room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was almost given over, and was, moreover, a very interesting case, as she was delirious; the interest was therefore somewhat divided, but Kitty's was the favourite resort. Abel Blunt lived in a substantial house with various rooms, and only a privileged few were admitted to the presence of the invalid; but Kitty Clark's one-roomed shanty, where the visitor had nothing to do but to open the door and walk in, gave free access to all.

II.

Let us listen to some of the scraps of conversation, and learn how matters stand in Crocksville, such having been the name given the place when it arrived at the dignity of possessing a post-office, and received a name at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who is whispering in low tones to Amarylla: 'So you think there's no chance he'll change his mind, Am'rilly dear?'

'Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry Robert till he had a farm of his own, and he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while.'

'I s'pose we must; but it's awful hard to have patience.'

'Well, we're both young, and we can afford it. Besides, you'll have time to consider whether you'll change your mind. Better before than after.'

The reply to this woman-like and aggravating speech is lost in the remark of Bella Jones: 'I guess she won't get over it this time.'

'It's hard to say,' replied Mrs Jackson, to whom she had spoken. 'My mother used to have just such turns, and she lived to be ninety.'

'I wonder who she's left the farm to,' pursued Miss Jones.

'Neither you nor me, I guess. It'll be sure to go to some one as don't want it. Crocks'll get it, I shouldn't wonder, because he's rich already.'

'How's Abel Blunt's wife to-day?' asked Mrs Sands, interrupting Mrs Jackson's sarcastic observations.

'Awful bad. They had two doctors there to-day.'

'She's violent, I heard,' said another. 'They had to shave her head, to keep her from tearing out her hair.'

'I heard 'twas rheumatic fever; but it don't seem like it.'

'No,' said Mrs Sands, ''taint that. They give her too much opium, and it set her kind o' wild.'

'My opinion is,' said Silas Doyle, joining in from his seat at the bed-head, 'that she's under conviction. Her symptoms is all that way.'

'Anyhow, she's in awful suffering,' said Mrs Sands.

'Ah!' rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, 'it's a blessed thing to be under conviction of sin.'

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been sceptical as to the blessedness of Mrs Blunt's condition, but no one present expressed a doubt on the point. As if roused by the sounds familiar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred, and muttered some words, of which 'Help me, save me,' were alone audible.

'She's been that way all day,' whispered Mrs Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs Sands, 'praying whenever she was sensible, or in most pain.'

'Ah!' returned Mrs Sands. 'Well, I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she *is* called away. She's always been a professor.'

'Profession and practice don't always go together,' muttered Mrs Jones over the gruel saucepan.

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs Green bent down to listen. 'Her mind's running on the Scriptures; she's saying something about Jephthah's daughter.'

Mrs Jones and another woman exchanged glances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. 'Ah!' said Mrs Jones, ''taint the Scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jephthah's daughter.'

'What else?' said rosy little Mrs Blake, a newcomer to Crocksville, restraining a sudden leap of her infant towards the blaze.

Mrs Jones looked up. 'Did you never hear?' she asked in a low tone.

'Do tell! I never heard a mention of anything.'

Mrs Jones lowered her voice to a solemn whisper, and began her tale.

III.

'There ain't many left here that remembers what happened over thirty years ago; I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or so, and one of the first things I remember is old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here, in this shanty; I don't believe there's been a morsel done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down. She was always a queer sort o' body. I've heard my mother say that if you went in when she was setting the table, she'd clear the things right off again, and pretend she was washing up the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her; and if her man or the boys (she had two then) come in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone, she was that cur'ous and secret. Sam Clark, her husband, was a shiftless sort o' man; not that he wasn't fond enough o' money, or didn't try to make it, but he wasn't fond o' hard work, and had a turn for tradin' and speculatin', and when a man's that way, instead o' stickin' to his work regular, the money goes faster than it comes. They never got on. They worked this land on shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the boys was big enough to leave home, and then they went off to work on their own hook.

'Well, of course, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependin' on pedlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular—the grocery pedler, and the dry-goods pedler, the tinman (he carried hardware mostly too), and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal oftener, and their stocks was twiste as good. They was always a familiar sort o' men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going away.

'I recollect one of them, by the name of Jephthah Murney. He came from Williamsburg, and dealt in jewellery and such-like trash. I didn't think it trash

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in those days, though; and I believe the girls thought more of Jephthah's visits than any one else's, and spent most of their savings with him. He was a foolish kind o' man: if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know just how much, and what he was going to do with it, and so on, as if he wasn't quite wise. "You'd better quit that habit you've got of talking of your money, Jephthah," says my mother to him one day, "or you'll chance on some one who'll save you the trouble of carrying it." But Jephthah only laughed, and went on just the same.

'He came round the last time in January thirty-two years ago. I mind it well, for there'd been an awful snow-storm, that had kept me two days and nights over at old Uncle Jake Fitcher's. When I come home on the third evening, mother told me Jephthah had been there. Well, I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckonin' on a pair of gold ear-rings he'd got, ever since his last visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy them; but mother comforted me. "You can get 'em in the morning," says she, "for Jephthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's to-night, 'count o' the drifts bein' so bad." Well, she kept talking of Jephthah. "He'll be robbed some day, as sure as life," says she. "I never heard a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in his right mind. He told me to-day he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land, and leave peddling. But he'll be robbed first, if there's a ha'porth of roguery left in the world."

'Well, the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind o' noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said: "Come in." When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an everlasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woollen rags.'

Here Mrs Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in the last words had made Mrs Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

IV.

'Well, I looked round,' continued Mrs Jones, 'but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah. "Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs Clark?" says I. "That's more'n I can tell you," says she; "he quit here this morning at daylight." I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him any nearer; so I said I'd have to wait till he came round next time. "When Jephthah Murney comes round again, you'll get ear-rings for nothing," says Kitty: "he's going to quit peddling, and buy a farm." "Yes," says I; "he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday." "Well," says she, "he didn't say here how much he had, only just what I tell you." I didn't stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; she kept fussin' round; but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh filed off, and the place red up as if it was afternoon.

'I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jephthah Murney? His horse and cutter was found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; but he was never seen or heard of again. Of course, there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; but they stuck to their story; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found that could shew they had made away with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the States. Maybe he did; but it's allays been my opinion, and a good many others' too, that if he did hook the money, he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's. I don't know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, the fresh-washed floor, and the awful suffocatin' smell.

'It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl about twelve year old. All he had was on him, and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back with him as bound-girl. She was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a scared look in her eyes, but she grew out of that; and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, so Andrew made no objections to the match, and she made a good wife for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on that way with Am'rilly Dollman.'

'That'll be a match some day, I shouldn't wonder,' said Mrs Blake.

''Twould have been before this, if Martin had a farm of his own; but while he lives with his father, old Dollman won't allow it.'

'And so nothing was ever heard of the pedler?'

'Not a word. The Clarks got on bettersome for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been; and they bought this farm. But then everything went wrong: the two boys died—one was killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which wasn't long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him but herself. Since he died, she has lived alone, and shared the land. It's good land, and I should think she must have saved money. I wonder who she's left it to.'

'Young Martin, perhaps.'

'I guess not. She always had a sing'lar dislike to his mother. May be, her conscience told her why. No; it's more likely to be Am'rilly Dollman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it.'

'Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so as one of them gets it,' remarked Mrs Blake.

A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened her eyes, and raised herself, unaided, on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed round on the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; then she broke into a laugh, harsh and loud: 'Aha!' she cried in a shrill voice, 'they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and down cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!' and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. 'My! ain't that awful?' said Bella Jones; while pretty Amaryllа shrunk, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in their charge. She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

'She'll go off that way,' said Mrs Green. 'She may linger a while, but she'll sleep her life out so. And now, as it's getting late, I think I'll clear out.'

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a most dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

V.

No one was surprised to hear the next morning

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that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature. 'She just went out like the snuff of a candle,' Mrs Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and was arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, 'which,' as she had once observed, 'was the convenientest dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral;' the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curiosity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr Crocks' hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but discuss them; but Mr Crocks said, 'that, 'cordin' to rule, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral,' and announced his intention of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonious formality; however, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, 'just for an hour or two,' the next afternoon to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more 'in her ashes honoured' than she had ever been in life. As Mrs Jones remarked: 'It was 'mazin' what folks would do for the sake of curiosity: there was old Jim White had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner.' As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or her self to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been 'not quite right,' no one could tell on what unlikely person her favour might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr Crocks opened the important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in charge for his daughter Amarylla till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly: the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and the money in an old leathern purse in the cupboard, amounting to about fifteen dollars, were Amarylla's at once, unconditionally; the house itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amarylla had always been thought rather a favourite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. 'She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm.' Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him; and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed; he had expected nothing, and was not disappointed. Some congratulated Amarylla, and some envied her; while old Mr Dollman went out forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, and decide which were to be sown with barley, and which with wheat.

VI.

It soon appeared that Mrs Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amarylla or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lovers sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amarylla endeavoured to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance 'that, as soon as the farm was quite hers, she would give it to him, and then'—— But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amarylla was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing, and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence. Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day, he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his 'man' worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed, of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of his axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow, and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet what for a moment made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped—a paper parcel addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked 'Jephthah Murney," part of a pedler's stock of old-fashioned jewellery, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered; the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and had kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, could never be known. Their ill-gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death and that of her sons', had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them. Her life's savings were contained in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked: 'Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother.' Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week.

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At the end of that time, it became known that Mr Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put up on the farm.

FOUR MODERN DISCOVERIES.

We—we nineteenth-century people, tenants-for-life of the grand old Earth—have a trick of blowing our own trumpet with untiring lungs and the sincerest good faith. There is, however, a sameness in the performance; the tunes are wofully alike, however artfully disguised by bravura flourishes, fantastic variations, and all the resources of science. Steam and electricity, moral and material progress, deep-sea telegraphs, the sun himself impressed in our service as an unpaid portrait-painter, spectrum analysis, the wonders of the sea-shore, and sanitary improvements, we must run the changes on these and a few more, or be left out of the chorus. There is a fatal fascination in these and certain other cognate subjects, which public speakers and writers can no more avoid, than the sparrow that has been unlucky enough to catch the eye of Grimalkin can avoid her claws and teeth. When Lord Lignum addresses the Archæologists next month, he will dwell on these matters, wisely and well, to the extent of four closely-printed columns of the *Times* paper. When Squire Shorthorn, next week, presides as chairman at the opening of the Hookham Snivey Mechanics' Institute, he will feel it his duty to take a 'tremendous header' into the same series of topics, and to be congratulatory, prophetic, and didactic during the longest and most miserable twenty minutes of his honest life.

In all this world-wide pæan of self-glorification, some modern discoveries are apt, like the Ugly Duckling in a farmyard, to be snubbed, ignored, and altogether passed over. Yet, although they cannot be weighed and measured, cannot be surveyed through the medium of the oxyhydrogen microscope, or wire-drawn to the three-thousandth part of an inch, or rolled by hydraulic power into slabs, they are none the less real and genuine. These are four in number, and the two lightest and slightest may as well be taken first: the enjoyment of beautiful scenery; and the spirit of adventure and romance.

Very modern are both of these, new as the alkaline metals, new as the spinning-jenny; nay, if we are to date their origin from their adoption by society, in the broadest sense of the word, and not by a small number of persons with abundant leisure and means, they are things of yesterday. Mountain and glen, sea and forest, the deep glades of the greenwood, and the virgin snows of the Alps, were always as worthy of love and praise as we see them to-day; the scenery was always there, but the change is in the eyes that look on it; and this generation of ours might be compared to one whose strange gift it was, like Thomas the Rhymer's, to behold the elfin folk trooping around, when earthly senses failed to see them.

Savages do not admire pretty scenery, and no wonder, for their narrow minds are wholly engrossed by the struggle for a precarious maintenance, and the need of guarding against enemies. But even the most classic of ancients, the most chivalric of Crusaders, the finest of the fine gentlemen and ladies whose pomander-boxes and clouded canes are still embalmed in Pope's verse, were not much ahead, in this respect, of the tattooed South-sea Islanders. After Homer's time, even the sea, dear to Greeks, did not prove the theme for much poetry; Hellenic bards preferred to sing of the passions and woes of men and women. Virgil, Horace, Ovid shew some affection for the woods, certainly, but it is for a mere belt of beech and ilex, skirting the orchards, and pastures, and rich corn-land that were to surround the white villa, just so much wood as served to shelter nymph and dryad, and to bring the courts of Pan and Bacchus into graceful proximity to the human race. A true forest was a 'horrid' place, with its caves and darkling shades, and rough bears and wolves; and the Alps were merely a snowy wall, good to keep out barbarian robbers.

The people of medieval Europe agreed with the Romans in liking the greenwood, though on different grounds. They had no dainty dreams of subordinate mythology, with all its leopard-drawn cars, ivy wreaths, vine-leaved spears, white draperied nymphs, or shaggy fauns, ranging blithely under the arching boughs. They believed in fairies, as in shrieking ghosts, white women, and erlkings, but devoutly hoped never to stumble in their path. But the nobles loved hunting; and the commonalty of the towns were never so happy as when they could go 'a-Maying' in the nearest forest, singing, whooping, and tearing down green boughs and blossomed hawthorn, and altogether behaving in the boisterous manner of school-boys broke loose. Lord-mayors and lady-mayoresses went 'a-Maying' then, and thought it no disparagement to their dignity to cut the strangest capers under the trees of silvan Epping; aldermen were smothered in flowers, laughingly hurled by merry 'prentices and maidens reared beneath the shadow of Bow belfry; the livery pelted the sheriffs with tufted violets; and the wives of common councilmen wove daisy crowns and cowslip chains for general distribution.

With all this love for picnics and a blithesome scramble, four or five times a year, amid the greenery that then girt most cities pretty closely, there was combined no glimmer of taste for what we call the picturesque. Our ancestors preferred valleys to hills, plains to mountain-ranges, the inland districts to those that skirted the sea. What they really loved was a fat vale like that of Aylesbury, full of sheep, wheat, and horned cattle, with barley on the uplands around, or a rich champaign such as Leicestershire. With them, a fine country, a beautiful country, meant merely such a province as would grow the most corn and feed the most oxen. The French, save only a few æsthetic Parisians, are of the same mind still. To them, the dull brown plain of Touraine, flat as Holland, and fertile as old Egypt, is the fairest part of France, far outshining those sterile Pyrenees and Alps that crazy foreigners run to look upon. Our predecessors feared famine too much, and were too heartily in love with good eating and drinking, a warm suit of clothing, and a quiet fireside, to see any merit in blue peaks and purple moorlands.

Dr Oliver Goldsmith was ahead of his age in many respects, and yet *he* could see no charm in the Scottish Highlands. Like Sir Charles Coldstream in the play, the tender-hearted author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* looked at Ben Lomond, and saw 'nothing in it.' Those dark heathy hills, naked scaurs, and savage precipices, appeared to him as something painful and shocking. Instead of bursting into song in praise of the glens and hoary heights, poor 'Goldie' turns shuddering away, and sighs for the rich and cultured country of the Netherlands, with its canals, barges, shipping, its thousand wind-mills, red-tiled roofs, and trim dairy-farms stocked with lowing cows, which the doctor openly preferred to all the heather and rocks, all the eagles and red-deer in the universe.

The correspondence between honest Boswell and his youthful friend, the Honourable Andrew Erskine, reveals a similar state of feeling on the part of two born Scots of good parts and education. Mr Erskine is piteously ironical regarding the 'enormous high black hills,' which he would fain transform into green and wooded uplands, specked with villas and Arcadian cots, and regrets that the bare-kneed gillies can by no stretch of fancy be converted into piping Corydons of the true Greüze pattern.

Then the taste for romance had scanty foothold

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among those who came before us. They habitually went to war, those valiant knights and crowned kings of old, either for self-preservation, or, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, for downright plunder. Nine-tenths of all wars have been the veriest bucaneering onslaughts; and robbery and ransom were cherished institutions of the feudal time. The Crusades were swelled by recruits who assumed the cross from very mixed motives: Otho went out of sheer vanity; Peter, because it was the fashion, and other medieval Dundrearies meant to go; Raoul, to wash out his crimes in Saracen blood, as his only hope of getting absolution for poisoning his uncle and poniarding his wife; Gualtier, because he was over head and ears in debt, and might pay off his mortgages if he had luck in pillaging Kurdish castles. Add to these the sincere fanatics and the politic princes, and you make up a goodly plump of martial pilgrims.

But as for going about, like the poor dear Don, redressing wrongs, the chevaliers of elder days certainly did no such thing. The Chronicles of Froissart, rich and stately as they are, do not often treat of sublime motives or disinterested actions. When there was something to be got by fighting, out flew the great swords, and the battle was hot enough; when revenge was the ruling principle, lances were shivered pretty freely; but I cannot learn that anybody, after the expeditions to rescue the Holy Sepulchre ceased, chose to risk his life gratis. It took the golden dream of Prester John's kingdom, full of white elephants and loose jewels, to coax the brave adventurers of Portugal round the Cape of Storms; it took the bright vision of spicy Cipango to lure Columbus over the western waste of waters; and our own ocean-heroes of the Elizabethan age would hardly have cared to face hurricane and fever, famine, torture, and shipwreck, had not the glittering bait of El Dorado drawn them on.

To come down to a later day, what would have been the amazement of Eugenio, in his flowered dressing-gown, yawning over his untasted breakfast at noon, with a pack of cards and a flageolet on the table before him, could he have seen his great-grandson, a member of the Alpine Club, in knickerbockers and shooting-coat, scrambling up the Jungfrau! Eugenio—that very fine gentleman, whose languid faculties were quite absorbed in his ruffles and his play, his halting sonnets and studied epigrams—would have been utterly unable to conceive a rational motive for so much risk and labour on the part of his sturdy descendant. Calista, in muslin wrapper and mob-cap, with yesterday's powder not yet brushed out of her fair hair, and yesterday's rouge yet glaring on her pallid, pretty face, sipping her chocolate, skimming her novel, teasing her parrot, or chiding her little black page, what would *she* have said of the sanity of her great-grand-daughters of Queen Victoria's reign? Ranging Norwegian solitudes alone, scrambling up Mont Blanc, going up the Nile in steamers of their own chartering, making pedestrian tours through Tyrol, hooking salmon in Scottish rivers, or bringing down grouse with fatal precision of aim, are the remote progeny of that lazy Calista, who never walked a mile, or saw a spider without screaming for help. Yes, the spirit of adventure, the facing of hardship and peril out of pure gaiety and daring, and for the fun of the thing, is very new indeed.

Third upon my brief supplementary list of modern discoveries is humanity—'brutal humanity,' as some one sneeringly phrased it when Martin of Connemara was courageously shouldering the bill to prevent ill usage of the brute creation through parliament. This is of recent growth, though Solomon raised his voice in favour of domestic animals, and the Koran enjoins on the Faithful the protection of both beast and bird. But we Westerns—we of the stirring hive of European Christendom—have been King Storks, consuming our subjects out of mere wanton cruelty. The 'terrible Turk' must seem, in the eyes of the feathered race, an angel of light compared to us. The pigeon coos and flutters in perfect security under his sway; the stork sits on her nest undisturbed, and meets the human eye without shewing fear; the very sparrow finds a paradise of rest in a Moslem country; but we, we trap, shoot, and slay everything that runs or flies. We hush the music of the woods, harrying the nests on bough and tree-boll, and spare neither eggs nor young; we even invoke arsenic to our aid, and strew the land with poisoned grain, as if we grudged the breath of life to every one of God's creatures from which we could not draw a money-profit. Boy and man, in idle sport and hard earnest, fall to the work of destroying.

The advocates of humanity, those who passed the bill—the Great Charter of domestic animals—did not aim at effecting more than a moderate reform. They left the wild to take their chance, and only pleaded with our legislators on behalf of the tame. Their task was not a very easy one, the spirit it embodied was so new. It seemed to many thoughtless, but not wilfully bad people to be a most ridiculous subject for parliamentary interference, and they sneered accordingly. Who cared, it was seriously asked, about dumb beasts and their sufferings? and was it right and prudent to deprive the populace of their recreations? Hodge and Dick loved a bull-bait, and why should they be robbed of that delicate disport? Why should not Giles the ploughman signalise Shrove-Tuesday by pelting a poor cock to death with cudgels, as his forefathers had been used to do, with the cordial approbation of squire and parson? Dog-fights, cock-fights, and the like, why should these be stopped, to the annoyance of the 'roughs' of the epoch? And, above all, why should not a man 'wallop his own jackass,' or his horse, or his dog, or any other piece of animated property, as a free-born Briton ought? Yet the bill passed, and now the mob itself, so far as we *have* a mob still left, is nine times in ten upon the side of law and good feeling, and those who maltreat dumb creatures are generally considered as enemies of the commonweal.

Fourthly, among the most recent of these discoveries is Philanthropy. The word is old, but the thing is new. It was unknown to the Greeks, in any broad field of action. An Athenian could not easily feel for a Theban or an Argive; a freeman of Attica or Sparta would have ridiculed the idea of any serious sympathy with the griefs of barbarians. The Romans, too, kept their fine feelings for home consumption. They turned out in swarms on a day of triumph, to applaud the conquering general, and to hoot and jeer the prisoners behind his car. They gloated over the long array of gallant captives, the royal-looking kings, the tall barbarian queens, stately and calm even in chains, the strong-limbed warriors, the blooming youths and gray-haired chiefs, whose valour had failed to resist Rome; and when the show was over, the prisoners were starved or strangled in some underground den, and not a Roman cared to pity them or plead for them.

Middle-aged Christendom was somewhat kinder than Rome or Hellas, but not to all. Not, for instance, to Lollards and Albigenses, for whose spiritual chastening nothing could possibly be too hot or too heavy. Not, also, to the turbaned dogs who believed in Mahound. Out upon the Paynim curs! With them, no truce need be kept, and to them, mercy was indeed held to be a casting of pearls before swine. Not, either, to the yellow-capped Jew in his badged gabardine—not to the Jewess with cushioned hair and horned head-dress—not to the hook-nosed little Hebrews, whose childish prattle was hushed to awe-struck stillness when the roaring rabble broke into the Jewish quarter, thirsty for blood and gold. Nor was it to these alone that medieval Europe shewed a

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face harder than millstone. A thief met with little consideration then, on any grounds of ignorance, want, or evil example. Our forefathers no more heeded these things than they dreamed of the more modern excuse of kleptomania. To take a human life for a sheep, for an ell of cloth, for a measure of wheat, did not seem shocking to many excellent people.

Very gradually did the darkness give place to light; slowly and painfully did Society learn the error of her ways, discovering that jails were not necessarily dens of torment, that madness was not a crime to be punished with chains and hunger, that famine and vice were not the normal conditions of poverty, and that there might be better schoolmasters than Mr John Ketch. She learned more; she found out that even a black man had a soul beneath his dusky skin, and that to rob him of his liberty was not an exemplary proceeding. She began to have strange scruples about war, and especially about war with the feebler races of the world, the tawny heathens, whose improvement off earth's surface she had once viewed as a farmer views the extermination of rat and weasel. Once convinced, Society, especially British Society, accepted the lesson, gulped down the draught in spite of its bitterness, and fell to work honestly, if not always with perfect wisdom. Much has been done towards teaching, helping, and regenerating those who were in sore need, since first Britannia awoke to the conviction that she had a duty towards the ignorant child and the depraved outcast, towards slave and criminal, the fevered wretch and the untaught urchin. Much, very much remains to be done. But the very tenderness of the great national heart, the very scrupulousness of the public conscience, prove that there is much cause for hope and rejoicing, and that from a name, Philanthropy has passed into a fact.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

The love of gain, a passion in which the perverse fancy of a Latin poet detected something sacred and sublime, is a very Mephistopheles. This fiend, leaving Lucifer to deal with ambitious statesmen, and Moloch with truculent soldiers, prefers to haunt the shop, the factory, and the counting-house. Here he lurks in darkling corners, ever on the watch for the moment of temptation, ever ready to whisper evil advice in the ear of master and underlings.

A crafty demon is this Mephistopheles—John Milton's Belial, a little modernised, to suit commercial Christendom; and he has a profound experience of the foibles of citizen Fausts. He can disguise his native ugliness of aspect, hide the cloven foot with eminent address, nay, even sometimes travesty himself into the outward seeming of an angel of light. 'The custom of the trade!' he gently murmurs; 'all the world does it, and why not I? He who is more strait-laced than his neighbours will be ruined, and the more fool he!' And Mr Brown, who cannot see the leering smile and twinkling eyes of his dusky counsellor, listens to the fiend's eloquence, and believes he is hearkening to the voice of his own heart. All honour to Mr Brown if he redden with honest anger at the suggestion, and turn Mephistopheles out of doors at once and for ever.

Fraud in commercial intercourse is the especial vice of civilisation; not that barbarians are necessarily honest; on the contrary, a savage who barters ivory or feathers for beads and cutlery may be as disposed to cheat as Mr Redpath himself; but his powers of doing so are few. The advantages are all with the shrewd white trader, armed in the panoply of superior knowledge. Semi-civilised nations are excessively adroit in deceptions of this kind. John Chinaman, ingenious in all things, can manipulate tea as a juggler handles his cup and balls: he can face it, paint it, glaze it, crimp, revive, and beautify it, and, after passing it through twenty processes, pass it off in triumph upon Mincing Lane. As roguish, though not so plausible, is the Hindu ryot, who steeps his cotton in water, mixes the fibre with dirt and stones, and, finally, sends off a bale of 'Middling Surat' to be opened before a disgusted assemblage of Liverpool brokers.

In the middle ages, the wit of the people developed itself in barren speculations and childish tricks. The same spirit which set schoolmen battling as to the number of angels who could dance on the point of a needle, prompted the most stupendously simple of frauds. One old necromancer, who believed he had sold his soul to the enemy of mankind, had subtly stipulated that the grim mortgage should be foreclosed whether he were buried in the church or out of it. He eluded the contract, to his own satisfaction, by being laid in a hole in the wall. Just in the same way did medieval traffickers get the better of one another. We Britons were not much more righteous than our neighbours; we added weight, wrongfully, to our staple export of wool. Our English cloth was to be seen exposed in the square of St Mark, ignominiously nailed to a post, in token of its wilfully shortened measure, by order of the seignory of Venice. We put damaged malt, oats, hops, and herbs into our beer, and our vintners limed their sack, to the just indignation of Sir John Falstaff. Unlearned communities are apt, like Bardolph, to be too open in their little designs on neighbouring purses. A Maltese, a Catalan, a tavern-keeper of Sicily or Poitou, knows no wilier plan than to water his stronger wines, or to pitch a mule-load of gypsum into a vat of obstinately sour grape-juice. A Russian can make a worthless imitation of most fabrics, and will sell you boots that melt in the mud, a coat that turns to blotting-paper in the first shower, and a carriage adapted, like an ephemeral insect, to an active existence one day in duration. Our old-fashioned cousins of Germany are much more skilled in these dubious arts. Berlin supplies the mock-antiques, the spurious coins of Roman emperors, in which so brisk a trade is driven in Italy. Nor is Hans content with sham sesterces and counterfeit nymphs; he imitates the best manufactures of France and England, strictly on the principle of making his wares for sale rather than use, and is colossal in bad soaps and fictitious perfumery. Pettier stratagems than these are the market-woman's practice of stuffing a duck or fowl with small pebbles, to add weight, or the shipment of Swabian tobacco to Havana, thence to return as cigars worthy a prince's smoking.

The great pushing Anglo-Saxon commonwealths, England and America, have gone very far in the trickery, as well as the legitimate practice of trade. Perhaps Yankee invention, soaring to wooden nutmegs, mock-mermaids, and other Transatlantic curiosities, is bolder in its flights; but the plodding patience of the British practitioner achieves great results. In the days of royal monopolies, the abuses were gross and glaring. The free competition of our own times obliges the despoiler of the public to stoop as well as to conquer. Ralph Browbeat, when Elizabeth was queen, had another fashion of advertising his wares

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than that adopted now a days by Messrs Lacquer and Gripp, his modern pupils. Ralph bawled aloud, by the mouth of the crier, that if any man had occasion for such and such a commodity, it was to Master Browbeat that he was to go for it; and 'let any other vend the same at his peril.' Lacquer and Gripp smile upon us from the fly-leaves of *Bradshaw*, from the broad-sheet of the *Times*, and prove to us, if honeyed words prove anything, that we are but lost moon-calves unless we be reckoned among the customers of those benefactors of humanity. Ralph could afford to hector. His nineteenth-century disciples must fawn, but they shear the public quite as closely as clumsy, bullying Ralph did.

Let us begin with Bread. If the natural history of a loaf could be thoroughly known, it would often have an ugly interest of its own. Perhaps the wheaten flour was mixed with as much care as the ingredients of a medical prescription. So much of Danzig, so much old Kentish, a dash of pure American, to make the percentage of damaged Odessa pass muster, and then the composition passes into the hands of Macduff and Pattypan the bakers. They, too, have their little additions to make; and what with Indian meal, bean-flour, potatoes, and as much alum as will impart a dazzling whiteness, they add a good many inches to the staff of life. 'Custom of the trade,' says Pattypan, and Mephistopheles chuckles to hear the echo of his own persuasive voice.

There are men who are not satisfied with even this—bold rogues, who must needs mix plaster of Paris or pounded spar by the hundredweight with the flour they sell, and they get found out and fined, and pay the penalty of rashness. Fair and softly, is a safer rule. Mr Bull is a patient animal, but prefers to be homœopathically poisoned, not to swallow his proverbial 'peck of dirt' at a single deglutition.

Second in popularity to bread, and second to that only, is the blood of honest John Barleycorn. It was not likely to escape adulteration, and many an illicit fortune has been screwed out of mash-tub and beer-barrel. In this respect, the humbler classes are the chief sufferers. Creaming bitter ale, mighty Burton, and other high-priced beers, are pure, or nearly pure. Young Rapid of Christchurch may be pretty secure that his silver tankard brims over with generous liquor made from the best malt and hops that money can buy. Poor Sam Jones, the coal-whipper, is just as sure to imbibe a stupifying draught of drugged beer at *his* house of call. The great brewers don't adulterate beer: they leave it to smaller folks to drop quassia, tobacco-juice, grains of paradise, and *Cocculus Indicus* into the vats where should be but wholesome materials. But every great brewer has his feudal tenantry, his scores of publicans, bound over to buy and sell monthly so many casks of ale from the brewery. Scarcely any pure beer can be bought by retail; it is made the most of, with water to add bulk, and drugs to add potency. Ignorant men are said rather to prefer the houses where the beer is richest in narcotics; they get intoxicated at a cheaper rate, and sit, sodden and blinking, like ruminating owls, upon the benches.

Wine fares no better. Many of us never through life really know Bacchus as he is. We meet with him in a perpetual masquerade, so disguised that the vine-grower would not recognise his own produce. Port and sherry, the 'red and white' of old days, are elaborately manufactured. A good deal is done in Portugal, where the chemistry of wine is well understood, but London improves on Lisbon. What with logwood-chips, boiled to a pulp—what with sloe and elderberries, with apple-juice, brown brandy, and essence of fruit, the Lusitanian grape is transformed with a vengeance. It is said that raw beef, left to soak in a cask, improves the flavour. Be that as it may, Paterfamilias sips a sophisticated port; and that is but a queer cordial which Irish Mike absorbs at the Plasterers' Arms.

Brandied sherry, loaded claret, vin ordinaire whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead, champagne that owes its frothing amber to the turnip, the rhubarb-stalk, the gooseberry—what gallons of these vile potations are forced down the throat of a thirsty and gullible public. Coarse spirits, too, whether gin or brandy, contain a liberal percentage of turpentine, cayenne pepper, and other fiery ingredients. There is death in the wine-glass, death in the tumbler, or, if not death, sickness and impaired vitality.

It may seem bad enough to drug and hocus the unoffending British public, but here steps in a new despot, stinting the measure in which these suspicious beverages are supplied. A hundred years ago, port wine was at eighteenpence a bottle, and a bottle held a fair quart. It has been dwindling ever since, the three gallons being first stretched so as to fill fifteen flasks, then eighteen, and so on. Where, now, are the corpulent magnums of old days?—where the honest bottle from which our grandfathers drank the king's health? A wine-bottle is now thought praiseworthy if it contain a pint and a quarter, 'kicks' growing deeper every decade; and a pint of ale insults the understanding of the buyer, yielding as it does one sorry half-pint of liquid, an unblushing composition of ten shillings in the pound.

Suppose we abjure alcohol in any form, give our personal assent to a Maine Law of private application, and fly for consolation to our grocer. Tea and coffee, innocent potations! shall be all in all to us. But stay—there is a screw loose even here. Our tea, for instance, has perhaps done duty before, and the stale leaves have been heated and stained with metallic oxides, to restore their virgin lustre. Our coffee, alas! is sternly pronounced by an analytical friend to be no coffee at all, but Belgian chicory and roasted beans. Hardly an article sold by Messrs Lacquer and Gripp will bear a close inspection. Cayenne—pshaw! mere brickdust, common pepper, red lead, and oxide of mercury. Curry—absurd! turmeric, pepper, mustard, lime-powder. Durham mustard—ridiculous, my dear sir! a thing as rare as a roc's egg, and not to be obtained even at Apothecaries' Hall. Wax-candles are not wax; olive oil does not exactly come from olives. However sovereign a thing 'parmaceti' may be, the sperm-candles you buy owe but half their substance to the whales of the equator; sardines are sprats in masquerade; pickles have more copper and acid in their jars than wholesome gherkins should harbour: nothing is what it professes to be.

Oddly enough, the oldest accusation against grocers is a gratuitous calumny. Sugar is never sanded, at least by retail. The reason is obvious. Silica is not soluble in water, and who ever found a small sand-bank at the bottom of his tea-cup! The coarsest brown Muscovado, swarming with lively acari, never contains sand. Butter, however, lends itself to base uses. 'Good fresh' depends for its constituents on more sources than the cow with the crumpled horn. Fifty per cent. of animal fat, ten or fifteen of bruised moss, are no uncommon adjuncts. Salt butter, especially in the manufacturing districts, is often buttered salt rather than salt butter. Half the weight of a tub of 'prime Irish' has been known to consist of downright salt, and of the organic substance remaining, much was tallow. Pepper is full of miscellaneous sweepings, and spices are not all from the Indian seas.

If, rather unwell after a course of such trying condiments, we consult our doctor, his prescriptions do not entirely square with their results. Good physic is too rare, since Macbeth's time, to be thrown to the dogs. It is quite as scarce as good food, probably scarcer. For while many of us are good judges of viands and drink, few have a searching taste in drugs, and the blowpipe and test-tubes are wanted to throw a light upon the subject.

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Mr Tennyson's accusation is quite deserved. If smooth Mr Spatula does not 'pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson lights,' he does what is almost as bad; he adds worthless ingredients to valuable drugs. Everything is vitiated more or less, and this applies not only to chemicals, but to medicine, which is vastly more important. No scientific man relies on what he can buy; he takes the acid, the alkali, the salts of commerce, and purifies them in his own laboratory. The poor sick patient has neither the skill nor the leisure to do this, and suffers accordingly.

Sad that such things should be! Let us light our cigars, Mr Muser, and smoke and think at one and the same time, as is the fancy of many good men. But are you *quite* certain—excuse me—that the roll of twisted tobacco you are putting between your lips ever saw the Moro Castle, or came from Havana at all? It is difficult to be quite certain on that score, and we may have to call the analyst into council again. Most villainous trash, made not only of cheap tobaccos, but of home-grown cabbage steeped in liquid abominations the most deleterious and unsavoury, is annually palmed off upon the British smoker. Society, much against its will, recognises this, and gives, I am ashamed to say how much a pound for the real delicate Cuban leaf, dried and rolled in the dainty Spanish style. The moment you economise, unless, indeed, you boldly declare for a pipe and retrenchment, the alchemist of cabbage marks you for his prey.

Do Epping sausages always come from the Forest? and are they daily compounded, I wonder, of the best pork and beef of that romantic hunting-ground? Or is it possible that they, with polonies and mutton-pies, are made in squalid London alleys, of animal fibre that it is best not to be too nice in discriminating? A good deal of horse-flesh is eaten in town, otherwise than by cats. Diseased cattle, overdriven cattle, 'braxy sheep,' anything that can be chopped and minced, all sell in London. Market inspectors pounce on a cartload of unwholesome meat once and again, but the small fish slip through the meshes.

A bright thought on the part of Mephistopheles was that of mock-auctions. These, unknown thirty years back, are an institution now. The spiders are not content with their permanent webs, the marts, where discriminating lovers of a bargain can always find the hammer suspended over valuables that no one seems to appreciate, but they have invaded the domestic home and hearth. I leave my family mansion in Tyburnia, say, or Pimlico, or St John's Wood, bearing with me my Lares, my household gear, and behold! Mr Varnish invades it. He carries in the gaudiest veneered furniture, pictures, wines, and, with unblushing effrontery, advertises the sale (unreserved) of the capital cellar and choice effects of Timon Dives, Esq., deceased; and probably the scheme pays, for we see it repeated over and over again.

How much cotton is there in a cheap silk? How much old wool, called shoddy, and, perhaps out of compliment to Mephistopheles, devils' dust, may be found in the sound Yorkshire cloth of which Vamp and Stichem make up my two-guinea coat? Jewellers' gold is very rich in copper; your splendid electro-plated dinner-service soon shews its brassy elbows through its thin clothing of silver; from our gas to our kid gloves, we get the worst of the bargain.

To buy a good horse, a good picture, mine, ship, anything, is difficult in the extreme. If you have a weakness for old stained glass, carved oak of the sixteenth century, weapons, glasses, china, it damps your enjoyment to know that, while you are dealing with Mr Rennissance, surrounded by a shopful of curious antiques, forty ingenious persons in the back premises are busily engaged in turning out the same to order, by day or piece work—armour, coins, Venice mirrors, and all.

Even if we eschew doubtful Correggios, and astonishing Hobbimas, a house we must have. And what a pity that Mr Skimpington, the 'eminent' builder, should have contracted for the running up of the crescent, terrace, or row, an eligible residence in which we have the good-fortune to rent. Contracts are often queer things. It was a job throughout. Skimpington knew a 'party' who had a lot of green timber to sell, cheap. It was sure to warp, bend, and do everything that timber ought not; but the price was the thing. Skimpington's foreman knew another 'party,' his brother-in-law, in fact, who had a half-share in some thousands of damaged bricks, and somebody gave long credit for the light 'duchess' slates, and the fixtures were put in by somebody else, who was going into the *Gazette*, and could sell them cheap in consequence. Only the labour was paid for in full, and that was scamped and stinted in every way. So no wonder the damp strikes through the thin walls; no wonder the stucco peels off the front, the boards creak, the stairs crackle, and the chimneys smoke. Durability cannot be screwed out of such a bargain as that.

A stringent law against adulteration, especially of food and drink, will be an excellent change. The poor and helpless suffer the most, and nothing but positive law seems able to protect them. But after all, the best law is public opinion; and considering how very, very many honest men there are among us, it is surely a mere question of time as to when all this rampant knavery shall be cut short in its career.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

THERE is a flower that pilgrims bring
From the forsaken Holy Land—
A dry, unsightly, faded thing,
Found buried in the desert sand.
Black, shrivelled, trodden under foot,
Long, long its sap has ceased to flow.
True emblem of a withered heart,
Is that dead Rose of Jericho.

And yet not Death, but Sleep has closed
Those petals of the Eastern flower,
For when you dip it in the stream,
The water has such living power,
That straight it opening blooms again,
As if it felt Spring's magic glow,
And wide the bursting petals spread
Of this fair Rose of Jericho.

So in a second spring of Love,
A sleeping heart will often wake,
As April trees the winter's snows
Do from their budding branches shake.
It was for what it typified,
That pilgrims plucked, long years ago,
This mystic flower from out the sand
That buries fallen Jericho.

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PRATTLE OF THINGS WATERY.

An old colonial ex-governor, who was likewise a professor of 'conversational archery,' was once describing the heat of the African climate. 'At Sierra Leone,' he said, 'we always played whist up to our necks in water.' 'But,' objected a sceptical listener, 'how did you keep the cards from getting wet?' The governor was puzzled, and winked at his one-eyed aide-de-camp for assistance. 'The cards, your excellency,' replied that never-failing worthy, 'were made of ivory.' 'Ay, so they were, my friend,' cried the story-teller in great glee.

As I lie floating on my back in my bath, I am reminded of this anecdote, and also of Humboldt's description of the inhabitants of Cumana on the Spanish Main, who preferred alligators to mosquitoes, and always spent their evenings seated in the river. My bath is at least five-and-twenty miles wide, and so long, that while my toes, were I to stretch them out far enough, would rest on the coralline edges of the Great Bahama Reef, my head would, if similarly extended, repose upon the sand-dunes of Holland. In other language, my bath is the British Channel; in still plainer words, I am enjoying a week's sea-bathing at Shelldown. As, by a rare chance, the temperature of the water is seventy degrees, while that of the air is upwards of eighty, I am in a high state of sensuous happiness. Shall I try to enhance that happiness by imagining something terrible? I will fancy that I am a Roman senator of boundless wealth, that the wearer of the imperial purple (Domitian or Commodus, for example) covets that wealth, and has consequently requested me to put an end to my existence by opening my veins in a warm bath. By closing my eyes, I manage to realise the situation. But I must not allow it to go too far. Just as the fatal faintness is about to supervene, I feign that Davus, my faithful freedman, arrives to inform me that Cæsar, having discovered a richer citizen than myself, has been pleased, in his gracious clemency, to spare my life. Davus proceeds to bandage my arms, and I shake off the advancing lethargy.

Next I try to imagine that, like Cowper's Castaway, I have fallen headlong from on board of ship:

> Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
> My floating home for ever left.

As I rise to the crest of a wave, the swiftly-receding ship is still visible; around me extends a limitless ocean; above me soar the albatrosses, as yet distantly respectful, because their prey is still alive; beneath me swim the wolves and tigers of the great deep, whose rough sides will presently rasp against my body. Even in mere reverie, such a situation is too tremendous; I raise my head with a sigh of relief, and am quite pleased to see the familiar cliffs, the staring many-windowed hotels, the red and yellow bathing-machines, and those modern mermaids, the bathing-women. Courteous reader (as old Francis Moore, physician, would say), although you will probably peruse these humble lines by the warmth of your snug fireside, it is pleasant to recall the long bright sunshiny days of summer at Yule-tide. Let me, as I am in the water, prattle of things watery. We will begin with the bathing-woman. She was the terror of my infancy, a baleful blue spectre, who poisoned by anticipation the pure pleasures of crab-catching and sand-digging. Clad in garments of indigo-coloured serge, with a complexion like that of a boiled shrimp, with a harsh sou'wester voice, which she strove to disguise under an utterance of honeyed sweetness, she waded through the water in quest of her victim. I, that luckless little wight, was probably standing on the top step of the machine, timorously essaying the temperature of the marine fluid by crooking my great toe. Approaching with wheedling words, she seized me in her ruthless grasp, and plunged me thrice beneath the briny wave. Oh, the anguish of those moments! I used to come up blue, blubbering and shivering; and can scarcely believe that now I take to the water as kindly as a Newfoundland dog.

Apropos of dogs, it is curious, and not very gratifying to reflect that they know our clothes better than they do our persons. When his master is bathing, a dog takes everybody he sees clad in Nature's buff for his lawful owner, and runs about sniffing at their heels in the most absurdly perplexed fashion; but the garments he recognises instantly. Hence the somewhat ancient story of the man who, having ordered Ponto to watch his clothes, found to his horror on emerging from the water that Ponto did not know him, and accordingly refused to give up possession. The story goes on, that the unlucky bather hides himself in a dry ditch; that the tide comes up, as does his lady-love, who, finding his clothes floating about, abandons herself to despair; in short, everything is going to end very tragically,

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when a *Deus ex machinâ* (*Anglicè*, the proprietor of a bathing-machine) appears, and after furnishing a suit of dry clothes, utters this solemn precept: 'In fewter, sir, never wentur to bathe except in a wehicle.'

To this dogma, I do not altogether subscribe. The dressing-box of a machine is usually a close, damp, little affair, and the driver always starts off in a convulsive, jerking manner, just when you don't expect him to do so; consequently, your hat (the chimney-pot article in which you are going to accompany Maria to call on Lady Decorum) tumbles off the peg, and smites you on the shoulder; the pin of your scarf, which you have deftly stuck into your waistcoat, drops down in company with that garment (whose pockets are weighty with copper money), and grievously wounds your toes; in fact, you get so nervous, that at last you find yourself about to enter the water with an eye-glass stuck in your right optic. Then, in a machine, you cannot dry yourself properly; the towels supplied by the proprietor are a delusion and a snare; they seem dry, but are in reality reeking with marine moisture. The only true way to dry yourself is to run about in the sun and wind, and in order to do this, you must dress on the beach.

Here permit me to digress a little. Perfection in things mortal is unattainable; and although I have travelled pretty extensively, I scarcely ever had a truly perfect bath. In our northern climate, there are not more than six days in the year when the water is so thoroughly tepid that you can stay swimming for an hour without feeling chilly. When I have bathed in warmer latitudes, the water was pleasant enough, I grant you, but then one's pleasure was allayed by the hideous expectation of sharks. Big sharks are bad enough, but those monsters are only met with in deep water; you can avoid them by keeping in the shallows. There, however, you encounter the ground-sharks, pestilent little wretches, so like the colour of the bottom as to be invisible, and capable of taking very substantial mouthfuls out of the calves of your legs. So much for tropical bathing.

Then with regard to the beach. A shingly beach, like that at Brighton, is simply detestable. In the vicinity of that sea-side Babylon, I used to perform a Loretto penance of five hundred unboiled pea-power between my clothes and deep water. A sandy beach has its drawbacks. I do not speak of the sand itself, although the obstinate and persistent way in which it gets into the hair of your head, the works of your watch, and the tobacco in your pouch, is a fact as uncomfortable as it is mysterious. But on a sandy shore, you cannot take a 'header;' while, especially at low water, you have to wade three hundred yards or more up to your knees, shivering very likely in a keen easterly breeze. Then I need scarcely mention that a nervous man, short-sighted withal, who leaves his garments three hundred yards away from him, cannot possibly feel thoroughly happy in the water. On a rocky shore, you may find a clean dry place to dress upon, and the probability of deep water close at hand; you can risk a header, if you know the place well, otherwise you may crack your skull against a sunken reef. But I never feel at my ease in such places; when swimming, I am afraid of laming myself against some hidden projection; when standing, I dread lest some crab or lobster should take a fancy to my little toe.

'Bother machines and beaches both!' says an objector; 'bathe from a boat.'

'My dear sir,' I reply, 'are you aware of the delightful difficulty of getting your *first* leg into your trousers during a fresh breeze and a heavy ground-swell in an open boat? Secondly, are you ignorant that marine boatmen are passionately addicted to pitch, and that you are pretty sure to carry some of that useful product home on your nether garments? Lastly, do you know that it is one thing to jump out of a boat in deep water, and another (especially if you are stout, like a very dear friend of mine) to get into it again?'

This is my *beau-idéal* of bathing: a brilliant day, with a light southerly breeze, preceded by a week of hot weather, so that the water is nearly as warm as the atmosphere. A place so remote from the equator as to be free from sharks, and so remote from fashion as to be out of the reach of telescope-peering loungers. Three persons in company—myself; a friend who swims less skilfully than I do, in order that I may have the honour and glory of shewing off my back-stroke before him; lastly, a second friend with a delicate chest, who is forbidden to bathe, but who is the soul of patience in watching our habiliments. No dogs; I object to dogs; they sometimes foolishly imagine you are in danger, and drag you ashore by the nape of your neck; they always scratch you with their abominable paws when swimming in company. A sandy beach, with one mighty sloping rock rising out of it, from the crest of which you may jump a clear ten foot into three fathom of green pellucid water. I know of such a spot in North Britain; if I could transport it to the latitude of Bordeaux, it would be perfection.

Talking of France, I like their compulsory adoption of a bathing costume. The great majority of bathers cannot travel far from their residences, and consequently must take their watery amusement in close juxtaposition. Is it not better to wear a dress which enables a man to ask a lady to bathe, as he would ask her to take a walk, than to skulk apart on the separate system, as we do in England? With regard to ladies' bathing attire, however, the British dress clings too closely to the figure, while the French is a really fashionable garment, which would not excite especial remark if worn on *terra firma*.

But there is one point in which I don't like the French system, and that is the pertinacious manner in which they seek to prevent you from drowning yourself. I know it is not from love and admiration for me, John Bullock, Esq.; it is because the mayor and townsfolk of the watering-place in question fear that an accident will bring their *bains de mer* into disrepute. Dieppe is supposed to rub its hands over a Boulogne casualty, and to say: 'Ah, ha! did I not tell you there were quicksands on that much-vaunted beach?' Similarly, Boulogne asserts that there is a current in the waters of its rival capable of sweeping a good swimmer across the Atlantic, and landing him at Fortress Monroe. The practical result of this intense solicitude on the part of our worthy Gallic neighbours was, that when I took my friend, Robert Bonus, Esq., of the Arm-in-Arm Life Assurance Company, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, into deep water at one of the above-mentioned watering-places (I won't say which), in order to shew him my back-stroke, I was assailed by a body of persons in tarpaulin hats and red girdles, who are styled servants of the Humane Society, and who actually came out in a boat, armed with bunches of the most miserable little corks I ever saw, to save our precious lives. Being skilled in the French tongue, I remonstrated with these gallant fellows, proving to them that they could not possibly entertain a greater sense of the value of my life than I did; but poor Bonus, an untravelled Cockney, who is guiltless of any other language but that of his native land, was seriously alarmed. I presently discovered that he regarded the Humane men as a sort of water-*gendarmerie*, connecting their visit with a copy of *Punch*, which he had brought over, containing a caricature of the Emperor. As I am of a waggish turn, and was a little annoyed with him for the faint approbation he had bestowed on my back-stroke, I humoured the idea, and as soon as we reached the shore, and had reassumed the garments of civilised life, Bonus,

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acting under my instructions, proceeded to 'square' our preservers by means of a bribe. Half-a-dozen of these gentlemen received a franc apiece, in consequence of which I was unmolested during the remainder of my stay, and allowed to swim at least a *kilomètre* from the shore without being disturbed. Bob was very wroth when he discovered the trick.

As I said before, I am a tolerably old traveller, and have bathed in all sorts of places—among the foam and spray at the foot of Niagara, for instance, but never above the Falls, as my American friend, De Bow, did. He was washed over, and came ashore at Prince Edward's Island, in the middle of Lake Ontario. He states that his person was preserved from injury by being embedded in a hollow tree, out of which the settlers chopped him with their axes. As I have heard him tell the story after a champagne dinner at a well-known Liverpool hotel in the presence of two Cunard captains, I feel bound to believe it. Did you ever bathe during a calm in the tropics in the belly of a sail rigged over the ship's side? I have, and never felt quite comfortable. I reasoned thus: a copartnership of evil between a sword-fish and a shark would be fatal to us; the former has only to rip up the canvas, and we should all go plump into the horrid jaws of the other member of the firm. I have bathed on a rocky island in Bass's Strait, where the penguins, looking, for all the world, like a convocation of diminutive clergy, came and stole my clothes, for the purpose of lining their nests. I have bathed in the waters of the Murray River, though warned by friendly black-fellows against the dreaded Bunyip (whose existence is to this day a moot-point among Bushmen), a monster with a hairy coat like that of the ostrich, and four powerful arms, by means of which he drags the hapless swimmer to the bottom. I have not bathed in the sacred Ganges: when in Bengal, I preferred to swim in a tank. I did not fear the alligators, but what the alligators fed upon, the half-burned corpses of innumerable Hindus. By the way, there is a Bunyip in the Indian rivers. A woman, when bathing, suddenly utters a scream, and disappears beneath the surface; after the lapse of some moments, she rises, stabbed to the heart, and stripped of her silver ornaments. The murderer, a consummate diver, has got clear off with his prey, and is probably counting his spoil in the jungly thicket on the opposite bank. But let me recall humbler bathing reminiscences.

My first essays were under that terrific blue-coated merwoman at Broadstairs; then a friendly waterman, afterwards captain of an above-bridge steamboat, used to take myself and brother to the shores of the Isle of Dogs. Thirty years ago, that insular dependency was not the smoky birthplace of monster steamers and gun-boats which it has since become; cows grazed by scores on its green marshy pastures; but the mud on its shores was terrific—thick, glutinous, and ill-scented. Poor Bob Matthews used to carry us out on his broad muscular back, and on returning to land, was wont to scrape himself with a couple of oyster-shells, which he providently brought in his pea-jacket pocket.

Then I went to school at a seaport town, where I learned to swim after an excellent fashion. Our boat was anchored in deep water, and in her bows stood our worthy pastor and master, holding a stout rope, some five-and-twenty feet long, in his hand; to the other end of this rope was attached a broad flannel belt, which was securely strapped round the learner's waist and over his shoulders; the boy then jumped into the water, and a few verbal directions, aided occasionally by a practised swimmer's hand under his chest, soon enabled the novice to acquire the art and mystery of striking out.

My next experiences were at a well-known London establishment, now, alas! deserted by the Nereides, and devoted to Terpsichore. The Nereides were certain water-nymphs, hight, in terrestrial parlance, Miss Minnie and Miss Rosetta Shooter. Nereus, their papa, was Professor Shooter, a gentleman who held the champion's belt in those days. The whole family was amphibious, and on a benefit-night you might see them all in the water together, gliding about as gracefully as the corporation swans. The professor was celebrated for his performances with a tobacco-pipe in the water. Reclining carelessly, as if on a sofa, he produced a pipe, which he leisurely filled with tobacco; striking a match, he then deliberately lighted the pipe, and gracefully pitched the tobacco-pouch and match-box to an admirer on the platform; after this, he slowly disappeared beneath the water—no vulgar noise or plunging, as common mortals make when they dive—the professor sank silently like a stone. After the lapse of some minutes—it used to seem to me a quarter of an hour—he reappeared, raised his body half out of the water, bowed elegantly to the company, and then puffed volumes of smoke out of that extraordinary pipe.

Jack Rackett, a medical student and skilful swimmer, performed a neat trick at this establishment. I must mention that the bath was shaped like a T.

'Gentlemen,' said Jack, appearing at the foot of the T, stripped ready for a plunge—'gentlemen, I am open to a bet. I am about to dive, and am ready to bet glasses round that you don't see me for a quarter of an hour.'

'Done!' resounded on all sides.

Jack took his 'header,' and disappeared. Twenty watches were taken out of twenty pockets; and as the fifteen minutes drew to a close, the excitement grew intense.

'Why, it beats Shooter hollow,' exclaimed a disciple of the professor's.

'There's devilment in it,' growled another man.

'I'll tell you what, gents,' said a third solemnly; 'he's been and took the cramp under water—pore young feller!'

'Well, gentlemen, shell out, if you please,' cried a merry voice from behind. The company started with astonishment. There stood Jack Rackett, full dressed. The joke was easily explained—the sly fellow had swum under water to the cross-end of the T, had slipped quietly out into a box, where he had left his clothes, dressed, and rejoined his companions by another door.

I have bathed in a twopenny swimming-bath, but I don't like it. It is not agreeable to see a chimney-sweep in the water, leaving a wake of oily soot behind him, like a gigantic cuttle-fish; nor is it pleasant to find that another gentleman has gone off with your clothes, and left you, in exchange, the contents of No. 46, which consist of a well-worn moleskin suit, in the pockets of which you find a pewter tobacco-box, a half-eaten slice of greasy pudding, wrapped in the playbill of the Pavilion Theatre, and a pawnbroker's duplicate for a centre-bit.

Lastly, let me recall to memory a spot well known to Oxford men—namely, 'Parson's Pleasure,' in the pleasant little river Cherwell. The *arbiter elegantiarum*, or Professor of the Niceties of Natation at this place, was a short merry-faced personage, whose rotundity would have graced an aldermanic chair. In the forenoon, he sat in his shop, armed with awl and wax-end, diligently making shoes; but in the evening, he shed his black apron and other integuments, and plunging into the water, displayed feats worthy of a human salmon. For a trifling consideration, he imparted instruction to us under-graduates; and it was from him that I acquired that famous back-stroke to which I have already alluded.

In conclusion, let me advise everybody who cannot swim, to learn to swim. Don't use corks; they never teach confidence. Try the rope-and-belt plan. If you have no one to teach you, a frog in a basin of water will shew you how to strike out. You will, of

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course, let poor froggy go when he has given you his lesson.

As regards the male sex, it is almost absurd to enlarge on the advantages of learning to swim. All Englishmen are fond of boating; and a non-swimmer in a 'crank' out-rigger boat is little better than a suicide. But I should like to see our wives and daughters swim also. I would have them all as skilful as Herman Melville's Fayaway. Swimming is a far healthier and more useful accomplishment than the German language, which our dear sisters are so fond of acquiring, and quite as interesting as the study of sea-slugs. And consider, ladies, that the presence of one person who cannot swim may be fatal to several others who can. A boat is upset, you scream, throw your hands above your head, and clutch madly at everything within your reach; in your wild terror, you may grasp your brother or your lover (who is striving to save you) by the throat, and drag him, with yourself, to destruction, for drowning folks are deaf to logic. Learn to swim, I entreat you, and then we shall hear more rarely of those tragedies, which, summer after summer, convert boating-parties into funeral-processions, and fill our houses with mourning and woe.

THE SHAWLS OF CASHMERE.

To what, chiefly, is the beauty of the Cashmere shawl to be attributed? To the delicate herbage of Tibet?—to the waters of the Hydaspes?—or to the skill of the weavers of the Happy Valley, as the Land of Roses has often been most inappropriately designated? Formerly, a gentleman of the name of Bogle, who wrote a paper for the *Philosophical Transactions*, assured the world that the exquisite material of which the Cashmere shawls are made was the wool of a broad-tailed sheep, living somewhere about the sources of the Brahmaputra. By degrees, however, it was discovered that the animal was not a sheep, but a goat of diminutive size, with straight horns, and long shaggy hair, but light and beautiful in form, which browses amid the vast solitudes north of the Himalaya, where he is occasionally found in company with large herds of cattle, deer, musk-deer, hares, and innumerable foxes. Nature has by no means proved herself a stepmother to the shawl-goat. If she has located him in a cold region, where men, however carefully clad, find it difficult during winter to face the piercing blasts, she has bestowed on him, in addition to a heavy fell of hair, an abundant coat of soft down, impenetrable to the keenest air, so that, without the slightest inconvenience, he can frisk and sport in January around the banks of frozen lakes, on whose surface the most vigorous skaters can hardly keep up the vital heat. No portion of our planet's surface is more wild or picturesque in aspect than the original country of the shawl-goat, which forms the southern extremity of the immense table-land that abuts upon the Himalaya. Here, as you approach the edge of the platform, you look down, through rents or clefts in the mountains, upon brown heathy declivities, which conduct the eye to a girdle of snowy peaks, divided by unfathomable ravines, lying in ridges behind each other, till the summits of the more distant pierce beyond the clouds. Wherever the snow melts, the goats find pasture.

The chamois, found in the Upper Alps of Savoy, Bern, and Bavaria, is considered by gourmands the most delicate eating in the world, because the grass on which it feeds springs from a thin soil, on which the moisture never settles long enough to impart rankness to it. In proportion to its far greater elevation, the soil of Tibet is still more productive of a sweet and delicate pasturage. In winter, it is difficult to perceive the twisted and withered blades from which the goats derive sustenance. You discover them perched high among the rocks, black, gray, fawn-coloured, white, or of a light-bluish tinge, nibbling at something which you assume to be grass, and leaping from ledge to ledge, where no other animal could find a footing. Thence they descend carefully, as the storms come on, which in those terrible solitudes are sometimes violent beyond description, appearing, as they rave through the chasms and fissures of the mountains, almost to lift and whirl along the very surface of the earth. No chemical analysis has yet been able to detect and classify the ingredients which go to the formation of a delicate soil which runs over the earth's surface in strips and bands, here and there dove-tailing into other soils, but elsewhere terminating sharply, like the edge of a fine ribbon. This is the case with some of the best vineyards in Burgundy, as you detect by the size and flavour of the grapes—small, rich, and delicious on one side of a thin wall of loose stones; large, coarse, and watery on the other. In some parts of the African Desert, if you rise before the sun, and glance along the mammillated mounds of golden sand, you may frequently discern a slight coating of emerald blades as fine and sharp as needles, which are so frail and evanescent that they melt and disappear on the approach of the sun. In some parts of Tibet, the herbage is little less diminutive and fragile, since in summer, if you take up a handful, it crumbles into dust between your fingers. Yet these lean pastures are preferred by all graminivorous animals to the luxuriant meadows of the south. Hence it is that the shawl-goat loses its fine down when attempted to be acclimated in any other land. It has been introduced into Bengal, into Cashmere, into the Punjab, into Persia, and into several parts of Europe, and undergone different modifications at each remove. In the rank plains of Bengal, it has lost not only its fine down, but nearly all its hair, and been afflicted by a skin-disease, exhibiting itself in offensive eruptions. In fact, the shawl-goat of Tibet, wherever it may be transplanted, soon degenerates into the common goat of the country, just as the moufflon, supposed to be the original stem of all sheep, assumes in every region a new character, so as in many cases to be no longer recognised as the bold, fierce creature which nothing can terrify or subdue. The number of goats in this region must be prodigious, since the supply of down to the weavers of Cashmere appears to know no limit but that of demand. When severed from the animal, it is packed into small neat bales, and transported through the passes of the snowy mountains of Balti and Ladakh on the backs of sheep into Cashmere.

At present, Gholab Singh, to whom, at the close of the Sikh war, we added that beautiful province, enjoys a close monopoly of the finer sorts of shawl-wool, which are therefore all wrought up by the manufacturers of his dominions; though, if it were not so, the fabrics woven south of Bembec and the Pir Pangal, could never be made to rival those of Serinaghur. As early as the time of Akhbar, a thousand shawl-manufactories were established at Delhi; and recently, Runjit Singh made a similar attempt at Lahore; but the articles produced had neither the delicacy, the softness, nor the warmth of those woven in the valley. In appearance, moreover, they were coarse and rough, like ordinary woollen cloths, while the dyes had nothing of that brilliance for which the real shawls are remarkable. When Bernier wrote two hundred years ago, the splendour of the dyes was attributed to the waters of the Jhylum or Hydaspes, and the very latest observers concur in strengthening the opinion. To the same cause is assigned the great softness of the wool, which seems to lose its delicacy when dipped in the Jumna, or even in the more sacred Ganges. Anciently, the chintzes of Masulipatam were supposed to owe the brightness of their colours to the waters of the small streams issuing from the Krishna and the Godavery, which gave

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them a superior reputation throughout the east, though now they have been eclipsed by the manufactures of Europe. The shawl of Cashmere, however, appears likely to remain unrivalled, since the efforts of nearly three hundred years have failed to produce any fabric which approaches it in excellence or beauty. Under the Sikh government, the monopoly was in the hands of the Maharajah, and all the produce of the looms of Serinaghur was transported to Amritsir, where, at one time, shawls to the value of half a million sterling were piled up in the public warehouses, there being at that period no demand for the article. The reason may have been that, owing to the oppression of the rulers, the weavers had lost heart, and performed their work in a careless and slovenly manner. That they were not wanting in skill may be inferred from the fact, that, having obtained orders from the Persian and Russian ambassadors at Lahore, they produced shawls which were regarded as master-pieces of art, which sold for twelve thousand rupees each, or upwards of one thousand two hundred pounds sterling. In all eastern states, industry is converted almost exclusively to the advantage of the rulers, who often leave to the artisans scarcely sufficient profit to sustain life. Runjit Singh formed no exception to the general rule; but while he extorted a hundred and eighty thousand pounds per annum from the shawl-merchants of Cashmere, his ignorance prevented him from making the discovery that, by adopting more liberal principles of finance, he might have at once enriched his own treasury, and the manufacturers and artisans engaged in the transport and production of the shawls.

It has been found next to impossible to obtain correct information respecting the number of shawls produced, or of the looms employed, in Cashmere, because, under an ignorant and jealous government, persons are afraid to speak what they think, or to disclose what they know. In the age of the Mogul emperors, there are said to have been forty thousand looms at work in the whole valley, and of these, a majority were to be found in the capital. Upon an average, five shawls issue annually from each loom, so that the entire number formerly manufactured amounted to two hundred thousand in the year. Owing to a variety of causes, among which the principal is the diminution of that class of persons who could afford to pay so large a sum for a single article of dress or ornament, there has been a great falling off in the shawl-trade. The last computation of Cashmere looms made them amount to sixteen thousand, which sent into the market eighty thousand shawls, of which the far greater number were exported. But to what countries? Certainly not to Europe. Neither do they find their way into India, though a very superior article, which pays an *ad valorem* duty of twenty per cent., finds its way to Calcutta, where it commonly sells for three hundred pounds. Gholab Singh therefore obtains from each shawl of this class a duty of sixty pounds sterling, which, if the trade were extensive, would render him one of the richest princes in the east. Even the dancing-girls of Northern India often possess shawls valued at a hundred pounds; and the ladies of the harems in Western Asia twist round their heads or waists shawls worth six times that sum. The young wife of a Turkish pacha used to pride herself on a scarf of extraordinary richness and beauty, said to have cost her husband seven hundred pounds sterling. It had a border at either end eighteen inches deep, displaying a parterre of the most splendid flowers—roses, anemones, narcissuses, tulips—as fresh and gorgeous of hue as those which drooped or nodded in his own gardens in the valley of the Sweet Waters. When she wore it round her waist, allowing the borders to depend down her left side, each fold was so disposed as to exhibit in succession a rose, a tulip, and a narcissus, enveloped in a galaxy of buds, especially of the moss-rose, which seemed to project from the surface of the fabric, fresh and steeped in the dews of morning. The wild and froward beauty who owned it sometimes took it from her waist, and twisted it round the head of a favourite, in order to behold the splendour of the flowers set off by contrast with his black beard. Along the sides of the scarf ran a border of about four or five inches in depth, resembling in richness of colours the most gorgeous painted windows in an old cathedral; and through what may be called the field, there ran long stems or wreaths of fanciful blossoms, fading away towards the centre into an opal tinge, which surrounded, like a halo, the circle of a damask rose. It may well be doubted whether the shawls manufactured for the Russian and Persian ambassadors, which cost twelve thousand rupees, exceeded in magnificence and loveliness that of the Turkish lady we have described. To suggest more completely the ideas of a garden, parts of the scarf had been steeped in one perfume, and parts in another, so that, as she moved along, the scent of jasmines, roses, or violets fell upon the senses alternately.

Occasionally, the workmen of a whole shop produce only one shawl in a year, and when they make most progress, advance no more than at the rate of a quarter of an inch a day. The foreman, with the pattern before him, drawn and coloured in the most careful manner on paper, sits in front of the artisans, whose fingers and threads he directs, while they toil on in silence, darting their shuttles to and fro, and nodding their heads at every movement. It has sometimes been doubted whether they were more conscious than their shuttles of the beauty they were creating; but though they require the directions of the foreman, they are possessed of far too much intelligence and skill to work like mere machines. They evidently throw themselves with enthusiasm into their employment, and the pride they take in their productions is their chief reward, since the wages they receive are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. It is not this class of men, therefore, who offer that strenuous opposition to the enterprise of Europeans who desire to throw themselves into the shawl wool-trade which has hitherto succeeded in preserving the monopoly. The jealousy displayed is on the part of the merchants, who are beyond measure alarmed when any European, who can at all be suspected of commercial designs, endeavours to pass through Ladakh towards Tibet. These men of Cashmere generally set out in December with a large assortment of shawls of three kinds: long black and white scarfs, worn by the wild hunters of Northern Asia about their waists, and valued at a comparatively low sum; long shawls, to be folded round the head by princes and grandees, and occasionally by ladies of distinction; and square shawls, like those fashionable in Europe, which are either thrown over the head, and allowed to depend over the shoulders, like a Genoese veil, or tied like a girdle round the loins. It usually takes a month to journey from Cashmere to Tibet, and the way lies in part over passes where the thermometer descends in winter to six or eight degrees below zero, where the human breath freezes to icicles upon the beard, and where, if overcome by sleep or fatigue, the wayfarer is almost certainly frozen to death. No danger, however, is to be apprehended from the inhabitants, who are gentle and hospitable, peculiarly civil and obliging to strangers, and entirely free from that spirit of exaction which is the curse of most countries both in Asia and Europe. Still, wherever these wayfarers settle or remain for any length of time, they are said to corrupt the inhabitants. It is just possible that, from various causes, into which we need not at present enter, travellers engaged in commerce are prejudiced against the people of Cashmere, whom they describe as the most dissolute and depraved race in the East; though they may probably

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deserve much of the odium cast upon them by Europeans. When the adventurers arrive in Tibet, and have disposed of their goods, which are then distributed by other traders over the whole of Central Asia, they begin to make preparations for purchasing and collecting the shawl-wool, which is accomplished on the setting in of fine weather. All the animals of those cold regions then begin to experience extreme irksomeness at the presence of their winter-clothing, which nature gradually detaches from the skin, so as greatly to facilitate its removal. To expedite the process, the dogs roll upon the ground, the yaks rub themselves against the trunks of trees, and the shawl-goat, would doubtless exhibit similar ingenuity and impatience, if man were not too anxious to come to his assistance. Beginning at the head, the natives cut off his long hair with a knife, so as to render easy the introduction of a comb made like a Pandean pipe of fine twigs with diverging teeth, which is passed between the hair against the grain, and soon delivers the goat from his down, and occasionally, also, from parts of his skin. However, no sooner is he freed from the attentions of his tormenters, than he gives a glad shake to the hair that remains, and bolts away to the mountains, where he dwells in peace, browsing or frisking at his leisure till the following spring.

Considering the habitual humanity of the Tibetans, whom the worship of the Lama appears to render gentle and timid, we may be sure that the rough usage of the goat is rather a matter of accident than of design. They love to pass their days in ease and quietness, though, as in other parts of the world, the indolence of the men leads them to devolve somewhat more than their fair share of work upon the women, who, in this strange mountainous region, are supposed to exceed the males in the proportion of two to one. Accordingly, nearly all houses abound with women and children, who seem to regard with especial pleasure the magnificent array of the sacerdotal order, who dress in scarlet even to their hats, and are bedizened with ribbons, so as rather to resemble actors in an extravaganza, than staid and sober priests or demigods, in which character they command the adoration of their friends and neighbours.

A caravan of shawl-merchants exhibits a truly comic appearance when returning from the upper country towards the south, driving before them numbers of long-legged sheep, laden with small packs of goat's wool, weighing about thirty pounds, with which they wearily toil along, bleating with distress and fatigue. On their arrival in the valley, the looms, which are of the most simple and primitive construction, are all set to work, and the wretched artisans have the satisfaction of learning that they may hope to eat bread for the next year. Poets and romance-writers have vied with each other in spreading a halo over Cashmere, which nature has no doubt invested with rare beauty, abounding as it does in lovely lakes, brooks, and streams of the purest water, and fruit-trees which in spring cover a large portion of the land with a sheet of variegated blossoms; but the inhabitants, though handsome in their persons, probably excel all other orientals—which is saying a great deal for them—in vice and filth. The streets of their towns and cities are narrow, and abound with abominations which they are too lazy to remove, probably because their olfactory organs are insensible to evil smells. They seem, however, to be stirred up to some degree of cleanliness by their present ruler, who is said to possess a nose, a rare thing in Asia, and to make war in consequence upon the darling habits of his subjects. He is certainly a martinet on one point—we mean, in insisting on the payment of taxes; for on one occasion, when his subjects displayed a disposition to suffer their payments to fall into arrears, he had forty of them flayed alive, by way of example. He exhibits the greatest possible jealousy of his British neighbours in the Punjab; but is so short-sighted, that instead of conciliating their good-will, he takes the course best adapted to irritate them into hostility, which, in all likelihood, will lead ultimately to the annexation of Cashmere. This might be regarded as a calamity by the prince and his courtiers, but to the mass of the people it would be an inestimable blessing, since they would be freed at once from all but their just burdens, and enabled to enjoy in peace the full reward of their industry. Even their cowardice, which was once proverbial, may be simply the result of despotism, since, in the late civil war, such of them as we employed acted with much intrepidity. To complete our Indian policy, therefore, it is to be hoped that events will soon enable us to extend our protection to the unfortunate natives of Cashmere, who are now subjected to one of the most ruthless tyrants in the east.

A SWISS LEGEND.

It is now about thirteen years ago, that one bright autumn afternoon, Hans Godler, a native of one of the German-Swiss cantons, set out from his house on one of the slopes of the Gissbach Mountains, to practise with his rifle at the target in the lonely little valley of the Gemserberg, some five miles distant.

The annual festival of the sharpshooters of Zürich was to be held the next St Nicholas's day, and Herr Godler, one of the best marksmen in the canton, had resolved to do all he could to carry off the prize, of which, last year, he had been disappointed by the extraordinary skill of that odious Corporal Schwarz, who had lately left the Prussian service, and returned to brag, and drink, and rival Herr Godler, who had hitherto been the unchallenged cock of the walk in the village of Zweistunden.

There was a sullen, melancholy fixedness about Herr Godler's eyes, as he trudged along, his heavy gun on his shoulder, and his bow-legged dog Gaben at his side, which shewed at once that Godler had got out of his bed the wrong side that morning. He was cross, jealous, worried. It was the east wind, or the quarrel last night with Schwarz about chamois-shooting, or else washing going on at home, that had put him out, and made him kick Gaben, and curse the heavy rifle, and trip over stones, and knock his head against fir-boughs, and finally, swear horribly at soldiers' wives, children, sour wine, dogs, rifles, cows, and tax-collectors. A horrible temper was Herr Godler in.

If there is any special evil spirit who watches such moods, and aggravates them by making one hurt one's shins, and lose one's way, and quarrel with one's wife, that spirit must have been at Godler's elbow then, tempting on to mischief, and whispering in his ear that he was a poor, neglected, ill-used, henpecked fellow, and a mean-spirited cur to bear it. 'Beat your wife, and shoot Schwarz,' said the evil spirit. 'Don't be such a fool,' said conscience. Godler was ready to have shot every one in Zweistunden, although in better moments by no means a bad fellow.

Everything that day had gone untoward—the children had knocked down a pail of milk; the bell-cow had fallen ill; the eldest boy had come home from school with his coat torn half off by Schwarz's boy; and finally, Mr and Mrs Godler had had a tremendous quarrel. Mr Godler wanted to go and practise at the target in the Gemserberg valley; Mrs Godler, on the other hand, had called him an idle, bad man, who neglected his farm and his children, and, moreover, warned him that Friday was an unlucky day to go to a place well known to be haunted, even in daylight, by the ghost of a murdered chamois-hunter.

Finally, in a pet and rage, Herr Godler had clapped on his old felt-hat, tufted with a chamois-tail, seized his bullet-bag, greased linen patches, and faithful rifle, tossed the well-known weapon on his shoulder,

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and slamming the châlet door behind him, strode off, kicking down with a clatter an empty milk-pail that stood in his way, just to relieve his spirits. There is nothing like an inanimate object to vent one's rage on.

'Fool that I was to marry!' he said half aloud as he struck across the mountains. 'I, the most well-to-do man this side of the Jura, to go and marry, and lessen all I have at once by half—doubling my cares, and halving my liberty! Ass! fool! I wish I had the time over again. Why can't we have wives, like horses, upon trial?'

With this brutal regret, and this cruel reflection—so unusual in the mouths of English husbands—Herr Godler began to warm to his walk, and forgetting the nagging and meddling wife, the damp clothes, and the crying children, he raised his eyes, and looked around him, thinking better of the world, and even of that upstart, young Herr Schwarz. The sky was clear and blue; he had no companion but his dark silent shadow, that grew and grew as the sun, its sovereign, grew nearer to his setting.

But I had forgot—Herr Godler had another companion, for, far above in the thin blue air, one solitary vulture wheeled and poised, as if taking a determined and deliberate survey of our friend, thinking what an excellent side-dish he would make for its nestlings. It is not thought a very good omen to be thus dogged by a vulture; but Herr Godler having just stopped at a little brook that laughed and somersaulted over the stones, and taken a pull at his pocket-flask of *Kirschwasser*, was indifferent to all such omens. Nay, not even though he stumbled three times over ant-heaps, did Herr Godler trouble himself about any impending misfortune, nor look distrustfully at his rifle, or manifest any other superstitious alarm; but all he did was to turn and whistle his little bandy-legged dog Gaben closer to his heels, for fear he should stray too far among the fir-trees, and so get lost as the darkness drew on.

Herr Godler's walk of four miles took him over a varied tract of country, fir-wood dell, hillside; now glimpses of the great white Alps, now snatches of distant groups of châlets, of feeding flocks, and strips of flax, or grass, or corn; now, with all these pleasant scenes before his eyes, and with snatches of songs and droll wine-shop sayings floating about his brain, what should come into his head, just as he turned into the track leading into the target dell, but that disagreeable story of the dead marker.

The story was this. A year before the execution of the hero Hofer, an old chamois-hunter of the valley, who was paid by the riflemen of the district to mark their shots, and who, in the prosecution of that duty, had become renowned for his accuracy and promptitude, attended, as usual, at the annual shooting-festival. According to the Swiss custom, his post was in a pit dug at the foot of the target; and directly the bullet struck the target, he had to rise and point out the leaden splash with a long wand tipped with white leather. The first hour's shooting passed off very well; but when the firing began at longer distance, a rifleman, firing before his turn, must have shot the unfortunate man through the head before he could get back under shelter, for he was found dead in the pit when they ran to see why he no longer marked. His death was attributed to accident, nor was it discovered who had fired the fatal shot, though the general suspicion fell on the son of the marker, who had been heard that very morning to express a wish for his father's death. The suspicion was strong against him, but no legal steps were taken, and he pursued his ordinary occupation of a chamois-hunter as before; but from that time he became a moody and solitary man, with the hand of crime stamped on his brow. He was seldom seen now by the villagers, but lived in a retired châlet at the foot of a glacier half-way up the Gemserberg, with a little half-starved nephew he had adopted. It was the custom of this mysterious man to retire every day to the small innermost room of the châlet, where he locked himself in, threatening death to the child if he dared intrude on him. One day, the child, unable any longer to endure the terrors of being left alone, during a violent thunder-storm, stole to the door of the forbidden room; but as he listened, the door flew open as with the blast of a tempest, and the child was hurled, a dead and shapeless mass, against the opposite wall. That night a fire broke out and destroyed the cottage and its inmates, and the neighbours saw rising through the burning roof a crimson figure, with the features of the mysterious murderer.

Singularly enough, this wild and unpleasant story came suddenly with full force into Herr Godler's mind just as he crossed the shoulder of the hill that hid from him the rifle-target. The mysterious solitude, devoted to some hideous rites of devil-worship or witchcraft; the supernatural death of the intruder; the mysterious fire, and the apparition that attended it, all recurred at that moment with painful vividness to the solitary man, who, trying to forget the story, sang lustily a stray verse or two of a good, brave, old German song, to hide his fears:

> There is a castle on a cliff,
> A castle strong and proud,
> The sunshine seldom visits it,
> But oft the thunder-cloud.
>
> The storms around the roof and towers
> Are ever fiercely blown,
> But they never snap a weathercock,
> Nor ever shake a stone.
>
> Its crimson flag blows stately forth,
> Nor fears the tempest-shock,
> And like *a good man's conscience*
> Is that castle on the rock.

But it would not do; it is not singing a song that will bring back courage or good temper—all that the song did was to open Herr Godler's lungs, and make him kick Gaben for squatting on his hams and howling dismally. Gaben's ear was sensitive, and he was in the habit of thus protesting against any kind of music. The habit may be not uncommon to dogs, but it did not serve to cheer up Herr Godler at that moment.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was westering fast. Great horizontal banks of gray cloud walled in the horizon above the fir-trees that shut in the valley; above this, a focus of golden light smouldered through, melting all the cloud round it to one mass of soft splendour, shooting out above it in bright rods and horns, and below it spreading in fans across the ash-coloured vapour. Far away to the east, all the clouds were tinged with the purest rose-colour; and already the moon, waiting to mount her throne, was visible, pale and spectral, in the distant blue.

There is an apprehensive state of mind, I will not call it fear, when every inanimate object seems to us full of ominous and demoniacal life. A presentiment of misfortune weighed upon Herr Godler's mind. How was it that the fir-trees had never before seemed to him to stir and whisper so like soldiers through whose ranks the watchword for the night is passing? Why was it that the clouds had never before seemed to him to roll and heave so like dragons, snakes, and the monsters of a nightmare? And why did Gaben, as a sudden unreasonable and ghostly little eddy of wind stirred and flurried the leaves of that bush, slink to his master's feet, his tail between his legs? Gaben, too, who all the previous walk had been chasing his own tail, running after fugitive thistle-down, and pursuing other laborious and spontaneous amusements of his species.

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Herr Godler gave a look at his dog, and Gaben looked at him in a cowed way out of the corner of his onyx-coloured eyes. Herr Godler gave a mistrustful look at his rifle, as if he suspected it were going to explode out of sheer spite, or in some way or other to play him some scurvy trick. Then he tossed it from his shoulder, planted the brass-bound butt on his left foot, and poured in from his horn a thimbleful of powder, the grains nearly as large as onion-seed. But before he slipped in the bullet in its swaddling of greased linen, he would fire off a cap to clear the touchhole, and see that the piece was dry. He pressed back the hammer, and put on the little copper hat upon the nipple. Bang! he fired—the rifle was now ready for loading.

Now Herr Godler had been standing with his back to the target, from which he was still some seven hundred yards distant. As he fired, he turned and looked down the valley towards it. To his surprise and horror, as he looked he could see a small dark figure, small as a puppet from the distance, but evidently that of a man, rise from the foot of the target, point with a long wand at the white surface of the iron, then wave its arms to and fro, and again prostrate itself on the ground.

'Bah!' said Herr Godler, taking a long draught of *Kirschwasser* from his pocket-flask, which hung round his neck by a green cord; 'it is only some herdsman's boy trying to frighten me. Ghosts don't come out in the sunshine. Nicely they'd laugh at me, at the William Tell, if I went back without practising, scared away by a *spitzbube*, when already the little fool is gone, seeing I am coming, and afraid of the infernal knock I should give him if I catch him.'

Herr Godler must have been right, for now, as he looked, the white target, with the black spot in the centre—like the ace of clubs—stood lonely against the green bank, and nothing was to be seen or heard far or near except a rabbit that sat feeding under a bush, and a black-bird that sung above its head.

Along the range of turf there was nothing to attract the eye but that gaunt, straight, dead thorn-bush, which, at a distance, Herr Godler had so often taken for a man: There it was, black, leafless, and thorny, as much like, and no more like, a man than ever.

There is the target, throwing its slanting, oblong shadow, and with the pit at its foot. Herr Godler has reached the post that marks the three hundred yards. He loads—the powder rustles down the grooved barrel; he places the bullet in the greased circle of rag, and rams it home; he removes the burst cap from the nipple, and puts on a fresh one; he puts the piece to his shoulder, fires, and a thin jet of pale fire pours from the barrel, and with a petulant *ping* the bullet resounds upon the iron target. A thin gust of smoke drove from where the rifleman stood towards the target.

Herr Godler followed it, to see how near the bull's-eye the ball had struck, and in order to study from that shot in what degree the wind affected the bullet. As he got near the target, a dark figure suddenly leaped nimbly out of the pit in front of the target, and advanced towards him, hat in hand, and rifle on his shoulder.

The stranger, who had rather startled Godler by his abrupt appearance, was a tall, dark, thin man, with a swarthy face, and close, curling black hair, and large dark eyes, rendered ghastly by the yellowish-white that bordered them. He wore an old-fashioned mountaineer dress, and walked rather lame with one leg.

'Good-morrow, brother-marksman,' he said, courteously bowing to Godler, who returned the greeting. 'I saw you,' he said, 'a long way off, and got out of the pit, and made gestures to signify that I would mark for you. I am accustomed to it. I am often in this valley practising, and, to tell you the truth, had got into the pit to take a quiet nap before turning homeward. A long sojourn in a hot climate, and a slight lameness, has made me easily fatigued with what I could once have smiled at.'

'But how did my coming, sir, awake you?' inquired Godler, won by the easy address of the stranger.

'You fired off some powder, and that awoke me.'

'True,' said Godler; 'I never thought of that.' Yet a rifle-pit, he could not help thinking, was rather a strange place to go to sleep in.

'You have a good gun there,' said the stranger smiling, as he touched first Godler's gun and then the target. The bullet had struck just to the right of the centre black.

'Very fair,' said Godler, examining the splash of the shot, and started as he looked down into the pit, and saw the saw-dust in one place stained with apparently fresh blood.

'Mine—that's mine,' said the stranger, smiling coldly as he came forward and looked into the pit. 'I caught a rabbit in there, and killed him; it is not the first time blood has been shed there.'

'So you know our legend, sir?'

'I have heard it. But you have a match coming off, I hear. Do you stand well among the marksmen of the Gemserberg?'

'The best save one—a bragging fellow. They call him Corporal Schwarz; he won last year's medal.'

'A drunken fellow. I've seen him. Follow my advice, and you shall beat him. Watch my ten shots.'

There was something in the stranger's manner that awed Herr Godler; he said nothing, but bowed his head, and was about to follow him back to the three-hundred-yard post.

'No,' said the stranger, with a sardonic smile; 'you lie in the pit, and mark. There is no danger marking with me, especially when I 'm alone.'

Herr Godler, wand in hand, lay down in the pit, just under the target. He was not accustomed to mark, and the time of waiting seemed insupportably long. He longed to look out and see why the stranger did not fire. At last came the explosion, and the whiz, and the next moment there was a leaden star in the very centre of the black. The flattened pellet, of a curious yellow colour, did not fall down into the pit, but glanced some ten yards off.

As he touched the spot with the white leather ball of the wand, there came a neighing laugh from the marksman.

Bang! another in the black, an inch higher than the last.

Bang! another to the left.

Bang! another a trifle lower; and so on, till the letter S was distinctly visible on the target written in bullet-holes.

One more shot, number ten. This time the bullet cuts off the top of the wand as Herr Godler is carefully marking out the place where number nine struck. The marker was in raptures.

He advanced to meet the stranger, who approached carelessly smiling, his gun resting in the hollow of his left arm, and holding three yellow bullets in his right hand.

'Excellent! perfect! admirable! divine!' cried Godler.

'Your epithets are ill-chosen,' said the stranger. 'You shoot quite as well, aim as straight, and with as steady a nerve and accurate a sight; but you do not use the yellow bullet; without that, there is no certain shooting. Take these three, and use them at the match.'

Godler looked at the proffered bullets—they were of a dull yellow, and looked like unrefined gold.

'Brass—a certain sort of fine brass,' said the stranger; 'but of a peculiar fitness of shape. They must go straight.' Here he handed them to Godler.

'Is S the initial letter of your own name?'

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'No; but that of the name of one of my best friends—one who has shared with me the dangers of climate and of hardship—an old and tried friend.' Here the stranger gave a peculiar look at the sun, that was now just sinking below the horizon. 'I must begone. I live far from here, and there are only certain hours I can spare to the valley and its amusements.'

As he said this, the stranger strode away, and passing into the square black shadow of the target, was immediately hidden from Herr Godler's sight.

For an instant, Herr Godler remained motionless; then he put down his rifle on the turf, and ran after the stranger; but he was gone. There was no one in the pit, no one in the shadow, no one behind the target, no one anywhere.

Herr Godler could bear it no longer; he threw down his rifle and the yellow bullets, and ran as hard as his legs could take him from the haunted valley, having now no doubt of the supernatural character of his visitor. Gaben followed him, yelping and howling.

Just as he reached the ridge leading back into the road, he turned and looked back—to his indescribable horror, there, at the target, stood again a dark figure, shouting and waving the marker's wand. Godler gave one look, and fled.

'Why, what is this I hear, Hans?' said Mrs Godler to her husband the first thing at breakfast the morning after. 'Here's Mrs Schwarz says her husband saw you last night running like a madman from the target-valley, where he had gone to practise, and that the more he called the faster you ran. He found a burst gun, which he supposed to be yours, near the target.'

Godler did not tell his wife the true story, but confessed that seeing a man gesticulating near the target had frightened him home, as he took it for the ghost of the murdered chamois-hunter.

'A ghost by sunlight!' sneered Madame Godler; but Godler said nothing about the bullets, nor did Schwarz ever tell him that he had found and appropriated them.

From that night, Schwarz became an altered man; he went down the hill, as the saying is, with the drag off; he grew noisier and more boasting than ever; he declared he would challenge all Switzerland, nay, the world itself, to shoot. He drank endless drams of *absinthe;* he boasted of having better champagne than the king of Prussia. He beat his wife; he defied the whole village to single combat. It was currently reported that his success at rifle-practice had fairly turned his head.

It was the night after the scene in the Gemserberg valley that Herr Godler betook himself to the best room of the William Tell Inn, nominally to drink a tumbler of wine, but really to resolve one or two superstitious doubts that still weighed on his mind.

'Coward, milksop, nincompoop,' his wife had called him for being so easily frightened; he would now resolve his doubts, and then tell her the whole story, still hoping that he had been deceived by some clever trick.

They were talking of him and his panic when he entered the room; the landlord was taking his part against many assailants.

'It is all very well for us,' said he, as Godler took his seat, and lighted his great china pipe, in a deprecating way; 'but the Gemserberg valley is a wild, lonely place, and they do say that a ghost has been seen there before, but never by daylight.'

'The murder took place at sunset, thirty years ago,' said an old man nearest the stove, 'and therefore sunset is the time when I should expect the ghost.'

'I've heard the story a thousand times,' said the landlord, feeling himself rebuked, 'and I never heard that the thing happened so late in the day.'

'Well, I ought to know, landlord,' said the old man, plucking himself up, 'for I was with the men that day, and saw the marker shot.'

Every one was silent. Godler's hand shook so that he almost dropped his pipe.

'And may I ask,' said he, 'what sort of a man the murderer was?'

'A tall, thin, swarthy man, with dark eyes that seemed to flash when they glanced suddenly at you. He used to use peculiar bullets of some yellowish metal, for he shewed me them that very morning. People did say that he made them of the gold he had found in some stream up among the mountains.'

Herr Godler here rose, pushed back his seat, wished everybody good-night, and saying he felt suddenly ill, hurried home.

'O wife, wife,' he said, as he entered his own house, 'I've seen the devil!'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said the worthy but unbelieving woman. 'Then you must now see the doctor.'

Herr Godler was prostrate with a nervous fever for six weeks; half the time he was delirious, and the other half insensible. When he did recover, and at last rose from his bed, a pale trembling phantom of his former self, the first thing he did was to stagger to the window. The house opposite, once Corporal Schwarz's, was now a mere skeleton of black charred rafters.

He could hardly speak, but he pointed to the spot, and asked his wife what had happened.

'Oh,' said she, 'there has been dreadful work with Herr Schwarz while you lay ill. Two days before the match, he was seized with delirium tremens, wounded his wife, and shot himself; and the night he died a fire broke out, and burned down his house as you now see it. His wife and child escaped with difficulty from the flames. Most terrible of all, some who were there saw, or thought they saw, a figure resembling Corporal Schwarz, transparent with flame, rise through the burning roof, and float off across the red smoke into the darkness that rose up to the mountains.'

'God in his great mercy be thanked for saving me from the accursed bullets!' said the sick man, falling on his knees by the window. 'If I had taken them, I should have perished like Herr Schwarz.'

In time, Herr Godler slowly recovered; but he abandoned rifle-shooting, and from that time forth never went to practise in the haunted valley of the Gemserberg.

THE ELECTRIC WIRE.

In these days, surrounded as we are on all sides by electric wires, should it not occur to all intelligent persons to make themselves in some degree conversant with the methods of their operation and manufacture? Overhead, we see electric wires stretching from house to house, and from street to street, and crossing even the broad expanse of the Thames. Underground also are electric wires, but these are insulated, or covered with gutta-percha, and enclosed in an iron tube: we have occasionally a glimpse of them when they are undergoing repair, or being tested for some defect. They pass through those square iron posts marked *Electric Telegraph Company*, and are situated at the corners of most of the streets of the metropolis. These posts are used for the greater convenience of occasionally testing the efficiency of the wires, as the front of them can be readily removed for that purpose.

The electric current causing the deflection of the needle is thus sent from one end of London to the

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other through a *single* wire; but as the circuit must be completed before the needle can be deflected, it is necessary that this current should return to the place from whence it started.

This is done by having a wire from each battery, at either end or 'station,' connected with the earth. The current having been transmitted *half* the distance by wire, is left to *find its own way back, through the earth*, to the place from whence it started. This it invariably does instantaneously, and without fault, and, moreover, without in any manner interfering with the thousands of other 'unguided' currents which are actually traversing each other on their way 'home.'

These are all matters worthy our attention, yet how few think more of the subject than that the telegraph is a very convenient mode of sending messages.

We most of us remember the story of the old lady who was travelling in the days when telegraphs were not so generally understood as they are at the present time. On arriving at her journey's end, she could not find her umbrella, and imagined she had left it at home. Some one suggested telegraphing for it, so she proceeded to the office for that purpose. In the meanwhile, however, an astute porter had discovered her umbrella in the carriage she had just left; and being humorously inclined, he hung it on the telegraph wire, and subsequently induced the old lady to look if her umbrella had arrived *by the wire*, a mode of transit she implicitly believed in. She, of course, expressed her delight in getting her umbrella so quickly, but *she expressed no surprise*. She thought, probably, that telegraphs were very convenient, and straightway dismissed the subject from her mind, without for a moment considering the possibility of the event, or the means by which it was accomplished.

Having cursorily glanced at the single wire, let us pay a visit to the manufactory of Mr Henley at North Woolwich, and see how submarine cables are made, and more especially the one which is destined to be submerged in the Persian Gulf, and so connect England with our Indian empire, the political necessity of which it is needless to mention.

The failure of the attempt to establish electric communication with India by way of the Red Sea, must be fresh in the memory of all. The faults which led to the destruction of the Red Sea line were, that it was laid without any allowance for 'slack' cable to fall into the irregularities at the bottom of the sea. It consequently lay strained across the points of the irregularities with a tension of several thousand pounds. As the unprotected wires rusted away, and the suspended portions of the cable became loaded with coral and barnacles, the whole line crumbled into hundreds of pieces by its own weight. To obviate this cause of danger to the Persian Gulf line, the cable is manufactured in the manner we will endeavour to describe. The copper conducting-wire is composed of four segments drawn into a hollow tube in such a manner as to appear like a solid wire. By this means, all the advantages of a strand-wire are combined with the condensed bulk and small surface of a solid one. This wire, which is nearly one-eighth of an inch in diameter, is then covered by the Gutta-percha Company with four distinct coats of gutta-percha, and four coats of Chatterton's compound, laid on alternately. In this state, it is called the 'core,' and undergoes an infinite variety of tests under water at different temperatures, and under a pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch. It is next covered with twelve thick strands of wet hemp; this is done at Mr Henley's works. The core passes through the centre of a large wheel, which has at the extremity of each of its spokes (near the circumference) large spools or reels of hemp-yarn. The wheel rotates by machinery, and twists the hemp-yarn round the core, as it is drawn forward. The spools of yarn are, of course, revolving on their own axes as the yarn is drawn off them by the advancing cable. The cable is still drawn onwards, and now passes through a similar machine; but this time it is covered with twelve No. 7 gauge hard-drawn iron wires, thickly galvanised, so as effectually to prevent corrosion; and it is most interesting to see how beautifully the immense wheel, with its large spools of wire at its circumference, each of which weighs about seven hundredweight, covers the cable. It must be remembered that the cable is being drawn through the centre of this large wheel, and a strong, unyielding, galvanised iron wire is being twisted round it as it advances. The aperture in the axis of the wheel through which the cable passes regulates the equality of the twist, and the 'bearing' of these strong wires is against this aperture, and not upon the core. In fact, we believe the wire would come out twisted in the same manner whether the core was present or not.

The cable still passes onward, and now enters another yarn-serving machine, and is thickly covered with tarred hemp-yarn; and then it enters an apparatus which covers it with a hot mixture of pitch, tar, and silica; again it is covered with yarn, and then again with the composition of tar, pitch, and silica. This composition is proof against the minute animalcula which exist in such abundance in warm latitudes. Each time it passes through the composition, it subsequently passes through an aperture, which not only scrapes off the superfluous matter, but 'rounds' the cable; after which it passes through a stream of cold water, and thence into the tank, close to the edge of which we have at length brought it. Here it is kept coiled away under water, perfectly cool, while the electric current runs always through it, so that the slightest possible defect in the wire can be instantly detected. In these tanks lie upwards of nine hundred nautical miles of thick, black-looking rope, nearly an inch and a quarter in diameter, weighing nearly four tons per mile, and two tons and a half in water, and costing about two hundred pounds per mile. The extreme shore-ends are strengthened by extra thickness of wires, and its weight is thus increased to nearly nine tons a mile.

Before we proceed to take the cable on board ship, we will retrace our steps, and look once again upon the machinery for twisting the galvanic wire on the cable. Here we shall see a little electric indicator, connected with the cable, through which the current is passing all the time it is being made; the needle is thus deflected, and kept so, as the cable progresses. An intelligent man is seated opposite to it, and his duty, supposing the needle ceased to be deflected, would be instantly to stop the machinery, and report to the electricians, who would have to test the cable for the defect, remove the faulty part, re-weld the wires, recover them, and proceed as before. Here, also, is an apparatus for ascertaining the quantity of cable passing through the machine; it is connected with a large wheel, over which the cable passes, and the circumference of which is known.

The manufactory is of immense size, and several large cables are being made at the same time.

It is well worth the while of the intelligent visitor to cast his eye over the machinery for making what are called 'shore-ends.'

Let us now turn our attention to an equally interesting subject, namely, the manufacture of the galvanised iron wire. Here we are surrounded on all sides by coils of rusty iron wire. If this wire is stronger or thicker than required for the particular cable in course of construction, it is drawn 'finer,' that is, reduced

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in thickness, and consequently in weight per mile. This wire-drawing is also done by steam-machinery. It is passed round a large drum, and drawn through a certain sized gauge, the aperture of which is reduced by degrees, till the wire is ascertained to be the correct size. Most of our readers will be aware that it is impossible to reduce the size of wire at one process to the size required; it has therefore to pass each time through a smaller aperture, until the required gauge is attained. It is dangerous to go too near to this rotating drum, as the wire frequently breaks, from too great tension, when it may coil itself round you instantly, and most unpleasantly, as, from the great friction it has undergone, it is nearly red hot.

We now pass on to the baths of hydrochloric acid, where the coils of wire are soaked awhile, to render them perfectly clean and remove finger-marks, which would prevent the zinc (in the subsequent process) adhering to those parts which were not chemically clean. Here, therefore, and henceforth till finished, they are never handled. From these baths they pass to the galvanising baths; but there is nothing galvanic about the arrangement, further than that the iron wire is chemically covered with zinc. There is, however, a galvanic action set up to a certain extent, by the union of the two metals, and this prevents corrosion or rust.

The wire is passed through an immense bath of boiling zinc and hydrochloric acid, passing thence over rollers, and down again through damp sand, thence over rollers and through dripping water, and then coiled on a drum, whence it is removed as finished. These zinc-baths, when once boiling, are continually kept so both night and day, being replenished when necessary, until they are completely worn out and destroyed; the reason being, that a most powerful heat is required for several days and nights to melt the zinc in the first onset.

The extent of these works may be imagined when we state that the wages of the workmen amount to nearly fifteen hundred pounds per week.

The cable is sent on board ship over iron pulleys, which are fastened to an ordinary mooring-cable, between the ship and the shore. It is hauled on board by steam-power. As it comes on deck, it passes over a large iron drum; upon the cable, and immediately over the drum, is a wheel of about two feet diameter; this wheel is pressed down upon the cable, by means of a lever and weight, and to it is attached another of the brass-measuring indicators similar to that on the wire-covering machine. By this means it is ascertained what length of cable has passed on board.

The cable is coiled down in the ship's hold, round a wooden cone, in the centre of a large iron tank. The cone is hollow, and may be described by dividing an egg from end to end, and then taking a slice off the top of each half. The tanks are made water-tight, and filled with water, to keep the cable cool on the voyage. The wooden cones are cemented to the bottom of the iron tanks, and the water has frequently to be pumped out and changed.

As every layer of cable is coiled down, it is covered with a mixture of chalk and silica, to prevent the several layers adhering to each other. They can send on board twenty miles of cable a day. There are three compartments in the hold where the cable is coiled: one forward, one midships, and the other aft. Each coil is divided from the other, and the ends passed into the electrician's cabin, where he can at any time test its validity. These portions are joined as required. All the time the cable is being hauled on board, and coiled down below, the electric current is passing through it, and the little indicator with the deflecting needle stands in the cabin, to notify the existence of any defect at any moment.

We do not propose in this paper to speak of the machinery for 'paying out' the cable, or, indeed, of any of the electrical apparatus; we have simply confined ourselves to the electric wire, and we trust that our readers will be interested in the subject.

GARDEN-GAMES.

Don't suppose, my friend and reader, that I am going to teach you anything new, or give you any fresh directions about the old. I have not invented a lawn balloon, and I avoid any reference to the rules of particular games. There must be rules, of course, but for them I depend upon my neighbours. I wish merely to have a chat with any one who reads this about garden-games and their belongings in general. First, I suppose, in the present day comes 'Croquet.' Is this a revival or an invention? It sounds, or is pronounced, as if it came from France; but I doubt this. French lawns are not smooth enough for it—the grass is too coarse, the worm-casts are too big throughout the whole of that country, to admit a supposition that croquet ever could have been general there. Besides, it is fundamentally opposed to the national sentiment, which has billiard-tables without pockets. Croquet mainly consists in striking balls through hoops; there is hardly ever a cannon made throughout a game. Besides, croquet means a sort of cracknel or crisp biscuit, in French. 'Crosser' is to play at hockey; but how, supposing we look for a relation to croquet in this word, could the *s* have dropped out, and the *q* got in?

At any rate, the game is here. It is adopted universally. There is hardly a lawn in England fit for the purpose without a set of little wire arches, which look like human springes and toe-traps for the unwary. The game is here; and it is a pleasant, tapping, chattering, respectable, flirting game too. Men, women, and children can play at it. Reverend dignitaries and fashionable dandies, crinoline and knickerbockers, can all play it at once. It is easy to learn, and yet admits many degrees of skill. It gives fresh air, and does not make you hot. It is clean. Unlike archery, it can be played on a small space. It is not dangerous—no one was ever mortally wounded at croquet. It is cheap. If not independent of the weather, it is not affected by the wind or sun—no one need complain of the glare of light in taking aim, or of the disturbing breeze which turns aside the arrow. It can be played by ladies and gentlemen on equal terms and with the same tackle. And it is the very chief provocative of small-talk and garden-gossip. Upon my word, I had no idea of the number of recommendations, which it possesses. I had dipped my pen rather with the intention of blackening croquet than otherwise, and now its dissection has converted me. I do not wonder at the polite rural world playing croquet. It conceals the age of the old, and displays the grace of the young. Grandpapa, in whose hands a bow would look absurd, whose lumbago would interfere with the exercise of quoits or bowls, can and does often play a very close game of croquet. He need not bend his back; thus, it is a good pastime for those who are getting rather stiffish. And for those full of ease and grace, what better? A girl with neat ankles will play at croquet all day long—it is made for pretty feet and well-shaped boots. And yet, with all these social and coquettish recommendations, it is a game within the pale of the most strict and straitlaced society. A Quaker might play at croquet with drab balls. Papas and mammas who would not endure seeing their daughters whisked

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about in the waltz by the young gentlemen of their acquaintance, permit them to tread the mazes of croquet, and see their interests represented in the osculating balls.

If I were a young man in the country, with an average appreciation of young ladies' society, I should probably affect to underrate croquet. As it is, being a grim old Cockney, with only an occasional glimpse, by return-ticket, of the green grass carpet with its checkered shade and moving group of playful tapping nymphs, I can only say that young men have now opportunities which we ancients knew not.

But let us have done with this croquet. The original prejudice against it, with which I began to write, is coming back again, and if I don't get out of the subject soon, shall catch myself sneering at the game as a dawdling, effeminate ——

There, now, I've cut the thread, and turn to Quoits. Lawn billiards are too like croquet for me to venture on them. Let us to quoits. Here we are at once in another atmosphere, though at a garden-game. The history of quoits would lead us back into the twilight of the past. It was an old national Greek game before the time of Homer; it was still popular and manly at the height of Roman civilisation. With modifications, it has survived till now; and though it has in some places a tendency to associate itself with skittles, it is considered a classical, manly game, affording wholesome exercise, and considerable opportunity for skill. The main difference between it, as played by the ancients and moderns, is this—the latter pitch at a mark, the trial with the former was only who could pitch the quoit furthest. There is a difference, too, in the shape of the old and new quoit—the old was larger, flatter, and without a hole in the middle.

Leaving now the contrast, let us look at the game as played in the present day. It is a fair, manly game; there are no patterns, or colours, or devices about it. It has no paraphernalia; it wants only a couple of feathers, the quoit itself, and a cunning hand. I say feathers, for they are soft and visible, and far better than iron pins to pitch at. A good rook's wing-feather marks the goal, provides a stiff centre to measure from, and does not spoil a good throw. Sometimes an iron pin flings off the best quoit of the whole flight when it pitches upon it. Moreover, the feather, when cut down, is capable of being set up again, and serves as well as ever.

The two feathers ought to be twenty-one yards apart; this is a good distance to pitch. A string tied loosely round the quill serves to measure the nearness of the rival quoits. No quoit ought to be counted unless it sticks in the ground; this affords a severe test of the accuracy of the aim. It is not usual, I know, under any circumstances, to reckon those quoits which turn up and rest finally on their backs; but even a flat quoit, which some players recognise, will sometimes pitch at a distance from the feather, and then hop quite close up to it, cutting out others which have been better directed. Unless you make a strict rule that none but stickers shall count, there will be more flukes made in this game than any other. I have many times seen a quoit which pitched three yards wide of the mark, and didn't stick, roll quietly in sideways, and lie down close to the feather. You know the wonderful gift of locomotion possessed by a shilling; you drop it on the floor, and it bowls off on its own account, at no great pace, but with surprising perseverance. Just so, a badly-thrown quoit will occasionally travel up to the goal, and take its place among the winners.

But if you play 'stickers,' the disc may wander in with no worse mischief to the skilful player than arises from the chance of its getting in the way, and preventing a good quoit which would have stuck.

A quoit ought to enter the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees, and make a cut in the clay or grass at right angles to the straight line between the two feathers. If well thrown, it moves parallel to itself throughout its whole flight, the greatest height of its trajectory being about two-thirds of the distance from the end it is thrown from. In delivering it, you must be careful not to let it go off out of your hand too flat, otherwise it will be a 'flopper,' or barely stick. Its claim to be a sticker is decided by drawing back the lip of the cut it makes in the ground; if the quoit drops in the least, it is a 'sticker.'

A 'flopper' is a demonstrative deceptive pitch. The quoit often looks well as it is going, flies steadily, but comes down flat upon its face with a smack, and not the ghost of a 'stick' in it. A 'wabbler,' on the contrary, often sticks—it is an unsteady quoit, and a most unpromising one in its flight, but very often pops down in the right place, half burying itself in the soil, and therefore all the less likely to be knocked out by another. But no good player can bear to see his quoits wabble.

You should not walk, much less run, up to the place from which you deliver your quoit; do it standing, quietly. The twist of the hand which gives the quoit its steady flight can be gained only by practice. The main thing in delivering it is to swing and let it go without any slope to the right or left—let it meet the air full.

There are many pleasant recommendations to quoits. It is a fine appetising game; it is terribly destructive of luncheons. It exercises without fatiguing the player. Moreover, every one has his full turn; the worst player has an innings as long as the best. Nobody is kept waiting about. Each delivers his quoit in turn, and then walks towards the other end, but not in the direct line, unless he wishes to have the back of his head cut open by the rest of the flight. A blow from a quoit is no joke, but accidents are very rare in this game.

When I walk down Oxford Street, and see, near the bottom, chains and clusters of beautiful new polished quoits in one of the shop-windows, I always think of the paddock where I have played so many hundred games, or the bottom down in the low meadows by the slow stream where the ground was moist even in the height of summer, and where the dogs used to snuff about for inaccessible water-rats while we played. The only drawback to the spot was a beast of a bull, who used sometimes to come up with a suspicious air of interest in our gestures. The best place was the paddock, where the turf was bitten short, and feathers could be picked up beneath the neighbouring rookery. Ah me! those old garden-games! I like you better than croquet. Think of bowls! What skill, what philosophical accuracy are here needed! Bah! I'll stop. My window looks out into a mews, and there is a fellow who swears at his horses enough to turn the hair of my clothes-brush gray.

Yet a word. I don't call trap-bat or archery garden-games. I see others represented by 'les Graces' (the shooting of a worsted hoop off two sticks), but I don't care to stop over them. I can't either believe that any one could keep up a very long interest in Knock-em-down or Aunt Sally. I should not weep to see them die out. The young ladies who play at them are sometimes fond of slang, and though men will often maliciously provoke it, there is nothing which sets them more against a woman than this.

Commend me, however, to swings. I hate them, and yet the enjoyment they cause to children is endless. Those great double ones which carry two, face to face, are horrible, most especially if your *vis-à-vis* should, as not unfrequently is the case, turn white, and be taken poorly while uppermost. There is no escape. But if you have a garden and a convenient branch, set up a swing for the young folks; and if you want a delightful couch, combining in

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itself every conceivable phase of adaptability to the most yawning, lounging, leg-stretching idler you ever imagined, hang up an Indian grass hammock for yourself in the shade, and bless the giver of this hint.

MIDWAY THOUGHTS.

THERE have been men of whom it is said that they have never grown old; green Patriarchs, who refuse allegiance to advancing Time to the very last. Even these must have looked back on palmier days, and acknowledged to themselves that, although not old, they had once been younger; but to most men there sooner or later comes an hour when they are secretly obliged to confess that *their* period of middle life at least has been overpassed; that they have arrived at that highest point which divides the journey of every one of us into two unequal portions, the larger of which most commonly is behind us. Yonder it lies, winding among the checkered fields, with a hundred well-remembered resting-places, where we took our pleasure, without enjoying it surely as we ought to have done; so it seems, as we here stand on unreturning feet; we knew, indeed, from report that some such hour as this was upon its inexorable way, but we had not realised it; and now we revisit those places never more. Here and there, indeed, there were dark spots, gloomy enough in contrast with the sunshine from which we entered them, and into which we emerged after a very little time, but from hence they are scarcely visible. Even where a friend and fellow-traveller fell down and perished, so strangely (as it seemed) before his time, the rest of the gay company with whom we journeyed soon closed up about us, and we forgot his loss; *now* we perceive the void; as it was with him, so shall it be with us; we pitied him then; but was it not better for him to have been spared this hour, and the contemplation of that down-hill road, all hid in mist as yet, which we must presently follow with unelastic tread? How we regret the time misspent in his loved company; when we meet again, will any of those bonds which we once thought so strong, be found to have survived the shock of Death and the Mysterious Change? How much of that we had in common, we wonder, was eternal? Can it be that that companion of so many years was with us so long for nothing?—that the 'dear Jack,' the 'old fellow,' the —— It is impossible to pursue such a reflection, since a thousand scenes in which he played his part with us crowd in upon our memory suddenly, and the unbidden tears start to our outward eyes. Ah, sad and strange! We never cared for him so much as at this hour, when for the first time we seriously reflect that he is not dead to us, but rather we to him. We shall be dear friends yet, perhaps, although in a different fashion.

Let us look again. The beginning of that road we have come is in a summer haze; its colours are bright, but vague; if we were happy in our boyhood, we scarcely knew that we were. Some have averred this to be the height of happiness; but it is not so. The happiest period of human life is that in which, without thought of any end to the pleasure, we are yet conscious that time is passing very swiftly. The wish of the true Epicurean should be to be always adolescent. In boyhood, we are tethered, and do not range at will; our lives are dependent; our pleasures and sorrows are created for us. But the Youth enfranchised from control, rosy with health, yet who never says to himself: 'How well I am!' resilient with superabundant vigour; whose thoughts might spring to his lips in song, so glad are they; whose mouth is not sufficient for his mirth, but it fills his eyes also; whose feet are not weary at night; whose heart is not heavy in the morning!—ah me! ah me! what a lot is his! If he hath a secret, it is a burden which he joyfully carries, and without which, since he has once learned it, he can no longer exist, but henceforward Life and Love are inseparable. By the side of the passion-flower Love, buds and blows the rose of Friendship. Hitherto, this latter sentiment has been shifty, changeful, and made up of quarrels and reconciliations; it has embraced too many to have had a firm hold of any one. But henceforth there are a chosen few with whose future lives his own is interwoven. Fame, riches, rank, all earthly objects of later ambition are feeble recompenses indeed for the loss of this epoch.

> The myrtle and ivy 'twixt sixteen and twenty
> Are worth all your laurels, however so plenty.
> * * * *
> Then away with all such from the head that is hoary,
> What cares *it* for the wreaths that can only give Glory!

Our head perhaps is not yet gray, but we are not less past that palmy time. Some men are gray in youth, and the locks of some, on the other hand, Time forgets to silver. We may long deceive our fellow-creatures even yet, but from this hour it is impossible to deceive ourselves. There was a certain monarch who once forbade any man to speak or hint in his presence of another and greater monarch—Death. He had lived an evil life, as most of us, it is too probable, would have likewise lived had we been placed high as he, and as many of us, alas, *have* lived, who have not been placed so high; and the thought of death was hateful to him. He was an old man, and it was near. We feel a pity now for that poor crowned wretch which we never felt before. Would it not be well if all men should agree that there was no such thing as Age! There have been often men who have resolved to be young for ever, or at least to act as though they were. One of the most striking examples of such a course is found in Shakspeare's Falstaff. He has depicted the ancient rake still clinging with joyless persistence to his former pleasures; despised, notwithstanding his wondrous wit, by the very companions of his riot; and pricked, every now and then, through his bull's hide of a conscience, by hideous apprehensions of the Future. He sometimes jests at it, but oftener makes sudden resolutions of repentance, lasting perhaps no longer than the words in which they are expressed, but indicative enough of the thoughts that are habitually harassing him. At last he dies, and what a scene is that even described to us by such a witness as Dame Quickly! * How infinitely more terrible than any that has been portrayed for the mere purpose of terrifying! How far truer than most genuine narratives of dissolution! The grim pencil of Fuseli has fitly illustrated this: cold and stark the dead man lies, with the large hands crooked with which he has been 'fumbling with the sheets;' while out at the open window we see the new moon shining down upon the eternal seas.

Poor Sir John is not an encouraging example of those who would fain ignore the noiseless steps of him of the scythe and hour-glass; nor, indeed, is it easy to find one who is. It is held by even brave men to be a good thing to know when one is beaten; and it can scarcely be disgraceful to own one's self vanquished by the universal conqueror, Time. Let us strike our flag, then, with a good grace, and not have it hauled down by boarders. The hour has arrived for the recognition of the mournful fact, that Youth and we have parted company.

> Ah Youth, for years full many and sweet,
> 'Tis known that thou and I were one;
> I'll deem it but a fond deceit,
> I cannot think that thou art gone.

* 'So 'a cried out, God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, *to comfort him*, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.'

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Thy vesper-bell hath not yet told,
And thou wert aye a maaker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To *make believe* that thou art gone?
* * * *
Life is but Thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

So sang one of the sweetest of our human singers, gifted with a mind that indeed seemed incapable of senility, yet even he found the struggle utterly hopeless. He stood as we, and as all that come after us shall stand, upon this self-same hill, and turned his eyes more regretfully than most upon that sunny portion of the road already travelled; for beside the joys which surround us all at that happy epoch, a mighty happiness was conferred upon him in addition—the faculty divine of song. Whatever comes of this in the end, wrote one who himself sang and suffered, 'we poets in our youth begin in gladness.' There is no delight so absorbing and so glorious as that which they experience; the possession of the gift in question is said to comfort them even in old age, but while they are young, it intoxicates them with its raptures.

Verse a breeze mid blossoms playing,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee,
Both were mine; life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poetry,
When I was young.
Ah, woeful When!
Alas the change 'twixt Now and Then!

Bitter as may be our own reflections, they are not so sad, we may be sure, as were his who wrote those lines. Whatever we have lost, he had lost more; whatever tenderest memories arise within us of the bygone hours, he had experienced them, and more; and, however brilliant seems that part of the way we have travelled to ourselves, to him it was bathed in tenfold splendours.

When we have journeyed further, it is probable enough that the very position which we now occupy will in its turn appear fair and enviable, but it never can compete with the epoch of Adolescence; between that and it there is even now a great space, with halting-places upon it, the memory of which is very dear. Yonder is the place, perhaps, where from thenceforward we walked no longer unaccompanied; our sorrows were no more our own, but shared (and lightened by far more than one-half) by a loving wife. Further on, a child was born, and thence commenced that domestic life which possesses a charm that never fades, a sober happiness which increases with those very years that destroy all other earthly pleasures. It abides with us, as faithful as friendship itself—alas for him who knows it not, woe to him that despises it—down to the very verge of the grave. We are well aware that we are in possession of this treasure, that we live and move in this mellow light of domestic love, and that, were it withdrawn, our darkness would be darkness indeed; we are thankful for it to the Giver of all good; nay, we will even admit that this sort of happiness is that which, as respects this world, is most to be coveted, as being at once the most virtuous and the most lasting.

And yet, and yet, as we gaze on that portion of the bygone way where it has left the fenced fields of boyhood, but has not entered the broad highway where men begin to jostle for precedence, how far and fair it looks. It is not distance which lends it enchantment; it was *in truth* most fair, and if that glorious track seems somewhat obscure, the mist is in our own eyes. Care trod it not in our company, nor Illness, nor did we heed the decreasing purse. Even the wisest and most prudent of men gives utterance to a burst of enthusiasm concerning this blessed season of Youth, in the midst of his gravest precepts: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes.' He is only careful to add that he intends by this no licence for sin. Not all his maturest wisdom could make up to him for that lost epoch; the wiser we are, oftentimes the sadder we are, the fuller of suspicions and forebodings. Youth believes and hopes. King Solomon demanded not long life, nor riches, nor the lives of his enemies, but chose what was far better—an understanding heart. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he made his choice in youth. He had not reached the midway halting-place betwixt the cradle and that stone, on which, alas! it might so often be written, Rest, and be Thankful. Otherwise, notwithstanding that all kings of the earth had sent to consult his judgment, and the Queen of Sheba herself had come in person to commune with him, and though he had spoken three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five, is it not possible that, if the offer had again been made to him of 'Ask, and it shall be given thee,' he would gladly have exchanged his seven hundred wives and his three hundred concubines for that daughter of Pharaoh whom he had loved in his youth, and the days of his greatness and his wickedness, for those wherein he was called Jedediah, and his young companions loved him for his own sake? The good king Hezekiah, who lived long after him, being sick unto death, while yet (for those days) in his youth, besought that he might not be cut off so soon, and it was granted to him. We do not read that he profited by those fifteen added years, and perhaps his shortcoming was written for our learning. Let us be content with what we have, and thankful for what we have had. Friends upon the half-way hill, let us journey on together unrepining; it is vain for us to attempt to mingle with yon happy crowd whose place is so far behind us. We cannot even wait here for them, but must on. The road, perhaps, will not be so rough as we apprehend; some whom we love are still with us. The evil days are come not yet, nor the years drawn nigh wherein we need say there is no pleasure in them. For a long way still on our descent we shall see the sun. Besides, somewhere upon that hidden track there is a halting-place for every one of us, although we know not where it shall be; it may be on to-morrow's journey. There we fall asleep; and afterwards—this is most true—if we have walked aright, shall awaken in a place where there is no more Change to be regretted, and tears shall be wiped away from all eyes.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

Among all the mitigations of punishment that have been introduced of late years into the statute-book, those relating to offences against commerce are the most remarkable. A few months' imprisonment, followed by the presentation of 'a third-class certificate,' are evils which now befall a man for doing what in the last century would have subjected him to the penalty of Death. It is even at this date sometimes objected that a man may brutally ill-treat a fellow-creature, with less danger to himself, from the retributive arm of the Law, than he will incur from maliciously breaking a window; but, in the old times, Property was held yet more sacred, and Flesh and Blood far cheaper. Apologists for this state of things were never wanting even among benevolent persons. 'In a commercial country like our own, sir,' said they, with their thumbs, doubtless, in the arm-holes of their long waistcoats, 'such severity is absolutely necessary for our social protection.' There was very little 'protection' for the bankrupt, however, and if anything was 'suspended,' it was not that, but himself, *per col.* Commercial scoundrels have now a comparative immunity, and

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it must be confessed that they have improved in some respects. In the present mild and genial atmosphere of our bankruptcy laws, they flourish and expand into magnificence. They rob the widow and the orphan by wholesale, without the least prejudice to any individual in particular; their manners are generally frank and agreeable, and their mode of life almost always that of open-handed gentlemen. Their predecessors, on the contrary, were pettifogging persons, whose transactions were contemptibly small; they confined themselves to ruining one or two individuals upon the sly, and therein, as we cannot but suspect, must have been sooner or later actuated by malice, or the sense of a wrong begun, which is even worse; while they rarely confined themselves to mere commercial frauds, but upon the principle of it being as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, they often did things unbecoming a gentleman and a fraudulent bankrupt. They kept low company too, and so far from having a house in town and a house in the country, lived 'over' obscure coffee-houses, and in mean apartments.

These thoughts occurred to me, when, on a beautiful October day last autumn, I found myself one of a large picnic-party on a certain maritime estate, the abdicated monarch of which had been a commercial defaulter on the grandest scale. He had had a bank of his very own, which had suddenly broken up, and all had gone down who had put their trust in it, except himself, who had clung to some considerable fragments, and been preserved. He was supposed to have three thousand a year or so still left to live upon, but in a foreign land, and destitute of many things that were doubtless necessaries of life to him, such as Severn salmon, whitebait (which will not bear transit across the Channel), and the Anglican Choral Service, to which he was particularly attached. He had built a beautiful chapel near his mansion—and how could the widows and orphans hope for a better investment of their money?—with stained windows and carved ceilings; the Lectern was highly gilded, the chancel was panelled with oak; everything, in short, was ecclesiastical in the highest degree, and breathed not a syllable of bankruptcy, except the organ, whose notes (it being out of order) were stopped. It may be urged—and indeed it had been urged pretty strongly—that a bankrupt of such high principles should have surrendered himself, and given up his little all for the use of his creditors; but to these arguments he had responded, in a gentlemanly and quiet manner that was peculiar to him, that the remnant of his goods (waiving the question for the present as to whether they were his or no) were a mere drop in the ocean of his liabilities; that they could do no good divided among the army of widows and orphans (even taking that uncommercial and ultra-sentimental view of the circumstances of his creditors), whereas the money was just sufficient to supply himself with little comforts in his enforced exile. With regard to this last matter, he explained that he had left England on account of the state of his bronchial tubes; if he were in health, nothing would have afforded him greater satisfaction than to have cleared himself from every imputation upon his character in the Bankruptcy Court, or before any other tribunal; but as it was, instead of presenting himself in person, he begged to forward a medical certificate from a doctor of the university of Christiania, and very highly thought of in his own country, explaining that the air of Norway (beneficial as he the bankrupt had already found it) had not as yet sufficiently renovated his constitution to admit of a visit to his native land. Of his letter containing these very sensible remarks, I did not possess a copy (although it had been widely published), but the sentiments, which I am conscious of having reproduced very feebly in comparison with the nervous grace of the original manuscript, were indelibly imprinted on my memory. I could think of nothing else, in that stately but dismantled hall, but the bankrupt who had once inhabited it, and I left the joyous and unthinking throng to muse in solitude upon his singular career. I had never seen him, I had never lost anything by him (which are almost synonymous expressions), but yet I felt intensely interested in him, as I strolled amid the ruins of his unjustifiable grandeur. The estate was extensive, and very beautiful; he had purchased it as a wilderness, and he had made it smile, for the few years that he had been its lord, like a garden. He had rescued swampy acres from the devouring sea; yea, he had taken in the very land, and used it for his own purposes. As though he had found not sufficient game among his fellow-creatures, he had built a pheasantry in one of the woods. The birds had flown, or rather had been disposed of after the grand crash, at that great Sale at the Hall which had set all the county agog, and swelled the advertising columns of half the London newspapers; and the empty cages stood with rusty wires, through which the unpruned laurels and wild honeysuckles strove to make their way. A Swing, constructed on the best principles, and costing, I should guess, as much as a dozen ordinary swings, hung broken, whereon, perhaps, happy, innocent children had often taken their pleasure, unconscious of impending ruin. In the midst, a Triton, once a fountain, struggled in vain with the Ivy's hundred arms. A grotto, lined with exquisite sea-shells, which had only not been picked out for the benefit of the creditors because it was found they broke in the process, crowned this scene of desolation. The artificial lake, once carefully cleared from water-weeds, was now so crammed therewith that the defaced and dingy pleasure-skiffs, rotting in the rotting boat-house, could scarce have made way through them. The gravelled paths that led through heath and wilderness, and over crags beneath which the limitless sea outspread, were rank with moss, or overgrown with brier. Nearer the Hall itself, the ruin was even still more ghastly. Nothing remained firm and stable but the Pigeon-house, which, as might have been expected, was very large; it stood upon its lofty pole—a substantial sarcasm—the very sign and emblem of the bankrupt's home. The mansion was of immense extent, with gilded ceilings, and chimney-pieces curiously carved. Here and there, great slabs of oaken panelling had been cut bodily out for the sake of the pictures painted on them; everything that was of the least value of itself had been borne away; but the fixtures were left, in hopes that some tenant might be found wealthy enough to 'take to' them along with the hall. Thus, along the great conservatories, stripped of their choice flowers, the empty water-pipes, cold and useless, still ran in triple fold; the marble bath-rooms mocked one with their 'Hot,' and 'Cold,' and 'Tepid' handles; the statues that once were fountains, stood naked and dusty, robbed of their silver music. Some melancholy aloes, in decaying tubs, added bitterness to the scene. On the quay stood a watch-tower in ruins, and the steps were green and slimy by which the lordly bankrupt was wont to embark in his eight-oared galley.

The legends of this man that hung about the place, and were retailed by the aborigines as gladly as they were accepted by the gaping visitors, were redeemed from all vulgarity by the scale of grandeur on which they were built. The sense of his crime was sunk in appreciation of his magnificence. He had robbed as no man had ever robbed before him, but he had spent the money like a prince, and dismissing the depreciatory fact that he had no right to one farthing of it, the bankrupt was an accomplished gentleman, a man of taste, a connoisseur in sacred music, in painting (strictly classical), and in the fine arts generally. An excellent landlord, a genial friend, a munificent patron of the church; his character (but for that one little blot aforesaid) ran like

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an epitaph. I could not but endeavour to picture the feelings of the man himself placed on this bad eminence, and cultivating all social relations in so admirable a manner. Was he able to dismiss from his mind the sense of his own shame? Did he excuse away his enormous guilt? That letter from Sweden led me rather to imagine that he succeeded in doing this. I had heard that he had of late been obliged to visit Paris for the best medical advice—could it be possible that his conscience began to tell upon his digestion? No; he was altogether too well-bred a man.

Now, while I reflected upon this matter, my memory suddenly presented to me the case of another bankrupt—not on account of any similarity between the two, but from their violent contrast. Each of them, indeed, were Curiosities of Crime, but the one was an example of impunity, and the other of the utmost severity of punishment. The bankrupt of whose involuntary hospitality I was then partaking, had the good-fortune to cross the Channel, which, if he had not done, serious consequences would have befallen him. He would have had to disgorge much of his little all, and might even have been imprisoned for several months. The other Bankrupt whom I have in my mind's eye, did *not* cross the Channel, and the consequence was as follows.

In the autumn of 1712, Richard Town was tried at the Old Bailey for withdrawing himself from his creditors, after a commission of bankruptcy had been issued against him, and with fraudulently removing tallow valued at L.400, as well as L.400 in money, with his debt-books and books of account. Altogether, therefore, Mr Town had but taken L.800 with him, with the intention of living upon that modest property in a foreign land. Standing upon my other bankrupt's property, and beholding his mansion and his Pigeon-house, I protest that his fraudulent prototype seemed by comparison positively an honest man. An honest man, however, with the very hardest luck in the world; the most unfortunate wretch (to be guilty) in all the annals of criminal law, as I do believe. He had gone down to Sandwich, with the intention of sailing in a certain vessel to Amsterdam; but being too late for that, he had to embark in the common packet-boat to Ostend. Now this modest L.800 he carried about his person, *in guineas*, between his coat and his waistcoat. Moreover, in his legitimate pockets, he had twenty guineas in gold, and five pounds seven and sixpence in silver. But all this money did not prevent Mr Richard Town from being excessively sea-sick. A severe gale having arisen, he had to betake himself to the side of the vessel, like many a more honest man,* and among his other offerings to Neptune, he dropped his 800 guineas in gold into the sea. Is it possible to imagine a more melancholy situation than that of this poor man? Dreadfully sea-sick; very likely suffering from the pangs of conscience; certainly, having lost the money for which he had risked so much, and on which alone he calculated for future subsistence! And yet a still greater misfortune remained in store. The gale grew so violent that the packet-boat was absolutely driven back, and forced to put into Sandwich. Conceive the feelings of our fraudulent bankrupt during that return-voyage! It is said that no man with money in his pocket ever gives up hope; but it would have been far better for Richard Town (as will be seen) if he had thrown the rest of his pocket-money (or, at least, ten pounds of it) into the same sea which had swallowed up his two bags of gold. He was met at Sandwich by an emissary of the law, who had previously been biting his nails on the quay, because, as he fancied, he had just missed him. 'But doth not a meeting like this make amends?' must have been that bailiff's thought, although probably not his exact expression, since he lived anterior to Mr Thomas Moore. His vulgar joy, the prostration and despair of his victim, can easily be imagined. This officer, having searched the poor fellow, took away his L.25, 'but left him the odd silver.' Being put upon his trial, poor Town discovered that it had been enacted: 'Did any person, being a bankrupt, after the month of April 1707, fraudulently conceal, embezzle, or make away with goods or money *to the value of* L.20, he should be deemed guilty of felony;' and felony, in those days, was punished by Death. Now, the L.800, which he had lost in the sea, it was difficult to prove that he had possessed himself of; but the L.25 found on his person brought him within the act. Richard Town was the first person who underwent the extreme penalty of the law for the offence of Fraudulent Bankruptcy; and he refused to acknowledge the justice of his sentence. When sentence was passed upon him, he was put into the condemned hole with the vilest prisoners, and there caught so violent a cold as to render him stone deaf. To complete his misfortunes, he was hung, we are told, upon his birthday, 'a circumstance which, with great composure, he mentioned to the Ordinary of Newgate on his way to the place of execution.'

* A curious instance of the universality of this weakness is afforded by the following ancient tenure. 'Solomon Attefield hold land at Keperland and Atterton, in the county of Kent, that as often as our lord the king would cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs should go along with him, to hold his *head*, if it was needful.' A dreadful service surely for that ancient house to perform, if the Attefields themselves were liable to the *maladie de mer*.

DAYBREAK IN THE EAST.

Memnon on the yellow sands
Of Egypt sits with folded hands,
Patient, waiting for the sun,
Careless of the scorch and heat,
Though it burn, and though it beat,
So Fate's measured course be run.

With her great dilated eyes,
Full of changeless, deep surprise,
Broods old Egypt's queen—the Sphynx;
At each rise, and at each set,
Stares that magic creature yet,
Crouching like the desert lynx.

Some day music will arise,
Filling both their scarfed eyes
With a joy of new-born youth,
As some crowned Arab lancer,
Will shout out her riddle's answer,
To the Sphynx who waits the truth.

Then the Orient will grow young,
As when Homer of it sung;
And the Magi will come back
From the far-off Western land,
Leading their grave-robed band
To the old loved Eastern track.

Then the palm will rise again
On old Tadmor's desert plain,
And Jerusalem laugh out;
And then the burning Arab sands
Will change to flowering Eden lands,
And with joy the earth will shout.

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A NIGHT AMONG THE GLACIERS.

THE hotel on the Aeggischorn, a mountain on your left hand, by Viesch, as you ascend the Upper Valais, is nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and adjoins the great ice-field of the Bernese Oberland; hence it has become the chief starting-place for the ascent of the Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, &c., which the tourist admires from the neighbourhood of Interlachen. Beside these familiar mountains, there are several others of equal or greater height, which belong to the same cluster, but are not seen from the surrounding valleys. The chief and centre of these less-known peaks, however, asserts its place to the spectator who stands on the top of the Aeggischorn. He sees the great reservoir of ice bordered on the other side by the well-known mountains above Grindelwald, and in the midst of it a fine peak, which really overtops them all, with the solitary exception of the Finsteraarhorn. This central peak is called the Aletschorn, and appears the highest in the Bernese Oberland, when it is approached from the valley of the Rhone. Indeed, it looks like the king of the whole family; and when I had seen it for the first time from the top of the Aeggischorn, I felt an additional respect for the giant, who had not made a show of himself for years at the edge of the ice-field, like, for example, the Wetterhorn and Mönch. Bigger and higher than they, he stayed at home, indifferent to guide-books, and unmolested by mountaineers.

The Aletschorn was not ascended till 1859. Probably, it will never be a great favourite with climbers, as it does not give, like the Jungfrau, a plunge to the eye sheer down into the tourist-haunted valleys of the Oberland, nor like Monte Rosa, an unimpeded view over Italy.

One day, while we were staying at the inn on the Aeggischorn, and were full of admiration at this modest but giant central mountain, two gentlemen arrived for the purpose of ascending it, and kindly asked me to go with them. I had never climbed any of these high peaks, and was therefore glad to go, although, as it turned out, we were none of us destined to set foot upon the head of the Aletschorn this time. We were to start in the afternoon, get to a certain cave above the glacier by nightfall, sleep there, and make the ascent the next morning. Thus at least we should have had the, to me, novel sensation of a night among the glaciers.

There were six of us: the two men who asked me to accompany them, and whom I will call F—— and R——; two guides—Walters, who had assisted Mr Tyndall in his famous but unsuccessful assault upon the Matterhorn; and Stücktil, which is the way, I believe, he spells his name, though he seems to have an unfair share of dots; a porter, and myself. First, though, there was the prog to be looked after. These expeditions consume a vast amount of food. Mr Wellig, the attentive landlord of the inn, had packed up for us a leg of mutton, a quantity of ham, great lumps of cheese and butter, loaves, chocolate, six or seven bottles of red wine, three small ones of champagne, to be drunk on the top of the peak; coffee, with a large open pan to boil it in; wood for the fire, cold tea, prunes, a huge block of sugar, and a number of hard-boiled eggs. We had besides five blankets, three mackintoshes, and extra clothing; great worsted mits or knitted gloves, without fingers, lined with wool; spare flannel-shirts, stockings, and wraps. As, moreover, the guides carried a couple of ropes, two ice-axes, a lantern, and spare candles, we, or rather they, were well loaded when we turned out of the inn about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, with the good wishes of the remainder of the party staying there, set our faces towards our work.

Before we could reach the ice, we had the range of the Aeggischorn itself to cross. This is the great drawback to the situation of the hotel. Though seven thousand feet above the sea, you have something between two thousand and three thousand feet to climb and descend before you can begin or finish expeditions in the ice-field. This is provoking, especially at the tail of a long day's work. In fact, the hotel, intended and adapted as it is for facilitating ascents of the Bernese Oberland peaks, has a threshold about the height of the Cheviot Hills, or Plinlimmon, only a good deal steeper, which must be crossed at the beginning and end of every excursion.

We set off, and in due time gained the top of the range. The last few steps changed the whole scene. Behind us, as we rose, lay the mountains which divide Switzerland from Italy, the most conspicuous of them being the Monte Leone, so named from its resemblance to a couching lion: on our left were the Weishorn, Matterhorn, Saasgrat or Mischaebelhorner, with its peaked dome; then the Fletschorn; and beyond, though not distinctly, a piece of Monte Rosa: on our right, the Obeaarhorn shewed

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its white tip, and a part of the Vieschorner peeped over the range we were on. But the last two steps of the ascent shewed the great ice-field itself. We were behind the scenes of the Bernese Oberland, and looked down into the heart of the snow-kingdom at the back of the Jungfrau. Some two thousand feet and more below us, the great Aletsch glacier, nearly twenty miles long, and hence visible throughout nearly the whole of its course, swept by like a great frozen river; immediately opposite, entering this last as a tributary, the little Aletsch glacier, though little only by comparison, came down from the snows of the Aletschorn. Our path lay across the great channel of ice, and up this tributary. At its higher end, it appeared much broken, and shewed like a crowd of ice-cliffs looking over each other's shoulders; above the hindmost lay slopes of snow to the col of the Aletschorn, from which a long white frozen ridge led towards the summit of the mountain.

Up the little Aletsch glacier, and just below its steepest and broken part, there is, in the rocks on the right hand, a small cave; this was our destination for the day, and lodging-place for the night. It goes by the name of the Hotel Bennen, that being the name of the guide (the best in the Valais) who discovered it. We paused for a few minutes on the crest of the range, looking over the great tide of ice beneath us, and then scrambled down the rocks to the glacier. Walters hopped away like an India-rubber ball. I never saw a tighter, surer-footed fellow in my life. His thigh was like a leg of mutton. Off he went, tripping down the steep descent, which consists of huge, loose, broken masses of rock, as if they formed a common staircase. They give, however, good hold to the foot, and we were soon at the bottom. There we halted for five minutes, and then set out across the glacier. This was easy walking enough; indeed, some parts of this great glacier are as safe as the Strand, and may be traversed by the most timid person. We made a short-cut across it, where the surface is rather uneven. The ice has here much the appearance of a storm at sea; it rises in billows of many feet high, which seem to follow each other. The resemblance to a frozen tempest is increased by a tip of snow or white crumbling ice on the top of each wave, like a little curl of foam. But all was rigid and still. We sat down on one of these white crests, which was so hard as to knock the skin off one of my knuckles. Here and there, some in the trough, and some on the slope of the frozen waves, lay blocks of stone borne down by the glacier from the rocks which skirt its course. Masses of several tons-weight rested on this hard sea lighter than gulls upon water. During the daytime, while the sun shone, little rills trickled along the hollows of the ice in small bright blue channels, now and then finding their way into a hole, and gurgling out of sight. Countless crevasses crossed or skirted our path, some large enough to swallow a bullock, others only a few inches wide, but all shewing the same deep upright azure walls.

Walters and the other guide plodded on, however, in a business-like way, towards the right lateral moraine, where the two glaciers meet. This gave us some disagreeable walking till we got on the ice again, and proceeded towards our cave. On our way, I picked up a frozen swallow, caught, probably, in some storm, and whisked about till he died of fright and cold. When we had been walking between three and four hours, we began to look for our lodging-house. We were approaching the upper broken portion of the glacier, and knew it must be somewhere in the rocks which skirted it on our right hand. At last, Walters, pointing up, called out: 'There is the hotel.' The entrance looked airy, being nothing more than a jagged little hole some two hundred or three hundred feet above us in the mountain-side; so we sat down while the guides and porter went on to get the beds ready. As these consisted of sods and grass, they gathered them as they went. The hotel occurs in strata inclined at an angle of about forty degrees to the horizon, and therefore the floor had first to be made flattish with lumps of earth. Since it is not big, being only about twelve feet deep by eight wide, and four feet high at the very most, you might think that the levelling effected by one set of visitors would serve for the next. Unluckily, however, a little stream enters the inner parlour of the premises, and runs out at the front-door; thus, the flooring and beds are generally washed away after each tenure. We, or rather the guides, found it so on this occasion. We watched them climb up, and crawl in head first, though we never lost sight of part of their persons, while they plugged the floor with sods, and then strewed grass upon their surface.

Presently, the room was ready, and we scrambled up; then we laid our mackintoshes on the grass, and sat down to dinner—in fact, we dined in bed. Walters produced the leg of mutton, and laying hold of the bone-end, carved it with his pocket-knife, just as you cut a stick away from you. Stücktil lit a fire and boiled the coffee in a frying-pan, filling the cave with smoke at the same time. The porter, his work now nearly done, for his business was only to carry the food and bedding to the cave, and take the latter back, lit his pipe, and looked on, holding a lantern for us to see by, as it was now growing dark.

It was a mixed, but merry and substantial meal. We took the food as it came out of the knapsack, wine, coffee, cheese, mutton, butter, with hungry disregard of established succession. As soon as we had done, we put on extra shirts, and turned in for the night. F—— lay inside, then R——, then I, then Walters. The last tucked in us three, then himself, and then blew the candle out. The floor of the cave, though partially levelled, sloped outwards, and Walters lay, as it were, at the edge of the eaves. The other guide and the porter went over them, and slept somewhere else. There was no room to spare with us. We were packed so close that it was difficult to hitch an inch without waking the men on each side of you, and utterly impossible to turn round. We lay on our right sides, with our faces towards the opening of the cave, and the stars looked in. It was not cold. Walters was indeed as hard as a tree, but as warm as a stove. He went to sleep in about two minutes.

Directly over his neck, I looked down upon the glacier and the great shadow of the rock in whose side we lay, made by the moon upon the opposite snows. The little rills which had gurgled over the ice were now frozen hard. The dripping well, however, in our cave patted on throughout the night like the tick of a water-clock. Several times the glacier gave a great crack. Otherwise the silence was intense.

At first, I thought my right arm alone was going to sleep, for I had tucked it under my head, and couldn't move it without waking my companions; at last, I followed its example. Then I dreamed that I was an ancient Briton, and with several companions, met Canon Stanley, who immediately delivered a most interesting lecture upon myself and my times. I seemed to have lived in caves from my birth, but the doctor knew ever so much more about us than we did ourselves; I confess I was surprised, but gratified.

Walters awoke us by firing a lucifer-match to look at his watch; it was just one. We had turned in about seven, and had to get up by two. 'Encore un moment,' said he, and almost the next breath out of his mouth was the long respiration of deep sleep.

In about half an hour, he woke again, and called us. We couldn't get up, for the cave wouldn't let us, so we shook ourselves, rubbed our eyes, and got down

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over the eaves into the night. First, however, we had our breakfast. The other guide appeared with the frying-pan, and made our coffee; Walters drew out his knife and the leg of mutton, and the porter held a lantern as at supper.

Then we started. It was something like getting out of a garret-window in the middle of the night, and down the front of the house by the window-sills. Walters affected to illuminate the whole process with his lantern, but we trusted rather to touch than sight, and lowered ourselves with hand and foot till we reached a slope down which we could scramble to the glacier.

The porter was left in the cave, and the minute we had quitted it, wrapped all our bed-clothes about him, and turned in to enjoy himself. Our walk up the glacier was now much more broken than on the previous day, as we had to thread our way through the ice-fall, as it is sometimes called; besides, it was dark. So, Walters put us all in rope, and taking the lantern and axe, set off towards a labyrinth of huge crevasses, among which the ascent lay. Then he proved himself a good glacier-man. With a single dim and dangling lantern, he worked steadily up without retracing one step, till he landed us on the snow-slopes above the head of the glacier. Looking down upon it when the day broke, we could hardly believe that our path had lain through such a series of ice-battlements. Yet our guide never hesitated, never stopped to think, never scratched his head, but now winding to the right, now striking on a snow-bridge here, now there, now cutting a few steps, now doubling to the left, now shewing the brim of a crevasse with his lantern, and grunting a caution, he mounted tier after tier of ice-cliffs till we stood upon the upper snows or névé. Then he quietly made a hole with his foot, and blowing out his candle, put the lantern into it with as perfect an assurance of finding the place on his return, as if he had placed it in a cupboard in his room at home.

It was now daybreak. The peaks around grew rosy as the sun began to shew above the distant Italian mountains behind us; the intervening valleys took a warmer gray, but the wind felt keener as we rose. A series of simple but tiresome snow-slopes took us to the col of the Aletschorn, over which we looked upon the back of the Jungfrau, apparently on a level with us, and beyond, over a vast extent of country the other side of the Bernese Oberland. Far behind and beneath were the mountain-tops around the Lakes of Como and Maggiore. Here we sat down for our second breakfast. On our left, a thin ridge of snow, as sharp as any high-pitched roof, stretched upwards towards the summit of the mountain, falling sheer away on one side, apparently some thousand feet; on the other, sloping at the angle of, say fifty degrees to the horizon, till it went over a wall of rock. We discussed it, and thought it nearer sixty degrees at the time. On this frozen roof of snow, just as it were below the ridge-tiles, our path had to be made. It was really, though, no difficult matter. Walters went first, and cut every step with his ice-axe; we had only to plant our feet carefully in his marks, and mind that we stepped clear of the rope. Of course, such a place requires a pretty good head. Had one of the party slipped, very probably he would have pulled the rest down the slope over the precipice to which it led, some two or three hundred feet below us. How far it went beyond that, we could not see. The chips of ice from Walter's axe-blows hopped away over the edge of the precipice in a moment with a quick jingling sound, something like broken glass; our Alpenstocks occasionally went through the ridge below the edge of which we walked, and when we drew them out, gave little round views into space, just above our knees. We went on thus cutting steps for a little more than an hour, till we reached easy snow-slopes again. By this time, however, the wind had risen, the clouds gathered, and the snow began to fall. This last, at a high elevation, is like coarsely-pounded ice or hail, and stings sharply; moreover, it not only came down, but rose up, whisking off the slopes, and flickering around the summit we approached with leaps more like those of flame than smoke. I do not know to what else I can resemble this singular uprising of the snow.

We plodded on, now and then breaking into a crevasse; but the worst part of the ascent was done. There were only some snow-slopes and a short *arête* to be passed. We hoped to be on the summit within two hours, when all at once Walters stopped and asked us if we should like to go on. The thought of turning back had not entered our heads; we were taking the snow-storm as a part of the day's business; and though the view from the top promised to be very limited, we had every intention of seeing what it was like. This suggestion of Walters, however, made us think that perhaps something was wrong. It was late in the year, when storms are severe; perhaps he expected a frost-biting. The ascent would certainly not be worth the risk of losing one's nose or ears. However, we decided to go forward; so on we went. Presently, he stopped again. Would we go on? The summit, though nearer, was dim with snow; the wind was still rising; but why should Walters suggest our retreat? True, he said he would go on if we desired it, but he had taken the initiative in hinting a return. Twice he had pulled us up with the inquiry whether we wished to proceed.

It was very provoking. He had reasons for stopping our ascent, or he would not have spoken as he did; he knew best. We didn't want to be frost-bitten, or lose the sense of feeling in either hands or feet in descending the sharp snow-ridge, where we needed all our wits about us. What should we do?

We stopped, and had a palaver. Walters shrugged his shoulders, tied his pocket-handkerchief over his ears, and would not accept the responsibility of a decision one way or the other. The second guide echoed Walters's words and gestures.

With heavy hearts, we decided to turn back, as wise and valuable men. In a moment, the charm of the situation was gone; we did not care for the view; we took no interest in our work, and retraced our steps to the col, along the snow-ridge, in a spirit of dogged carefulness.

We saw afterwards why Walters wished us to return; though there was a fine day beneath it, a tremendous snow-storm came on, and cut the top of the peak clean off; we could not see a sign of it. But the provoking part was that, before the storm burst in its whole strength, it held off just long enough for us to have got to the top, had we gone on as we were going when Walters stopped. This was intolerable. We sat down on the col, and drank the champagne in moody, inglorious thirst.

Walters then suggested another attempt, but we said 'No;' and it was well we did, for had we tried the summit then, we should have been caught in the full force of the storm, which soon came on, and raged above us as we crossed the great glacier homewards.

On our return, we made one or two *glissades*, and slid quickly over slopes up which we had toiled in the morning. We all sat down behind each other, and went along at a famous pace. As soon as we had worked our way through the descending ice-fall, Walters took off the rope, and we strolled leisurely back to the inn, stopping now and then, partly to eat, partly to rest, partly because we had no heart to go home with our object unaccomplished.

The whole expedition passed without any other mischance. Of course, we all tumbled down, but being in rope, this did us no harm. It is not pleasant, however, to slip at the edge of a crevasse, even though you know you will be pulled out, if you happen to fall in. There is no particular difficulty in

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the ascent of the Aletschorn. You must have a good head, and be prepared to give some twenty-four hours to the expedition. We were not all quite fresh when we got home; I confess to being tired, but I was hungry at dinner and sleepy at night, which are both good signs after any unusual exertion. I was not alone in feeling a sense of weariness, for, on crossing the Aeggischorn on our return, we all sat down gladly on the top of the col for a few minutes, and Stückûl fell fast asleep directly he had lit his pipe.

Had we reached the summit of the peak, we should have raced home; as it was, I felt that we had merely had a Night among the Glaciers.

GREEK-FIRE

If anybody should doubt the value of a name, we would recommend that incredulous individual to scan with moderate attention the comments that have been suggested by the words 'Greek-fire' in connection with the shelling of Charleston by General Gillmore. Curran is reputed to have sent an old lady into a paroxysm of hysterics by his telling her with an air of assumed gravity how sorry he was to hear that she kept a hypothenuse in her house; and similarly many old ladies of both sexes appear to have been scandalised beyond endurance at reports which have reached the Old World about this last grievous cruelty of the Federals. Now, we wish to be very plain, lest, by our mode of introducing the subject, we may be deemed worthy of more moral obloquy than justly belongs to us. Listen, then, to the confession of our faith in respect to war and the mode of conducting war. Imprimis, then, we say that war is a bad business in any case—a most ungentle game—an evil way of gaining an end that may be either good or evil; yet this one good quality appertains to war—the straightforwardness of it. Before you stands the enemy; the end you propose to yourself is to conquer that enemy; and as physical force is the agency you propose to conquer him with, the case requires for its issue to be successful that you shall put forth more physical force than he. Such is the proposition, doubtless; and if the consequences of it are reasoned out to exhaustion, we then arrive at some startling issues, and amongst which the following—namely, that—the ethics of warfare regarded—you have the clear right to demolish the enemy as best you can.*

Now concerning General Gillmore's Greek-fire. So far as the logic of the name is concerned, we have little doubt that the Federal Greek-fire rained down upon Charleston is not identical with the terrible war-liquid of the Palæologi; but then we have just as little doubt that the compound actually used by the Federals was far more destructive than its prototype. The fact is, that ever since the year 1828 or thereabout, when the French general devised and carried into execution what he called the incendiary system—that is to say, the system of discharging large shells from long guns (they had hitherto been discharged from mortars and howitzers), ingenious people, whose duties or proclivities lead them to turn their regards to matters of war-destruction, have speculated much as to the best materials for charging these big shells. Put the case thus: You are an artillerist, and you have the power of launching a big shell into a block of buildings; but previous to launching it, you naturally desire to make that shell as destructive as possible. Would you charge that shell with gunpowder that, touched with fire, explodes at once, shattering much, without always setting fire to combustible bodies near? or would you prefer some sort of charge less potent for shattering effect, but more sure as to its powers of ignition? Would you think well of a charge that should well out of the hollow projectile like burning lava from a volcano? A terrible notion, very; but then observe the proposition we started with was, that war is, by its very nature, terrible. People who cannot look terror in the face should not make war. Let this be consolation to the troubled minds of those who are scandalised by what they consider to be a bad precedent instituted by General Gillmore. He established no precedent—not having been the first by many amongst modern war-engineers to compass the use of liquid fire in one form or another; and had his liquid fire been spiced with poison, still there would have been no novelty. We Britishers have done something in the liquid-fire way ourselves. Some years ago, our war-authorities purchased of Mr Martin the secret of a shell filled with molten iron. Formerly, red-hot shot were fired from cannon when a charge of hot iron might have been thought desirable; but the idea occurred to Mr Martin that a charge of molten iron would be more efficacious. Taking a large iron shell, he loams it internally, and filling the shell with iron liquid from a furnace, the portion of metal at the filling aperture solidifies, and acts as a stopper to the rest. The projectile is next loaded and fired; and when arriving at its destination, and breaking up, there is a disagreeable train of consequences. If any ugly war-device be too bad for Christian warfare, surely that very device is Martin's shell; Christian warriors recognise the use of it nevertheless, and on occasion, would use it. The charge of ordinary British service-shells (shrapnell excepted, which hold bullets mingled with powder) is powder alone; the French, however, charge their bombs and large naval shells with a mixture of powder and Valenciennes-fire, the latter a villainous compound, which melts lava-like, and flows about, setting fire to combustibles it meets with, and evolving noxious fumes. One has heard something, too, of 'boulets asphyxiants;' otherwise, shells charged with poison, devised by our neighbours—ungentle, very; but then—once more to repeat—war itself is ungentle.

With all these precedents to quote, no general, as times go, should incur any extraordinary reprobation for using Greek-fire (could he only get it) *under circumstances and on occasions admitted to be proper.* We do not stop to inquire whether the bombardment of Charleston belongs to the category of proper occasions, that being a matter foreign to the topic we are engaged in discussing; the question is, whether people should look horrified and shiver at the very mention of Greek-fire.

It is not very probable, as we said, that General Gillmore did use Greek-fire, for inasmuch as nobody knows the composition of that celebrated war-material, it follows that nobody can manufacture it except by

* We deem it necessary here to make an editorial note. The writer of this article appears to commit himself in his first paragraph to a sanction of *all means* in warfare, though he afterwards puts a restriction upon this major proposition. We wish that there should be no dubiety about our own sentiments. We find it impossible to get over the absurdity, if there were nothing else, of an attempt, by the destruction of cities, to recover the revolted affections of their inhabitants. When the officers of the Neapolitan government in 1860 proposed to shell Palermo, then in the hands of Garibaldi, the idea was received with a shout of reprobation throughout Europe. Such acts are recognised as beyond the scope of legitimate warfare; and our belief is, that the proposed destruction of Charleston, and the devastations committed by the Federals in other parts of the Confederate States, are now inspiring in the Old World a horror and aversion for the unionist cause, which will make the result anything but a true gain for the American government.—Ed.

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what riflemen call a 'a fluke,' or chance hit. Authorities are mostly of opinion that the material was a mixture of oil, or rather naphtha, mingled with sulphur and resin: if so, and if Gillmore used Greek-fire, the recent discovery of naphtha, or mineral oil-springs, in North America, may have been ordained (among other manifest destinies) to quell rebellion. This is a point, however, on which we do not care to speculate. The probability is, that the so-called Greek-fire of General Gillmore is one of the numerous spontaneously inflammable liquids familiar to chemists, probably either a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon, or phosphorus in chloride of sulphur. During the paroxysm of war-fever which affected many good Britons at the period of the late Russian campaign, several war-engineers turned attention to the class of spontaneously inflammable fluids. Somebody proposed that shells should be charged with kakodyl, a horrible compound holding much arsenic, and which, in addition to the quality of spontaneous combustibility on coming into contact with the atmosphere, liberates arsenical fumes which kill every living thing that may breathe them. We are of opinion that kakodyl will remain in abeyance for war-purposes. Nobody cares to have much to do with kakodyl—to prepare it, or, when prepared, to handle it. A shade more practical was Captain Disney. That gentleman filled glass globes with some sort of liquid, the composition of which he did not publish, but which was quite well known to chemists. He projected by hand his filled glass globes against walls and other hard targets, having combustible matter in front, and the globes fracturing, and their contents flowing out, the shavings or other combustible matter were soon in flames. Well, here was an agent demonstrated to be capable of effecting certain results under certain conditions, but unhappily the conditions stipulated for by Captain Disney were suggestive of a certain not very practical method of bird-catching, which most of us have heard of, and which for shortness may be called the 'saline method.'

Another son of Mars thought if he only knew the secret of the Disney compound, he could use it more effectually than that gentleman. He goes straightway to a chemist, and obtains some of the Disney liquid (solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon), receiving strict injunctions not to put the bottle holding the treacherous liquid in his pocket, but to carry it in the hand. Like many another man, the gallant captain was wilful. He pocketed the bottle (mem., coat-tail pocket), and a few minutes afterwards was seen, comet-like, rushing through the streets, a train of flame behind him. Such, at any rate, is the statement of the chemist. Under the skilful treatment, however, of this gallant officer, the Disney liquid was caused to yield some striking results, being discharged in leaden shells from small-arm rifles; results suggestive of the terrible effects that might accrue if the Disney liquid were discharged in considerable volume by means of large artillery shells.

Some authors have held the opinion that the secret of Greek-fire was known to the *ancient* Greeks, but that no application of it to war-purposes took place until the period of the Byzantine empire. This view of the case is most improbable; far more likely that the Byzantines acquired a knowledge of the compound from the Asiatics with whom they held intimate relations. It is an error to assume that Greek-fire was only used in war by the Byzantines; the Saracens employed it during the Crusades, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was used in European warfare.

According to Père Daniell, Philip Augustus, king of France, having found a certain quantity already prepared at Acre, brought it to France, and used it subsequently at the siege of Dieppe, to burn the English vessels. In 1383, when the Bishop of Norwich besieged Ypres, it is stated that the garrison defended itself so well, particularly with Greek-fire, and certain engines called 'cannons,' that the English were obliged to raise the siege with such precipitation that they left all their heavy engines behind them; and later, the remnant of the army being besieged in the town of Barburgh by the French, were so pressed by Greek-fire that fully one-third was burned up, and the remainder had to capitulate. As to the precise nature of Greek-fire, all accounts represent it to have been a liquid, and if we are to credit a statement made by the Princess Anna Comnena, it was composed of oil, sulphur, and resin. As regards the means of projection, they were twofold; either the fluid was launched in fragile jars by military engines, or spirted from tubes. Had medieval warriors possessed artillery shells, they would doubtless have preferred them; and had they but known the secret of our modern liquid fires, they would have assuredly cast aside their less efficient substitute. For our part, we believe the molten iron charge of a Martin's shell to be the most terrible of incendiary weapons, whenever the use of it is practicable, although we doubt whether the enormous 15 and 13 inch Dahlgren ordnance could, with safety to their own material, discharge Martin's shells, the latter being nearly as heavy, bulk for bulk, as solid iron.

SKELETONS IN THE CHALK.

A FEW years ago, and in the spring-time, there stood before a lonely public-house, beside the high-road which runs from London to Salisbury, two men in earnest conversation. They were both slight of build and small of stature, but there was a difference in their age of, it might be, thirty years, the younger being apparently not more than twenty. It was still early in the morning, and a mist which had begun to fall soon after sunrise made objects at a hundred yards' distance indistinct, though it did not entirely conceal them.

'We could scarcely have a better morning for the purpose,' said the elder of the two men. 'If there should be anybody about here by chance who might happen to know me, he is not likely to be able to see much. Now, mind how you ride the mare, and do your very best with her, as if you were riding for the stakes. I shall start the horse at the top of his speed when we get to Klinkman's Folly, and keep him at it as far as the Three Firs.'

'I suppose you will time the distance?'

'No, it is not worth while. I don't know the distance; and, besides, I know there is not one among the lot that will run which could keep near the horse in such a trial as we are going to have.'

Without exchanging any further remarks, they both went through the garden to the back of the house to the stables, when the trainer took a key from his pocket, and, after carefully examining the padlock, to see if any attempt had been made to tamper with it—which, from the precautions he had taken, he would have discovered instantly—he unlocked it, and entered the stable, followed by the jockey, to whom he had been giving the instructions just related.

The stables belonging to the trainer were several miles distant. By some means, it had leaked out that the mare he had entered for the Derby was a 'flier.' Rumours of her speed and endurance were circulated among the few, which, if true, were such as to make her victory well-nigh secure, whatever the condition of the ground might be on the day of the race. Consequently, a man might be seen cutting turf very busily in one place whenever the horses appeared to take their exercise; in another a gipsy's wife was always assiduous at the tail of their travelling cart in making baskets or brushes, his son in leading the poor beast that drew it to get what little food it could find on the down, while he himself lurked about

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with a dog at his heels, as if looking out for a stray rabbit. Besides these, as the time drew near for the race which takes half London out of doors, there were others who found their way to the place where Dawkins's horses took their exercise—tramps, who seemed to find the down a kind of 'enchanted ground,' for they always appeared asleep if anybody happened to come upon them when they were lying behind the furze and other bushes, though, if they were seen without their being aware of it, the spectator who did not know what they were doing there would have been very much surprised at seeing a beggar with a field-glass. It was to avoid the inquisitiveness of gentry of this kind that Dawkins had quietly removed the mare Stella from his stables to the inn referred to, in order to give her a final trial. Nobody in his stable knew where she had been taken to, and the only person who could speak of her performance was Lester, the jockey who had been selected to ride her at the forthcoming races.

When the mare was brought out of the stable, the first few inspirations of the fresh morning air seemed to intoxicate her; she reared and plunged about with the playfulness of a kitten, while the slightly older horse regarded her graceful bounds with an attentive gravity, and a critical expression that was almost humanlike, very much as if he were the manager of an opera watching the performance of a ballet-dancer whose services he thought of engaging. The trainer knew better than to attempt to produce greater sobriety in her demeanour by either threats or objurgations; holding her by the end of a long leathern strap, he allowed her to curvet and bound to her heart's content till they came to a part of the plain perfectly free from obstructions; here the cloth was stripped from her, and her bright and glistening coat flashed back the light from her sides with quite a dazzling effect. The fairest lady never had her dress adjusted with more scrupulous care on her bridal morn than was bestowed in placing and securing the saddle on the beautiful animal, nor could she have shewn more amusingly, by her little pettish impatience, the effects of over-indulgence. The preparations having been completed, the trainer assisted the jockey to mount, then threw his leg lightly over his own saddle, and the two animals attempted to go off with a rush, but were soon checked, and kept at a moderate speed till the circulation had been gradually increased. At Klinkman's Folly, Dawkins, who had been looking about in all directions to see if any human being were visible, gave the order, and the horses went away swifter than the wind. There were no coquettish tricks now on the part of the mare; emulation on the part of both animals absorbed every other feeling, and it was beautiful to see the eagerness expressed in the eye of the creature as she flew along side by side with her companion. The trial was soon over, and one would almost believe she had the same desire which a woman feels when she has gained a victory over an opponent of the opposite sex to console him for the mortification she had inflicted, there was such a subdued, soothing expression evinced in the way in which she gently stroked her head against his neck. On the evening of the same day, a similar trial was attended with a similar result, and the following morning she was occupying her own particular stable, from which she had been removed for the purpose of the trial. The next day, Dawkins's brother arrived, and returned to London with instructions to back the mare to an amount which, if she lost, would be the ruin of her trainer, and a letter to the owner, which ran thus: 'My Lord—The mare is altogether safe. I have put every penny I have on her.'

Only five days had to elapse before the arrival of the Wednesday which was to affect the future of so many persons. Thomas Dawkins, the brother of the trainer, had the opportunity of getting the largest odds against the mare, though, as soon as it became generally known that he was backing her, the odds offered against her at once diminished; and these fell lower and lower when her owner, who was noted for the open uprightness of his conduct in regard to sporting matters, backed his horse as long as any odds were offered against it.

On the Friday previous to the race, a lady was lying on a sofa in a rather small but exceedingly handsomely furnished room, idly glancing at the pages of a novel, which she got through at a great rate, as she read only those which were capable of exciting a sensation in the mind of a person to whom strong and exciting sensations were a matter of daily experience. The light, which was allowed to stream into the room through two large open windows, illuminated every feature of a face which was considered beautiful by those who follow the fashion in this as in other things, but was in reality inferior in this respect to that of many who were scarcely noticed by the men who were not ashamed to class themselves among her adorers. The expression was gentle and intelligent, not at all that of one who desired to attract attention; in fact, it was even quieter and more subdued than is usual among women who possess fewer attractions. Her occupation was interrupted by the entrance of one of her own sex with a letter; this letter did not take her long to read, and all that it is necessary for the elucidation of our narrative to say of it is, that it was written by Edward Lester, the jockey, and contained the information that the mare Stella was certain to win, and that her owner had backed her for an immense sum. After reading the letter several times, to impress it upon her memory, she took it into an adjoining room, lighted a match, and in an instant it was reduced to ashes. She returned to the sofa, but not to resume her novel, and there was something now in her mind which darkened her countenance, and banished from it the expression of contented enjoyment of existence which it had exhibited just before. After ruminating for some minutes, she rose and opened one of those pretty caskets which the French send over here in such profusion; from this she took a letter, and as she read it her cheeks became scarlet, her breathing quick and troubled, and she had scarcely strength enough to stagger to a chair. Her agitation on reading this old letter proved that her life had not been quite without its troubles. By degrees she recovered composure, but remained buried in deep thought; suddenly she started into life, like one waking from a horrible dream, and determined to do something to shake off the recollection. Taking a pen, she hastily wrote a few lines to Lester, requesting him to come to town immediately, as his mother was not expected to live many hours. This she signed as though it came from his sister. With this letter in his hand, he went to Dawkins, and told him he must go to London at once, but that he would return the next morning. To this the trainer made no objection; Lester was at least as respectable as other men of his class, and Dawkins had an additional guarantee for his honesty on the present occasion in the knowledge that, in addition to the sum which had been staked on the mare for the lad's benefit, by direction of the owner, he had expended as much money as he could command on his own account.

The visitors who called to see Miss Stanley that evening, in the expectation of meeting friends and acquaintances, were sent away disappointed with the information that she was too unwell to receive company. Lester alone was admitted.

After a reception which shewed that their acquaintance was not of recent date, and some preliminary conversation, the lady availed herself of a favourable moment to say: 'Edward, I want you to do something

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for me. It will not hurt you in any way, and will make me your debtor as long as I live.'

'What is it?' asked Lester, though the sudden change in the expression of his face shewed that he had a suspicion of what was coming.

'You must prevent Stella from winning.'

'What for? How are you concerned in the matter?'

'As soon as I heard that she was certain to win, I told Hinton to bet against her as heavily as it was safe to do without exciting suspicion. If she were to win, every jewel I have, everything, in fact, I possess would pay but a small portion of my loss.'

'And why didn't you tell Hinton to back her instead of laying against her?'

'Because I must have money, and without risk—and—and'——

'Exactly,' said Lester, walking to the other end of the room; 'I understand what you mean.'

Both were silent for some minutes; the young man, buried in thought, kept his eyes fixed on his boots; the lady, resuming her seat on the sofa, waited with confidence for the moment when he should again look towards her. Whatever may have been his decision, he seemed for a time to forget it in the spectacle of the beauty of the lady who was waiting for it. But he had to deal with one who had learned the value of being methodical, and before she suffered him to speak of other matters, she insisted on his consent to her scheme. This consent she at last obtained.

'And now,' said she, 'as the matter is settled, I will give you what you will want to carry it out.'

She opened a receptacle in which ladies who desire to appear industrious keep wools and such things, and from the bottom of it drew a common pasteboard box; from this box she took two capsules of a tawny colour, and about the size of a filbert, and shewed them to him; and as she put the box in his hand, she said: 'Take care you do not strike them, for they break very easily. Hinton got them for me long ago, and he says they will float on water; and if dropped into the pail from which a horse is drinking, will pass down his throat, and remain entire for several hours. He says they are quite harmless, and that the only effect they will produce on the animal which swallows them is one which would excite no suspicion, and would not prevent his running.—Does Hinton know anything about you?'

'Nothing whatever; and he is much too cautious a person to ask questions.'

When Lester had left her, she sat down to think; after a while, she rose and rang the bell, and as she resumed her seat, she ejaculated: 'At last, my lord, at last!'

When the Favourite was led into the paddock just previous to the race, there was a cry of admiration when her beautiful proportions and appearance were revealed by the removal of the rug which covered her. She looked about her with an intelligent curiosity, and quiet, subdued manner, almost like a timid lady in a drawing-room who has been asked to sing, and while aware of superior powers, is yet rather painfully conscious that all eyes are upon her as she moves towards the pianoforte. Cheers greeted her from her numerous supporters as she passed with a light elastic tread on to the course; and many congratulated Lord —— on his success, as though it were a thing certain. Her preliminary gallop seemed to justify the anticipation of her supporters. The signal for starting was given, and away rushed the many-coloured riders and horses. Spreading abroad like a cloud at first, then closing up, to finally drop apart piece by piece, the troop flew down the course on their return to the goal. The white face of the rider of Stella shewed in the van, and though evidently held back tightly, she was still in advance of the others, though the pace had been so unusually fast that these were already distressed; and it was clear at a glance to many experienced eyes that neither whip nor spur could stimulate them to increased exertion. As if Lester had been debating in his mind what he could do, and had decided that he would cease to oppose what it seemed so certain would occur in spite of his having performed the shameful task he had undertaken, he gave the mare a cruel cut of the whip, and slackened his hand, when she sprang forward, and in an instant was a dozen yards in advance of her competitors. Suddenly she staggered, and nearly fell on her head, recovered her legs partially, raced a few yards further, and then rolled over and over, bruising her rider, who narrowly escaped being trodden upon by the other horses as they swept past. Among the crowd which gathered round the fallen man and horse, the faces of the owner and trainer were conspicuous; that of the former deadly pale, but quiet; that of the latter flushed, and every muscle twitching with excitement. No suspicion attached to Lester, who too manifestly risked his own life to be suspected of having any concern in the illness of the animal he rode, though there were plenty to aver that there must have been a foul cause for such a sudden failure of powers. The doctors, however, were of a different opinion. They knew of drugs in abundance which would produce similar symptoms, but none which would allow her to run with such speed after their administration, and act so suddenly in the middle of the race; they decided, therefore, that it was a rush of blood to the head arising from natural causes. Either they did not know, or it did not occur to them, that there were capsules made of gelatine capable of resisting the internal heat of the body, unless raised greatly above its normal temperature. In a few days the mare seemed as well as ever, but her owner was absolutely beggared, and had been obliged to steal away from the race-course, and without even returning to his house, to go with all speed to Southampton, thence to Jersey, and from that place to France. Dawkins the trainer, too, had lost the savings of his whole life, and encumbered himself with a debt which would keep him in poverty for the remainder of his days; especially as he had not been a trainer long, and had acted for nobody but Lord ——. Having raised every farthing he could to pay as much of his loss in bets as was in his power, his creditors seized his furniture, and left him with an empty house, a poor shelter for his wife and four little children. This, with the anxiety caused by the disputes connected with the possession of Lord ——'s stud, irritated him to a degree that his manner seemed almost ferocious. It was agreed between them that Lester should remain to assist him until the stud was disposed of. One evening the trainer went to Lester's apartments, Lester being absent, and looking carelessly about the room, he saw lying on the floor a letter. This was not enclosed in an envelope, but even if it had been, it is not likely that Dawkins would have hesitated to read it, from mere curiosity. He opened it, and began to read; the change that came upon him as he did so was frightful. He dashed the letter to the ground, and went into the stable to ask where the jockey had gone. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from the first boy he spoke to, he snatched up a pitchfork and struck him a blow on the head which stunned him. Another, alarmed by this, at once revealed where Lester was to be found.

The sun and moon were shining beside each other in an almost cloudless sky; but penetrating as was the light, there were but few openings for it among the dense foliage of a large clump of fir-trees standing on a part of Salisbury Plain known as Berrington's Down. There was a public footpath through this wood, leading from a few cottages which constituted the village of Litton; and to this village it was

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Lester had gone on the day when the trainer read the letter, which, to his suspicious mind, was explicit enough to satisfy him that to the jockey's treachery he owed his ruin. Into this wood Lester was seen to enter by two or three women who lived in Litton; from that day neither he nor the trainer were beheld by mortal eye; it was as if the earth had opened and swallowed them both.

Three years after the events described, the woodman, in thinning the firs in the wood near Litton, directed the labourers who worked under his orders to remove, along with those newly cut down, two trunks which had fallen with the soil in which they grew to the bottom of a deep chalk-pit, which lay on one side of the wood, close beside the pathway. The mass of chalk and earth which had been carried down by these trees was very large, and men were sent with carts to remove it, and scatter it over a field which had been sown with grass, being too poor to grow anything else, and only a scanty crop of that. When the men had carted away a portion of this chalk, the pickaxe turned up with its point sticking through a piece of cloth. Finding the cloth could not be pulled out, the earth and chalk lying upon it were removed with great care; when buried in it were the remains of two men, who were identified by the clothes as the trainer Dawkins and Lester; the foot of the latter and a portion of the leg being detached from the body, was not found until after a considerable quantity more of the earth had been removed. It was supposed that Dawkins had tried to thrust the jockey from the top of the chalk-pit, that he had clung with all his strength to the tree nearest the edge, and in their desperate struggle, the roots had been so strained that the loosened chalk gave way in a mass. The opening among the closely interlaced roots must have let Lester's foot in, by which means it was partly cut and partly torn from the body. The slipping of the earth and chalk in which the second tree grew completely buried every trace of the bodies; and had not the soil been required for nourishing the growth of grass in the field mentioned, it is probable it would have been left to become covered with vegetation; and the fate of the trainer and the jockey would have been hidden for ever.

POPULAR HEROES.

Some of us respect nothing, Street-boys, pert young persons of both sexes, and that curious animal, the gent, have no veneration in their natures. Indeed, our age is denounced, by sentimental prophets of woe, as an age of scoffers; and true it is that neither a general's cocked-hat, nor a bishop's apron, nor even ducal strawberry leaves, can invest a weak or faulty wearer with the glorified halo which dazzled our simpler grandfathers. Perhaps, however, this apparent dearth of reverence is more in show than reality; there may be more sympathy between Mr Carlyle and the street-Arab, than either would be willing to admit. Certainly the Arab aforesaid is sadly at feud with the proprieties, and would whistle vile nigger-tunes while the Dead March in *Saul* was being played at a field-marshal's funeral. He would have 'chaffed' Aristotle, and flung disparaging remarks after the chariot of the Queen of Sheba, if disappointed of an unlicensed perch on the footboard of that begilded vehicle; but, for all that, deep in the heart that beats under the Arab's fustian jacket is doubtless enshrined some ideal personage or other, the image of some one who, in Bill's untutored fancy, forms the apex of humanity and the pink of perfection.

Very various are the attributes of a popular hero. The heroes themselves are of all sorts and sizes, and of all conceivable degrees of popularity. Some of them are very local as to fame, celebrities whose renown is limited to a couple of stifling little courts, a by-street or two, and the circumjacent mews. Others have found their way so often into print as to be spoken of wherever roughs do congregate, from Bendigo to Blackwall. Their claims to distinction are often singular enough. The loyal admiration of some folks clings to the strongest man in Seven Dials, he who breaks public-house pokers across his brawny knee, flattens pewter-pots, and lifts huge weights with his teeth. Or the hero may be the Stag of Saffron Hill, that marvellous pedestrian, who can, in the space of a summer's day, walk, run, and hop more miles, bowl more hoops, pick up more stones with his mouth, and leap more flights of hurdles than you or I would care to do in a week. Or again, he may be a Boneless Brother, one of those spangled and filleted individuals who live by refuting anatomical theories, and whose daily bread is earned by doing what ought to produce compound fractures, luxations, and dislocations in every joint and vertebra.

This is not the worst of vulgar hero-worship. Undisciplined minds decree the laurel-wreath to much more dubious champions. Few, if any, of the really popular heroes of any century could go through even a mild cross-examination with the remotest chance of leaving the court 'without a stain upon their character.' Let us bring the telescope of inquiry to bear upon these vague stars, twinkling brazenly out of the firmament of history; let us try to discover whether the gems be genuine or sorry paste, the gold pure or a pitiful display of mosaic gilding.

Classic ages were either singularly unfertile in popular heroes, or, which is perhaps more likely, the toga-wearing chroniclers deemed it below the dignity of their profession to record the preferences of the 'profane vulgar.' Hercules, who was to the polytheists of Greece and Rome what Samson was to the Jews and Antar to the Bedouins, was probably the most frequently mentioned of mythic personages. But then Hercules, like Theseus, like Cæsar himself, had been turned into a demigod for popular worship, and the strange mingling of superstition and celebrity make it impossible to gauge the sympathy of plain men and women, of villagers, artisans, and slaves, with the warriors and emperors in whose honour incense was burned.

It is hardly fair, too, to describe such leaders as Cade and Jack Straw, as Longbeard or Massaniello, or even such chiefs as Furst, Melchthal, or Wallace, as heroes of the popular taste. These men, with their courage, their merits and demerits, owed all their renown and power to the circumstance that the times were out of joint, and that they rushed forward with rash valour to right the wrongs of their country. Without a ceaseless crusade against the Moor, the Cid's name would not have found its way into so many Spanish ballads, and the loftiest achievements in war do not always insure the preservation of a name among the multitude. Old Caspar, whose own parents had been burned out of house and home during the battle of Blenheim, might tell his grandchildren the names of Eugene and Marlbrook, but the grandsons of Peterkin and Wilhelmine grew up in blissful ignorance that there had been such a man as John Churchill, or that his red-coats and blue-coats had scattered the white uniformed grenadiers of M. Tallard. It is not the mightiest name that oral tradition clutches with most tenacity. Many are familiar with the cognomen of Guy Fawkes who never heard of Oliver Cromwell.

The human fancy is not only fond of seizing on some salient point in a character, by which to remember it, but it is unaccountably capricious as to its selection; thus, mythic individuals, such as Godiva and Tell, are more dear to the memory than people of whose *bonâ-fide* existence there can be no question, as Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday. That Tell

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should have been cherished, is natural enough; in his case, there was everything necessary to hit the taste of a public that has always preferred to recollect actions of a striking yet simple sort. The tyrant's hat upon a pole in the market-place of Altorf was an object to stick to the mind with burr-like obstinacy. Who knew—so simple Hodge may have thought—to what lengths tyranny might go in this our island? Sir Giles Overreach might take a fancy for enacting Gessler's part, and all Stoke Pogis be bidden to do homage to the knight's best beaver, gold-laced and three-cornered. Then the task of shooting at the apple, that wonderful apple, the most famous of pippins, which reposed on the curly head of Tell junior; the father's anguish; the oppressor's grin of triumph; the confidence of the fearless child, standing like a statue before the matchless archer—these were certain to endear themselves to the popular heart. Whiz! the shaft glances, a white streak, through the air, and the apple flies to fragments, fairly hit, and amid men's shouts and women's weeping, the boy bounds to his father's arms.

'I never flinched, father!' says the little fellow proudly. What a pity, what a sad, sad pity that Tell should be as unreal a person as Ivanhoe or Sir Launcelot.

The first of England's popular heroes—if we except King Richard of the Lion-heart, who, after all, was not very widely remembered by the people at large—was Robin Hood. He may have been a myth, too, as cruel antiquaries aver, and we cannot settle the date of his birth to a couple of centuries or so: but that he lived, and reigned in Sherwood, over a jovial band of outlaws clad in Lincoln green; that he was the 'gentlest thief' who ever lightened an abbot's purse, and the best archer that ever drew a cloth-yard shaft to the head, is an article of faith with all who love old ballads. And how simple and sweet they are, the old rhymes and legends which embalm bold Robin's memory; there seems to be an undercurrent through them all of the pleasant rustle of green boughs, and the patter of deer's feet, as they dash down the glades, and the liquid notes of the mavis and merle, the stage-names for our homely friends the thrush and black-bird, as they carol overhead. Very dear was Robin's name to the Anglo-Saxon stock; to this day, it is known and sung by some of the least taught among them; and Arthur's Knights of the Round Table have never been so close to the English heart as the wild court of merry Sherwood, with Little John, Scarlet, and Maid Marian clustered round the king of archers and prince of good fellows.

Probably much of Robin's great popularity was due to the fact, that his life was a protest against royal tyranny and churchmen's greed, against forest laws and unjust magistrates. He was an embodiment of the old free Saxon race revolting against Norman insolence; and when he mulcted the bishop or befooled the sheriff, the sympathies of the whole commonalty were with him, since his cause was theirs.

Not unlikely, a similar, though much feebler feeling prompted the admiration with which the people of England regarded Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and other knights of the road. Claude Duval, though French by birth and breeding, shewed a good deal of the character which tradition gave to Robin Hood himself. He, like Locksley, was a gentle thief, and averse to bloodshed. Courteous, open-handed, and chivalric in his bearing towards women, this elegant highwayman had the sprightly malice of his Nottinghamshire prototype, and enjoyed the 'couranto' which he compelled the fat alderman and his wife to dance to the music of the freebooter's fiddle. Alas! for Duval, the restorer of valued trinkets, the protector of ladies, the Adonis of robbery; he was hanged at Tyburn, and not even with a silken cord, as worse offenders had been.

It seems more strange that Mr Richard Turpin and Mr John Sheppard, the first of whom was a truculent ruffian, the second a paltry rogue, should have been so unduly exalted on pedestals due to worthier men. But Turpin rode to fame, in a double sense, on the back of Black Bess; and that extraordinary ride to York, a feat tolerably well authenticated, deserves to be handed down in the annals of horseflesh. As for the great housebreaker, his escapes were no doubt extremely ingenious, though we often, now a days, skim lightly over a newspaper paragraph telling of prison-breakings fully as artful and bold as his, especially considering that our locks are better, our jails stronger, our warders more sober and careful than those of the early Georgian epoch.

It is a curious fact that, although crime is not unusually rife with us, we have been more inclined than other nations to make pets of interesting criminals. Schinderhannes was an object of horror to the Germans, and the French were alarmed at Cartouche, and inquisitive about him, without the least sympathy existing for the man himself. In Naples alone was the brigand in sugar-loaf hat and velvet suit, he of the carbine and ribbons, with a gold watch in each pocket, and a stiletto in his sash, the Fra Diavolo, the 'Mazzaroni himself who now sings'—a respected individual.

But in England there was a sort of halo around the highwayman of the eighteenth century, as in Scotland a kind of poetic prestige clung to Rob Roy and his caterans. The 'gentleman of the road' was often of gentle blood, and had sometimes carried the king's colours. He was always well dressed and gallantly mounted. His courage, his bold and skilful riding, his random gaiety and lavish liberality, made him shine with a false lustre in the eyes of the populace. He was understood to be the poor man's friend, and to give to the needy what he wrested from the rich, and there was enough of illogical communism afloat in those hard times to make this sort of spoliation appear venal. Still, this would not explain the avidity with which thousands of well-to-do citizens crowded to the theatres when the *Beggar's Opera* was played, nor Captain Macheath's popularity, whether behind the footlights or in awkward proximity to iron spikes and sweet herbs, at the Old Bailey. It would seem as if the favour with which the knights of the post were regarded was owing to a tacit revolt against the bigwiggery of the period. That was a stifling atmosphere which Gay and Walpole breathed, before the great thunderstorm of the French Revolution had cleared the air. There were so many worshipful, royal, reverend, and noble persons who were kowtowed to in public and despised in private, so much abuse in government and church, so many whited sepulchres on every hand, that honest folks could not help applauding even a wrong-doer who acted in a free and defiant spirit. The world was in official leading-strings. There were rules for everything, and knowledge was spreading like a prairie-fire in despite of the weak efforts of authority to extinguish the conflagration with penny squirts. The mounted marauder who risked his life for a purse of guineas, was deemed a better man than the smug statesman who sold public appointments, or quartered his parasites on the pension-list.

A great deal of mischief was done, some quarter of a century since, when Turpin and Sheppard appeared, full-fledged phœnixes both, upon the stage. Black Bess galloped again, around a circus strewn with saw-dust and perfumed with orange-peel, and cleared mimic toll-gates amid the hurrahs of the crowd. Jack Sheppard, in a scarlet coat, gold lace, and long riding-boots, swaggered and vapoured on the stage, and turned the heads of many silly maids and brainless youths. Errand-boys and 'prentices, who had hitherto associated the idea of a thief with dirt and fustian, foul courts, and a slinking, shambling, terrified existence,

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were bewitched to their own ruin by the red coat and glistening gold-lace, by the revelry and roystering, and still more by the approbation and sympathy that seemed to attend the evil-doer. But new times were not as old ones; laws were really made for 'every degree;' and the educated classes of society, no longer desirous of seeing fine diplomatists and Lords of the Treasury sent to Tyburn in the same cart with Macheath, set their faces against the fictitious presentment. Turpin and Sheppard were sent back to their congenial mud, and have little claim at present to be regarded as popular heroes.

Animal courage, if in excess of prudence, is often the sole title to a wider fame among the people than Bentham or Franklin ever attained. Thus, the Duke of Wellington, after paying an incognito visit to the model of Waterloo, came away chuckling grimly over the fact, that none of the humbler spectators had asked to see *his* effigy, while they had importuned the showman to point out 'Shaw, the Life Guardsman.' Very likely, in the eyes of many simple folks, Shaw, the muscular Briton who hewed down six or seven cuirassiers with his own weapon, contributed far more directly to the victory than a mere generalissimo could have done.

But perhaps the most singular selection of a hero is that made by modern Germany. Artists, students, artisans, the spectacled professors, the Bürschen with sabre-scarred visages and long fair hair streaming from beneath their absurd caps of pink and blue, the men of music, sculpture, and Greek—in a word, all that thinks and moves in the restless, dreamy Confederation, have made idols of Friedrich Staps and Karl Sand, especially of Sand. Staps, the student who tried to kill Napoleon, and was shot to death by a platoon of grenadiers before sunset, is a bright star enough, but his fires are somewhat paled by those of the greater luminary, Sand. Respecting the latter of these misguided young men, many of us know something; we know that he was a student, and a member of the Tugenbund, that illegal Vehmgericht of our century, that he undertook, from the purest political motives, the duty of stabbing the Russian envoy, and that he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Sand's hatred to the envoy was absolutely theoretical; nay, he did not hate him. But it was understood that the Czar was the mainspring of the Holy Alliance, that the Holy Alliance sought above all things to gag and destroy the Tugenbund, and with it the hopes of Germanic freedom; wherefore Sand assassinated Kotzebue, and was himself executed by sentence of the supreme court at Mannheim.

This Kotzebue, the Russian ambassador, was no common man. In the world of letters, his name was well known; he was, in fact, author of that dreariest of plays, *The Stranger*, and has inflicted on suffering humanity all that Hessian boots, voluminous cloaks, and the wearisome monologues of sentimental egotists could effect. A series of highly-coloured plates commemorate the affair, and are to be found in café and club-room, in mountain inn and city wine-house, wherever the German tongue is spoken.

The first of these coloured engravings is inscribed with the words, 'Sand der Frei.' Sand the Free is discovered on a lonely road, contemplating a guide-post whose wooden finger bears the words, 'Nach Mannheim.' The beardless patriot wears a blue coat, an azure cap, and jean boots; and his hair, of the colour of mild Turkish tobacco, falls heavily on his neck. His eyes have no particular expression, and, to all appearance, he might be a somnambulist taking a short stroll by daylight wherever a cataleptic fancy might direct. Plate No. 2 bears the hideous label, 'Kotzebue's Tod.' It represents, in fact, the *Tod*, or death, of the unlucky author of *The Stranger*. The agony is piled up in sensational style, but in a coarsely realistic fashion that rather oversteps the brink of the sublime. On the floor of a decently furnished sitting-room rolls the unhappy envoy, dying very hard indeed, and bleeding to an extent which speaks well for the publisher's liberality on the score of vermilion paint. It may seem unfeeling to describe an expiring diplomatist as bleeding, according to the homely phrase, like a pig; but no other simile does justice to the picture. The cause of this excessive hæmorrhage, Sand the Free, stands calmly contemplating his work, carving-knife in hand, with what the French describe as a bestified expression of countenance.

In the third plate, Sand the Free is only free in the metaphorical and æsthetic sense of the word; indeed, the engraving is inscribed, 'Sand in Prison;' and in prison he is, and loaded with heavy irons of pantomimic massiveness. If not free, however, he is decidedly jovial, as we find him in shirt-sleeves, fiddling with all his might. No lachrymose wail, no dirge-like puling, no sad requiem does that violin give forth, evidently, but some mad, rollicking air of jiggish character, and the performer grins from ear to ear with exultation. Perhaps Sand the Free is not wholly sober. What lends colour to such a guess is, that the captive's table is heaped with viands and flasks of liquor, meats, wines, fruit, all sorts of good things, solid and liquid, sent in, no doubt, by sympathising fräuleins of the city. It is plain that, even in chains, the slayer of a Russian ambassador is not forgotten by his countrywomen.

Plate the fourth bears the ambiguous title, 'Sand am der Reichplatz.' On the Reichplatz—yes, but the great square is full of life, the windows are crowded by ladies who wave handkerchiefs, and the thousands of the multitude press so closely up to the hedge of soldiery, that the carriage which conveys Sand and a clergyman, and two officials, moves at a slow crawl. Short is the drive, however, and its goal is an ugly scaffold, on which a strong chair is nailed; and behind the chair stands a tall man with naked arms, and a black mask on his face, and a great double-handed sword, with six pounds of quicksilver in a hollow of the shining blade. He is waiting for Sand the Free. The drums roll, the people shout, and then hold their breath with an awful hush more impressive than any sound, and the curtain falls on the last act of the grotesque tragedy.

It is difficult to help agreeing with Lord Macaulay that it is a pity that the people of all countries, loving, as they do, their elected favourites with so deep and enduring a love, should not have the faculty of choosing them a little better. But true it is, as yet, that no merit or brilliancy can ever insure to the wise and good the dubious honour of being enrolled in the calendar of popular heroes.

Is there not, however, one exception which may prove the rule—Garibaldi?

ABOUT WOLVES.

We need no better proof that our English gentry of the nineteenth century have in nowise degenerated from their Norman and Anglo-Saxon forbears in courage and love of laborious enterprise, than is to be found in their eager pursuit of those robust exercises which invest amusement with the dignity of danger. In Africa, from Algeria to the stony wildernesses of Kaffraria; in India; in Scandinavian forests and Russian steppes, the Englishman, wearing no outward defence, does battle with lion, tiger, wolf, and wild boar, after a fashion unpractised by the ancient feudal baron, though invulnerable in his panoply of steel.

Even the untravelled English sportsman, dissatisfied with the chase of hare and fox, aspires to nobler game, and to obtain this, he transports himself and equipage to *la belle France*, where, in the provinces resting on sunny Loire, are beasts fierce and destructive, and therefore less easily captured. Of these enterprising votaries of St Hubert, foremost in mark is the Duke

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of Beaufort, now wolf-hunting in Guienne with his famous pack of fox-hounds, that arrived last year at the grand national dog-show in carriages drawn by four posters; and from their symmetry, perfect discipline, and the lustrous beauty of their pied coats, became the cynosure of every eye. At their first essay in this novel chase, too good and too honest to follow anything but a fox, they stood unmoved, 'with true British phlegm,' observed a French sportsman; and even when Master Wolf was unharboured, they refused to answer the deep-mouthed challenges of some regular wolf-hounds already on his slot. Probably this backwardness arose from the strangeness of their position in the long straight avenues cut through those grand old forests, combined with the likeness of the animal to one of their own species, and the uncouth hunting cries that arose on all sides; for 'Velesci allez; s'en va, chiens—s'en va—Harloup! harloup!' differs much from the simple 'Hark in, hark!' 'Yoicks, tallyho!'* with which their master is wont to awaken the echoes around his ancestral Badminton. Gradually, however, the aristocratic English pack warmed to their work. One magnificent run of forty miles right ahead, and a no less capital rally of an hour and forty minutes without check or touching a cover, are an earnest of what the duke's hounds may effect when next season he rouses Sir Lupus from his lair in the primeval forests of old Poitou. In the meantime, I will endeavour to enter a plea in behalf of his victim, although my narrative may little agree with the popular notions entertained of the disposition of the wolf. But the species has hitherto been known only in its savage state, surrounded with enemies and perils, amongst which no feelings could be developed but those of fear, hatred, and distrust.

'Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him at once,' says a wise old saw; and the fate of his outlawed cousin-german, the wolf, affords corroborative testimony how indelible is an evil reputation. Moralists in all ages have illustrated the more abject and sordid propensities of human nature by a reference to this pariah of the forest. Your hypocrite, whether lay or spiritual, is always a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers named an outlaw 'Wolfhead'—that is, one who might be slain wherever recognised; and the month of January 'Wolfmonat'—wolf's month, because at that season the rustic population got up a general *battue* for extirpating a race of animals so destructive to their flocks.

The wolf has acquired no small portion of his evil report from being the *bête noir* of our nursery literature. How does the infantine bosom throb with anguish or melt with pity over the terrible catastrophe of Little Red Riding-hood, and the story of the lamb in our first spelling-book, that, strong in innocence, repels with forensic acumen the accusations of his implacable enemy on the opposite side of the brook. Thus have our prejudices grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. Yet even the Prince of Darkness is allowed to be not so black as he is painted, and common equity demands the evidence should be heard on both sides. Everybody can recollect what Livy says about Romulus, the future monarch of Rome, being affectionately suckled and tended by a she-wolf, that, doubtless, although the historian says nought about it, sometimes varied the royal infant's milk-diet with an occasional quarter of early lamb, filched from the flock of Faustulus, his foster-father. In India, children have been frequently carried off and preserved uninjured by females of a race popularly supposed to be their special destroyer, but which, on the contrary, catered for them in the jungle until discovered, fat and well, by some wandering hunter, and restored to human society. Colonel Sleeman, well known to literature as the author of many important works connected with our empire in the East, and especially by a narrative of Thuggism, relates that he had one of these strange beings for a body-servant. He found the young wolf-cub diligent and faithful; but it fortunately happened that during the period of his servitude there was no lack of provisions in the camp, else, perhaps, Latullah, the wild boy, faithful to instincts imbibed with his foster-mother's milk, might have reversed the saucy Abigail's speech to her discarded lover in the play—'I'm meat for my master,' into 'My master's meat for me.'

When taken quite young, and reared under judicious treatment, wolves, especially the females, are not only tameable, but display a high degree of susceptibility of attachment to mankind and to inferior animals. There was formerly a female wolf in the Zoological Gardens which constantly came up to the bars of her cage to be caressed, as soon as any of her acquaintance approached. Her pups, too, she used to bring in her mouth to be also noticed; and so eager was she that her little ones should share in the endearments of her friends, that she killed all of them by rubbing them against the bars of her den, when introducing them to visitors. M. Fred. Cuvier tells a story of a wolf in which the sentiment of affection existed in a remarkable degree. The animal had been brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every one he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master, seemed to suffer from his absence, evinced entire submission, and differed not in manners from the tamest domestic dog. The master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for several weeks moody and discontented, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered, attached himself to his keeper, and seemed to have forgotten all his past affections, when his master returned after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his antics and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again to the poor wolf the cause of profound regret; but time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog that had been given him as a companion. After this space of time, sufficient to make any dog—except that of Ulysses—forget his master, the gentleman returned again. It was evening; all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not yet effaced from his memory: the moment he heard, he knew it, and answered by cries expressive of the most impatient desire; and on the obstacle which separated them being removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened with his teeth those very keepers to whom so recently he had testified the warmest affection.

A she-wolf kept in the Jardin du Roi at Paris used to exhibit the most obstreperous fits of joy at the visits of a young lady, who had never taken other interest in the animal than patting her on the head and speaking coaxingly to her.

Old Buffon must have known a good deal about wolves, for they not only mightily infested that part of Burgundy where his residence, the Château de Montbard, is situated, but he kept several in captivity there. His report is not very flattering. 'There is nothing good about him,' he says, 'but his skin, which is a good fur. His flesh is so detestable that even

* A corruption of the Norman-French 'Au taillis au!' pronounced 'O taille O' ('To the copse, to the copse!'), a cry uttered both in France and England, when game is viewed in the open, passing from one covert to another.

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hounds will not eat of it. Nothing but a wolf has the courage to eat a wolf. If we contemplate his downcast air, his terrible cry, his insufferable odour, his natural ferocity, and intractable disposition, the conclusion is, that no animal ever so justly merited its total extirpation.' With a grain of salt, we accept this, Mons. le Comte de Buffon, not forgetting your own statement, that one of your pet cubs once got at large in the night, and massacred *ad unum* the foreign as well as domestic feathered occupants of the Montbard menagerie and *basse-cour;* and that the wolves of the adjacent forests were the scourge of your tenants' sheepfolds. He tells also how Valmont de Bomarre, a young friend of his, having found in the forest a young cub only eight days old, brought it up, caressed and fed it with his own hand, even sharing with it his bed. In return, the little beast fondled his master, sometimes licked his face, obeyed his voice, and conducted itself in all respects mannerly as a puppy-dog. Hitherto, milk and soup had been its only diet; but one day, De Bomarre incautiously gave it the entrails of a pullet. The caresses were redoubled; never did it feed with so keen an appetite. But the master had speedy reason to repent having awakened in the animal its natural appetite for flesh, to which he nearly fell a victim the same night. Valmont de Bomarre, suddenly roused from sleep by sensations of extreme pain, found his wolf-cub fastened upon his leg, and greedily sucking the blood that issued from the wound. Luckily, the great arteries had not as yet been lacerated, or he would have bled to death in his sleep.

To these instances of the wolf's social propensities when held in bondage, I will add one more characteristic anecdote from my own personal experience. Early in the Peninsular War, Captain Hare, of a well-known Devonshire family, came home on absence or from wounds, bringing with him a tame Spanish wolf, caught young in the Sierra Morena, which, by constant familiarity, had become tame as a dog. During many a mountain bivouac, the soldier, his charger, and his pet wolf, lay huddled together beneath a spreading cork-tree, or in the sheltered ravine, sharing between them the scanty supply of coarse biscuit, too often the whole of the military rations. During Captain Hare's sojourn at Bristol, the beast followed him unmuzzled in his daily promenades, to the no small terror of Bristol citizens; and it was amusing to notice what a wide berth they gave him in passing, and how they turned, and at a respectful distance followed him the whole length of a street. But Paterfamilias presently began to murmur at the insatiate maw possessed by his son's Spanish follower. After many a regretful struggle, the captain therefore transferred his old comrade to the keeping of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court. There, secured to a wooden dog-house in the kennel-yard, he spent nearly the whole summer's day in pacing to and fro at the full range of his tether, in a sort of ambling trot, plainly indicating his impatience of captivity, and sorrow at the abrupt disseverance of old associations. Gifted, like all his species, with a power of scent even beyond that possessed by the blood-hound, he winded a stranger's presence the moment he got within the precincts of the park. Now the monotonous jog-trot is at once arrested; with ears erect, dilated, quivering nostrils, and flashing eyes, he stands motionless till the expected visitant comes in sight. Satisfied at length that it is not his much-loved master, he hastily retires into his lair, where, couchant at full length, with head between his paws, and closed eyelids, he feigns sleep. Rarely does this stratagem succeed, for the wary stranger stands gazing at a very respectful distance. Master Wolf now shakes off dull sleep, rises, shaking his hide and his ponderous chain, recommences his perambulations, but this time far within his limits, the chain lying in a zigzag coil beneath his feet. Still unsuccessful in deluding within range his wished-for prey, the excited beast, with a hideous snarl, bounds sidelong to the full extent of his tether, and of course is dashed to earth by the recoil. Disappointed and humbled, he hastily retreats far into his dog-house, concealed from view. I noticed that the cunning animal never repeated this his favourite ruse a second time on the same person, but every fresh arrival induced him to repeat the assault.

Wolves were not uncommon in the rocky fastnesses of Derbyshire and the pathless Yorkshire wolds even as late as the reign of Elizabeth. Several estates in those counties bear names indicating they were held under the tenure of keeping hounds for their destruction. In Scotland, Sir Edward Cameron, about 1682, is said to have killed the last wolf seen in that pastoral land, after a chase of unprecedented length and vigour. The Wicklow Mountains, on the eastern shore of Ireland, were infested by them as late as the days of our great-grandfathers, as many precepts, dated 1710, ordering their extirpation by means of grand battues undertaken by united parishes, are extant in the Dublin Record Office. An erroneous belief prevails that the Principality saw the last of these voracious pests during the Saxon Heptarchy, when Edgar commuted the money-tribute, previously paid by the Welsh, into a given number of wolves' skulls and tongues. But researches into ancient Welsh annals prove, that during five or six centuries after, from the deep gorges of Snowdon, Cader-Idris, and Plinlimmon, there issued troops of fierce wolves to desolate the beauteous vales of Clwyd and Llanrwst. The most remarkable of these very circumstantial and well-authenticated traditions, is that which has transmitted to us, through nearly six centuries, the romantic history of *Bedd Gelert* (the Wolf-hound's Grave). The pedestrian angler—and principally it is such who loiter about Pont Aber Glas Llyn (the Bridge of the Blue Pool)—fails not to suspend his sport, and pass into that green meadow opposite, where, beneath a hanging wood, lie the bones of Gelert, Prince Llewellyn's greyhound, 'the gift of royal John,'* whose fidelity, strong in death, is the theme of many a bardic song.

Worn by the storms of more than six centuries, the mausoleum has now but a desolate aspect. One broad, flat stone lies over the body, and at either end are two huge stone pillars.

It is one advantage of Britain's insular position, that the different species of Carnivora, formerly inhabiting her forests and fells, once extirpated, could never be renewed. But in France, especially where the pine-clad Jura forms its eastern frontier, whole troops of gaunt wolves, desperate with hunger and cold, descend during the winter season into the plains, making a prey not only of every living thing left exposed, but prowling round the walls of fortified towns. As a rule, however, the cattle are early secured in their homestead; and before sunset, the French shepherd, marching in primitive scriptural fashion before his sheep, leads them homewards to the fold—his great dogs, each a match for the stoutest wolf, bringing up the rear. Within that lofty enclosure, the flock rest secure until day-dawn, not deserted by their guardian, who, in the clear moonlight, watches the dark shadows of his foes, as with heavy gallop they course round and round the palings, and triumphs at their short sharp growl, as they heavily fall back, after some ineffectual leap to clear the barricade.

Burgundy is a district of primeval forests. One winter's afternoon, the cutting north-east wind and fast-falling snow-flakes drove me towards a hovel situated at a point where the grand routes between Paris and Joigny intersect each other. The old dame residing there, after some delay, gave me a welcome seat beside the blazing hearth. All French

* Llewellyn's father-in-law.

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women are courteous as well as garrulous; and after exhausting the weather, we began upon the wolves—a pregnant subject of conversation in this district. The forests of the Val de Suzon were contiguous. She had been delayed, she said, in opening the door by the barricades necessary to make it good against the not unfrequent visitation of wolves in tempestuous weather like this. Every domestic animal being closely shut up, they had not the chance of a meal. 'How they lived,' she said, 'is a marvel, unless preying upon each other. Once, Monsieur, about five years ago, a great black, wicked-looking beast used to come here regularly every evening about nightfall for one whole season. He leaped the hatch like a *chevreuil*, and I used, in fear and trembling, to watch him through the casement, coursing round the house; and after scratching and snuffing at the poultry-hatch, he finished by rearing himself upon his hind legs, with his great white tusks within a foot of the lattice where I stood. Then bethought I of a device to be even with him. A couple of days afterwards, early in the afternoon, a sharp snow-drift set in, as to-day; in about an hour, noiseless as a cat—*à pas de loup* is in our country the proverb for a silent, stealthy tread—his great lanky carcass came bounding over the gate, and began to explore the outhouses, as was his wont. I had set ready before the red-hot embers the great *marmite*, or earthen vessel in which we prepare the family soup, filled with water, that now steamed and bubbled furiously. With a brimming pailful of the scalding liquid, I mounted to the chamber above, threw open the casement, and there, as fully expected, bolt upright, stood the villain, snuffing, and whining, and shaking his ears, as though furious at the obstacles that interfered with his making a meal of me. Like the splash of a foaming cataract, the pail delivered its contents. There was a hideous, unearthly yell, during which the monster lay writhing and wallowing just under me, till, after many an ineffectual struggle, with drooping head, and tail draggling in the snow, he slowly limped away through a gap in the garden-hedge. Blessed St Gudule!' solemnly uttered the old dame, devoutly crossing herself, 'to thy special favour do I owe the thought that for ever hindered that hateful beast from again overleaping my garden-gate.'

Not far from the scene of this adventure stands the château of Mons. Jean de Pontèves, peer of France, and Lieutenant of Wolfhounds to the then royal family of France. The reader can judge of the extent to which this eastern division of France is infested by wolves, when I mention that I once reckoned twenty-three grinning heads—tremendous still in death—nailed upon the entrance-gate of Château de Claignot, all killed that season in the adjoining woods.

Mr Grantley Berkeley, who enjoyed wolf-shooting recently in Compiègne, thus amusingly describes one of his hunting incidents. 'I had taken up a position,' he says, 'against a tree, near a long, straight, and very narrow path, when something flashed into the extreme point of the ride, and came directly towards me. That it was a hound, I knew from the whiteness of the coat; but what was that dusky body which occasionally veiled the whiter piebald from my eyes? As I stood staring at it, suddenly the oddest of all sights and sounds burst upon my bewildered senses. Down the path, right for my legs, came a splendid cub dog-wolf, quite beaten, and by his side a powerful French hound, able to go twice as fast as the wolf, but not daring to stop him; the wolf going with his head low, his hind quarters very high, his brush between his legs, every bristle on his back up on end, his tongue out, and his eyes flashing fire, while from his capacious jaws he muttered the fathers and mothers of all the snarls that ever I heard, by way of telling his adversary to keep his tusks off. The hound kept growling at him, sometimes behind, nudging his hind quarters with his chin; sometimes alongside, licking his lips, and pushing his snout against the top of the wolf's neck, just as you see a dog do when he contemplates pitching into another.

'My gun was at my shoulder all this time, but I dared not fire for fear of killing the hound; in addition to which, the sport was so interesting, I had no desire to terminate it until the last moment. On they came till the wolf and his enemy were within two paces of my boot, when suddenly raising my leg in the wolf's face, he dashed aside clear of the dog; so I at once fired, and rolled him over.'

The reputation for cunning which poets and naturalists have assigned to the fox, is usurped—it belongs in a far greater degree to the wolf. Houdetôt, a French *chasseur* of reputation and veracity, relates that he was on one occasion standing on an eminence overlooking a green pasture, wherein fed a number of sheep, attended, as usual, by the shepherd and his dogs. In another direction, further off, lay the purlieus of a wood. Presently, out of one of the long walks there came skulking, first a single wolf, then a second, snuffing the breeze, and keeping as much as possible amongst the outlying brushwood, until assured that no suspicious object lurked in that quarter. Then taking courage, they advanced at a long trot close up to the hedge that enclosed the feeding-ground. After reconnoitring the sheep for a moment or two, their plan of operation seemed settled; for the dog-wolf shot through a gap, and making directly for the flock, without attacking them, he passed at speed in front of the shepherd, and thence across the open. The man, starting to his legs, raised his war-cry: 'Harloup, harloup! chiens, harloup!' and followed the dogs, that saw him before their master, and in an instant had gone off in pursuit. Meanwhile, the poor sheep stood huddled together in close order, intently looking out for what might come next. 'Their suspense was of short duration,' said the hunter; 'in a moment, the second wolf appeared on the scene, dashing in amongst the sheep, and having strangled a nice fat twelve months' old wether—in defiance of my approach with cries and gesticulations, for I had no weapon—threw the prey across her back, and was soon out of sight in the covert.' There, in some central brake, rough and jagged with horrid thorn, she probably cast down her burden, patiently awaiting her mate's return home to supper. For his safety she entertains no fears, for what full-grown wolf, with his long untiring gallop, was ever run into, except by frequent relays of hounds. Now, let us substitute an imaginary leash of policemen on their beat for the pastor and his mastiffs, a brace of prowling garrotters for the wolves, and all will allow that in adroitness this stratagem is worthy of the boldest and most astute of 'our convicted felons at large.'

FOG-SIGNALS.

THE laws which govern the transmission of sound through fog are engaging serious attention at present, with a view to their application to signals as warnings round our coasts. In 1861, the British Association requested Professor Hennessey to report on the subject; and a committee of the same body, consisting of the Rev. Dr Robinson of Armagh, Dr Gladstone, and Professors Hennessey and Wheatstone, has since been appointed to bring the matter directly under the consideration of government. Moreover, the wreck of the *Anglo-Saxon* in a fog, off Cape Race, Newfoundland, in the spring of the year, by which 237 persons are supposed to have perished, has given a popular impulse to inquiries, which, as it seems from the Report of the Royal Commission on Lights, Buoys, and Beacons, published in 1861, had not up to that date met with any very satisfactory reply.

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It has long been a familiar fact to those conversant with the official wreck returns that the greatest number of shipwrecks occur in the neighbourhood of the light-houses. The wreck-charts shew ominous strings of black crosses running out from the main headlands, and an idea at once arises in the mind, that so many giant moths have fluttered, to their own destruction, round so many mammoth candles. This comment is hardly a fair one, because these headlands, rocks, and shoals, whether they be marked with light-houses or not, are in themselves the most dangerous points on our coasts, and therefore, perhaps, little more ought to be said than that the lights have not reduced this inherent peril to the extent which could be desired. Nevertheless, as the penetrative power of the oil-light gets rapidly reduced in a thick atmosphere, there is too much reason to fear that vessels, at a time when any indication of locality is all-essential to them, really make for the headlands, in hope to see the lights, and failing to do so, cause their own destruction in seeking to avoid it. The electric light would appear, from recent parliamentary papers, to be regarded by Professor Faraday as eight times as powerful as the oil-lamp; and the purity of its colour, as contrasted with the yellowness of oil, gives it an additional usefulness in murky weather; moreover, there are certain conditions under which the atmosphere is capable of receiving and reflecting a glare, in which the intense brilliancy of this glorious light would illumine large masses of mist in its vicinity, and be practically as useful to the mariner as though he could see the source of the light itself—in the same way that in hazy rainy weather among mountains, we can often tell the whereabouts of the sun when its orb is not visible; or like the boy in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*—

> See in heaven the light of London
> Flaring like a dreary dawn.

Nevertheless, with even this magnificent addition to the agencies for lighting and warning of our coasts, there will be occasions, though not perhaps many, when light ceases to serve, and sound must be relied on; and since fogs are prevalent at points on our own shores or in our colonial possessions where traffic is great, the necessity for fog-signals is imperative.

The existence of the light-house—the fair weather warning—indicates the most natural position for the fog-signal. It is well for the mariner that, whether he has to use his eyes or his ears, the result which he obtains should always mean the same thing, and from the same place; and although the present strength of the light-house service may be limited to the number of men sufficient to attend to the lights, there could, one may suppose, be no difficulty in enlarging that staff, if the best sort of signal should be found to require it. There are at present a few guns at distinct establishments, and these are highly spoken of, but hitherto a bell at the light-house has been the commonest form of signal on shore. At Harwich it was an ancient custom to ring the bells of the parish church in foggy weather as a warning or a guide into the harbour, but with the passing away of the times when such things were done rather for love than for money, the custom ceased.

The ordinary bells for light-houses, generally a long way off parish churches, are rung by machinery, and although this machinery requires to be wound up, it runs down by itself, striking the bell as it goes; and the bell is, of course, likely to be used in proportion to the smallness of its tax on the keeper's attention.

We shall see that it is open to doubt whether the sound of a bell is the best; if it were not, the question would naturally arise, why not take advantage of the restless nature of the water, to save the necessity of all machinery?—put the bells on buoys, and let them ring themselves. In 1846, we find the English light-house authority meeting a suggestion for a bell-buoy by the statement, that they regarded such things 'as inefficient, and rather calculated, by producing improper reliance on varying and uncertain sounds, to lead into than to warn from danger.' The varying quality of the sound must doubtless be one objection; but the danger of variation occurring in the *place* of the sound, as well as in its quality, or of its ceasing altogether by the breaking adrift of the buoy, must be still greater. It was a thrilling incident in that ballad of one's childhood, the priest's bell on the rock of Aberbrothock, which the wicked pirate cut away, and was afterwards wrecked on the very rock the indication of whose position he had destroyed;

> Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
> And cursed himself in his despair,

before he went after the bell to the bottom.

Buoys are apt to be erratic under any circumstances; but the conditions provided in ordinary cases to prevent this tendency have to be abandoned, and indeed reversed, in the case of buoys fitted with bells. An ordinary buoy should ride steadily and vertically, should 'hold up its head like a man,' and be of a form which will admit of the water gliding by it as smoothly as possible; because the less resistance it offers to the water, the less likely is the wave to wrench it from its moorings. But in a bell-buoy, either the buoy itself, or some apparatus fitted to it, must be arranged to oppose the water, so as to create either the action of a water-wheel, the rising and falling of floats, or that general rocking 'with a short uneasy motion,' which, although admirable for noise, is opposed to stability; and although we believe there are several very successful bell-buoys afloat at this time, their forms must necessarily invite a good deal of that knocking about by the waves which they do not fail to receive.

If the platform, so to speak, for the signal is to be a floating one, light-ships, of which there are about forty round the coasts, offer larger and more secure sites than buoys. We do not find that the fog-signals on board these vessels are self-acting, although it has been suggested that as those in the open pitch and roll a good deal, and those in a tide-way have, in the passing current, a means of turning wheels and lifting floats, it might be possible to accumulate the adequate force; and there is a patent for a cannon-ball rolling in a groove, and acting as it passes backwards and forwards on a spring or lever, by which a continuous and equal stroke upon a bell might be secured. The instrument at present in use on board light-vessels is a gong; and among the numerous opinions elicited by the royal commissioners from mariners on the question of relative merit, we find one hundred and seventeen choose gongs against thirty-eight who prefer bells, leaving one gentleman who would rather have 'a continuous humming sound' than either.

One mariner advocates a gong as conveying a deep sonorous sound; another likes it because it gives a sound distinct from bells, which are used for so many other purposes; although a third man says, naïvely enough, that 'they would be much better if they could be heard further off.' But, as might be expected of an instrument struck by hand, and only sounded when the man in charge of it feels equal to the exertion, complaints are made as to their not being sounded sufficiently in foggy weather, or only when a vessel is seen to be approaching, and it is necessary to let the world in general know that 'Jack's alive.' One reporter says drily, that 'a great difference of opinion appears to exist among light-keepers as to the density of fog;' whilst another announces, that he 'passed very close to a light-ship coming up Channel in 1856, his bell was not going, and I hailed him about it.' One man, in deep disgust, says he never heard a fog-signal; another, in a lighter vein of sarcasm, 'never experienced the result of any;' one master mariner, whose ship must be a pleasant one to sail in, remarks, in a spirit of pharisaical contrast,

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'in my steamer the bell never ceases;' one or two prudent, and probably ancient mariners, 'always keep as far off the light-house or light-vessel as possible;' there is only one happy respondent out of three hundred and eighty-four who has 'not experienced much fog in the Channel.'

But if the royal commissioners on light-houses thus freely indited the comments of practical mariners, many of whom expressed themselves fully satisfied with existing arrangements, they did not neglect to seek the advice of scientific men as to that which is the best in theory. The Rev. Dr Robinson of the observatory Armagh, who has since gone more fully into the matter for the British Association, writes, that 'fog acts as a general damper of sound, and therefore he does not think any peculiar pitch preferable—that a whistle would be best, its pitch to be as discordant as possible from that of the sounds made by the wind and sea;' that 'these are said to be generally belonging to C;' that 'a large speaking-trumpet intensifies the sound, but confines it to a limited divergence;' that 'it has been tried with guns, and would undoubtedly act well with a steam-whistle, but could only be of use on a single line of approach,' and that, finally, 'the signal should be placed as near the sea-level as possible.' Dr Joule suggests 'a distinction of sounds, so as to indicate the objects whence they proceed; thus, the steam-whistle for steamers, bells for sailing-ships, gongs for light-ships, and cannon for light-houses.' Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, writes that 'a high note is generally preferable, but inasmuch as there is note-deafness similar to colour-blindness, no one note should be trusted to entirely; on the contrary, there should be a long varying sound, as in horn-blowing, beginning at the highest note, and ending at the lowest in full volume, and then terminating abruptly;' then this process reversed. He adds, that 'guns are not heard to their full intensity, because, as with the electric spark, appreciated by the eye, a certain time is required to produce full excitation of the sentient nerves; hence, at the Bell Rock, R. Stevenson found horns a better fog-signal than guns.' Mr Alan Stevenson 'has no great confidence in any mode of employing sound either with the expectation of condensing or directing it,' which is not encouraging. Professor Faraday's Reports to the Trinity House on these topics do not appear to have been printed. Sir John Herschel suggests the trial of a battery of whistles blown by high-pressure steam, or by a combination of three (or several sets of three) pitched exactly to harmonic intervals, but all of very high pitch, and with a rattle (analogous to the pea in a common whistle), which intensifies the action on the auditory nerve, as a quick sparkling glitter does to the optic nerve, or as the interrupted shock of the medico-galvanic apparatus to the nerve of feeling. Has no doubt that 'a *subaqueous* linear propagation of sound to *very great distances in given precise directions* might be accomplished by explosions and other sudden sounds in the focus of *large* and *heavy* parabolic reflectors,' and adds, characteristically, that he sets down the suggestion 'to prevent its being patentised.' Herschel also thinks 'the signal should be above the probable level of the densest portions of the usual fogs of the locality, so as to give the greatest possible extent to the sound-wave *in the clear air*, which might radiate thence downwards, by dispersion, into the fog from above.' Admiral FitzRoy, on the other hand, whilst he pleads for 'trumpet-mouth devices' which 'send sound in concentrated lines shewing whence it comes,' thinks that the place of the signal should be as low as possible, that sound travels along water further than through unconfined air, and usually rises as it diverges—an opinion which has met with some corroboration from Mr Glaisher's recent experiences in balloons. Professor Potter, of University College, writes of 'a steam trumpet or horn in the neighbourhood of the Hampstead Road, which, when it roars, would awaken the sleepiest subject, and is heard to great distances, when bells are not;' and suggests that the ear-trumpet might be tried to determine the direction of the sound. Mr H. H. Renton, C.G., draws an ingenious distinction as to the best height for the fog-signal, as follows: 'The prevailing winds may determine this. If they be off shore, the signal may be placed low; if on shore, the signal should be placed high; for as the advancing wave presents a steeper front than the receding, the small angle at which the sound, if placed low, would strike against the advancing wave, would dissipate it very speedily to an ear placed so close to the water as on the deck of a ship; while, if the wave be receding from the signal, the sound will travel with but little interruption along the wave-surface.' Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, the Secretary to the Commission, thinks 'it seems worth while to construct a building with funnels arranged on the same principle as the mirrors which are placed above the lenses in some light-houses, and to place the source of sound in a like position with reference to the reflecting surfaces as the source of light is placed. Hitherto, experiments to direct sound have been made in imitation of the catoptric system; this would resemble the dioptric, and might be a great improvement.' Mr J. Mackintosh of Liverpool adverts to the piercingly acute sound producible from blowing across a common latch-key, and advises its imitation and extension by having a whole battery of steel tubes, brazen lips, and intensely compressed air, all concentrated in the focus of a brobdignagian brass trumpet, pointing or revolving seaward. This gentleman also refers to 'the well-known experiments on Lake Geneva, from which it was established that the sound given by a bell placed under water three feet, when struck by a hammer, was heard across the whole lake, nine miles, when the ear was placed under water, while the sound in air speedily died away;' and he suggests that a light-vessel should be fitted with a bell to be struck under water, whilst 'an observer on shipboard puts over the side a "sea stethoscope," made of gutta-percha, in shape like a huge tobacco-pipe, the stem-end having an ear-piece, and the bowl being covered with a tightly-stretched membrane of the same material.' If this should answer, truth will indeed be stranger than fiction: Hood's old woman, that bought such a wonderful ear-trumpet, that

> The very next day
> She heard from her husband in Botany Bay,

will only have to put the bowl of it into the sea, and will get her intelligence through the water, instead of by the overland post.

But undoubtedly the experiments in the Lake of Geneva were very curious. They were made many years ago by M. Colladon. 'At first, he found that subaqueous sounds were totally reflected at the surface at such angles as rendered it impossible to hear them above water for distances exceeding two hundred mètres.' He then invented 'a hydrophone.' Its shape resembled that of a common tobacco-pipe, with a broad and very shallow bowl. Its total length was about sixteen feet; the pipe was about eighteen inches in diameter, tapering at the end close to the ear, where it terminated in an orifice of about eight inches. The mouth was closed by a partition whose surface amounted to about two square feet. It was entirely made of thin sheets of tinned iron. With this he could hear a bell under water at fourteen thousand mètres (a mètre is rather more than three feet three inches) as well as by plunging the head at two hundred. He subsequently succeeded in transmitting distinctly audible sounds under water to the distance of thirty-five thousand mètres. The noise of waves and winds produced but little effect, and the intensity

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of the sound was so little weakened by distance that he concluded that the decrease is the simple distance, and not as the square of the distance, as in the air. One of the most remarkable results was the existence of an acoustic shadow under water, proved by the effect of an interposed wall in experiments made along the shores of the lake.*

It would be rash in the extreme to assume from the foregoing that the fog-signal of the future will be submarine; enough only has been learned to shew that the subject is subtle, complicated, and comparatively unexplored. The laws of sound have evidently some analogies with the laws of light. Whatever, to the conceptions of pure science, sound itself may actually be, the action by which we know it, appears to take place in right lines. It cannot, any more than light, go through an opaque obstacle, nor, except by the aid of reflectors, either natural or artificial, round a corner. The quantity of natural light generated at the sun is so abundant, that, with all the marked difference between sunlight and shadow, there is, as a rule, plenty of reflected light to illuminate the shadows. If the air were as full of sound as it is of light, the effect *might* be analogous, but then the ears would need lids as much as the eyes, and light is wanted to see by, whilst sound requires to be directly heard.

One thing appears to be known—that sound prefers a homogeneous element to work through. Fog is a powerful damper of sound, because it is a mixture of air and water, and at each of the surfaces where the two touch, a portion of the vibration is reflected and lost. Corroborations of this are to be found even in the 'story-books,' where Fine Ear puts his ear to the earth to listen; and an old wives' story may be remembered of a sentry found recumbent at his post, who proved he was not asleep by the startling assertion that a distant cathedral clock had struck thirteen at midnight, which he asserted he had heard as he lay with ear to the ground—a bit of exceptional behaviour on the part of the clock which proved on inquiry to have occurred. We ourselves happened, in schoolboy-days, to have in use a private school-room telegraph, through which, by concerted scratches, well listened to, a sort of short-hand conversation was kept up habitually by the agency of a long oaken desk. And yet if sound be a question of vibration, and that be dependent on homogeneousness or stillness, it is hard to reconcile those strange facts recited at the Newcastle meeting the other day, that in the case of fireworks, where a number of explosions took place, followed by a loud final burst, the noise made by the latter explosion reached the ear before the smaller explosions; and again, that in the Arctic regions, Sir J. Ross heard the sound of a cannon firing before the word of command which of course preceded it—from which it would appear that violent sounds outspeed fainter ones, without disturbing the conditions under which the fainter ones continue to travel.

When the wreck of the *Anglo-Saxon* occurred, there was, if we remember, a great outcry that Cape Race, where there is a light-house, had no fog-signal, and the adoption of an air-whistle was urged, similar to one known as Daboll's, in use at New London, Long Island Sound. This is a trumpet giving a peculiar sound, which directs the whole force of the agitation of the air to that part of the horizon in which the sound is to be heard, and one of Ericcson's caloric engines is used for power to condense the air to blow the trumpet. It would seem to be very useful. But an instrument preferred by many is the steam-signal on Partridge Island, New Brunswick, and associated with the name of Mr Vernon Smith; this also is a trumpet or speaking-tube, about ten feet long, with a reflector at the back of the whistle to throw the whole of the sound out of the tube.

* See Professor Hennessey's *Provisional Report to the British Association*. 1861.

The development of the principle of light-house illumination by the use of the electric light, for which a small steam-engine is required, would seem to afford facilities in this direction: Professor Holmes, to whom the successful establishment of the light, which will do more than any other to render fog-signals unnecessary, is due, has himself a steam-trumpet, fitted with a reflector of peculiar construction, which has been heard in fog at five miles, when a bell of eight hundredweight was inaudible at little more than two, and that a larger trumpet, an octave lower, was heard at nine miles and a half.

One thing sure to follow from the ventilation of the subject will be the deluging of the investigators with all sorts of suggestions. One enthusiastic inventor long ago desired to put 'a floating fence at each end of the Goodwin Sands,' the fence to be a series of iron vessels, well hung with bells, each portion secured to the next with strong coupling-chains like railway carriages; another would *encircle* the Goodwin Sands with a *double* row of bell-buoys; but at once the most modest and earnest-spirited projector on record is one who would have 'floating fog-whistles, rising from a gutta-percha pipe five miles long, at every hundred yards, blown by a man on shore with a pair of blacksmith's bellows;' and he only asks for his reward, that, 'if put into operation, he may blow the first pair of bellows.' Duck-shooting in a punt on a raw November morning must be dreary work enough, but that being a branch of the science of destroying life, is to an extent exciting. Imagination is too excited to do its work correctly, as it tries to picture to itself this embodiment of philanthropy and science, who is content to sit down in a dense fog, forlorn as a bittern, and whistle among the sedges.

THE BUCKET.

O'ER a green mound the bucket swings,
Deep down the crystal shines;
Round the well-kerb the wild-flower springs,
And moss the brickwork lines.

Worm-punctured and time-worn 's the frame
Above the old well placed,
And many a quaintly-carvèd name
Upon it may be traced.

But best the bucket pleases me,
All iron-ribbed and worn,
Dripping with nectar silvery,
And fresh as dews of morn.

I love to press its scalloped mouth,
So velvet-soft and cool;
I'd fly the vintage of the South,
To quaff the dimpling pool.

Oft when a June sun fired the sky,
And birdies drooped their wing,
Away from bat and ball I'd hie
Unto the old well-spring;

Quickly I'd launch the bucket down
The faintly echoing track,
Then watch till, gleaming like a crown,
I saw it trembling back.

When poised upon the thick-mossed bank,
With Nature's wine a-full,
Than I, what monarch ever drank
A draught more sweet and cool?

In halls of grandeur, beauty-filled,
Go quaff the blood-red wine;
But man's invention ne'er distilled
So pure a draught as mine.

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AWFUL EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF FILUS KROAST.

I AM no relation—I confess it—of Filus Kroast. The extraordinary event in her life it has fallen to my lot to record, shall not betray me into drawing the connection one hairbreadth closer than is warranted by strictest truth. Having said this, I may mention, with some little pride, that her excellent mother presided over the dame's-school at the very same village in which my aunt's second husband passed his childhood!

It will have been already understood that Filus, in spite of the masculine termination of the name, was a lady. Concerning the spelling of *both* names, Filus maintained through life, with her many friends, an animated yet kindly controversy. Those whose education had received the highest polish, openly affirmed that no other combination of characters than such as would produce the words PHILLIS CROWHURST would fully meet the exigencies of the case. But Filus had her own convictions. Being the weaker party, I range myself under her banner—'Filus and Freedom (of spelling)!' Moreover, we have the law of England itself on our side, since the very last of the wills and testaments of Filus Kroast—she executed fifty-nine—lies proven, in that very name, at Doctors' Commons, and visible, if not remarkably legible, for one shilling. So, there!

I own to some rashness in the expression 'weaker party.' From the very first, Filus possessed a strong and trusty ally in Martha Drabbit, kitchen-maid in the establishment in which Filus was upper housemaid. Martha entertained an admiration, trenching upon idolatry, for her accomplished friend. In her opinion, Filus *could* not err. As Blondin is said to experience a positive difficulty in losing his balance on the rope which constitutes his natural home, so it would cost Filus an express mental effort to effect any species of mistake.

Poor Martha herself had, in fact, no name. She had been found in a worsted stocking, attached to the knocker of the mansion of the most noble the Marquis of Carraway, in Portman Square. That noble peer was on the continent, and has probably never been apprised, until the present moment, of the implied compliment to his philanthropy.

Miss Drabbit's precocious attempt to connect herself with the aristocracy was not entirely successful: the butler, a stern, disappointed man, handed her to the policeman; the policeman, to the parish authorities; the latter—in due season—to Mrs Loveleigh Smyles, of Sweet Street, Pleasant Square, S.W., in the capacity I have already mentioned.

Christened 'Martha' at the instigation of the beadle, a gentleman of limited imagination, 'Drabbit' had been afterwards superadded, for two reasons—the first general, because it was ascertained, on inquiry, that the metropolis already contained more than one Martha; the second special, inasmuch as 'Drabbit it'—or, more correctly, 'Ad rabbit it'—was Martha's favourite interjection.

My acquaintance with Miss Drabbit was inaugurated by this very expression.

'Ad rabbit that ere boy!' said a voice, both sharp and sweet, as I was pacing abstractedly along. Looking round, I became aware that Martha Drabbit was washing the door-steps of one of the houses—that that young lady had turned hastily on her knees to gaze angrily after a retreating pot-boy—that she wore blue garters over black stockings, and secured those articles below the knee.

Perish my pen, if in any other age I would have written this! But crinoline has familiarised us with such hitherto undreamed-of wonders, that I record it firmly, openly, without even the semblance of a blush—that Martha wore blue garters, and that one of these, though but for an almost inappreciable moment, I saw.

It was characteristic of Martha's stern fidelity that she should have been so indignant with the boy, inasmuch as her mistress, Mrs Loveleigh Smyles, was—with everybody else of any consequence—out of town. The grass was growing with unusual luxuriance in Regent Street, and Vice-admiral Sir Kusac Dosey, though upon the very committee of his club, had been ignominiously expelled from that building by the under-butler—its sole inhabitant.

But Mrs Loveleigh Smyles was a very remarkable lady, and, absent or present, the terror of her was unceasingly predominant in the household. She was a beautiful little woman, with large dark-gray eyes, and a perfectly transparent complexion. She had, further, a soft and silken manner, and purred sweetly when she talked. You longed to pat her. It would have been safer to touch a tiger! Tornadoes of passion lay slumbering beneath that gentle exterior. Once aroused, she gave herself up, as it were, body

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and soul, to the demon of rage, hardly sensible, for the moment, of the excesses to which it hurried her. By nature, and through neglect of training, she was the incarnation of selfishness. The slightest personal neglect sufficed to awaken the most appalling gusts of passion, and, though intercourse with society had necessarily taught her some degree of self-government, among her dependents, these paroxysms had full sway.

Perfectly conscious of her failing, she had, early in life, fallen into the fatal error of regarding it as planted ineradicably in her disposition, and believed that the painful force she had sometimes to impose upon her rising passions in general society, must be compensated for by indulging them at other seasons, among those accustomed to submit. Hence, resorting to palliatives, she adopted a line of conduct, both before and after these ebullitions, which she flattered herself might meet the emergency, and, on feeling the approach of the fiend, would become so fearfully sweet and gentle, as to awaken the most lively apprehensions. A little present which, not unfrequently, accompanied this change, became, under the circumstances, as ominous an offering as the bowstring politely handed to an offending pacha.

When engaging her domestics, Mrs Loveleigh Smyles sweetly and candidly told them what they had to expect.

'I am a passionate, wicked little wretch,' she would murmur, in her low, pleasant voice. 'Be very sorry for me. It is the bitter in my cup of life. But I must be resigned, so must you' (with one of her bewitching smiles), 'and, as I do so hate changing my servants, and your terms are so-and-so, I will double them—do you hear?—on condition that you bear with your unfortunate mistress in her occasional trials, and say nothing of them beyond these sad doors.'

As no new applicant was ever known to repose the slightest faith in the charming little lady's account of herself, the bargain, it may be supposed, was quickly concluded, and Susan (or Thomas) entered upon her duties with a quiet snigger, convinced that she had got into a good thing.

A week perhaps elapsed, when—'Thu-than,' a sweet voice would lisp, from behind the bed-curtains, as the maid entered her lady's room, 'I have such a headache! There must be a flower in the room. You did not forget, did you, my good girl, to place those roses on the window-sill? eh, Susan dear?'

Conscience-stricken at having neglected the behests of so gentle and affectionate a mistress, Susan seized the offending flowers in one hand, and softly opening the curtains with the other, so as to make her apologies with the better grace, received a stinging slap on the eye and cheek, delivered with the whole force of the little ringed hand!

'You insolent, obstinate minx! You great gaping idiot! take that, and that, and this!' and the infuriated lady, catching up every movable her arm could reach—cup, candlestick, books, &c.—hurled them wildly at Susan's head.

'Do you defy me, you wretch?' she added, suddenly sinking her voice to a whisper more terrible still, and, with every feature of her altered face working with insensate rage, she glided from her bed, and caught up the poker.

Susan cast one terrified glance at the little fiend-like figure, and incontinently fled, banging the door, to cover her retreat. Fearful was the hubbub that ensued. Screaming, stamping, tearing and smashing everything that crossed her way, the unhappy lady might be heard exhausting the remnants of her passion upon the senseless objects around, till the room was strewn with ruin.

Below, the servants gathered in a bewildered group, uncertain how to act. The butler himself was pale and mute, and it was not a little that disturbed Mr Binns. One voice alone, with reassuring calmness, rose above the frightened murmurs—it was that of Filus Kroast.

'Set ye down, and don't do nothin',' was Filus's counsel; and taking out her housewife, she seated herself, with perfect unconcern, and fell to work upon the toe of an aged sock.

Suddenly, the uproar in my lady's chamber ceased. There was a loud thump, as if she had fallen heavily on the floor. The group started. Could the unfortunate lady have laid violent hands upon herself?

Still Filus sat and wrought. After another minute:

'Now, I think,' said Filus, 'she will be done;' and, calmly rising, as though to examine the progress of a bit of toast, the intrepid girl slipped off her shoes, walked steadily up stairs, and applied her ear to the keyhole. A low sound of sobbing was alone audible. Filus nodded, over the balusters, her entire satisfaction at the state of things, then quietly opened the door and walked in.

Her mistress was lying stretched on the carpet, her face on the very floor, weeping bitterly, and, in the agony of her remorse, beating her little white feet cruelly against the ground.

Filus cast one glance at her, in which no grain of contempt mingled with its womanly compassion, and then set skilfully to work in restoring order. When this was in some measure effected, and the bits of broken glass and porcelain carefully swept aside, she for the first time drew near her lady, and gently placed a soft cushion under the bruised feet; then, lifting up her head, like that of a sick child, she laid it also on a cool, soft pillow; finally, she stretched a quilted dressing-robe over the recumbent figure, like a pall, gave one sigh, as to fallen greatness, and withdrew.

'Fifty pound a year, with tea and sugar, and my beer, ain't so bad, mind you,' remarked Susan that evening at supper; 'but I do wish there warn't no pokers in her room!'

'Missis won't hardly play that game with me,' said Thomas, with languid assurance. (Thomas had large, brown, melancholy eyes, and was very proud of them.) 'I don't mind a quick word or so, but if she comes the poker-dodge, I shall stop her with my heye.'

Thomas had very soon an opportunity of testing the power of that organ. One morning, the bell of his lady's boudoir rang, a little more sharply than usual. Thomas hurried up. Mrs Smyles was sitting with her face turned to the window, and spoke to him without changing her position. There was, nevertheless, a slight, almost imperceptible heaving of the beautiful shoulders, and a sort of tremor in her cooing tones, that might have alarmed the initiated.

'O Thomas, will you—will you oblige me by telling me, Thomas, at what hour this morning my letters and papers were put into your hands? I am sure you will remember how especially I directed you, my good Thomas, to place them always on the table by—by ten o'clock. Yes, Thomas?'

Thomas recollected, with some compunction, that he had paused in the hall to read a rather lengthened report of the demise, by operation of law (or, as Thomas himself would have briefly phrased it, 'hexecution'), of Mr Michael O'Shaughnessy, for the murder of another Irish gentleman, and that he had probably done so under his mistress's too vigilant eye. Nevertheless, deluded by the sweetness of her voice, Thomas, without thought of fear, at once allowed that he had stopped in the 'all, to read a few lines that chanced to ketch his——

Before he could finish, Mrs Smyles had started from her chair, and confronted him like a demon; her eyes literally blased with passion.

'You meddling booby! you inquisitive, impertinent hound! how *dare* you presume to open anything intended for me? Out of my sight—leave my house! What—you answer me? Take *that!*'

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And therewith, a very handsome and rather weighty annual, whirling through the air, took the direction of Thomas's head; that gentleman promptly ducked, and a small mirror received the *Friendship's Offering*. A *Forget-me-not* following, with better aim, struck Thomas—so fate decreed—on the very eye with which he had proposed to check his mistress's ungoverned rage.

Having now lost every remnant of self-command, she would have proceeded to further violence, but by this time Thomas had rallied his astonished senses, and saw that he had but two alternatives—to seize and restrain the little fury by superior force, or, like Susan, to turn and flee. Thomas adopted the latter course, and, reaching his pantry in safety, devoted himself to the care of his more than ever melancholy eye, till dinner-time.

He did leave the house that evening, but it was with a five-pound note in his damask pocket, and permission to spend a fortnight with his friends.

These are but specimens, taken at hazard, from scenes of frequent occurrence in the household of Mrs Smyles, their trivial origin proving how slightly removed from actual aberration of intellect was the passion thus demonstrated.

Without the walls, the secret was kept with unwonted fidelity. Double wages and a most liberal table were an ample compensation for an occasional fright and a few bruises; and a certain dark tradition, concerning a cook's fractured skull, though far from being forgotten, was, by universal consent, regarded as a fiction. One thing only was certain, that Mrs Smyles never passed the threshold of the kitchen, and that the sight or mention of a rolling-pin would cause her to quiver from head to foot as with pain.

At the time the circumstances I am to relate occurred, Mrs Loveleigh Smyles, as has been mentioned, was out of town; of all her establishment, only two remained in charge of the mansion—namely, Filus Kroast and Martha Drabbit.

Tea-time—five o'clock—was at hand, but Miss Kroast, not waiting for the clock to strike, summoned her colleague to the table, declaring that she felt very low, and that a good cup would set her up again.

Martha unhesitatingly signified that she herself was a trifle beneath her usual elevation, and that the remedy aforesaid invariably set *her* upon her legs again with more vigour than ever.

On this occasion, Filus's depression did not yield to the accustomed panacea.

'That my sperrets was so low, I don't remember when the time was,' she remarked. Filus had a habit of reversing her sentences, which gave them an obscure and clever sound.

Martha merely replied with a dissyllabic grunt, which might be variously rendered: 'Dear me!' 'No, no!' 'Nonsense!' 'Poor thing!' &c., at pleasure.

'Something, I says to myself, when I rose up this morning, is going to happen, Phillis, this day.'

Martha thought that sufficient *might* actually have occurred, in the general universe, since five in the morning, to realise that presentiment; but her friend's solemn tone indicating a personal application, and her own sole idea of a catastrophe being fire, she contented herself with observing incidentally that the chimneys had one and all been swep' on Toosday.

'And happen it will,' continued Filus, 'afore bedtime.'

Miss Drabbit, without actually quoting the Ides of March and Julius Cæsar, assented, in general terms, to the fact that the season of danger was not yet completely past; adding, moreover, a suggestion which, had it occurred to the illustrious Roman, might have changed the destinies of a world—namely, that by retiring to bed immediately after the present meal, they should at once terminate the day, and avert the omen.

But Filus, though nervous to the last degree, scouted such pusillanimity; she would not retire a moment before the usual hour, come what might.

'Into my mouth my heart if even the very postman with a letter came would jump,' said Filus, 'and'——

RAT-TAT!

'Aggravating feller! He did that o' purpose, now,' ejaculated Filus faintly.

Martha hurried up, and returned with the letter, which wore a crumpled, foreign aspect.

'From missis,' pronounced Filus.

It was, and thus it ran:

'CHATEAU DE PRAFONDE, NYON.

'PHILLIS AND MARTHA—Very soon after this reaches you, an individual will come to the house, and possibly remain there for several days. Not to puzzle you with many directions, I wish you to understand, my good girls, that you are to treat him, in all respects, *exactly as myself*. Should his dress or appearance seem strange, you will, of course, take no notice, nor will you evince the least surprise at *anything* he may choose to do. I shall explain to you hereafter. At present, I have only to warn you, my steady and faithful Phillis and Martha, that I expect these my orders to be obeyed to the very letter.—Affectionately, SERENA LOVELEIGH SMYLES.'

'Wot's an Individual?' asked Miss Drabbit, timidly breaking the pause that followed; for Filus was not a fluent reader, and being, moreover, a little perplexed with her mistress's spelling, was somewhat exhausted with the effort.

Miss Kroast affected to ignore her friend's question, but the latter pressing it—

'Why, a He,' said Filus cautiously. 'Didn't you hear, stupid? Missis says we are to treat *him* "percisely as herself."'

'It must be a very particular *he*,' said Martha, only half-satisfied, 'for missis to make him master. S'pose you'll put Individual in the blue room?'

'S'pose you know nothing about it,' replied Filus sharply. '*Precisely like myself* is words that has but one meaning, and that is: "Put him in my room; give him my keys; take your orders from him; turn the house out o' winder if he ses the word; and if he breaks your 'eds, why, the less you speaks of it the better."'

Martha felt that the one meaning was at least comprehensive; but her only audible comment was 'Drabbit it! I wish he wan't a-coming!'—a sentiment which harmonised so completely with Filus's own, that she could not forbear rebuking its premature expression.

'Drabbit! Drabbit! you forget yourself.' (Martha hung her head.) 'No more of this, if you please. He is missis's friend. P'r'aps some furrin gentleman as doesn't want his name mentioned—they doesn't, sometimes. Who knows it ain't Lewis Napoleon himself? Missis knew him in England. When does missis say he's——"very soon after this reaches"—— That's as good as saying "to-morrow."'

'*Rat—tat—*TAT!'

Three slow knocks, the last delivered with great force, interrupted the conference.

'It's the Individual!' cried Martha.

'S'pose it *is*,' said Filus. 'Run up, child, and open the door. Say I'm coming.'

Martha lingered, as if afraid, until the knock was repeated, when, in obedience to a hasty gesture from her friend, she went up stairs. The bolts and chains seemed to take a long time to undo; at length, however, the door was heard to open, then instantly re-close, and Martha re-appeared, breathless.

''Twarn't nobody!'

'Don't tell *me*!' retorted Filus indignantly. 'What do you call that?' as, for the third time, the solemn summons re-echoed through the mansion.

'I'll tell you what I call it,' said Martha, bursting out crying—'a WARNING.'

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'You'd very likely find it so, if mistress knew what a gaby you are making of yourself,' was the strong-minded reply. 'Go directly, and let him in.'

'I dursn't,' said Martha, for the first time in her life disobedient to her oracle. 'There ain't no Lewis Napoleon, nor nothing else, at the door!'

Filus wasted no more words, but, taking a candle—for it was now getting dusk—with the air of a Giovanni going to admit his petrified supper-guest, marched up stairs.

The chain was heard to fall, the door to open; then came a smothered shriek—a sort of scuffle; next, the candlestick reappeared, hopping down stairs alone, as though to announce the discomfiture of its mistress, who immediately followed, having apparently rolled or slidden down half the distance, and landed in the kitchen, with another shriek, to which Martha heartily responded.

'Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes! See what's a-follerin' me!' gasped Filus.

Finding these directions incompatible, Martha obeyed the latter, and beheld an enormous black ball, about two feet in diameter, come bouncing into the room. Brought up with a jerk by the leg of the dresser, the ball opened, became elongated, stood on one end, and presented the appearance of an almost impossible human being, something under three feet high. The head being of the size of full-grown manhood, looked, of course, preposterously large, and owing to the face being remarkably long and thin, occupied a good third of the creature's altitude. The countenance itself had nothing repulsive in its expression, being grave and melancholy, finished, moreover, with a pointed beard; and the attire of the strange little personage belonging also to a former age, he might altogether have suggested the idea of the executioner of Charles I. having somehow missed his stroke, and divided his illustrious victim about the hips.

'It's a himp! Keep off—keep off!' shrieked Martha, as the dwarf made a movement to approach.

'I 'll himp you both,' returned the latter, his pensive smile changing to a ferocious grin, and a strange green lustre appearing in his eyes, like those of a cat in the dark. 'Stop your confounded noise, and behave like rational beings. You've got the letter?'

'Please, sir, are you an Individual?' asked Filus timidly.

'Understand distinctly that I am,' replied the dwarf, recovering his suavity. 'Don't put me out, and you 'll find me a very agreeable one. Now, observe—this is my sole caution—Don't Put Me Out. Perhaps you did not expect me quite so soon?'

'Well, sir, we didn't,' said Filus, beginning to recover her self-possession. 'You see, mistress didn't mention your name, and we don't kn'——

'Did she tell you to *ask* it?' said the dwarf sharply. 'Now, don't put me out. However, I don't mind your knowing; and, indeed, it would be necessary, as certain friends—I allude chiefly to the Turkish Ambassador, Lord Viscount Seringapatam, and Sir Charles Opossum—will probably wait upon me early to-morrow. I am, on all ordinary occasions, accosted as The Venomous Fly; in the abandonment of private friendship, shortly "Legs," because, in that particular, nature has been short with *me*. Seringy and Opossum will most likely ask for me by the latter name; His Excellency the Effendi Hassan Mesrour Mahound, by the former. Attend me to my bedroom. I sup there.'

With a trembling hand, and feeling very much as if she were walking in a dream, Filus lit a silver lamp, and led the way to the luxurious chamber of the mistress of the house. Those soft yielding carpets, gilded mirrors, costly cabinets, that couch of down on which a fly's spongy foot would leave a hollow, those delicate rose-tinted curtains, were such, in good truth, the destined surroundings of the hideous little burlesque of humanity that came waddling after her into the rich apartment, as coolly as if he were entering an inn garret! Was nothing less deemed fit accommodation for The Venomous Fly?

Filus almost screamed, as with one bound he leaped upon the bed, and, rolling himself up in the rich coverlet, glared at her as if it were nothing but a mask stuck upright on the couch.

'What would you like for s-supper, sir?' stammered Filus.

'Eggs, brandy, and the cat,' was the reply. 'Now, don't put me out.' And the green eyes reappeared.

'He wants the *cat* to eat,' said Filus, staggering into the kitchen, pale as ashes. 'Here, Tittums! Tittums!'

Martha could bear no more; she caught her bonnet from a peg, and made a rush towards the door.

'For to be the Queen upon her throne, I wouldn't stay in this house another minnit!'

'Run away: leave me—do,' said Filus steadily.

Sarcasm is stronger than reproach; friendship is stronger than ambition. Not to be tempted by the offer of a realm, Martha paused at the thought of abandoning her friend. The latter saw her hesitation.

'Didn't missis tell us we wasn't to be astonished at *nothin'?*' she calmly inquired. 'Shewin' she knowed as the Individual's ways was pecoolier. 'Cept that, when he's angry, his eyes turns green, I don't see nothin' to be frightened at,' continued the heroic Filus, gaining confidence with every word. 'Providentially, the cat ain't at home.' And Filus turned her back on the unconscious Tittums, curled up in the shadow of the clock.

As she spoke, a shrill, peculiar cry, compounded of a mew and a whistle, sounded from above; in a second, the cat shook off her slumbers, darted, in two bounds, across the room, and vanished, like a flash of gray light, up the staircase.

'As I'm a living sinner!' said Martha aghast, '*she knows him!*'

This new phenomenon, however, did not affect Martha's determination to remain with her friend, happen what might; flinging aside her bonnet, she returned to her allegiance.

One of the best silver supper-trays being laid out in as attractive a form as the simplicity of the guest's order permitted, the two proceeded up stairs, Miss Drabbit bearing the light, which the other, in her bewilderment, had brought away. Any anxiety on behalf of Tittums was at once dispelled by the appearance of *four* green eyes exactly on a level. The cat was squatting on the pillow, close to the dwarf's ear, into which she seemed every now and then to pour some confidential communication, looking up searchingly at Filus as she entered, with a curious imitation of the dwarf's manner.

'Ha! Supper, Tittums!' exclaimed the latter, kicking off the coverlet, and sitting up, though the change of attitude made little perceptible difference.

The tray being placed on the bed, the cat at once skipped over and placed herself at the other end, never once removing her green eyes from her new acquaintance, but following his every movement with the most affectionate relish.

He was evidently out of humour, and, far from being gratified at the elegant manner in which his frugal supper had been served, grumbled incessantly, flinging the articles about, demanding why he was not served with plate, &c., and generally evincing the most lordly contempt for the luxuries with which he saw himself surrounded.

'And now,' said the dwarf, kicking off the tray without further ceremony, 'now for my riot. Lights, there!'

Filus lit a large table-lamp and two candles, but this illumination by no means contented the irascible

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little monster, who continued to howl, 'More lights! *More!*' until all the available candlesticks in the house had been produced, and the room was in a perfect blaze. Then, twisting the delicate curtains into a sort of rope, and scrambling up, in a second, to the canopy of the bed, the dwarf commenced a series of gambols and gyrations that almost defy description. Dancing, leaping, turning somersaults, swinging by his imperceptible legs from apparently impossible places, swarming up the angles of the wall, and actually buzzing along the gilt cornice with strange insect noises, The Venomous Fly completely vindicated his title to the name. As for Tittums, after making one or two bold but futile efforts to follow her friend up the wall, she owned herself fairly distanced, and took her place, with a mortified air, among the audience.

During this performance, the two women had sat with open eyes and mouths, too much bewildered even to exchange a word. It pleased the Fly, however, to alight, in the course of one of his aërial trips, upon the top of a wardrobe; opening the door with one leg, and peering over, the Fly affected to be immensely struck with what he saw there, and forthwith disappeared, head first, into a sea of silk and muslin, closing the door behind him.

At this horrible sight, Filus could contain herself no longer.

'O my 'Evins! Missis's lovely gownds!' she shrieked, starting from her chair.

'Drabbit the himp!' exclaimed Martha, doing the same.

Before either could reach the wardrobe, the door reopened, and revealed the Fly completely attired in one of Mrs Smyles's most costly dresses, wanting nothing but a befitting head-dress to be in trim for the court-ball for which that identical dress had been intended.

'Put me out, *now*, and take the consequences,' hissed the dwarf, turning on the green light, and grinning with an expression so fiendish that the women recoiled. 'Where's my di'monds? Here's the Duchess o' Dishwasher waitin' at the door since half-past seven, and sends up her footman to swear she won't stand it any longer! Where's my jewel-box?'

'Please, sir, missis always sends her di'monds to the banking-house,' said Filus.

'Tell her Grace she needn't wait,' rejoined the Venomous Fly; and, in spite of the encumbrance of the dress, he threw a somersault from the wardrobe, and alighted in the middle of the floor. 'Turn off the lights; I'm going to bed. Wake me in the morning, when your mistress sends my luggage;' and, just as he was, he jumped upon the bed, and pretended to fall instantly asleep. . . . .

'I'm all in a twirl,' said Filus, as (the Ides of March at length concluded) the two lay down on their respective couches. 'But I've made up my mind to one thing—he shan't riot no more in missis's room without the pelisse a-looking on. "Luggage!" I don't believe he've got no luggage. Hapes don't carry much of that sort o' thing.'

'Nor yet himps,' put in Martha, faithful to her diabolical theory.

Filus admitted that the provision made in this respect by such personages was probably slender; then, finding her companion too fatigued for further converse, quickly followed her into the land of dreams.

Much to their surprise, early on the following morning, a goods-van deposited at the house three travelling-chests of enormous weight, carefully locked, and secured with iron hasps. Direction-cards, in the lady's own hand, commended them to the 'Care of Mrs Loveleigh Smyles, 14 Sweet Street, Pleasant Square, S.W.,' the cards made use of proving to be visiting-tickets of her own. A parchment label, attached to each trunk, bore, in bolder characters, yet still unmistakably those of Mrs Smyles—'The Venomous Fly.'

The trunks having been conveyed, not without much difficulty, into an inner room, the two sat down and looked at each other.

'Hem!' remarked Filus generally.

'Eh?' said Martha inquiringly.

'Ah!' (with a sigh).

'Poor thing!'

'You dursn't think,' began Filus, boldly feeling the way.

'I thinks what I thinks,' replied Miss Drabbit, not sullenly, but, as it were, reluctantly admitting a painful fact.

Filus became impatient.

'S'long as I've known you, and so kind as I've been to you, Martha Drabbit, and you afeard to speak out?'

Martha refused the trap, and politely turned the enemy's flank.

'What's the use? You're always guessin' one's thoughts, Filus. Now!'

Filus yielded with a smile.

'Well, well, child, you're right for once. There's only one way of accounting for all this.' She put her mouth to Martha's ear—'*Missis is cracked.*'

A long consultation followed upon the questions arising from this new theory, resulting in a twofold resolution—namely, to let things generally take their course, at least for another day, and to consult—in an unofficial manner—'P 126,' with whom Martha boasted a nodding acquaintance, and who might be seen, at that very moment, prosecuting his listless stroll.

'P 126' readily responded to Martha's signal, and listened, with that entire absence of astonishment which characterises the force, to Filus's relation of what had occurred. He didn't see no call for thinking Mrs Smyles was cracked. He knowed a lady which kept a baboon, what used to play up all manner o' shines among the movables. *She* wan't cracked, though some cups was! Now, here it lays (considered P 126). So long as this dwarft doesn't actiwally *prig* nothing, the hands of the pilice is tied. And how *can* he prig? All that's not hisn's hern; and, 'cording to her orders, all that's hern's his'n! Why, he *can't* prig (said P 126, with honest warmth); at least, there's never a beak as *I* knows on what would take the charge. *That's* how it lays.

Unsatisfactory as was the attitude, Filus allowed it to remain there, and about noon the following day the dwarf rang the bell, and demanded his luggage.

Upon Filus's report of its weight, however, the Fly was induced to descend (which he did by buzzing down the balusters without touching the stairs) and make a selection. He chose the heaviest of the three trunks, which was, with infinite labour and ingenuity, transported to his chamber. Once there, the dwarf produced from his pocket the key, and Filus, having with the aid of hammer and chisel detached the metal fastenings, was dismissed with her companion from the room.

For nearly an hour, no sound from above reached their ears; at the end of that time, Filus, crossing the hall, thought she heard a shriek of laughter. She stopped. It was repeated. Curiosity overcoming every other consideration, she crept softly up stairs, and applying her eye to the keyhole, saw the dwarf standing upon his head in the middle of the room, and ever and anon indulging in peals of triumphant laughter. Near him stood one of the dressing-tables, swept of its usual contents, but laden with rows of curious substances, grotesque and various in form, but all of one hue.

'My 'Evins!' thought Filus. 'Whatever can you want of all that yeller soap?'

At the instant, a thundering knock resounded on the house-door. She saw the dwarf leap to his feet; then, waiting just long enough to admit of the possibility of her having run up stairs, Filus tapped at the door, and inquired whether, in the event of the visitor

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proving to be Sir Charles Opossum, that gentleman should be admitted.

'At your peril!' screamed the dwarf. 'Say I'm out—say everybody's out! Run! Fly!'

There was something in his voice so expressive of genuine consternation, that Filus could not forbear another peep. His face was perfectly livid. He was replacing his yellow soap in the box with such anxious haste, that Filus completed her observations with perfect safety. The knock, however, was repeated, and she flew down stairs.

'Holloa, I say, young woman! you haven't fatigued yourself, I hope?' was the frank address of a man about eight-and-twenty, who had just dismissed a cab, and supported a small but weighty valise in his hands. He had handsome features, much embrowned; his black hair hung in corkscrew ringlets almost to his shoulders; and he wore heavy gold earrings. As for his dress, it partook so impartially of two characters, that he might be described either as a maritime farmer or an agricultural seaman, according to fancy. 'You've got the letter?' he continued, coolly walking before her into the dining-room.

'The l-l-l'——

'Etter,' said the visitor, shewing his white teeth—'my sister's l-l-letter. And the b-b-boxes. Three boxes. How! holloa! What's the game now? Is the girl going to faint?'

He might well ask; for, in that terrible moment, had flashed upon Filus's mind the probability, nay, almost absolute certainty, that the Venomous Fly was an impostor! Visions of the desecrated chamber, the damaged ornaments, the torn dresses, floated across her bewildered fancy. She could hear the treacherous insect himself, above, still busy with his soap. *His* soap? The soap of the man who stood there before her eyes, sternly demanding, again and again, if his boxes were safe!

But Filus Kroast was no common woman. In a second it occurred to her that the dwarf could be suppressed, the boxes re-secured, the room re-arranged; all might yet remain a secret, saving only the destruction of one or two articles of value, for the announcement of which a favourable opportunity might be chosen. This resolved, Filus hastily assured him that all was well; that, in a few minutes, rooms would be ready for his reception, &c. She offered to take his valise; but, small as it was, such was its weight, that the stranger, with a smile, tendered his assistance.

'You seemed a little upset at my outlandish rig,' he added, good-humouredly. 'Fresh from the diggings, that's all. My name's Jack Hylton, your dear mistress's only brother. See the likeness *now*, eh? Landed at Liverpool a few days ago from the splendid clipper, *Venomous Fly*, sent on my traps with the direction Serena had written for me, and here I am. Room ready?'

Begging him to remain a few minutes in the parlour, Filus swept up the stairs, and burst, like an avenging angel, into the dwarf's room. He had not quite concluded his packing, and turned on her his green eyes with a look of fury that, at a less desperate moment, might have kept Filus at bay. As it was, she rushed right upon the little monster, and twisting her hands in his thick black hair, shook his Charles I. head till it looked like a sign of that monarch quivering in a storm.

'You aggravatin' little devil!' cried Filus, shaking with all her might. '*You* missis's visitor? See what you've been and done! Me and Martha's ruined, and all for your games! Here's the gentleman belonging to them soap-boxes, and he wants 'em this instant-minnit.'

With a violent wrestle, the dwarf shook himself free.

'Soap-boxes!' he exclaimed. 'It's *gold!*'

'It's never gold!' echoed Filus faintly. 'We shall all be hanged. Hark!' (The parlour bell rang violently.) 'You come along with me. Quick, quick, or I'll call a perlice myself. If we can only get you out.'

The Venomous Fly seemed to admit the wisdom of the counsel. He cast one long wistful glance at the precious 'soap,' and followed Filus like a lamb. They reached the hall in safety.

'Now,' said Filus impressively, 'whatever wild-beast-and-monkey show you 'skep from, it's better for you than them public streets after *this*. Get back as fast as you can, and tell them, with my compliments, to give you a hidin'.'

Whether the Fly would have implicitly followed these directions, will never, perhaps, be known, for at this moment Hylton's hasty step was heard on the hall floor. Filus had just time to push the dwarf into the cloak-room, in which stood Hylton's remaining boxes, and a large empty trunk of her mistress's. Valise in hand, Hylton approached them.

'Into that big box! Quick!' whispered Filus, in an agony. 'Put something between. It shuts with a spring. You'll be stiff'——

'Holloa! about these rooms,' began the visitor.

Filus saw that the dwarf was hidden.

'In a moment, sir,' she answered, and pulling-to the door behind her, dashed up stairs.

The door, however, had not closed, and Hylton catching a glimpse of his own boxes among the rest, heaved the weighty valise upon the chest that stood nearest, and locking the door, pocketed the key. As he did so, he fancied, as he afterwards related, that he heard a faint, plaintive cry; but uncertain from whence the feeble sound proceeded, turned at once away.

Assisted by her trusty friend, Filus quickly succeeded in restoring the box of gold to its original state of (false) security, and removed it to the room intended for Mr Hylton. The question now was how to account for the possession of the key, when the consultation was cut short by the appearance (guided by their voices) of the impatient gentleman himself, key in hand.

'The portmantle, sir?' asked Filus. 'Shall I?'——

'Ah, stay, I'll go myself,' replied Hylton; and, hastening down stairs, returned with it on his shoulder.

Oppressed with an indefinable anxiety, Filus had followed him down, and no sooner was his back turned, than she crept into the cloak-room. It was always dark, and now, with its great sarcophagi of boxes, looked more than ever vault-like.

'Dwarf!' (Her voice sounded quite hollow.)

There was no reply.

'Speak, you aggrav—— Ho! my 'Evins!' and Filus staggered forward in horror. *The chest was closed!* The spring, in spite of the introduction of a portion of the unfortunate sleeve, must have yielded under the sudden weight of the valise flung upon it an hour before.

With trembling fingers, like those of a repentant murderess, Filus sought the fatal spring, touched it, leaned heavily forward, saw the horrible confirmation of her fears, and again dropping the heavy lid and closing the spring, fell back in a dead swoon. In falling, she struck her head against the corner of one of Hylton's heavy boxes, and hence, perhaps, her long insensibility, for nearly two hours more had elapsed, when Martha, seeking in some anxiety her friend, discovered her in the condition mentioned.

It seemed fated that nothing should save the ill-starred little monster, for no sooner was poor Filus restored to consciousness, than the horror of her mind induced another period of syncope, and this was succeeded by an attack of fever and delirium, which lasted several days, during which, by Mr Hylton's orders, every possible care was lavished on the sufferer. In spite, however, of the patient's incoherent

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ravings, none of the watchers obtained the slightest clue to what had in reality occurred.

It was on the fifth day of Filus's illness, and after it had taken a favourable turn, that Mrs Loveleigh Smyles, who had hastened her return to meet her brother, reached home, and found all, except poor Filus, pretty much as she had left it. She was full of gentle sympathy, and insisted on sitting nearly an hour at the bedside of her sick servant, whose anxious heart and still bewildered brain could hardly realise her presence. Oddly enough, one of the topics with which the kind lady sought to amuse the invalid was a visit she had received in Switzerland from a travelling dwarf, who tumbled and conjured, to the great amusement of the household, for an entire day, making himself completely at home; so much so, indeed, as to lay himself open to the imputation of having finally marched off with more than belonged to him. Poor Filus turned upon her side with a groan. She had not the strength to speak, had she wished it; but she was conscious of a miserable feeling that to-morrow, if not to-night, must reveal all.

It was nearly noon on the morrow—Mr Hylton having gone out—when Thomas of the 'heye,' with some trepidation, introduced to his mistress a gentleman who had politely, yet persistently, refused to intrust Thomas with his name. There was a certain something in his quiet demeanour which rose superior to conventional rules, as he silently placed on the lady's work-table a neat visiting-card, inscribed, 'Mr Adolphus Winnington (detective), Great Scotland-yard.'

The word thus modestly placed in a parenthesis, as if it were of no particular significance, alone caught Mrs Smyles's eye. She started slightly, but before she could open her lips, Mr Adolphus Winnington opened *his*.

In apology for his intrusion, he would hasten to say that its sole object was the removal of some slight—almost ridiculously slight—misgivings which had been excited in magisterial minds by the receipt of a very singular communication, emanating, it was imagined, from some lunatic, yet one whose mental incapacity it was desirable to place beyond all future cavil. The letter was signed—Mrs Smyles would laugh—'Rolling-pin,' and related to a supposed—ha, ha—*murder!*

Mrs Smyles did not laugh, but, on the contrary, turned so deadly white, that the officer, thinking she was about to swoon, made a step forward to support her. She rallied, however, and, grasping the table, looked her visitor full in the face.

With just a shade less of respect and ease of manner, the latter continued:

Could Mrs Smyles remember having seen or heard anything lately of a certain deformed person—a sort of travelling mountebank—a?——

Dwarf? Assuredly. He performed, not long since, at the Château de Prangins, Nyon, which Mrs Smyles had tenanted.

Exactly. And had since performed in Sweet Street? At that house?

Most certainly not.

Mr Adolphus Winnington consulted a memorandum, and read with some gravity: '"Venomous Fly," otherwise "Legs," traced from Nyon to Maçon—thence to Dijon—thence to Paris—thence to Dunkirk—thence to the "Showman's Arms," Puppet Lane, London—thence to 14 Sweet Street, Pleasant Square—*trace lost.*'

'Impossible, sir!' said the lady, rising indignantly. 'My servants would never have dared. But I will go and question them.'

'Excuse me,' said Mr Winnington, his manner becoming, by almost imperceptible degrees, more distant and official; 'that is precisely what I cannot allow. Let me explain myself a little further. We have been informed, madam—I know not how truly—that you have been in the habit of exercising a more than usually energetic influence over those in your domestic employ, extending even—pardon me if in error—to personal violence. I see you are agitated.'

'If,' replied Mrs Smyles, controlling herself by a strong effort—'if an infirmity of temper has at any time given colour to such an imputation, what, may I ask, has that to do with the subject of your visit?'

'To speak with entire frankness,' replied the officer, '*two* things: first, that your servants will be better examined by another questioner than their mistress; secondly, that the infirmity you have mentioned may possibly—I say, *possibly*, but our duty *compels* us to weigh such contingencies—have had some remote connection with the sudden disappearance we have been discussing.'

'Sir!' exclaimed the lady, her eyes flashing scorn and fury. 'Do you mean to accuse me of *murder?*'

'That,' replied Mr Adolphus Winnington, with perfect coolness, 'is the precise expression selected by our correspondent "Rolling-pin," and which appeared to magisterial minds sufficiently emphatic to warrant my present intrusion. He or *she* (for a gentleman attached to our office for the especial purpose of studying autographs pronounces it to be the writing of a female cook with lightish hair) actually indicates the spot where the body may be found.'

'Body, sir!' shrieked Mrs Smyles. 'I—— Hark!'

There was a sort of scuffling noise without, accompanied by earnest voices and a feeble hysteric scream; then the door burst open, and Filus Kroast, looking like her own spectre—pale, disordered, half-dressed—staggered in, supported by the faithful Martha.

'I want to confess! I want to confess!' cried the poor woman, sinking on her knees.

'Drabbit the himp, *do*,' was Martha's advice.

And with many sighs and tears, Filus faltered out the whole history of the wretched dwarf's appearance, his accident, and death. It was clear that the ill-fated creature had by some means possessed himself of the contents of the letter addressed to the servants by Mrs Smyles, its mysterious expressions having suggested to him the idea of personating the individual therein referred to. He had likewise stolen the key of the treasure-boxes, and, outstripping Mr Hylton, arrived, as we have seen, in Sweet Street as the expected guest. How the idea of some catastrophe having occurred could have been imported to the police authorities, was known to the latter alone. It was probably the result of a consultation between the treacherous P 126 and the mysterious 'Rolling-pin,' an old acquaintance of that gentleman's, once cook to Mrs Smyles, but who had quitted that lady's service on account of a rather severe accident to her head in tripping over the cat.

These latter explanations found, of course, no place in Filus's confession, that young lady confining herself to the sufficiently startling facts that had succeeded the dwarf's arrival.

Even the tranquil face of Mr Winnington shewed some disturbance, as he prepared to lead the way towards the fatal room. Mrs Smyles, overcome with grief and horror, nevertheless would not be left behind. She took the officer's proffered arm, and the party proceeded to the spot.

No sooner was the door opened than the sickening intimation of animal decay made itself strongly perceptible. There was no need to point out that dark coffin-like box, from whose close-clenched lips still depended, like the corner of an escutcheon, a portion of the dwarf's embroidered sleeve.

Mrs Smyles withdrew her arm, and leaned heavily against the wall. The two maids crouched on the floor in the entry.

With some little difficulty, Winnington discovered the fatal spring, pressed it, and flung back the lid. Recoiling for a moment before the odour which diffused itself through the vault-like room, he forced

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himself to a closer examination. He utters a kind of gasping sob; he tears out the dwarf's coat, and flings it on the ground. He drags the box a little forward: 'Behold your murdered victim!'

At the bottom of the chest, arms and legs extended, as in the agonies of a violent and painful death, the yellow-green eyes, lustreless indeed, but wide and staring still—lay THE CAT!

Little remains to be told. A small window at the back had evidently supplied the murderer with the means of exit, leaving the body of the too confiding Tittums in token of his disappointed malice.

Poor Filus never entirely recovered the anguish of those days of trial; she survived it, indeed, for some years, the favourite attendant of her mistress, from whose lips a harsh word was never again known to issue.

As touching the mischievous author of these doings, the police pledged their professional honour that he should be in custody within four-and-twenty hours. That honour was forfeited. After a lapse of ten days, a Liverpool paper calmly announced the departure, under highly favourable circumstances as regards wind and weather, of the renowned clipper *Greased Lightning*, Captain Knever Kaught; adding that, on the very point of sailing, a most welcome and interesting addition to the passenger-list was made, in the person of the celebrated dwarf, Signor Torriano Tomblero, otherwise 'The Venomous Fly,' bound—among many individuals of more developed growth—for the Melbourne diggings.

Mr Winnington has not since been seen to smile.

CREDIT.

'ACCOMMODATION,' on the high authority of Mr Bindloose, W.S., the honest lawyer in *St Ronan's Well*, is the 'grease that makes the wheels go.' And though the petulant old nabob for whose benefit the remark was promulgated chose flatly to deny it, many millions in both hemispheres would agree with Mr Bindloose. Credit is as true a cosmopolite as Death itself. And yet there is something strange and anomalous in the idea of this cherished institution. Nature gives us no credit. Work first, and eat afterwards, says that stern Necessity whose laws overrule all others. Even Cecrops or Ceres could hardly have persuaded the unsown fields to yield a crop of golden grain; we must till the land before we can eat of its abundance. The hunter himself must 'catch his hare' previous to dinner-time; and nothing but the fruits of the forest and the shell-fish of the shore seem to cry, like Mohammed's roast pigs, 'Come, eat us.'

The ways of men, however, as has been well observed, are more pliant and variable than the serene steadiness of nature. It is easier for a beggar to amass a fortune, or a foundling to blossom into court-favour, than to attain any goal in the exact sciences without accuracy of method. In the laboratory, we cannot perform the commonest experiment unless the conditions of proportions and temperature are minutely attended to.

But credit is a parasitic plant that clings to the mighty tree of growing civilisation, flourishing as the latter flourishes, nourished on its sap, and not seldom threatening, like the bush-vines and creepers of South America, to garrotte, stifle, and utterly destroy the poor smothered patron. It has a rank and rapid growth, like that of the fairy bean-stalk, and is quite as quickly toppled down. But, with all its aptitude for good and evil, it is a sure mark that no small progress has been made on the social ladder. Savages, the ruder tribes of Africa and Polynesia, hardly know what credit means; for credit, though often as treacherous as the mirage that shews mock lakes and meadows amid the thirsty sands, is always based on some solid foundation that is, may be, or has been, just as the mirage is a photograph of real water and grass afar off—it is based on property, and savages have none; on honour, an unmeaning sound in the ears of many a tribe of greedy barbarians; on truth, which the savage never tells when a fib will serve his turn. Credit can only exist where men have some respect, however slight, for each other's probity and power to pay.

In the earliest day-dawn of history, we find mention made of lending and borrowing. The Hebrew women went out into the wilderness, glittering with borrowed trinkets, nor is this loan on the part of the Egyptian females to their Jewish neighbours spoken of as by any means a novelty. No doubt but that the common operations of finance went on in Egypt as in India and China, and the Jewish law contained many clauses treating of debt and mortgage, interest, pawns, and redemption, as well as the grand provision of the Jubilee, when the slate was washed clean, and all debts forgiven.

Athens and the other commercial states of Greece understood the meaning of credit pretty well. Athenians could underwrite ships, and other Athenians could burn or sink the said ships, for the sake of the insurance money, precisely as Captain Sly and Birkenhead Billy do now a days, to the detriment of Liverpool brokers. Also they went into partnership, formed joint-stock companies, and passed through a classic Bankruptcy Court, as well as moderns could desire. Their interest on money lent was very high, however, and high interest usually implies that coin is scarce, and risks considerable. Throughout Asia, this rule holds good at the present day; loans are procurable everywhere, but not cheap loans. 'A very high figure' might be written in letters of gold over the door of every shroff and merchant from Jeddo to Jaffa. Whether the lender be a soft-voiced Bengalee in a white turban, with sharp claws hidden beneath the velvet of his touch, or a long-eyed Chinaman in flowered gown and satin boots, or a wasp-waisted Persian with a black cap of lambskin, you must pay smartly for trust; unless, indeed, the borrower be the solvent British government, and even *they* can bargain better in Lombard Street than in the Black Town of Calcutta.

Much credit was given in Rome, but generally from the strong to the weak, by the patricians to the plebs. The nobles—Claudian, Julian, Fabian—seldom turned a deaf ear to the poor freeman who sought an advance of ready money. Pollio or Validus got his denarii, signed the bond, made his bow, and backed, rejoicing, out of the great man's presence. But woe betide poor Pollio when the bad harvest came, or the olives yielded half allowance of oil, or the cattle got the murrain; woe to poor Validus when his trade fell off, and he got that sore wound in battle with the Samnites, and never a sesterce of spoil to pay the doctor's bill; for then noble Claudius, or Julius, or Fabius, procured a ca-sa and a fi-fa, and ate up his debtor, body and bones, wife and children, chattels and plough-oxen. Torture, slavery, and imprisonment with hard labour, in a private jail some two stories beneath the banquet-hall of the illustrious usurer, were the lot of all recalcitrants, and well for them if they ever got clear out of the creditor's clutches.

There was credit to be found in feudal Europe, but it was a timid credit, and kept alive, like a flickering candle, fed with the pabulum of high interest. Half the loans we read of in history imply nothing but disguised robbery. Kings borrowed without any thought of repayment, not only from helpless Jews, with whose molars and incisors they could take cruel liberties, but from rich cities and wealthy provinces. But they sometimes gave money's worth for the money, privileges of fair and market, shrine and seaport, and so cleared off the debt in a left-handed manner. The wonder is, not that monarchs and barons should have found such difficulties in raising cash, but that, considering the stormy times and the

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general bad faith then prevalent, they should have been able to conjure forth so many bright bezants and rose nobles.

Credit, after all, is a republican institution, the word republican being taken in its broadest sense, as implying a free commonwealth, with or without a prince; and this is especially true of public credit. In the old Hellenic days, a member of the Athenian Demos could obtain a loan more easily than if he had been a subject of Persia or Colchis; and in middle-aged Europe, the first banks were opened by the great trading communities of Venice and Hamburg, Genoa and Bremen, the Hanse Towns and the rich republics of Italy. Holland, in the seventeenth century, had better credit than France, and very much more credit than England, against which the balance of exchange turned until the reign of Queen Anne. Credit shewed a catlike attachment to her old haunts; and the French revolutionary armies undertook sudden assaults upon Bern and Genoa, Venice and Amsterdam, almost entirely for the sake of laying hands on the vast deposits of gold and silver, plate, gems, and valuable securities which were kept in the banks of those cities.

How credit bloomed and ripened, bearing fruit in the shape of bill and note, of goldsmiths' receipts, of treasury paper, warrants, *bons*, orders, and lastly of coupons and bank-notes, it would take long to trace. But it seemed to culminate in the free circulation of notes, whether we take our idea of the latter from the rustling promises to pay, lithographed on tough silvery paper, full of traps for the forger, or from greasy colonial productions, or from those illegible florin notes, chopped into quarters, which Austrians gravely extract from their pocket-books when they would settle a demand. How commonplace, and yet how wonderful, is the trust reposed in those flimsy bits of printed paper, frailer than crispest piecrust, yet with deep roots that strike into the very heart of the state. Any two higglers at a pig-fair, any two miners at the mouth of a Northumbrian coal-pit, exhibit a confidence in their rulers and their fellows, that the subjects of Chosroes and Ptolemy never displayed. They feel sure that the trumpery slip of paper, scarcely fit to light a pipe, represents ringing gold, sterling silver, bread, beer, fuel, what you will, to its full nominal extent; and, wonder of wonders, their credulity does not outstrip performance, and faith is kept with all. The first thought of one of the sublime despots of elder days would have been repudiation, and the public creditor would have stood more chance of being paid in dry blows, or a stab from some gholaum's dagger, than of getting his due in hard cash.

This good faith, the vital air of credit, the lack of which sends money crawling, creeping, trickling through all manner of obscure channels, further and further from the doomed country, is a puzzle to barbarians. Semi-civilised men have a strong impulsive wish to chop down the tree, in order to eat of the fruit. They wring the neck of the goose that lays the golden eggs, and never find out their error till the supplies are stopped. Morier tells that the Persian ambassadors of thirty years since could never comprehend our national debt; they talked much of it, they questioned their English friends, and sent home valuable dispatches on the subject of this fabulous liability of Britannia's. But when they were shewn the park of artillery at Woolwich, and heard the roar of ordnance on a field-day, they refused to hear any further explanation of the debt, declaring that the British government possessed cannon and gunpowder enough to blow debt and creditors into infinite space, and that, under these favourable circumstances, no demand for payment was possible.

If credit rested solely on the solvency and honour of a government, its operations would be sadly restricted; such, however, is very far from being the case. The very humblest person gets trusted by somebody. Poor copper-skinned labourers in Mexico know this but too well: they have been imprisoned in a net-work of debt from early manhood; their marriage-dues, the fees at christening-feasts, burials, and festivals, have kept them in arrear with the Cura of the parish; they started in life owing a great deal more than they can ever pay to the Ricco, the rich lord of the soil, or probably to his steward; and somehow they hoe and dig through a lifetime, living frugally, toiling hard, seeking advances on a feast-day, but never out of debt to priest and employer. Credit makes slaves of them, and they live and die with their names always on the debit side of the Señor Intendant's books.

Hindu ryots, Polish peasants, French peasants, are almost all in debt, the former for seed-rice and the pulse and grain that nourish his family, the second for brandy, and the third for the means of buying or keeping land. So is Giles yonder, slouching along in his smock-frock, and who will not have much left out of his harvest-money if he clear off every score for loaves and ale, shoes for one child, corduroys for a second, and groceries for the 'missus.' Smart Jack, rolling in a semi-intoxicated condition through Ratcliff Highway, has 'drawed' as large a slice of his unearned wages as the manager of the shipping-office will permit, and must work like a horse to win what he has spent sillily enough. So the Honourable Augustus Velvetcap, gentleman-commoner at Christchurch, sauntering with privileged boots over the sacred grass of the quadrangle, has made use to the uttermost of the great engine which civilisation has placed at his disposal. Mr Velvetcap has a 'tick' in every second shop from Maudlin Bridge to Beaumont Street, and his noble name blackens the ledgers of pastry-cook and haberdasher, and all who can furnish raiment or dainties, hacks, tandems, or jewellery to a young gentleman of large and catholic tastes. The Honourable Augustus, differing in this respect from Giles and Jack, has never yet been asked for a farthing on account of his several liabilities. They will wait, those bland Oxford tradesmen, very Jobs and Patient Griseldas towards a customer of Mr Velvetcap's kidney. But how that venerable nobleman, his father, will fret and fume when the whole shoal of bills shall pour in, next year, addressed to Right Honourable the Earl of Hammersmith.

Credit, unluckily, has two faces, and can be malign or benignant according to the manner in which her potent aid is invoked. She is a fairy, whose wand can do wondrous things, and it is due to her that companies can be founded for purposes the most useful and beneficial. She bridges the morass, spans the land with iron rails, and the sea with copper wires, and is building, spinning, making, and gathering all that can well be built, spun, made, or gathered. But unhappily she has a trick of inflating bubbles of all sorts and sizes, that glitter with rainbow tints more or less gorgeous and alluring, then suddenly collapse into nothingness, and leave ruin and weeping behind them.

Credit is indeed what literature has been said to be, an excellent walking-stick, but a treacherous crutch. With a sound foundation of solid capital, backed by brains, energy, and an honest purpose, credit may be safely employed within certain limits. But of all castle-building, the most perilous is that which trusts for its materials to credit alone, an inexhaustible quarry, as it appears to many sanguine souls; and the towers are soon run up, battlement and bartizan, arch and wall, as fair a palace as ever stood, and all for nothing. A touch, nay, a breath is enough to dissolve the whole aërial structure into emptiest air, and nothing is left but the architect, crushed and grovelling beneath the rubbish he had rashly piled on such a fabric as this.

We all cry Shame upon you, to the blatant

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joint-stock company that has fallen into merited disaster. How the great hollow bully came abroad upon the world, with brazen flourish of prospectus and lackered list of directors, well speckled with titles, and spiced with names of decent city fame—how it flaunted and strutted, bragging of its mighty deeds in futuro, vaunting of the riches to be poured from its exhaustless cornucopia, and rather accepting than soliciting our tribute of spare cash. 'Early application is necessary,' said the company. 'No request can be attended to after the 19th inst,' said the company; and we admired them the more, and besieged their doors the more, for the fact that they appeared so nobly indifferent to us and our demands for shares. We waylaid the directors; we set snares for the secretary; we fought with one another to force our premiums on the scornful company. And lo! it was a cheat from the beginning. All this confidence was based on our credulity. The paid-up capital was in our own purses; the accounts were cooked; the prospectus lied as only a prospectus can lie, and the whole thing was a bubble. It has burst now, amid universal hooting; and we can daily read the most edifying newspaper articles on the abuse of credit.

But credit may be abused by retail, and in the quietest manner. When young Jones, the milkman, fails in business, we are all sorry for him and poor little Mrs J., the pale, civil-spoken wife, and for the small family cast bankrupt on the world. But the truth is, Jones had no right to be in business at all. He was a daw in borrowed plumes, not having the wherewithal to pay his cow-keeper or subordinates, and being under the thumb of a 'party' who had lent him the capital to start with. High interest, coupled with inexperience, and a few slow-paying customers, toppled down the milkman's frail establishment as remorselessly as reckless overtrading and big-voiced dishonesty overthrew the defunct company aforesaid. It is impossible to pity the company; it is impossible to refrain from pitying Jones; but both serve in their different spheres to illustrate the fact, that credit, like fire, is a good servant, but a merciless master.

HOW TO EMPLOY OUR IDLE SOLDIERS.

Our soldiers, poor fellows, work hard enough during a war. Their fighting, marching, bivouacking in wet and cold, walking foot-sore in over-worn shoes, lying down in mud and swamp to sleep, hurrying up again to resist an approaching enemy, snatching a hasty meal badly cooked, going dinnerless if the commissariat fails—all this is indeed hard work, or at least hard life. But it is not so in barrack-life at home. The cavalry may have to look to their horses, and the artillery to their guns; but the infantry, who form the main bulk of the army, have very little to do besides mustering and parading at certain hours. When an uneducated man is idle, an evil result is almost inevitable; and this enforced idleness of the troops leads to great mischief, as the best regimental officers are well aware.

In December 1861, the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in his capacity as Secretary of State for War, appointed a military committee 'to consider and report upon the instruction and employment of soldiers in trades.' The committee consisted of Major-general Craufurd, Major-general Eyre, Colonel Longden, Brigade-major Milward, and Captain Martindale. The committee were requested to form the best opinion they could concerning the practicability of teaching useful trades to soldiers, their sons, and their daughters, and of furnishing employment for the persons thus taught. They were asked to say—whether the system pursued should be garrison or regimental; at what garrisons or dépôts it should first be tried; what buildings it would be necessary to provide, at what cost, and how to be defrayed; what tools should be provided, and how paid for; how materials should be purchased, and accounted for; what rate of payment the trade-teachers should receive, and out of what fund; what prices should be charged and paid for work done; the kinds of trade to be taught and practised; the kinds of encouragement best to be given to induce soldiers to learn; the best mode of disposing of the profits; the keeping and auditing of the accounts; the degree to which such artisan-soldiers or soldier-artisans might usefully be employed upon barrack repairs and other public works; and the general regulations that would be necessary for carrying out the whole system.

The Report of the committee contains a large amount of useful information on all these matters. The committee sent to the commanders of all the military districts, requesting that boards of inquiry should be appointed to give their judgment upon the several questions propounded by the Secretary of State. No less than forty-seven such boards were appointed in the several military districts of the United Kingdom; and each board generally comprised a commanding officer, a captain, a quarter-master, an engineer officer, and a barrack-master—one or two more or less according to the circumstances of the district. It certainly seems that no fairer mode than this could be adopted to ascertain the opinions of officers in the army, founded on experience acquired under very diverse circumstances. Other men of acquirements were addressed personally, on account of their knowledge of different parts of our military system—such as Sir John Burgoyne, Inspector-general of Fortifications; Dr Gibson, Director-general of the Army Medical Department; Colonel Crutchley, Commandant of the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea; Major Powys Keck, chairman of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead; Colonel Harness, Director of the Royal Engineer Establishment at Chatham; and Colonel Chapman, Deputy Adjutant-general of the Royal Engineers.

Every one of the officers individually addressed, except Sir George Brown, and every one of the forty-seven boards of inquiry, except that at Dublin, cordially assented to the opinion, that it would be very beneficial to the army, and through the army to the nation, if the soldiers could be taught and induced to work at some trade in the intervals of their military routine duties in barracks and garrisons. Sir George Brown, a veteran of the old Peninsular days, did not like what seemed to him a new-fangled idea. 'I am decidedly opposed to the project,' he said, 'because I consider it a fallacy to suppose that soldiers on home-service have too much time on their hands, however much it may be the fashion to say so; and am persuaded that if the men of the army are to be employed as tradesmen, they will soon cease to be good soldiers. I am against encumbering the troops with, or rendering them dependent on, establishments which they are compelled to abandon when ordered to take the field; and although it may be necessary to employ regimental tailors in fitting, repairing, and making trifling alterations in the clothing, I am not of opinion that it could be made up regimentally with advantage to the troops, while such an arrangement would assuredly afford another opening for fraud and peculation. For the same reasons, I am opposed to the establishment of regimental shoemakers' shops; but the shoemakers may be permitted, and even encouraged, to work at the *repairs* of the boots or shoes of their respective companies during their own hours, and when not required for any other duty, as the only organisation of this description of work that is applicable for field-service.'

Like the school-boy, who gets rid of his least juicy apple first, that he may have the best to look forward to, we have got rid first of nearly the only unfavourable argument against the policy of employing soldiers

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in trades. In almost every other quarter, the plan was viewed with approbation. Without going through the forty-seven Reports from military boards, and the thirty letters from distinguished officers who wrote in their own names, it will suffice to notice briefly the recommendations to which the committee eventually arrived.

It is recommended that the system adopted should, as far as possible, be self-supporting; that it should be regimental in its organisation; and that the officers should be invited to render it their countenance and aid. Every regiment contains what are called *pioneers*, who are not always (as they should be) regular workmen; it is therefore recommended that in future they shall be chosen only from real artisan-soldiers. The pioneers of a regiment ought to comprise three carpenters, two smiths, two bricklayers and masons, and one painter and glazier; and the appointment to these pioneer-offices ought to be made a kind of reward for men who are at once good soldiers and good mechanics. The pioneers would act as instructors to men and boys in the regiments desirous of learning trades; and the pay for this should be a penny a day each, which the pioneer would receive in addition to his other pay. 'We do not,' say the committee, 'propose any alterations in reference to the present tailors' and shoemakers' shops; but we recommend that, as a second pair of boots are now allowed, the experiment should be tried of issuing the materials in kind for the second pair, and of having them made up in the shops; and also that, as far as possible, instruction should be given in the tailors' and shoemakers' shops, to enable such men or boys as desire it to mend their own clothes and boots.' Besides the regular pioneers, there are often military artisans and labourers employed in occasional duties in the army, at a pay in addition to, or greater than, that which they receive as mere soldiers; and the committee recommend that these should be placed in five classes, at extra pay varying from sixpence to fifteenpence a day, as a system for promoting those who most deserve favour.

There being thus artisan-soldiers in every regiment, the question arises—how to employ them? We are told by the committee that first-class soldiers only should be allowed to learn and practise trades; that this should be held subordinate to the due performance of their military duties; and that, when these duties have been fulfilled, the men might be usefully and profitably employed in repairing barrack-damages, in fair wear-and-tear repairs, in making and repairing barrack stores and furniture, and the like. The Royal Engineers might advantageously superintend and inspect all such works. After a time, they might possibly be employed in large public works, by an expansion of the system. The government must provide such shops as are absolutely necessary for the men to learn and work in; but it would be well to try the experiment, in the first instance, in such barracks or garrisons as happen to be already so provided. Where new shops or sheds are needed, it would be well for the men to build them themselves, with materials supplied for the purpose. Government should also in the first instance supply tools; some to be regarded as belonging to the barracks, some to the regiment. As the men would be paid either by day-wages or by contract, according to the nature of the work done, it is proposed that the government should be reimbursed the capital sunk in buildings and tools by a small deduction from the price paid for the work done by the men.

The government would thus be a customer, and the regiment a shopkeeper, or rather manufacturer, for useful work done; and the mode of developing this remarkable plan is thus sketched. The sergeant of pioneers for each regiment, as superintendent of workmen, would, in cases of contract, take orders for work, settle prices for the same, and purchase materials—under the approval of a regimental committee chosen to superintend the whole system. The signature of one member of this committee would be necessary to any order made by the sergeant in payment for materials. The sergeant would not have the handling of the money, either in receipts or payments; this would be included in the regular account-book duties of the paymaster of the regiment. The weekly time-sheet would be made out by the sergeant, and the paymaster could pay the men who have done the work. A non-commissioned officer, as clerk, might usefully fill a place between the pioneer-sergeant and the regimental paymaster. The committee, all throughout, build upon the expectation that by thus executing barrack-repairs, and other work of a similar kind, the country would really save money, besides giving a healthy moral encouragement to the sober and industrious soldiers in the several regiments. The trades taught and practised would be mainly such as would be available for service in the field, and for public works of a military character—such as those of the carpenter, joiner, turner, gunsmith, blacksmith, tinsmith, engine-fitter, bricklayer, mason, painter, glazier, plumber, wheelwright, thatcher, hurdle-maker, gardener, tailor, and shoemaker. When work has been done—virtually for the government, as it usually would be, although frequently under other apparent auspices—the proceeds, the money paid for the work, would be placed in a general fund. Out of this fund, at regular stated intervals, payments would be made to the sergeant and corporal of pioneers for their services, to the clerk, and to the instructors; then the government would be repaid a certain amount of interest on capital spent on buildings and tools; next would be paid the wages of the men employed on contract-work, and the bills for materials; and a small percentage might be useful for maintaining and repairing tools, and as a contribution to an Accident Fund.

These regimental shops would be open only to the soldier-artisans and their instructors; and no drinking would be permitted therein. The men would forfeit all the advantages of this system for misconduct; but, on the other hand, their earnings would not be interfered with for ordinary 'stoppages' or regimental payments, because the trade-accounts would be considered as quite separate from the soldiers' ordinary accounts.

We are not wholly without experience of the usefulness of employing soldiers, when practicable, in mechanical trades. Colonel Simmonds, commanding the Royal Engineers, informed the committee that the 45th Foot had executed a large amount of useful work at Aldershott, as assistants to the Sappers and Miners, and under the orders of the Royal Engineers. They erected temporary stables for a thousand horses, built horse-boxes, constructed a permanent sick-horse lazaretto, and set up sheds and temporary buildings of various kinds. Notwithstanding occasional drawbacks, Colonel Simmonds found that the sheds had cost the nation 20 per cent. less than if done by contract in the usual way. His letter was not received until after the committee had drawn up their Report and recommendations; and therefore it was all the more satisfactory to them to receive such testimony as the following: 'I am led to the conclusion that it would be decidedly attended with great advantage, economically, if the principle of employing soldiers upon great public works were extended; and I have not the least doubt it would tend to the efficiency of an army in the field, if in the ranks of every regiment there were a certain number of men who could be kept in practice at certain trades, and who would be always available on active service, or in any other emergency, as a supplemental force to assist the Royal Engineers in the construction and fitting of buildings as barracks, stores, magazines, &c., or in performing those numerous works which are constantly required of the constructive or works-department of an army in the field.'

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Sooner or later, we heartily hope that some such system as this will be acted upon. It is sad to see our soldiers, who bear up so bravely under all kinds of troubles in active service, breaking down in barracks and camps into dissipated men, mainly because they have not enough to occupy themselves when daily routine duty is over. Even if the nation saved nothing by having constructive works and military stores executed in this way, instead of by the usual contractors, there would be saving in the health, mental and moral, technical and social, of the troops; and this is an important matter, for a soldier is a very costly commodity.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

When Columbus, on his first voyage, had got two hundred leagues to the westward of the Canaries, his companions became greatly alarmed at the variation of the compass-needle, which no longer pointed straight to the North Star, but somewhat to the west of it. By means of an explanation which quieted the men, while it did not satisfy the leader who gave it, the voyagers were persuaded to continue their journey, till they became again frightened on observing that the wind blew constantly from the east. They believed that the Enemy of their souls had ensnared them into provoking the anger of the Almighty, by setting out on the voyage at all; and in the constancy of the wind which would prevent their getting back to Spain, they fancied they perceived the beginning of their destruction. Their murmurs, if not their fears, once more gave way before the confidence and resolution of Columbus, and he heard no more of their complaints till the ships had got four hundred leagues to the westward of the last land they had seen, Gomera, one of the Canaries. Here they fell in with vast quantities of weed, covering the sea to an immense extent, and in some places so thick as to retard the motion of the ships.

This was the occasion of new terror. The sailors imagined themselves arrived at the end of the navigable ocean, and said, if there was any land beyond, it was guarded by shoals, extending so far to the eastward as to prevent the approach of ships; that the weeds now about them belonged to these shoals, and concealed dangerous rocks, upon which they might expect at any moment to strike. When the encouragement given them by Columbus, to the effect that these weeds shewed they were nearing the land, turned out not to be warranted by the event, the admiral, to convince them they were not in danger, had the lead-line hove to two hundred fathoms, and at that depth found no bottom.

The breeze which sprang up and carried them still westward ho! probably did not come to a man more puzzled as to the meaning of this weedy sea which could not be sounded, than Columbus himself. Naturally enough, he had taken the weed to indicate the neighbourhood of land—perhaps of his promised land—and great must have been his confusion, not only at finding no further sign of what he sought, but also that no rock could be felt on which these belongings of the land could have grown. He sailed away, and realised his great idea of the existence of a New World; but amid the joy which his discovery brought him, and amid the sorrow in which ingratitude and indifference afterwards plunged him, it is probable that he never forgot or ceased to ponder over the meaning of the vast weedy sea which so embarrassed him when he first beheld it.

He never ascertained the meaning of it, nor is it very long since that anything like a satisfactory explanation has been offered. From the hour in which he saw it to that in which we are writing, the ocean has continued to be covered within the same parallels with this weed. A tract estimated by one as equal to the size of France, by another to the extent of the valley of the Mississippi, is so loaded with weed as to impede materially the progress of ships sailing through it. It presents the appearance of a vast undulating prairie, clothed with a bright yellow vegetation. One might imagine, on coming on deck the first morning after arriving in these latitudes, that some Archimago or Zadkiel had exercised his art to confound the sailors, by removing their ship from its proper element, and setting it down in the midst of a field. As far as the eye can reach is the yellow weed to be seen, in masses more or less compact, as the winds are fresh or light; sometimes in lines of many miles in length, and only twenty feet in breadth, with an interval of clear water between them; sometimes in dense circular patches, like floating islands.

The weed is the *Fucus natans*, or *Sargassum bacciferum*, which, with plants of the Rhodomelia, Corallinea, and Siphinea families, abounds in the 'tropical Atlantic region.' It seems to be doubtful whether it grows on rocks at the bottom of the ocean, between the parallels of 40° north and south of the equator, and when detached, is drifted uniformly to particular spots which never vary, or whether it is propagated in the water, and drifted to these spots. Large fields of it are found near the Bahama islands. It has also been found in the antarctic seas, where, in conjunction with other gigantic sea-weeds, it has been said to interpose between ships and a lee-shore, and to have been the means of saving them from destruction. It teems with innumerable forms of life, and by accretion, gradually acquires a specific gravity, greater than that of the water in which it floats, and then sinks with its burden to form a unit in the vast aggregate of continents to be.

The Sargassum is found to be especially abundant in the Mexican Gulf, the Caribbean and adjacent seas. As soon as the nature and course of the Gulf Stream were well established, it became a habit to ascribe the existence of the Sargasso Sea to some peculiar influence of the Gulf Stream, which was supposed to bring the weed along with it, and to deposit it in the place where Columbus saw it.

While the most recent investigations have confirmed this loosely-stated hypothesis, they have also explained why the Gulf Stream should carry the weed to this particular spot, and to no other; and they have ascertained the precise office of the stream in forming the 'sea-weed meadows.'

The theory which used to obtain, and which attributed the Gulf Stream to the rush of the Mississippi waters into the Gulf of Mexico, could never do more than guess at its agency in connection with the Sargasso Sea, because, while it pretended to account for the existence of the stream itself, and allowed that it carried the weed along with it, it did not explain why the weed should become, comparatively speaking, stationary, after it had reached its destination, nor even why that particular destination should be assigned to it.

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The theory of Dr Franklin, that the Gulf Stream was due to the constant action of the trade-winds blowing the waters of the Atlantic with accumulating force into the Gulf of Mexico, whence they found a vent by the Straits of Florida and the Bahama Banks, and streamed away by their initial velocity alone, till they became confounded in the other waters of the ocean, although more satisfactory than the former, did not, any more than it, account for the stationary character of the Sargasso Sea.

Although a heavy gale will sometimes disturb the weed so much as to send large patches of it floating away to the southward and west, it is certain that, as a rule, the plants remain gently swaying to and fro in their pleasant resting-place; and it is more than probable that the straying patches, after making a circuit of many thousand miles, come back again over the track they followed before, to the place whence they set out.

It was reserved for Lieutenant Maury, late of the United States navy—now Captain Maury in the service of the Confederate States—to put forth and explain the most generally accepted theory of the causes of the Gulf Stream, and to account, by way of corollary to his proof, for the Sargasso Sea.

While admitting that the trade winds may *assist* in giving the Gulf Stream its initial velocity, he denies that they alone give it, or that they are even the primary causes of it. In his elaborate and most interesting work on the *Physical Geography of the Sea*, he examines very carefully the position taken by Franklin, and gives cogent reasons why it should not be taken to be satisfactory. He then proceeds to advance the theory, which many years of reflection and many years of experience have induced him to set up as the true one, and incidentally he occupies himself with the Sargasso Sea.

The existence of an ocean-current setting north-west from the southward of the Cape of Good Hope, has long been known. This stream keeps on its course till it reaches the coast of Guinea, where it is deflected by the land, and turned off to the westward. The diurnal rotation of the earth, which gives their 'easting' to the trade-winds, also contributes to give the African current a westerly direction, the trade-winds assisting to increase its speed.

The well-established principle, that bodies in motion have an invariable tendency to move in a straight line from one point to another point nearest to it, unless interfered with by some sufficiently powerful force, furnishes another reason why the stream, once set going in a westerly course, should continue in it, as it actually does.

The fact, also, that in its passage from Africa to Central America the temperature of the stream in summer is raised from 74°, at a distance of 400 miles from the coast of Senegambia, to 82° in the Caribbean Sea, and to still higher in the Gulf of Mexico, will, with reference to the laws of heat and expansion, be found to have a very important bearing on the origin of the Gulf Stream.

Captain Maury shews the existence of great ocean-currents, equal in volume and intensity to the Gulf Stream itself, setting from the poles towards the equator, and pouring into the tropical seas a supply of cold water sufficient to repay them for the hot water they furnish, and by means of which they moderate and soften the rigours of the polar climate. He shews that the waters of the tropics are, as their deep blue colour indicates, highly charged with salts—the consequence of the excess of the evaporation over the precipitation of fresh water, within their latitudes. He shews that the extra-tropical seas receive more fresh water than they supply, and are consequently less dense than tropical waters; and on this difference in the respective specific gravities, he bases his general theory of currents.

As regards the Gulf Stream, he explains, in the manner already mentioned, its source in the African current; its gradually-increasing temperature, till it reaches its maximum in the Mexican Gulf; its increased velocity, owing partly to the expansion of its waters; its tendency to escape from its basin by the nearest outlet—the Florida Pass; its rush of heated salt water to mingle with the cold, brackish water of the north; and its meeting, off the banks of Newfoundland, with a great cold flood, which has come from Baffin's Bay and the polar seas.

This cold stream under-runs, and also runs on either side of its warmer neighbour, going in the opposite direction, till it reaches the Caribbean Sea, whose waters are rendered by it, at a little depth, as cold as those around Spitzbergen.

Forced on one side by this mass of cold water, the Gulf Stream turns due east off the Grand Banks, and flows with increasing breadth and diminishing speed as far as the Western Islands. There its force on the southern side becomes expended, and is scarcely perceptible, except in certain seasons, to the southward of Corvo and Flores. On its northern course, however, it continues at the rate of ten to twelve miles a day, washes the British Islands, softening their climate, and passes on to the coasts of Sweden and Norway, until it finally loses itself in the North Sea.

For the same reason that objects drifting in rivers or ocean-streams which are running in the direction of the earth's diurnal motion, are sloughed off to the west, and cast on western shores, objects drifting in streams running in the opposite direction have a tendency to be sloughed off to the east; and therefore it is that the Sargassum, which abounds so plentifully in the tropical seas, and especially in the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, being hurried along by the impetuous stream in its north-easterly journey, is sloughed off to the eastward by it, and is shot out in its accumulated bulk at that point where the stream loses its force, to the westward of the Azores.

It is prevented from landing on the African coast by a current which sets down from the North Sea, on the east side of the Gulf Stream, running up, and which washes the coast of Denmark and Holland, passes through the English Channel, and runs uniformly south, past the Strait of Gibraltar, till it meets the South-sea stream, at the point where that is turned to the westward, and thence goes off with it to the Caribbean Sea.

This southern stream united with the northern stream, and being the first cause of the Gulf Stream itself, also prevents the Sargasso weed from going south. The weed-sea is thus fenced in on the north by the Gulf Stream, on the east by the North Sea current, on the south by the equatorial African current; and although, on the west side, it may be said not to be strictly bounded at all until it reaches the Caribbean Sea, it may be considered as contained within the 37° and 30° north latitude, and 38° and 42° west longitude.

Storms affect it sometimes, as already mentioned, even to carrying large patches of weed to the southward, where they are again brought within the influence of the westerly current, and sent round the circuit, again to be sloughed off by the Gulf Stream into their old berth.

Such is the explanation given of this curiosity of physical geography.

Whether, in the course of ages, the deposited weed, with its load of animated beings, will in this place build up some new continent, is a question which admits 'a wide solution.' While the poet may be allowed to foretell the realisation of such an idea, the man of science can do no more than admit the possibility of it; and although he may stretch his mind to the calculation of the centuries which must elapse between now and then, and fatigue himself in contemplating the total, he cannot reject as absurd the notion

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under a 'cor difficult a thing is beyond the power of and from th comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a is communi'd 'taketh up the isles as a very little transmitter delivered been the venture

HEDGE-POPPING.

will bSTAND, by the above heading, the small years (those who are fond of shooting, but own no of all/es, and take out no licence. They are by no —des poachers, but follow up a black-bird with an 2,100st unmarred by envy of the great guns; not 7,50that they sometimes—in the sudden heat of discon ry—kill a partridge, pheasant, or a hare, but as gov le, they do not affect such game, but aim at small dialta, which they pursue with spirits and success thrthy of a tiger-hunt. All birds are fair game to them, with the exception of robins, which are sacred, and rooks, which enjoy a special privilege of destruction, and may not be killed except young. I am not sure whether a true hedge-popper would kill a wren; I hardly think he would; possibly, her supposed relationship to cock-robin is a protection to this little bird; nor would he harm an owl or a swallow. But, with these exceptions, the hedge-popper lets fly at anything within his reach. And why should he be refused a chronicler? Battues are reported in the *Times;* the accounts of the moors are published with a business-like, money-article sort of air, some weeks before the 12th of August; the judges who go our circuits, and the magistrates who remain at home, are continually engaged in adjudicating between poachers and sportsmen; half the conversation at the squire's table is about game; the Houses of Parliament are agitated by proposals for the conviction of men who may be suspected of having pheasants in their pockets; the governors and the governed are equally bitter and complaining about preserves. Why, then, should the humble hedge-popper, who is happier in his 'sport' than the largest game-owner in the country, be unnoticed? He is content to enjoy himself without protection; he needs no keepers to sit up at night and have their skulls cracked; he asks for no army of besters and markers; he needs no expensive outfit; he does not buy dogs at fifty guineas the brace; he is not plagued with a kennel, abused by tenants, nor covered with obloquy by the Radical journals. And yet he can perfect himself in all that distinguishes a true sportsman. He can shoot well—at least, he ought to do so, for he is sharply tested by the specialties and variety of his sport; he must learn to be patient; he sees and should remember the habits of birds; he finds abundant exercise in the pursuit of his amusement, and wastes no money on its artificial support.

I believe that most famous 'shots' have been hedge-poppers in their time, and, moreover, that some of their pleasantest reminiscences are of early days, when society did not notice their pretensions. Let me try and touch, if it may be, the memories of some bygone days in the respectable bosoms of elderly gentlemen who read these words. I am gray now, and have grave work enough to do, but when I see a boy creeping along under a hedge, with his gun and ears full-cock, I think of the time when my waist was less than it is, and I tore holes in my jacket, stalking the smallest game. Let me look kindly back, and where I see a scene or phase of hedge-popping, put it down here in harmless words.

The young hedge-popper begins almost invariably in the snow or among the gooseberry-bushes. A small boy frequents these bushes when the fruit is ripe, creeping about and looking beneath the low branches, with, of course, far more ease than a man; and there he sees prodigious opportunities of sport. There are great black-birds hopping about and pecking away, bill-deep, in the central stores of fruit; missel thrushes, shewing to the boy-eye as big as partridges; and young robins, which have all the impudence of their race, but are not protected by the badge of red upon their breasts, mean-looking, thievish, voiceless birds, which the hedge-popper does not consider to be robins as yet. On these the young sportsman generally begins, being encouraged by the gardener. His first weapon is a bow and arrow, probably a cross-bow made with the aid of the village carpenter. The missile is a heavy bolt, which will fly some thirty yards, and does duty over and over again till it is lost. With this the boy squats or peeps among the fruit-bushes till he gets a shot at very short range, say three yards. Mostly, the bolt flies wide, cunning by its own flight and recovery far more destruction of fruit than any one small bird; occasionally, however, the game is struck and slain, and great is the triumph. Happily, there is less pain and fright suffered by the victim in this than in any other sport. The bird generally hops off, and continues its meal at the next bush, but when struck, receives a fatal blow: once hit with a missile bigger and heavier than itself, it comes to grief suddenly.

But the hedge-popper soon gets beyond the bow and arrow. I remember, when a little lad, thinking another supremely blessed in the possession of a pistol-barrel mounted on a little gunstock, and which once killed a yellow-hammer at the almost incredible distance of twenty-two paces. I had a pistol myself—to this day, I wonder why it was not taken from me—and used to make some very fair practice at eight or ten yards.

But at last we got a gun, and rose towards the higher walks of hedge-popping. Not that the gun was any great matter to shoot, but still it was a gun. You could put it to your shoulder, and take aim. It kicked, which was a great point, and made a prodigious noise. We bought paper screws of shot at the little grocer's in the village, or we cut up sheet-lead into mince-meat with our pocket-knives, and loaded the weapon with that. Of course, we used the bowl of a tobacco-pipe to measure the charge, and employed paper for wadding.

With this implement, we aimed high and low, shot black-birds thirty yards off, cut up the shrubs, broke cucumber-lights and hidden garden-glasses. There were, however, two places which almost invariably afforded some sport—one was a tree at the corner of a barn, where the sparrows always retired when disturbed in the farm-yard, from whence they made their raids. Every one living in the country knows some such tree, generally a thorn, thick with tangled twigs, and altogether impervious to the eye when covered with leaves. Well, during the winter, there were always some sparrows or finches to be found there, despite of our constant popping. You might stand beneath it the whole afternoon, and find a succession of shots. But the chief tree was a high elm frequented by jackdaws. These birds were pronounced mischievous; and though charged to hold rooks sacred, we were permitted to shoot jackdaws, if we could: not such an easy matter for little boys, who had to get within thirty yards of these birds, and then catch them sitting. They combine, like many busy chattering people, much cunning with their impudence, and scent a gun as quickly as a thief does a policeman. There was a long wall, however, to our garden, near the end of which stood the jackdaws' tree. When we saw two or three of them fairly perched, we used—hiding the gun—to slip under cover of the wall at some distance off, in an unembarrassed sort of way, as if we were going to gather fruit; then, stooping down, we would creep quickly up behind it till we reached a large lilac opposite the elm-tree. Peeping out of the thick of this over the wall, we too often found that we were detected, and that the birds had flown. If not, if the familiar jackle, jackle, jackle was still heard, then resting the piece in

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the ivy on the wall-top, and taking a long poking aim, one of the rogues was pretty sure to bite the dust. I often think of that masked battery now, when I smell lilac. Of course, those were days in which we could not shoot flying, and a jackdaw was a golden eagle.

We had a man-servant then, named Sam. I remember once his making us boys very jealous by killing two daws at one shot out of this same bush. They had grown very shy, but he got them early one summer morning, and brought them to our room before we were up. We thought it a prodigious feat. Sam was a Weller in his way; and though he occasionally anticipated us in some opportune shot, used to prefer helping us in hedge-popping to doing his work. But he always had an excuse for any failure. I remember his proposing to catch a rabbit with a fat house-dog we had; and on returning unsuccessful, 'The rabbit,' he said, 'ran so fast, that Mungo had hard work to keep behind him.' Poor Sam! I forget what became of him; he got into great scrapes with the authorities for incurable laziness and impertinence; but he was an enthusiastic assistant in hedge-popping. He never did anything without some expression of comic interest in the work. I remember once looking into the kitchen, and seeing Sam crouched up by the fire, his hands on his knees, mouth open, eyes half shut, and face as long as a fiddle-case. The gardener coming in at that instant, cried out: 'Hollo, Sam, what are you after?' 'Hush!' replied Sam cautiously; 'I'm catching a cold;' as if it were an animal behind the grate, which he expected to bolt, like a rabbit.

The shrubs at the end of the wall where the battery was masked for the jackdaws, formed an excellent practice-ground for snap-shooting in later boy-years. There were always some black-birds or thrushes in the shrubbery; but when disturbed, they never broke cover till they got to the wall, and then they popped over with a flip, and I can tell you it is no such easy matter to catch a bird thus. Some of your pheasant-butchers would be hard put to it to knock over a black-bird in such a glimpse, but we got to be rather dabs at this quick shooting; and on the first occasion of my ever shooting at a woodcock, at my first battue, I knocked one down which was twisting about among the trees, in the presence of some eight or nine old sportsmen, with very great applause.

Wood-pigeons are among the hedge-popper's head game. The best way to get them is to wait by the plantations to which they resort, and stand still till they come. But by no means shoot at one as it approaches you—the feathers of these birds are so thick upon the breast that they will often turn off the shot—wait till they have passed, and then they are vulnerable enough.

The same rule applies to wild duck, gulls, &c. Though wild-duck shooting is a high and separate art, yet the popper is in his glory on the beach, and about the saltings on the flat coast. Nowhere does he learn better to calculate distances, nowhere has he greater variety of practice, from the curlew going at full speed down a creek, to an oxbird running and then rising up just within range, and needing to be knocked down in an instant, if touched at all. There is something, though, about shooting gulls against the grain. They are the marked companions of our sacred friends the rooks. With them they follow the plough, and dot the dark mould with spots of white, shewing bigger than they really are by their contrast with their black companions.

But the worst feat of all is to shoot an owl; there is something ominous of evil in it. Did you ever see a wounded owl? Its look of melancholy reproach is most affecting. One does not wonder at the boy in the story, whose companion had winged an owl in a churchyard, and who ran to pick it up. 'O Billy,' he cried out when he reached it, 'what have you done? You've been and shot a cherub, compliment to the sculptor of the tombst studied.

There is one rule, too, the hedge-poppe sacredly—he will never shoot in the bree Autumn and winter are his seasons, espe latter, when the black-birds are disperse hedges, and the larks are not packed by weather. Then even an old sportsman ma abundant occasions for exercise and skill, w breeding any of the bad blood which too often a panies the preservation of game, and without al tering the numerous little birds which preserve fields and gardens from the grub.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

One of Davy's triumphs was the discovery of magnesium, the metallic base of magnesia; but the difficulty and cost of its production were so great that it has always been very costly; from five to seven guineas an ounce. But a chemist at Loughborough has recently patented a process by which he obtains magnesium in large quantities, and at a comparatively low price, at present eighteen shillings an ounce, with prospect of a further reduction. Among the results that may be looked for from this discovery, we shall probably have applications of magnesium, which is a light and brilliant metal, in useful and ornamental art, as we already have of aluminium, and (in expectation) of thallium. The same chemist has, we hear, also discovered a ready and cheap method for producing sodium, which metal is largely required in the manufacture of magnesium and aluminium; thus one product assists materially in the obtaining of the others, especially as there is a probability of the manufacture being pursued on a large scale. While we are writing, we hear that yet another metal has been discovered by the chemists of the laboratory at Freiberg in Saxony. They were operating with certain specimens of metal composed for the most part of sulphate and arseniate of iron, blende, galena, and earthy matter containing copper. These specimens, examined by the spectroscope, gave a brilliant indigo-blue line by which a new substance was well identified. The name proposed, therefore, for the new metal is *indium*.

Turning to a common metal, lead, we are very glad to notice that the danger of using lead-pipes for water-supply may now be avoided. Should it come into general use, we shall hear no more of families being poisoned, or their health seriously injured, by drinking water brought into their houses by lead pipes. The danger is greatest with new pipes, old pipes being comparatively innocuous, because of their having become coated inside with a deposit which, harmless in itself, prevents contact of the water with the lead. The remedy is the discovery of Dr Schwarz of Breslau. He passes a stream of a hot solution of potassium through the pipes, and thereby alters the metallic condition of the interior surface, and converts it into a sulphide in a few minutes, and at a very trifling cost. This sulphide is an innocuous product, and consequently protects the water from the deleterious action of the lead. Such being the case, we trust that manufacturers will in future produce lead pipes that shall be harmless.

We have from time to time mentioned the name of Professor Bonelli in connection with electro-telegraphy, and we have now to report that his latest invention of apparatus for printing messages has proved successful. It has been tried between Liverpool and Manchester, demonstrating its powers by printing words at the rate of four hundred a minute, and in the ordinary legible characters. The apparatus is described as consisting of rows of type, which pass

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under a 'comb' while the instrument is in operation, and from the comb the result of contact of the type is communicated to the five wires, and by them transmitted as a message to its destination, and delivered in a readable form. Marvellous as has been the progress of electro-telegraphy, we may venture to believe that results yet more striking will be achieved before the world is many years older. In 1862, the number of messages of all kinds—government, commercial, and official—despatched in France amounted to more than 2,100,000, the money-value of which was about 7,500,000 francs. 'Thus we see,' says a Parisian contemporary, 'a double benefit for people and for government. And telegraphy, far from causing a diminution in the number of letters, does but increase them more and more.' In the first three months of the present year, 6160 messages were sent along the line from Malta to Alexandria.

People have not yet done talking about Sir William Armstrong's address to the British Association, for it elucidates much, and suggests more. The artillery question is one which, notwithstanding the sharp practice in America, and the repeated experiments made at public and private cost in our own country, cannot be settled in a hurry. As yet, we know comparatively little of what can be done with the largest kind of guns, nor the limit to which size may be carried. During the Crimean war, as we mentioned at the time, a mortar was tried at Woolwich which threw a shell three feet in diameter. If anything like that size should be found possible in practice, the capabilities of offence and defence will be astonishingly increased. The works at Elswick, as we may expect, will help very materially towards a settlement of this interesting and important question.—Another important question discussed by Sir William is the probable duration of our supplies of coal, and his remark that England will burn her last ton of coal about a hundred years hence, has greatly surprised many who had accepted the theory that our coal-fields would last for a thousand years to come. Some very ingenious persons view the matter calmly, for they are persuaded that, under the pressure of necessity, some other mode of producing heat will be discovered. Another party are of opinion that Englishmen have energy and enterprise sufficient to enable them to strike out new branches of profitable industry even when our deposits of coal and iron shall be exhausted. Chemistry is a fecund science, always the richer in prospect the more it achieves.

Messrs Victor and Polglase have invented a safety-fuse for the use of miners, which may be worth the attention of those who seek to prevent accidents in mines. They fill a tube of lead or some other sufficiently ductile metal with gunpowder, and close the two ends by compression. The tube is then drawn through a drawplate, after the manner of wire-drawing, until it is four times the original length. By this process, the powder is so closely compressed, that it will only burn slowly without explosion. The tube may, however, be made of any required diameter, as, after the drawing, it is perfectly flexible. Fuses prepared in this way do not suffer from damp, and may be kept in parcels a long time without danger. The only precaution required is to see that the ends are closed by a blow from a wooden mallet. But their chief advantage is that they involve no risk of sudden explosions, because, when they fail of their effect, the cessation of the combustion becomes evident.

The great railway terminus at Charing Cross is so near completion, at least in the appliances for locomotion, that it will soon be opened for public traffic; and travellers coming from the continent may take their seat in the train at Dover, and alight on the north side of the Thames in one of the central districts of London. Passengers from the west either of England or London will henceforth be saved from the slow, wearisome struggle through the crowded streets of the City to the London Bridge station. The new terminus presents a handsome façade to the Strand, and comprises a ground-floor of offices, with a hotel over. The bridge by which the railway crosses the Thames is sufficiently remarkable for a brief notice. It occupies—as most readers will remember—the site of the late Hungerford Suspension Bridge, at a place where the river is 1350 feet wide, and is built of nine spans (not arches), of which six measure 154 each, and three 100 feet each. The principal supports are vertical iron cylinders, which being built up inside with concrete and brickwork, form solid columns of the strongest construction. At the base, they are 14 feet diameter, and are sunk through the clay and down into the gravel to a depth of from 52 to 72 feet below high-water mark; and as they were weighted when first set up with loads of 450 and 700 tons, it is believed they will never manifest any disposition to sink lower. Four lines of rail cross from the Surrey side to near the Middlesex side, where they diverge, fan-wise, into seven lines, which enter the terminus. The floor of the bridge is of 4-inch and 6-inch plank, and has on each side a properly fenced way for foot-passengers. The first cylinder was pitched on the 6th June 1860, which gives three-and-a-half years as the time of building. Including steel pins used in fastening, the bridge contains nearly 7000 tons of iron; and the total cost is reckoned at L.180,000.

IN THE FIRE-LIGHT.

I have watched her all the evening,
Sitting there in the red fire-light;
How I wish I could draw her picture,
Looking just as she does to-night!

Sitting motionless, with her head bent down
Over the book on her knee;
Though she is not reading, but dreaming,
Lost in happy reverie.

Like playful sprites, delighted
To deck a thing so fair,
The flickering flames illuminate
New beauties everywhere;

Quivering restlessly up and down,
From her cheek to her forehead fair;
Sometimes leaping up and lighting
The waves of her shadowy hair.

I wonder what made her smile just now—
What can she be thinking about,
With those dimples in her sunny cheeks?
Hers are pleasant thoughts, no doubt.

She will smile every bit as brightly
When I'm far beyond the sea.
Pretty dreamer! how little she guesses
That she's all the world to me!

How often I will think of her,
Far away from here; and she—
Though we part for years to-morrow—
She has quite forgotten me.

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SUN-STROKES.

SOME years ago, when I was living in Bengal, there happened to be an eclipse of the sun which was nearly total. As the weather was cloudless, we saw the phenomenon admirably, and at the period of greatest obscuration observed the twilight-gloom which overspread the sky, deceiving the birds into premature preparations for bed. But the fact which impressed us most was, that at mid-day, during the hottest season of the year, we could stand with impunity bare-headed in the open air. We all agreed that if the eclipse were a permanent affair, India would be a delightful place to live in. Possibly the rice crop, and the indigo crop, and all the other crops would suffer; but we should be relieved from the presence of a personage whom, I am sorry to say, we regarded as a personal enemy—namely, the Sun. Can it be wondered at? In the early morning, just as you are enjoying your ride (the only active exercise you will get during the twenty-four hours), up pops that luminary—not as in England, with a sober red face, which you can bear to look at, but with a brilliant, blazing, blinding physiognomy, such as he will wear throughout the day. It is advisable to turn your horse's head homewards at once, for the early sun, striking angularly on the face, is more unpleasant, though not so dangerous, as that of mid-day.

In India, for the greater part of the year, the sun acts as a turnkey to the hundred thousand Europeans who dwell between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Except at the hill-stations, he locks them all up at eight in the morning, and does not let them out again till six P.M. It is a weary time for those who have no compulsory indoor employment, especially for uneducated persons, such as our private soldiers mostly are. Amusements are all very well, but a man cannot be all day at play. Play then becomes dull work. No wonder the rum bottle, or the still more poisonous juice of the date-palm, is brought into requisition to pass the lagging hours. Let us hope that as the system of railways becomes more and more perfected, the bulk of our European soldiers will be quartered at cool stations in the hills; and that no man, from the governor-general downwards, will be compelled to spend more than twelve months together in the burning plains.

Untravelled Englishmen are apt to fancy that the atmospheric heat of India is something tremendous, and that, on this account, their countrymen are confined to the house during the day. But this is an erroneous idea. Save in some exceptional places, as among the scorching rocks of Scinde or the furnace-heat of Mooltan, the day-temperature in the shade seldom rises above a hundred degrees. The same thermometer, with its bulb blackened and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, will probably rise twenty degrees higher. But the thermometer affords no true indication of the force of the solar rays, for it is a singular fact, that the further we recede from the equator, the greater appears to be the effect of the sun in raising the mercury exposed to its direct influence. In other words, the difference between a sheltered and an exposed thermometer is less in Jamaica than in Quebec, and less in Quebec than in the polar regions. 'The true indication of the force of the solar rays,' says Herschel, 'would seem to be, not the statical effect on the thermometer, but their momentary intensity measured by the velocity with which they communicate heat to an absorbent body.' It is this 'momentary intensity' which causes the phenomenon of sun-stroke. When the bare head is exposed to the sun, the scalp, being protected by hair, does not blister as the skin of other parts of the body would, but its temperature becomes elevated, and the caloric causes inflammation of the contents of the skull. The sufferer experiences intense headache, succeeded by vomiting; he then falls breathless, and, unless instant assistance be given, turns black in the face and expires.

We hear of such cases occasionally, even in our own misty island, during unwontedly hot summers. The victim is usually a harvest-labourer, and long-protracted hours of work, combined with inordinate draughts of beer or cider, are probably as much concerned in his attack as the solar rays. Intoxicating drinks must of necessity tend to promote inflammatory action. I have walked about Calcutta in the heat of the day, protected by a pith hat and a double umbrella, without injury, so long as I abstained from alcoholic drinks; but a single glass of pale ale would induce giddiness, and compel an instant return indoors. The stocks and tight shirt-collars worn by Europeans—though fashion and military reform have modified them of late years—have a very prejudicial effect, as tending to retard the circulation of blood between the head and the body. The native, while he carefully covers the head with a many-folded turban (an

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excellent non-conductor of heat), and guards the vital regions of the body from the solar influence by means of the *cummerbund*, invariably leaves his neck bare and unconstrained. A well-known surgeon in the late Company's service, of somewhat eccentric habits, always dressed and lived like a Hindu during the hot season. He shaved his head, wore loose-flowing garments, and supported nature's waste on vegetable curries, rice, and water. In the cold season, he put on European broadcloth, and returned to roast meat and malt liquor.

It is a curious fact that mental depression has a great effect in inducing sun-stroke. I will give two instances. During the rainy season of 1857, a body of European troops, who were engaged in suppressing the sepoy mutiny, encountered an overwhelming force, and met with a reverse. They had been for weeks exposed to the sun at all hours of the day without losing a man. But in that retreat the dispirited men fell by scores, never to rise again, under the burning influence of the solar rays. Again, a much-respected police-sergeant in Calcutta, who had been for years in India, and accustomed to brave the sun at all seasons, received the intelligence of his wife's sudden death. As he sorrowfully crossed the barrack-yard, letter in hand, to communicate the sad news to his superior officer, he fell down, smitten as with a thunderbolt by *coup de soleil*.

It is well known that this baneful effect of the sun's rays varies exceedingly in different tropical and semi-tropical places. In the West India islands, although they are nearer the line than the northern parts of Hindustan, men expose themselves to the sun with comparative impunity. A Barbadoes planter, who came to settle in Madras, insisted on riding out in the sun, as he had been wont to do in 'Little England' (so that island is fondly termed by the inhabitants). He laughed at well-meaning advisers, and lost his life from sun-stroke. Even in Ceylon, though that dependency is nearer the line than Continental India, the Europeans do not dread the sun as they do on the other side of Palk's Strait. On board a ship in the open sea, I have lain for hours basking in the full blaze of an equatorial sun without ill effect. Lastly, I have frequently crossed the Hooghly in an open boat from Howrah to Calcutta. While on the water, I could stand boldly exposed to the sun's rays, but the moment I set my foot on shore, unless I raised my umbrella, the solar heat began to bore like a two-inch auger into my skull.

These various instances afford a solution to the puzzle, why, under similar latitudes, the effect of the sun's rays should be so different. It arises from the difference between radiation and reflection of heat. Those substances which are powerful absorbers of heat are also powerful radiators and bad reflectors. Dark-coloured objects with rough surfaces are good radiators; light-coloured objects with smooth surfaces are good reflectors. We all know that polished fire-irons are preferable to unpolished, as they do not become so hot to the touch; they reflect the rays of caloric, which strike upon them, instead of absorbing them. On the contrary, a stove, which is intended to warm a room, should be made of unpolished cast-iron, as in that case it diffuses its heat more readily to the surrounding air. Now, earth and water may be taken as two excellent examples of these opposite qualities: earth absorbs and radiates heat; water reflects it. Consequently, on small islands, and on the open sea, we only experience the direct influence of the solar rays, which, even in the tropics, are comparatively innocuous; whereas, in continental regions we have the effect of the solar rays complicated and intensified by terrestrial radiation. In this matter, as we have shewn, the thermometer is an untrustworthy measurer of our sensations; exposed to the sun, either by land or by sea, it would—all other things being equal—give a similar result: yet, in the one case, a sailor might be mounting the rigging bareheaded without danger; in the other case, a momentary exposure would induce sun-stroke and death.

In no other way, except by this theory of terrestrial radiation, can we explain the peculiar intensity of the solar rays. The position of the earth in her orbit, in other words, the sun's verticality, will not account for it. If it did, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day than in Calcutta at sunrise; nay, further, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day on the 21st of June, when it is only twenty-nine degrees from the zenith, than it is at Calcutta on the 21st of December, when it is forty-six degrees short of verticality, or just about half-way between the horizon and the zenith. I have gone out for a brisk walk on a cold winter morning in India, when the thermometer marked fifty-five degrees, and my feet were benumbed with cold, yet no sooner has the sun risen than the intensity of his rays has been most oppressive.

It is necessary to regard this terrestrial radiation on a very extended scale—that is to say, to view the distribution of land and water over the whole surface of the globe, in order to ascertain its real influence; otherwise, if we select only small portions of the world for our examples, we shall be led into error. I will give an instance from two places which I have visited. The island of Malta is situated in latitude thirty-six north, the town of Melbourne, in Australia, is situated in latitude thirty-seven south. During the heat of the summer day, the streets of Valetta are deserted by everybody excepting British sailors (who, it is well known, bid defiance to the sun all over the world), the green-shutters of the houses are carefully closed, and all the inhabitants are enjoying their *siesta*. During the corresponding season in Melbourne, the streets are full of life and bustle, and labourers are at work paving or laying gas-pipes, with little more inconvenience than they would feel in London in hot weather. Yet, apparently, the difference should be the other way. Valetta is situated on a small island surrounded by an extensive sea; while Melbourne lies fifty miles from the open ocean, and is situated on an island large enough to be styled a continent. But take a common globe, and observe the relative position of the two places. It is true that Malta is a small island, but it is placed in a sea which is a mere lake in comparison with the continents which bound it on three sides; whereas, the whole mass of Australia appears of but small account in the gigantic basin of the Pacific. Malta, consequently, represents a region of terrestrial influences and exalted radiation; Melbourne represents a region of marine influences, and defective radiation. It is fortunate that it is so—that we possess a practically boundless series of colonies, where the man of the North can labour without calling the baneful toil of the negro to his assistance.

I may remark, by the way, that no other race appears so thoroughly fitted for tropical residence as the negro. We are told that newly-imported Africans do not find the climate of Cuba hot enough for them, and lie naked on the flat tops of the house in order that they may not lose a single ray of solar warmth. In India, on the contrary, the natives complain as lustily of the heat, during the hot-season, as we in England do of the cold in winter-time; no man of condition stirs out on foot during the heat of the day; the clerks and writers hire hackney-carriages or palanquins—the palanquin-bearers carry an umbrella over their heads; while the lowest *coolie* rubs himself with cocoa-nut oil, on the strictly philosophical principle which we have mentioned, that polished substances reflect heat instead of absorbing it. Possibly, the sufferings endured by the natives of India from the heat of the climate, may be explained on the ground of their not being an aboriginal race, but the descendants of northern invaders, whose energies

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have gradually become enfeebled by intertropical fervour.

In conclusion, let me say that among our countrymen in India, especially of the higher class, there exists an undue dread of exposure to the sun. This is particularly the case in the presidency towns; the indigo-planters and other rural residents, spend far more time in the open air: and a comparison of their brawny shoulders and bronzed faces, with the wasted frame and pallid complexion of the city-merchant, proves that in India, as elsewhere, want of sunlight brings want of health. All sensible Indian doctors inveigh against the closed shutters and 'darkness visible' in which it is still too much the fashion for Indian ladies to spend the hotter hours of the day. My own belief is, that Englishmen and Englishwomen might venture far oftener into the open air in India than they do at present. But in order to do this safely, they should dress in semi-oriental fashion, and eat very sparingly of animal food between April and November. Above all, they should become uncompromising teetotallers during the same period. I have tried it, and found that I could maintain excellent health on tea and iced lemonade. Having cooled the blood by these precautions, a man, armed with a *solah topee* and a white umbrella, may safely walk out in the sun. And when Europeans set the fashion of walking, foot-pavements will be laid down in the principal streets, while a row of awnings will extend overhead. I am sure the health of the community will be improved, and that the ladies of moderate income will prefer the attendance of a single *ayah*, who walks behind them as they make their purchases, to the lumbering paraphernalia of coachman, carriage, and footmen.

STRANGE DOINGS IN THE CHURCH.

Few persons can ramble near an old ivy-covered church without being deeply impressed by the solemn beauty and fitness of the building. The fast-decaying monuments, with half-obliterated inscriptions to the memory of those who have returned to the kindly bosom of our mother-earth; the 'God's acre' holding so much quiet dust of what were once brave Englishmen; and all the other mementoes of change and death, call up feelings of deep reverence and holy peace. It is difficult to imagine the church as the scene of any but devotional services; yet the time was when the sacred edifice was used not only as a theatre, but also as a law-court and an arena of political strife.

When the Miracle Plays were performed in church, the stage consisted of three platforms, one above, and somewhat receding from another. The highest one, by a tremendous stretch of imagination, was supposed to represent the Kingdom of Heaven, and upon its boards thoughtlessly impious mortals laboured to represent the Divine Being and angels. The portrayal of the Deity was of everyday occurrence, and no solitary thought of its impropriety seems to have entered the minds of either player or spectator. In the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of Rye, in the year 1522, there is an item: 'Paid for a cote made when the Resurrection was played for him that in playing represented the part of Almighty, js.;' and in the accounts for Coventry, there is an entry: 'Item, Payde for a cote of Godde, and a payre of gloves, iija.;' while an impious mortal of the name of Robert Cro was paid the sum of three shillings and fourpence for 'pleaying Gode.' In the year 1560, at Coventry, the representative of Deity appears to have been a tailor; for, in addition to his *honorarium*, he receives 'xxs. for mending the devils cottes.' The rate of payment, compared with that of the other players, serves to shew that there was some idea of the dignity of the part, for three shillings and fourpence is a noble amount, compared with 'ijd. to Lorman for playing the p'phet [prophet] on Palme Sunday' at Reading in 1541. The second platform contained the representatives of disembodied spirits in the shape of angels of an inferior class to those upon the upper platform, and also a noble army of saints and martyrs. The angels were pictured by nude children, to whose shoulders huge wings were attached. In the books of All-Hallows' Church, London, there is an item paid for the loan of a pair of wings and a *crest* for an angel; and at Coventry, 'red buckram for the wings of angels' cost seven shillings. The third or lowest stage was intended for the merely mortal characters, 'Noe, Sem, Noes Wyffe,' and generally a comic character, 'Old Tobye,' without whose mirth-provoking antics the sacred play would not have 'gone off.' Adam, Eve, Abraham, and John the Baptist frequently met upon the same boards and in the same piece. Attached to this lowest stage was an opening intended to represent the mouth of the bottomless pit, from which, however, along with smoke, and flame, and the groans of the lost, certain unhappy spirits occasionally emerged, and ran about the stage, jesting and joking with both actors and audience, to the uproarious delight of the latter. The 'vice' of the piece, in many respects like the 'villain' of these days, generally finished his career by being thrust into the yawning gulf. The Coventry accounts, in addition to several sums paid 'for kepying of fyer,' contain a charge of three shillings for two pounds of 'hayre for the devils head,' and eightpence for 'mending his nose.' His angels also receive four shillings to purchase themselves a supply of 'black canvas shirtes.' The stage-properties were of the most absurd character; an old account of some of these things left in St Swithin's Church, London, contains the following strange entries: 'Item, The cyty of Jerusalem with towers and pinnacles; the cyty of Rages; Old Tobyes house; a gret idol; a firmament with a firy cloud and a double cloud in *the custody* of Thomas Fuebeck.' The absence of scenery was compensated for by explanatory symbols. Higden of Chester, author of a piece called *The Deluge*, gave instructions respecting the ark as follows: 'The arke must be boorded rounde aboute, and *uppon* the boordes all the beastes and fowles hereafter rehersed must be painted, that these wordes may agree with the pictures;' if they were acted up to, the ark must have been almost as large as the original one, for Sem goes on to say:

> 'Sier, here are lions, libardes in,
> Horses, mares, oxen, and swyne,
> Neates, calves, sheepe, and kyne
> Here sitten thow maye see.'

The educated clergy, in a manner compelled to present these spectacles, must have had some strange qualms of conscience when they played in the old cathedrals and abbeys; and in the year 1542, Bonner, bishop of London, in an address to his subordinates, prohibited in his diocese 'all manner of common pleayes, games, and enterludes to be pleayed, set forth, or declared *within their churches* or chappels;' but the wise prohibition seems to have been very generally disregarded until a much later period. However, that public feeling was going in the right direction, is shewn by the fact, that in the year 1634, Sir H. Herbert, of the 'Office of Revels,' committed one Cromes 'to the Marshalsey for lending a church-robe with the name of Jesus upon it to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a flamen or priest of the heathen.' At one period of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sunday was the only licensed day for dramatic performances; and an old writer of the time complains that, in consequence, 'the players have four or five Sundays in a week.' Although in the year 1580 we find that the Lord Mayor of London 'obtained from Queen Elizabeth that all heathenish playes and

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enterludes should be banished upon Sabbath-dayes,' it appears that either this prohibition was soon rescinded, or that there was one laid for the people, and another for her majesty, for in the year 1592, when she visited Oxford, and attended divine service in the University Chapel, no sooner was prayer over, than the chapel was rapidly converted into a theatre for the afternoon's amusement. The same kind of double legislation was in vogue during the reigns of James and Charles I. It appears that the Oxford entertainment was the last instance of a play being performed in a church. About the same period, the authorities of the same university prohibited smoking in church, *on account of the quantity of smoke*. During the plague of 1543–44, courts of law were held in the abbey-church of St Albans, the fear of infection having caused their adjournment from London; and again, during the reign of Elizabeth, a similar thing must have occurred, as the old municipal accounts contain an item of four shillings and eightpence 'paid to John Saundens for nayles for the work in the church for the assizes.'

For many years, it was customary to elect mayors and other parochial functionaries in the parish churches of several towns. At Sandwich, it was usual, 'upon the Monday next after the feast of St Andrew, for the town-sergeant to sound the common horn, and make a proclamation, calling upon every *man of twelve years* or more' to go to the church of St Clements, 'where our commonalty hath need. Haste! haste!' A crowd assembled in the church, and after the sergeant had brought back the indispensable common horn, the mayor called upon those present to elect his successor. When this had been done, the ex-mayor gave up a stick of office, the indispensable common horn, and his key, and the people dispersed. The next day, the newly-elected mayor sends his sergeant round the town to summon the 'jurats' to meet him the following day 'in St Peter's Church on the common business of the day.' If, however, after being elected, an individual refused to fill the chief municipal office, 'the commonalty, after three notices, *shall pull down his house*.' It can easily be understood that a commonalty, given to such amusements as that, might at times be unruly during the election in the sacred building; and it appears, indeed, that in course of time the gatherings had become so boisterous and disorderly, that the attention of the temporal and spiritual authorities was drawn towards them; for in the year 1683, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was received by the mayor, and ordered to be read in the parish church, by Alexander Mills, minister of the parish:

'TO THE MAYOR AND JURATS OF OUR TOWNE AND PORT OF SANDWICH.

Whereas wee are informed that of late yeeres there hath beene several assemblys he'd in the parish church of St Clements, in that our towne and port of Sandwich, for the electing of the mayor there, and that during such assemblys there have been several horrid inconveniences committed in the chancel of the said church, and even upon and about the communion-table itselfe, the very mention whereof as it hath justly moved our indygnation, soe wee doubt not but it is matter of grief and scandal to all sincere Christians. Our will and pleasure therefore is, and wee doe hereby strictly command and require you, the mayor and jurats of our said towne and port, that for the time to come none doe presume to appoint the holding of such elections in the said church, or to assemble there upon that occasion, or any other than the publique worship of God, except it bee upon such parish meetings as have been usual held there for the reliefe of the poore, or the services of the church, and that even these meetings bee there held with all decency or due reverence to the place; but that all meetings, prelections, and such secular occasions bee from henceforward held at that the towne-hall of that place. And this you are to take care, upon paine of our high displeasure, and of being proceeded against according to the utmost severity of law. Wee doe likewise order this our letter to be publicly read and entered among the records of that oure towne and port.

Given at our court of Whitehall the 23d of November 1683, in the five-and-thirtieth year of our reign. By his majesty's command, C. JENKINS.'

It is to be regretted that this letter did not go a step further, and interdict several other abuses prevalent at that time. It was customary, down to a very recent period, to make announcements of sales and meetings from the pulpit. The act of parliament (4 Geo. II.) authorising the building of a new bridge over the river Ribble, near Preston, provided that, when repairs were necessary, a meeting should be called by an announcement '*in* the parish church of Preston on a Sunday, immediately after divine service.' This strange custom was abolished by an act passed early in the present reign, after which, however, business announcements were made from a tomb in the churchyard before the people had had time to disperse.

During the period when the Roman Catholic religion was the faith of our fathers, 'sanctuaries,' or places of refuge for criminals, were created in many sacred edifices. Victor Hugo, in his *Notre Dame*, has made shrewd use of this custom, and shews both its advantages and its disadvantages in an age when Justice really was blind. The church of St Martin's-le-Grand, London, included one of these refuges within its sacred walls, and there seems to be grave reason to suppose it to have been a public nuisance, as prisoners passing from Guildhall to Newgate often managed to escape to it, or were seized by their friends, and carried thither. Upon one occasion, a soldier, convicted of some crime, was passing along this *via dolorosa*, when he was seized by five of his accomplices, and carried into the sanctuary. Naturally enough, the officers of the law followed the party, and dragged the prisoner forth, and lodged him safely in Newgate. This step, however, was deemed a sacrilege, and the authorities actually compelled them to take the man back, and place him in the sanctuary. Upon some occasions, however, the people, possessed of a finer sense of justice, disregarded the rights of the refugee. One Laurence Ducket, a goldsmith of the city of London, had in some rough street-brawl wounded a man named Crepin, and had taken shelter in the sanctuary attached to the church. A mob broke in during the night, and strangled him, leaving him in a position calculated to create an impression that he had died by his own hand; and such was the general belief, until a lad, who had been a frightened witness of the deed, confessed the truth; and some fifteen or twenty of the murderers were hung, and one, a woman, burned to death. The doorways and windows of the church were filled with thorns, as a sign that the church was interdicted by the bishop. Although Henry VIII. abolished the dangerous privilege in most parts of England, Lancaster Church continued to retain its sanctuary. These places must have been greatly patronised in an age most undoubtedly quarrelsome. Disturbances were of frequent occurrence in the churches. At Preston, in 1655, two men were fined two-and-sixpence 'for making a tusle in church.' Sometimes a proud dame refused to sit behind some other dame equally haughty, and as there was no other course open for the husband than to espouse her quarrel, a general mêlée was the result. Stow tells us that, upon the afternoon of Easter Sunday, 1417, a violent quarrel took place between the ladies of the Lord Strange and Sir John Trussel, and that a general fight was the consequence. 'The two great men who chose a church for their field of battle were seized and committed to the Poultry, and

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excommunicated by the archbishop of Canterbury.' The prelate, after a patient hearing of the case, adjudged Lord and Lady Strange the aggressors. The lady came in for the lion's share of the penance; she was compelled to walk barefooted to the church, and at its rehallowing, carry water, and fill all the sacred vessels. The unfortunate servants, who, with Mercutio, could earnestly ejaculate, 'A plague o' both your houses,' marched behind the rector 'in their shirts.' In the year 1533, a dispute arose at Whalley Church, 'on account of sittings in ye church.' A pew, bearing the strange name of 'St Anthony's Kage,' was the bone of contention. It appears that this pew belonged to the Towneley family, in right of their manor of Hopton. Sir John Towneley was sent for to arbitrate, and his decision was in the following words: 'My man Shuttleworth of Hacking made this pew, and here will I sit when I come; and my cousin Nowel may make one behind me if he please; and my sonne Sherburne shall make one on the other side, and Mr Catterall behind him; and for the residue the use shall be, first come, first speed, *and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church.*' Such is the position of the pews at the present day. In the books of St Laurence Church, at Reading, there is an entry of the date 1547 as to the 'mayors wyfes seat;' and at Rye, the churchwardens expended 'five shillings for making a pew for the magistrates' wives.' Whether all this arose from a false feeling of pride or not, it is hard to say, but it appears that the churchwardens certainly recognised the feeling, and determined to benefit by it, for in 1573 the churchwardens of Reading ordered that 'the collections on Hock-Monday and on the festivals having ceased, every woman seated by the churchwardens in any seat on the south side of the church above the doors, or in the middle range above the doors, shall pay 4d. yearly, and any above the pulpit, 6d. at equal portions;' and at Dorchester, in 1625, 'Robert Polden's wyfe' is noticed as paying '1s. 6d. for a seat in the woman's square.'

Through many of the old churches, there was a right of way, down to a very recent period; such was the case at St Albans, most of the towns-people having keys, and passing through the edifice at any hour of the day or night. This strange custom led to the spoliation of many valuable works of art, and to the theft of many monumental brasses, valued as so much old metal by the sacrilegious intruders. Perhaps sleeping in church can hardly be called a strange custom, inasmuch as it is so common at the present day, but the strange steps taken to prevent and to check it are worth a passing reference. In many of the parish churches, men were appointed whose duty it was to 'awaken ye sleepers.' In August 1659, Richard Rore bequeathed eight shillings a year 'to a poor man of the parish who should undertake to awaken sleepers in the church of Claverley' during divine service; and in 1725, John Rudge gave by will twenty shillings a year to the parish church of Trysall, Staffordshire, for wages 'to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysall during sermon to keep people awake.' This system of awaking was anything but an improvement upon the one in vogue at an earlier period. In the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon church, there are twenty-six stalls, beautifully carved, designated 'Miseries'—seats made in such a manner that unless sat upon in a peculiar attitude, possible only to a wakeful and attentive person, they would throw their occupants upon the floor. This plan saved the expense and avoided the inconvenience caused by a man rushing about from sleeper to sleeper. Another very fruitful source of annoyance, however, was caused by the presence of dogs in the sacred building, and the man who had undertaken to 'awaken sleepers' was made available in expelling them. To judge from the old local legislation, one would infer that 'pigges and dogges' were the plagues of our ancestors' lives. Almost every church of any note had its duly-appointed officer, whose arduous and dangerous duty it was to 'whip out dogs from the church;' and almost numberless are the bequests of yearly salaries to such individuals. At Chislet, in Kent, the tenant of certain lands called Dog-whipper's Marsh is compelled to pay ten shillings a year to a person for discharging the duty; and at Peterchurch, Herefordshire, from time immemorial, an acre of land has been devoted to the use of a person, on condition that he should clear the church in a similar manner. At Calverley, eight shillings a year, and a room in one of the cottages *over* the churchyard, was the salary; and at Rye, the payment was '4d. a Sonday.' At Ormskirk, in October 1688, the churchwardens 'paid for a whipp to whipp doggs forth of ye church, 1s. 6d.; and to Wm. Scirisbrick for whipping the doggs forth of ye church the first day, 1s.' At Trysall, in Staffordshire, in the year 1725, the testator of five shillings a year for a similar purpose seems to have been determined to go to the very root of the evil, and he therefore makes it the official's duty not only to 'whipp out dogges,' but to prevent their ingress; 'to keep people awake, and keep dogs out of church.' What with sleepy people and sleepless dogs, the office could not be a sinecure.

There can be but little speculation as to the causes and temptations which induced the animals thus to invade the sacred building. The condition of the graveyards was such as to ensure every dog a bone, and in many places they were used as receptacles for the town-refuse. Not so far back as the period of which we write, the condition of St Giles's churchyard was so shocking as to rouse the ire of Pennant; and even recently, many country churchyards remained in a shameful state. Mr Jowett speaking of the village of Creich, Derbyshire, in 1855, says: 'In the village of Creich, at every step through the churchyard, on our last visit, we noticed fragments of skulls, vertebræ, and other human bones, scattered about in every direction, and lying on the pathways, the grass, and the graves.' At the time to which we allude, the state of things was even worse than this: human remains of all kinds were permitted to lie festering until such time as a dog made a successful *sortie*, and escaped with the prize; cows were *allowed* to pasture within the graveyards, the revenue from that source being added to the clergymen's incomes. In the year 1674, the churchwardens of St Laurence, Reading, ordered that 'in future no manner of cattle should be suffered to go or *feed* in the churchyard of St Laurence;' but as the vicar demurred to the loss of revenue, the vestry voted the amount to him: 'Mr John Brasier, vicar, and his successors yearly, *for ever*, in the place of such cattle going or feeding in the said churchyard, as they formerly used to do.' At Banbury, in 1564, it was ordered that 'yerly and at all tymes, and from tyme to tyme,' the gates about the churchyard should be repaired, so that they should 'bear lawfull defence to kepe further swyne and other ondecent cattell upon payne of xls.;' and the twenty-third order of the same town was to the effect that 'no man shall lett their hogges goo abroade unrefuged, *nor no swyne nor geese to goo within the churchyarde.*' Sometimes, however, the bones were gathered together and placed indiscriminately in a vile charnel-house, until that place became full, upon which they were once more returned to the earth. The churchwardens of Preston appointed a man to look after the stray bones in the churchyard; and in October 1687, the churchwardens of Ormskirk 'paid Richard Grise for clensing the bone-house, L.1, 6s. 8d.' Readers of Shakspeare will no doubt remember several allusions to this state of things, as in *Macbeth* (act iii. scene iv.)—

> If charnel-houses and our graves must send
> Those that we bury back, our monuments
> Shall be the maws of kites.

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And in the churchyard scene of *Hamlet*—'Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.' Mr Charles Knight, in one of his admirable papers, attributes Shakspeare's rhyming epitaph upon his tombstone to the 'solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds;' and to a very great extent such may have been the case, as the deprecation of the removal of human remains seems to have existed from the earliest period; but it is probable that the condition of a wretched bone-house, full of promiscuous remains, adjoining the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, and to which there was general access in Shakspeare's time, may have had some influence upon the mind of the great dramatist.

The church-doors had attractions to a dog. It was customary for the churchwardens to pay for the destruction of foxes, owls, hedgehogs, moles, magpies, and other animals and birds. At Rye, the churchwardens valued a hedgehog at fourpence, and sparrows at threepence a dozen. Persons who slew a fox within the boundaries of the parish brought the animal's head, and nailed it to the church-door, for which they received, in some places, a fee of a shilling. The wholesale manner in which this foolish work of extermination was carried on, is shewn by an extract from the churchwardens' book of the parish of Ormskirk:

1665. Vermin.	L.	s.	d.
July 24. pd. Robt. Halton for 29 orchants [hedgehogs'?] heads, . .	00	04	02
" pd. for three fox-heads and one orchant, ...	00	03	02
" pd. for 22 pianets [magpies?] and maulderts [moles, generally called mowdiwarps in the Lancashire dialects], 3 jeefs, and one orchant unto Ed. Hall, R. Hunt, and others, . .	00	01	09
" pd. for 4 orchants and 4 maulderts,	00	00	10
" " " 1 fox-head and 8 orchants,	00	02	04
" " " 3 fox-heads, 6 pianets, and 1 orchant, ...	00	03	05

A good day's work that, surely. After a purchase like that, the church-door must have presented a somewhat attractive appearance to our canine friends. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the animals are of a different class, and the rate of payments is proportionately higher, as the following extracts shew:

1725, for 2 otter-heads, 8d.
1727, " a badger-head, 1s.
1730, " a foomarts head, 4d.

It appears, however, that in some men's minds there were doubts as to the decency of the custom, for in the year 1674, the churchwardens of another Newcastle church had ordered that, in future, all persons bringing such trophies should be directed to the town-chamber, and there demand their fees. Upon one occasion, through the cupidity of the officials of Gloucester Cathedral, the scene changed from dead birds outside to live birds within the church. A poor half-witted woman, who, however, contributed munificently to the funds for the repair and ornamentation of the church, was allowed to indulge all her strange fancies. Walpole, writing in 1753, and referring to the choir of Gloucester, says: 'Here is a modernity which beats all antiquities for curiosity. Just by the high-altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, and carved, and gilt, for books in one corner; and two troughs of a bird-cage with seed and water. It belongs to a Mrs Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast, and for this reason she passes her life in making an aviary of Gloucester Cathedral.' According to Pinks, it appears that windows were left devoid of glass lest the 'ghostly dicky-birds should cut their feet.' When the abuse ceased, we have not been able to ascertain; but, no doubt, the date of the reading of the lady's will would not be far from it.

However absurd these 'ghostly dicky-birds' must have seemed, they were infinitely preferable to bears, and those animals have very frequently figured at church. When Queen Elizabeth and her nobles attended divine service at St Paul's, they were almost invariably attended by 'two white beares.' At a trial at Chester in 1686 as to the right to the chapel of ease at Knutsford, an old man, in the course of his evidence, after certain allusions to the fact of three gallons of wine being used at each ordinance, testified that, in 1626, 'there was a rude fellow brought a beare into the said chappell now in variance, whereupon much trouble did ensue; and the bishop did suspend or interdict the said chappell, and prohibitt all preaching and praying there for about a twelvemonth, when it was consecrated enough.' The 'last, but not least' strange doings to which we must refer arose from the introduction of the Bible. In the year 1538, every parish priest was ordered to procure 'an English Bible *of the largest print*,' at the joint expense of the parish and himself. Many are the references in the old registers to this important innovation. At Reading, the amount seems to have been too great to admit of immediate settlement, for the entry stands: '1540. Payd *towards* the new byble ixs.' The ministers were directed to set up the Bible in the most convenient situation in the church; generally, it was chained to a reading-desk. At Rye, the churchwardens paid 'for two chaines—one for the Bible, the other for the paraphrase, 10d.' The people were admonished to make good use of the book, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege, for from the time of the king's order for a translation to be made, the greatest anxiety had been expressed as to the contents of the marvellous volume, about which so many contrary opinions had been expressed. It appears, however, that the first order was almost generally disobeyed, for in the year 1539–41, similar orders were issued. Bonner, bishop of London, in obedience to the royal command, caused six Bibles to be placed in various parts of St Paul's Cathedral, and placed above each of them a brief admonition to the people that the book should be read 'meekly, reverently, and obediently,' and ordering that 'the laity were not to dispute of the mysteries contained therein.' This latter injunction was openly disregarded. The Bibles soon became the centres of earnest groups of thoughtful men, whose minds had long been prepared for mighty and radical changes, and to these an injunction, even though it emanated from a bishop, was of but secondary importance. Disputes arose as to points of faith; and divine service was frequently interrupted by those who stood arguing for and against the sacred volume. Bonner at length threatened that if these public disputations were not stopped, he would remove the books from the churches. He did his utmost to undo the past, but it was useless. The strange doings about the Bible-stands could not be prevented; and perhaps, when we consider our present position as a nation and as individuals, it was just as well they could not.

AN UMBRELLA ECLOGUE.

THE unnamed individual whose moral courage bore the first umbrella through the streets of London, must have been a hero of no ordinary mould. Far from covering himself with the cloud of night, or striving to escape observation under a neutral colour—as the heathen deities sneaked into a cheap renown when they mingled in the warring hosts of mortals—let us suppose that in broad daylight he unfurled his

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banner of defiance, and that its hue was green at the least. That promenade should be historical; but where was Clio to note it? The event takes its place beside the origin of nations, and others of kindred importance, on those blank pages of her volume which Fancy feels at liberty to fill in rather than let them remain blank.

Availing herself of the *lâches* of her severer sister, Fancy, with a free hand, dashes off some such sketch as this. Full in the foreground, a figure in the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century, broad buckled shoes, tight-fitting smalls, loose-sleeved coat, lapelled vest, and three-cornered hat; ruffles, powder, and gold-lace *ad libitum;* trenchantly bearing aloft over this gorgeous array something like the roof of a small Chinese pagoda, minus the bells along the eaves. Grouped about, as accessories, sturdy citizens, getting themselves drenched by the pelting shower, in every conceivable attitude of contemptuous astonishment at the phenomenon presented to their eyes. Seen between the skirts of these, and behind their backs, in a yet more exuberant state of demonstrativeness, the *gamins* of the period—the sapling roughs not yet emerged from their gutter-age, in a state of demoniacal excitement at the sight of this novel object for the exercise of their practical humour, which they proceed forthwith to bring into play, no wholesome dread of the possible presence of an austere man in blue round the corner as yet existing. Here are grouped all the elements of a grand pictorial epic, of which History has failed to furnish the authentic portraits. He would have had the best of the joke, for he had kept his wit dry.

There should be a memorial put up to this audacious reformer somewhere; at some crowded City crossing, or fashionable west-end thoroughfare; and since the *vera effigies* is hopelessly lost, the writer would modestly suggest the design of a huge expanded umbrella, in corrugated zinc, capable of sheltering a hundred or two of lieges from a sudden shower. What prettier device could there be for keeping a man's memory fresh for ever in this pluviose climate of ours?

One of the 'common things' every individual is fated to learn who attains to the dignity of possessing an umbrella in his own right, is the extreme uncertainty of the tenure by which he holds it. 'Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,' is a text it brings home to every man's bosom and door-mat. Its nomadic nature is irreclaimable. You may domesticate an individual umbrella till it grows familiar to your palm as the hand of an old friend—it is only watching an opportunity for evasion all the while. One question suggested by this inherent tendency of the parapluvial tribe, has an interest for the politico-economic philosopher: What becomes of all the stray umbrellas? We have never yet heard of a Foundling Hospital, or a House of Detention, or any kindred establishment which might be assumed to give asylum to the misguided wanderers. If Mr Pollaky could only answer *this* question, he might engage the National Gallery, or even relieve the South Kensington Commissioners of the difficulty of their huge brick barn, for the purposes of an inquiry-office, and afterwards make a handsome contribution towards paying off the National Debt out of the fees taken. But we counsel no one who gets his supply of the article at the foot of the bridges after dark to press the inquiry. A friend of ours was once rash enough to do so, and was rewarded for his curiosity by the discovery, that not only was he a receiver of stolen goods, but with the aggravation, that he was also the abettor of a burglary on his own entrance-hall—a degree of turpitude his conscience never forgave him.

Bizarre fortune once brought us acquainted with an umbrella 'fancier,' a man who collected faded silks and dilapidated ginghams with as much gusto as men have been known to amass foul tobacco-pipes, or hideously-distorted walking-sticks. His domicile was an umbrella museum, hospital, or charnel-house, where half-bare skeletons grinned a ghastly welcome all round the entrance-hall, up the stairs, and in the corners of the bedrooms—nay, even ran over upon the leads of the roof, where they rattled their bones on a gusty night. Tolerably secure from infractions of the eighth commandment, such a collection might surely be assumed to be; for what citizen, of visiting respectability, would think it worth his while to possess himself, by furtive means, of an armful of ribs of the Megalosaurus, say, at the big bonehouse in Bloomsbury?—the aptest similitude we can hit upon to our friend's gaunt and osseous treasury. Yet, who ever knew of an umbrella having survived the stealing age? Long after it may have grown too bad to borrow, the furtive act can give it a factitious value. This truth was revealed to our sage, and, like a practical philosopher, he turned it to account. Unexpected was the shock communicated to many a hand stretched at parting with felonious intent towards the common drudge, on finding the latter decline to be an accomplice in the meditated act. The owner had chained each of his treasures to its place, as librarians used their books to the shelves, in the days when a thirst for knowledge predominated the moral instincts.

Thus much by way of unfurling this article, and which the writer prays may be construed as a courteous invitation to the reader to share the former's umbrella while this pelting shower lasts.

It occurred to me one rainy afternoon, while sitting by the hearth gazing alternately into the fire, after the manner of persons who dream with their eyes open, and on the window-pane, where the drops beat themselves flat in an attempt to invade my snugness, and then hastily slid off in vexation at being foiled, to pass in review in my mind all the mutations the pluvial defender had undergone within my memory, from my grandam's stout gingham to the attenuated stick in trousers which had that very morning walked off her great-grandson to the City. There were umbrellas in the fire—a little out of their element, truly, but the incongruity didn't strike me at the time—of every type: the baggy, the slim, the respectable, and the fashionable. They came and went, jostling one another by the way, as they in reality jostle on a rainy day in Cheapside—an endless procession. To dispel this, I turned to the window, and there it almost seemed as though the images in the grate had transferred themselves to the street, for the pavement on either side was crowded with umbrellas, bobbing, and dipping, and clustering into knots as some obstruction occurred, and then dispersing again, like the leaves on a woodland stream late in autumn. For anything that was visible of their bearers, the latter might have been the ghosts of deceased maid-servants out for a holiday, who, still retaining a recollection of the ordinary concomitant of the few festivals which fell to their lot in the flesh, had stepped in at their old places by the way, and taken down from its peg the long-disused umbrella. Not a draggled skirt shewed beneath; not the click of a patten woke the echoes of the flags. Of whatever nature, ghostly or corporeal, the bearers were, they were shod with the goloshes of silence, and wrapped in the mantle of invisibility. Nothing was to be heard but the patter of the rain; nothing to be seen but umbrellas—umbrellas everywhere, possessed with that demented haste which seems chronic to them in their expanded condition.

Apparently it was a gala-day with them, and they were not only come abroad, but bent upon enjoying themselves, little material as the conditions of their existence seem to promise for that end. Never before had their big, bulging hemispherical faces assumed, to my eyes, such positive expression of character.

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There was domestic servitude in all its types—prim, pert, tidy, slatternly, cheerful, discontented—magnified editions of faces I daily encounter in my walks along the street, looking up from areas, or down from door-steps. Servant-maidism out a-shopping in that delightful flutter which a consciousness of capital to invest in ribbons induces; and servant-maidism out on some unwelcome errand, bidden to be quick and not gossip by the way: the covenanted monthly afternoon, and the furtive half-hour, were all represented. Nay, there were manifestations of that mild insanity which is said to transform the hemisphere of whalebone and calico into an airy bower, a gilded pleasure-dome of more than eastern splendour. Yes, Love that fills the world, and rules the world, and, according to the *chanson*, makes the world go round, can, when he pleases, compress his diffusive presence within the periphery of an umbrella, and with his regal hand make a veritable sceptre of its humble stick. It was a sturdy Gingham and a smart little Alpaca he had chosen to glorify with his presence on this occasion. As, side by side, they sailed down the stream, whatever cross-currents might separate them for a moment, coming together again like two magnetised atoms in a heap, the spectacle was really an abstruse study of the law of affinities. To all outward seeming, it was the most unaccountable thing in the world, without a colouring of design about it. Alpaca was evidently free from any complicity, and never so much astonished as at finding herself continually in close proximity to Gingham. Without any apparent effort, Gingham took it more as a matter of course, or as a kindly dispensation of Providence, for which it behoved him to shew his gratitude by profiting, to the best of his ability, by the opportunities it threw in his way.

Courtship is proverbially a banquet at which two may sit down and feast like gods, but a third speedily nauseates, unless a dash of some sharp condiment be thrown in from time to time to revive the palled appetite. So my interest in the lovers soon began to flag under the honey-sweet monotony of their course; I had conceived of them as a couple of fond fools whom experience had not yet schooled into reason, when they suddenly redeemed their characters by a new movement. Little Alpaca edged off very decidedly from the vicinity of Gingham the Sturdy, and the latter achieved a very passable pretence of not caring: the particles were de-magnetised on a sudden. The cause of difference I could only conjecture to have some relation to a jaunty Silk, who had pertinaciously dodged Alpaca through the crowd, in a way more than once to draw forth a demonstration from Gingham. There were tears in Alpaca's bright eyes—not that I saw them, or knew that the eyes were bright, except by intuition—for Gingham had been saying something cruel; and now he was going to be punished, and brought to his senses by the application of the silent system. Bravo, little Alpaca! for one who knows the privileges of the sex, and stands up for them: common-sense advises you not to give him another word for five minutes to come. Oh, what a blundering counsellor is common-sense in affairs of love: she *has* already given him a look—a relenting one, I am sure, though I can't see it, for it has drawn him closer to her side than ever; and this lovers' quarrel has passed off like a cloud, which draws to itself all the thin vapours afloat in the sky, and leaves it clearer than before. Love is such a dallier among the flowers, that, but for such little nudges and jogs by the way, he would scarcely get to his journey's end before night; but these urge him to flying leaps, which land him at home by noon. Aha! see what this one has done: placable femininity strikes its colours, and retires, though not without a flutter of hesitation and show of coy reluctance, under the standard of the foe.

'Ho! ho! two faces under one umbrella! we all know what soon comes of *that*.'

'WHERE?'

Any staid elderly gentleman caught astride of his walking-stick in full career round his own dining-table, might have presented just such a countenance of confusion as was turned on the companion whose silence till now had made me forgetful that I was not alone.

'I thought you were wrapt in some abstruse calculation, by the absent manner in which you have been contemplating the blank pavement over the way this half-hour past.'

Blank? yes, it was blank—entirely empty. Whither had the crowd of umbrellas vanished in a moment? Which way did my lovers go? I longed to ask, but a wholesome fear restrained me. Who can endure to expose their weakness, even to their nearest and dearest? That perilous borderland of unreason on which we unconsciously stray at times, confers an equivocal reputation upon such as are known to tread it. In reality, what essential difference has there been between me and any of the inmates of Bethlehem Hospital during the last thirty minutes? Not one among them can have passed that term in a world more remote from the actual than I have done; and perhaps to some of them life has been but a miserable rainy day, and escape from its horrors as welcome as this has been to me.

THE CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAF.

CHAPTER I.

PICTURE to yourself the most charming of morning-rooms, in the most picturesque and comfortable of country mansions, the brightest and most invigorating of spring mornings, the sweetest of silvan views from the long, wide-open windows, and you will have the surroundings of the two ladies I am about to introduce to you.

One—the elder of the two—lay back in a lounging-chair where the morning sun streamed in most warmly, lazily pulling and fondling the delicate ears of a greyhound, who rested his slender muzzle in her lap, in sleepy enjoyment of the soothing process. The other stood beside one of the opened windows, her hands behind her, looking out. Beyond this, she was doing nothing, not even thinking.

'Rosamond, my dear,' said the seated lady presently, 'do you know I have just been thinking you are the luckiest creature in all the world? I don't suppose you ever had a wish that somebody did not rush to gratify. As to a real want, that you never could have had, nature and fortune took such loving care of you. Yes, my dear, depend upon it, *all* the fairies were asked to your christening—even that ugly old thing that worked so much woe to the poor beauty in the fairy tale, was not forgotten, but came charged, I'll be bound, with some rare gift.'

'That of enabling me to see a flaw in what looks perfect to all other eyes, perhaps,' answered the lady by the window, in rather a doleful tone.

The other gave her chair a sudden wheel, that enabled her to see the face of her companion. It was a face fair to look upon, of that order of beauty seen often in the pictures of one of the greatest of living English painters, with large tender eyes, and rosy childlike lips. Both eyes and lips now wore the expression of a grieved infant's.

'A flaw in your lot, my dear?' the elder lady went on composedly. 'No; that would indeed require the most powerful of mental microscopes to detect. With youth (beauty, of course), more money than you can spend, this delightful old house to live in, the most charming of guardians to pet you, the handsomest and best-natured man in the world to make love to you, and a sober sensible friend like myself to give you

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good advice. But perhaps I'm the flaw. Never hesitate to confess it, my dear, if that's it.'

'Nonsense, Harriet!' and the sweet face turned towards her half smiling. Nevertheless, two large tears were quivering between the heavy brown eyelashes.

'What! crying, Rosamond? My dear child, is there really something wrong?' exclaimed the elder lady in a very different tone, and with a very surprised face.

'O Harriet, I'm a miserable woman!' and with this tragic exclamation, Miss Rosamond Barrington threw herself down on a sofa, and cried real hearty tears.

Harriet Beauchamp looked on stupified; then she rose, and going to seat herself beside her friend, drew that pretty golden head on to her kind breast, kissed and caressed it.

'My dear Rosy, to think of my laughing and talking nonsense when you had really a trouble; I shall never forgive myself. But tell me what it is. Even if I can't set it right, I can sympathise, and that's something, dear, in real trouble.'

'But ah, Harriet, perhaps you'll not allow this to be a real trouble; and yet it is the most real, and the worst.'

'My poor pet, what can it be? Your gallant old guardian would put his hand in the fire, or go out in an east wind, or do any other unheard-of thing, sooner than be angry with you; and to do you justice, you are always the best and most dutiful of Rosies, and don't give him any cause, even if he were the most irascible and ferocious of guardians; so it can't be that.'

'Oh, no, no!'

'Then what can it be?' Miss Beauchamp considered, bending her dark brows in great perplexity.

Rosamond wept on.

'It can't be; no, it can't be anything about Jack?'

There was no answer beyond a tightening of the two pretty arms round Harriet's neck. Miss Beauchamp looked disturbed.

'Has Jack done anything? My dear Rosamond, don't cry so; and don't—if you can help it—keep me in suspense. You know how dear that cousin of mine is to me. It would go near to breaking my heart if Jack did anything wrong—anything'——

She paused in great agitation.

Her distress spoke so plainly in her voice, that Miss Barrington sat up, and hastened to say: 'He has not done anything wrong, of course not. How could you think it of him a minute, Harriet? But—but I have thought for some time, and now I'm sure, that Jack does not care one bit about me—there!'

'Rosamond! Jack not care for you! Well, that is the very wildest caprice that ever entered the head of a spoiled beauty. Why, what has the poor fellow done now, that you should think so?' And Miss Beauchamp laughed, for she felt immensely relieved.

Rosamond turned away her head. 'It is not anything he has done,' she began, and then stopped.

'But something he has left undone. Ah, Rosamond, that is a much more serious matter, for now all sorts of intangibilities come into question. My dear, I am very sorry to hear this. Tell me, if you can, what put it into your head.'

'I can't tell you any one thing,' Rosamond burst out impetuously; 'they are so many, and so little, you would laugh. I know you would, if I were to put them into words; and yet they all go to prove one thing, and I'm sure of it. Harriet, do you think I could think so on light grounds? Is it such a pleasant conviction to come to, that the man I am to marry in six months does not love me one bit?'

The sweet face crimsoned all over, the little foot beat a nervous tattoo on the carpet. Miss Beauchamp looked grave.

'Well, Rosamond, if I am not to hear your reasons, I can't judge of their value. But I must say one thing, and that is, that whatever you may like to *imagine*, I am quite *sure* that John Walsingham loves you as a good, true-hearted gentleman does love the woman he has asked to be his wife.'

'Asked to be his wife! Yes, there it is,' cried Rosamond; 'Jack never did ask me to marry him, at least not as men ought to do. He grew up to think we were to marry some day. We both knew our fathers and mothers had settled all that for us. It is not as if Jack had chosen me of his own free-will. Of course, I know he likes me well enough as his old playfellow and companion; but as for loving me, as men do love women they want to marry, he does not the least bit in the world! And it's a horrid, abominable thing to be thrust upon a man who does not care for you; and I say again, I'm a miserable woman!'

But the 'miserable woman,' instead of abandoning herself to tears, as on the first occasion of her announcement of her condition, started from her seat, and paced the room to and fro with a crimson face and a charming air of insulted dignity. While Miss Beauchamp looked on in some dismay, a sweet, long-drawn-out whistle came stealing through the open windows.

'There's Jack!' said Miss Beauchamp, going towards the window whence the sound came nearest. Rosamond stopped and looked irresolute, but she came no nearer the window. Miss Beauchamp looked out.

'Well, sir, good-morning!'

'Ah, Harry! the top of the morning to you, my dear. Where's Rosamond?'

'Here. Do you want her?'

'Of course. What a question to ask an adoring lover! Tell her to shew her fair face at the window, and I'll not miss the sun when he goes behind that cloud that's sailing up with the wind. There, Harriet; can I trust you to repeat that pretty speech? I'll be bound Horace never says anything half so neat to you.'

'Rosamond, he wants you,' Miss Beauchamp said, looking back into the room. Miss Barrington walked slowly to the window, and looked down on the gentleman who waited on the lawn below. He was not otherwise than a pleasant sight to look upon, as he stood carelessly waiting, with the sunshine glinting off the bright curls of his handsome head, and shimmering in his flowing tawny whiskers. He looked up when she came to the window, but she was in the shadow of the curtain, and he did not notice the sober gravity of her face.

'Rosamond, I have come to tell you it's the sweetest morning of all the year. Will my gracious lady permit her slave to order the horses, and go with him for a delicious canter over Barnton Downs?'

'I don't care about riding to-day!' says Rosamond slowly.

'Not care about riding to-day! Why, my child, it's a day of days for a gallop. There's the sweetest breeze over the downs, and the larks are singing like—like mad; and'—— He broke off with a laugh. 'I'm not good at the description, but I give you my word it's the most glorious day!'

'Yes, but I can't ride to-day; thank you.'

'Won't you, really? Well, then, I think I'll take a run over and call at the Dacres'; you know I ought to have gone ever so long ago. You really will not come, Rosie?'

'No.'

'Well, then, I'm off. Here, Countess! Sweetlips! hie, lass! Good-bye, ladies, till dinner-time;' and whistling his dogs round him, the easy lover strode away over the dewy lawns towards the stables.

Miss Barrington looked at her friend.

'Yes, that is how it is,' she said bitterly. 'He does not care whether I am with him or not. He'll go

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over to Harper's Court, and ride with Flora Dacres, and be just as content with her as he would with me. Harriet, *you* would not be content to be loved in that fashion by Mr Vaughan!'

'Because that easy fashion of loving is not Horace Vaughan's, but it is Jack Walsingham's. My dear Rosamond, men don't love after any one pattern, but after their natures.'

'Then I can't be content with Jack's fashion; I prefer to be something more than just a woman, like other women, to the man I marry,' exclaimed Miss Rosamond with swelling indignation; 'and I shall tell Jack so, and set us both free.'

CHAPTER II.

'It's the most confounded, the most extraordinary caprice that ever entered into a woman's fancy!'

So spake Jack Walsingham, as, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and his back to the fire, he confronted the sympathising faces of his cousin, Miss Beauchamp, and his friend, Horace Vaughan.

'*Con*founded—is it *un*founded, Jack?' asked Miss Beauchamp quietly.

'Unfounded! why, of course it is. Haven't I looked all my life to marrying Rosie?'

'Yes, that's just it; she thinks it's mere habit—the knowledge that you were always meant for one another, and not real, actual love on your part.'

'Real, actual love! what does the child mean? At least I can say this—if I do not know real love for Rosamond, I never knew it for any other woman.'

'Did you tell her so?'

'Of course I told her so; but all I could say was so much wasted breath. I believe the poor little thing has taken it into her head she is doing a generous thing by me in giving me up, and that's half the meaning of the matter.'

He looked so comically perplexed, that Miss Beauchamp was moved to say: 'I should like to know whether you really care, Jack.'

'Really care, Harriet! Well, I must indeed have been wanting in much, if you entertain *that* doubt! I suppose I have not, of course I can't have been a very adoring lover; I have been so accustomed to think of Rosamond as belonging to me, that I've been careless in asserting my ownership. But, ah cousin! I have had my own thoughts of a home and a fireside perhaps, and Rosie's pretty golden head making sunshine in the dark old house you and I used to call home once; and a man doesn't part with these without a sort of wrench, my dear, little as you may believe it of me.'

Jack's voice grew husky, and Miss Beauchamp, being a warm-hearted and frank lady, immediately rose from her seat, and putting her hands on his shoulders, kissed him.

Mr Walsingham returned the salute with a great deal of heartiness.

Horace Vaughan stared.

'Heyday! good people; pray, don't put any restraint upon yourselves; don't let me be in your way for an instant, I beg.'

'My dear old Jack! I ask your pardon with all my heart!' said Miss Beauchamp, not in any way regarding her betrothed's remark; 'I ought to have known you better. But that silly little Rosie must be brought to her senses, for I know she loves you dearly all the while.—Horace, what's to be done?'

'Can't say, indeed. The difficulty seems to me that Jack is such a horribly prosperous fellow. Something in the way of a good real misfortune would go a long way towards setting matters right, in my opinion. If, for instance, Jack could have a frightful illness, or be smashed in a railway accident, lose an eye—or—or—break his back, or something of that sort, I haven't the least doubt Miss Rosamond would flee to his bedside, nurse him with the most charming devotion, and insist upon marrying him, whether he would or not.'

'Bless her heart! do you think she would?' Mr Walsingham said very tenderly.

'I feel certain she would. I don't doubt that Miss Barrington has formed her idea of how a man in love should conduct himself upon the model of the popular novel hero; and is not that the line of conduct the heroine of the said novel has always adopted, ever since Jane Eyre espoused her maimed and blind adorer?'

'Horace is right: it is the very thing. Jack, you must have a misfortune!' cried Miss Beauchamp with great energy.

Mr Walsingham looked not overeager to perceive the necessity.

'Yes—adversity's the thing!' Miss Beauchamp went on. 'Remember what the poet says, my dear Jack: "Adversity, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head."'

'Decidedly ugly, if it's to come in the shape of a railway smash,' Mr Walsingham replies, dubiously caressing his whiskers. 'I say, Horace, can't it be something short of that?'

Miss Beauchamp looked up at her cousin's stately strength and comeliness. 'Horace, if you please, I can't have Jack disfigured; not permanently; but a wasting illness might be judiciously employed perhaps. I have heard of such things, and in books.'

'Faith! I suppose I'm very stupid; I can't say I comprehend.'

'My good fellow, you *are* stupid,' Mr Vaughan remarked. 'From the bed of wasting sickness, you can indite a most touching farewell, and beseech a last interview, and who'——

'No! I'll be hanged if I can,' interrupted Mr Walsingham most emphatically. 'I couldn't play with any woman's feelings in that way; I couldn't owe my wife to a trick, Harriet.'

'Ah! I thought your impracticable honesty would come in the way presently,' said Miss Beauchamp, trying hard not to laugh. 'Well, Horace, what's to be done?'

'We must wait in humble hope of the misfortune, since Jack won't allow us to expedite matters; or for that not very improbable event of a lady's changing her mind,' answered Mr Vaughan.

'But if I were in Jack's place, it would be long before I would ask Miss Barrington to change it,' said Miss Beauchamp energetically.

'Would it, my dear?' asked Jack, looking at her rather wistfully; 'and yet you are in love with Horace here, or he thinks you are.'

'At any rate, he hopes the best,' returned that gentleman. 'But what has that to do with it?'

'Nothing, perhaps; only I was thinking of some old words: "Love suffereth long and is kind,"' Mr Walsingham said simply.

CHAPTER III.

Rosamond Barrington was seventeen, a beauty, and a spoiled child. These facts must plead her excuse for the follies she was guilty of. If not exactly an heiress into the bargain, she was at least endowed with enough money to give her all the comforts, and a great many of the luxuries that money can supply. She had never known a trouble, for her father and mother had died when she was too young to understand their death; and as the petted ward of kind General Manners, and under the loving care of his maiden sister, she had never realised her loss. Then as if the general and his sister were not of themselves enough to spoil any young maiden, there was the general's nephew and heir, Jack Walsingham, the best-natured, kindest-hearted, easiest-tempered fellow in the world, always putting himself at the beck and call of the little beauty, ready to think all she did was

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right, all she wanted reasonable, and perpetually asserting that, do what she could, and want what she might, she was the loveliest and dearest little lady in all the land. Now, it was perfectly well known to these two playfellows that it had been the earnest wish of their respective parents that their orphan children should espouse one another; in fact, they were betrothed from an early age, though no penalty awaited the breaking of the engagement, if either party earnestly wished it, far less was any compulsion to be used in its fulfilment. But neither party had wished it hitherto. Rosamond loved handsome, kind-hearted John Walsingham with all her heart, and never more than when she took it into her romantic little head that his easy, unexacting affection betrayed his want of all corresponding love for her.

So, when the deed was done, and with all the dignity and composure she could bring to her aid, she had declared her firm belief in the insufficiency of Jack's affection to render either of them happy, and consequently her refusal to fulfil the engagement contracted for them—when Jack had heard this with an amazement that but ill qualified him to plead his cause at all eloquently, and had finally departed, more astounded and incredulous than actually overcome with grief, Rosamond retired to her own room, locked herself in, and cried till she had made herself more really ill than she had ever been in all her life before.

But she had to gird herself up, call up all that faltering pride, gather up the remnants of that troublesome dignity, that was not at all natural to Rosie, and encounter the surprise and concern of the kind general, and far, far worse, the wonder and condolences of his sister. The general saw all the pain in the poor little face when he opened the subject, and though something sore on his favourite nephew's behalf, yet with chivalrous and delicate courtesy, he contented himself with a few words of regret, and alluded no more to the matter. But Miss Adamina, poor lady, was scarcely so forbearing; her curiosity and sympathy were both unbounded; and I am sorry to say that Rosamond more than once was moved to sharpness and wrath, in putting to silence all questions on a subject that in truth touched the poor little heart too keenly as yet to render touching at all endurable.

And so a week went by—a fortnight—a month; spring-days melted into summer ones, Mannerdaile looked its best; the general placidly enjoyed the beauties of his fair dwelling-place; Miss Manners visited her poor, and drove her ponies, and received her select circle of friends; and Rosie pined like a bird in a cage, and thought of sweet summer-days that were gone for ever. For Jack Walsingham came no more to Mannerdaile. How could he, indeed? though, when Rosamond had declared their engagement was at end, she had said also, something wistfully, that that must make no difference in their friendship, of course. But Jack had seen his uncle in London, and had said, that on the whole he must drop Mannerdaile as his home for a while; he didn't think he could see Rosie as yet with merely friendly feelings; and if he was not to contribute to her happiness in the way he had always hoped, God forbid he should vex her kind little heart by carrying the wobegone countenance of a discontented man into her presence. So Jack came no more. There are some among us who can realise all that bare fact was to Rosie. Some of us? ah! how many know what it is to miss a kind, cheerful, manly presence out of our daily lives. Ah! the music of that pleasant whistle, sounding through all the house, the welcome coming of those light firm footsteps, the dear familiar voice, the merry affectionate talk, the pleasant care of having some one's crotchets and whims to gratify and laugh at, who does not remember these? what woman who has had brother or lover to think for, plan for, pray for, and—part with. Those who have, will know what the house was to Rosie when they had all departed. O that dreary silence! O the loneliness of those long days when there was no one to look for, long for, and welcome! Not till he was gone, did she realise all he had been.

So the summer wore on; and that spring-day when she had told Jack Walsingham she would not be his wife seemed so far away, removed by such whole years of regret and grief, that it was almost as if it had happened in another existence. Equally true it was that this quiet, sad Rosamond was quite another creature from the petted, brilliant, light-hearted Rosie that the spring sun had shone on. Neither the general nor his sister ever mentioned Jack's name, and from shrinking at the thought that they might do so, Rosamond came to pine for the sound of it with a wild feverish longing that shocked herself. Harriet Beauchamp, too, had gone to visit her friends in the north, and though she wrote duly to her friend, was much too indignant on her cousin's behalf to speak of him or his doings.

But there came a certain Sunday when Rosamond once more saw her old playfellow. It was, I am sorry to say, at church, when, as Rosamond chanced to turn her head, she saw, with a great upward bound of the heart, Jack Walsingham in the very act of entering the church with the Dacres. I fear, though Rosamond immediately bent her eyes on her book, that henceforth the sacred duty she was there to perform was interrupted by many distracted and rebellious wanderings. Though she never looked in that direction, somehow she seemed to see without looking. Ah, dear! how did she become conscious of the attentive assiduity of Mr Walsingham in finding Miss Dacres's places in her prayer-book? She was confident she never looked towards Jack; then, by what magic was it she was cognizant of his every movement, even to that habitual, thoughtful caressing of his handsome moustache, she knew so well? But once, yes, once, when the service was over, Rosie, with an impulse she could not resist, turned one fleeting glance on her rejected lover, and as if some magnetic influence forced his eyes to meet hers, for one instant the two looked at each other. Jack coloured a little, but he looked quite kindly and steadfastly on his lost love; while Rosie turned hurriedly away, ashamed and comforted, and vexed and glad all at once. Going out of church was only one long sensation of meeting Jack, speaking to him, having her hand in his once more, when they got outside; but somehow the general seemed in a very unusual state of fuss and hurry, and when they reached the gates, handed his sister and Rosamond very hastily into the pony-phaeton, and drove away.

All the rest of that summer Sunday, she waited at home, hoping, longing, sickening. Surely, if he did not come on that day, he would the next. He never could be so near, and not come to see at least—his uncle and aunt. But Monday and Tuesday went—all the week went—and Jack never came to Mannerdaile.

CHAPTER IV.

Then with the autumn came a letter from Miss Beauchamp, containing the astounding intelligence that the general and his nephew had quarrelled. 'I don't know whether you have heard it,' Miss Beauchamp wrote; 'but if not, you must sooner or later, so I have no scruple in speaking of it. I heard it from Jack himself, but he does not tell me, in fact, does not seem very clear about what was the actual cause of quarrel. The general has been testy and unlike himself for some time past when they met in town, almost as if, Jack says, he fancied that he must have been to blame in his conduct towards you, to cause you to break with him. How unfounded such a suspicion is, you must know well, Rosamond. But, as poor Jack says, nothing seems to have gone well with him

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since you cast him off; and now this quarrel with his uncle, whom he dearly loves and reverences, has completed his discomfiture. You are aware that Jack has no claim on his uncle's property beyond his uncle's good-will, and he inherited but little from his father, poor fellow. He talks of leaving England, therefore, where indeed he has little now to keep him, and trying one of the colonies. I think it, for my part, the wisest thing he can do.'

'The wisest thing he could do! To go to the antipodes! Jack Walsingham! Her Jack—to go to the ends of the earth, where she could never see him again! O Harriet, Harriet! could you indeed have a woman's heart in your breast, and write such horrible things with such detestable coolness!'

Thus cried out poor Rosamond, appalled at the magnitude of the calamity that had come upon her. But he should not go; she would fall down on her knees to the general, and beseech him to be reconciled to the best of nephews, who, so far from ever having been wanting towards her, was all too good for one so unworthy. But, alas! the general was away from home, and had afforded no intelligence of his probable return. Miss Adamina, poor soul, was powerless. Well, then, she would write to Jack himself, since she could do nothing else, and pray at least that she might see him once again, if he really intended to leave his native land for ever. Yes, she would humble herself to do that, ah! how gladly. Love between them was over for ever, but at least she might be pardoned for praying to bid her old playfellow God-speed, ere they parted to meet no more. And the letter was written before she had time to tremble and draw back; and all the foolish, erring, but most loving little heart of the writer was in the brief, unsteady lines.

Then came the difficulty of not knowing where Jack resided in London; but after a while, she addressed it to his club, and could only pray, trembling, that it might reach him—which it did, though with some delay; and ah! who shall tell of what cruel hopes and fears that delay was made up to poor Rosamond. But one morning, beside her plate at breakfast, there lay a letter addressed in the well-known writing; Rosamond had to put it quietly aside, knowing she could not read it with becoming composure, whatever it contained; and when prayers and breakfast were over, and opportunity served, and the letter was opened, fast flowed Rosamond's tears over Jack's simple, affectionate epistle.

'It was true,' he wrote, 'that his uncle had parted unkindly with him on their last meeting; true also that he was weary of England, and thought of trying his fortune somewhere abroad. It was true, too, ah how true! that he should like to bid his dear little playfellow (whom he must remember to his dying day with the tenderest affection) good-bye; but in the present state of affairs between him and his uncle, he did not see how he could come to Mannerdaile. And yet,' Jack went on to say, 'now the chance of seeing Rosamond once more had been presented to him, he could not bear to give it up, so—well, if she did not mind—would she take her old walk to-morrow evening by the Dropping Well? But if she saw the slightest objection to this plan—if it gave her the slightest uneasiness—then she was not to do it; no, she was not to think of his disappointment, or let that weigh in her decision. He would blithely take a longer ride than from London to Mannerdaile only for the chance of seeing her.' And so, with a few words of affection, the letter ended. It contained no complaint, no reproach, no lament over what might have been; did not refer to 'blighted hopes' and 'thwarted happiness;' did not, moreover, even make any profession of the love Rosie had doubted; and yet, in every gentle, generous word, in all his simple forgetfulness of self, and tender remembrance of her, Rosie saw how Jack Walsingham had loved her. Yes, now when all was over, and it was too late, Rosamond knew she had been loved—not, perhaps, with the eager, exacting, engrossing passion her foolish little heart had exalted into the place of Love, but with all the tender, unselfish, beautiful truth of a nature so manly and generous as John Walsingham's.

'If she did not mind taking her old walk by the Dropping Well!' As if she would not, like the pilgrims of old, have filled her shoes with peas, and have gone bravely forth over the stoniest and most rugged of ways, if thereby Jack Walsingham would be found at the end of it. The autumn had set in chill and wet, it was extremely damp and sloppy, and the neat little Balmoral boots, with their high slender heels, left quite a perceptible track, by which Miss Rosie might have been traced to the rendezvous on that chill autumn evening, had any one been guilty of such an impertinence.

She had donned a long brown mantle and pretty straw-hat, with its bunch of scarlet poppies, and taken her way out into the park, and away through the sheltered path that led to the Dropping Well. A sweet and airy little figure, slender, well-poised, and graceful as the wind-flower on its stem, but one which would have been more in keeping with summer sunshine, than this mournful autumn day, if it had not been for the tearful light in those large innocent eyes, the wistful sadness that sat on the tender, childish lips. She knew she was much sooner than the time Jack had mentioned, yet could not, do what she would, help quickening her steps till they were almost a run. So, when she reached the old well, no familiar face was there to greet her, no dear, yearned-for voice thanked and blessed her for her coming. She sat down on the edge of the well, and felt as if she had come in vain.

And what a dreary, dreary evening! It was no longer raining, but a fitful wind vexed the fading leaves, and rushing among the trees, made them toss their boughs aloft, with what seemed to Rosie's fancy, wild and despairing pain. Showers of dying leaves shivered to the ground after every one of these gusts, as if, weary of resisting their fate, they were minded to succumb, without more ado, to their fierce enemy, and lie down, once for all, in peace to die. Almost it seemed to Rosie that it would be a good thing for her too to lie down and suffer pain no more.

But now there comes a sound in the distance—faint at first, and often interrupted—that somehow puts all thoughts of dying out of Rosamond's head: a hollow, measured, rapid sound—the beat of a horse's hoofs on the miry road. Nearer and nearer. She cannot see the road from this sheltered nook; but almost she thinks she could tell the tread of Jack's horse from all other horses. Closer and closer; regular, steady, and rapid; ah! if it should go past—if, after all, it should not be he! But it does not go past; there is a sudden splash and splutter among the pools in the muddy road, as of a horse suddenly reined in, a silence, a pleasant manly voice speaking words of praise and fondness to an animal, a quick footstep, and the next instant a well-known figure lightly stepping across the stile that gives entrance to a footway across General Manners's domain.

Rosamond rises, and would fain go forward to meet that coming figure, but her feet seem suddenly like pieces of lead, and her knees knock together. Even when Jack has both her little shaking hands in his, and is saying, in his kind hearty voice: 'Rosie, how dear and kind of you to come!' she cannot speak, because that dreadful aching in her throat tells her that the tears are only waiting her voice to burst forth in torrents. Perhaps Jack sees all the struggle; at any rate, he makes a hurried and imperfect attempt to give a jocose aspect to matters, which, though it falls short of its mark, at least helps Rosamond to a little command over herself.

She sits down again on the edge of the well, and

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looks up piteously into his face. 'O Jack, is it really true? I can scarcely believe it. Are you really going away?'

'Rosamond, don't sit there; your feet must be in a pool; they must, I assure you, my dear.—Well, yes; I think it is true—and best, Rosie.'

'And are you going because of your quarrel with the general? O Jack! I can't think how that could ever have come about. Tell me how it was; and surely, surely, when he loves you so dearly, he can't be angry for long.'

'God bless him!' said Jack heartily. 'No, I don't think he will be; and I couldn't go and leave unkindness behind me with one who has always been the kindest of fathers to me. I don't doubt but that will all be set right, my dear, before I go, never fear.'

'Then why go?' said Rosamond faintly.

Mr Walsingham hesitated. 'To speak truly, Rosamond, my uncle himself almost suggested it. And—and—I scarcely like to speak of these things—but if, as I cannot but think he meant me to understand, I am not to consider myself any longer as his heir, it is the wisest thing I can do, for I have fallen very foolishly into expensive habits, that are not at all justified by any means that come to me from my father.'

'Oh, how wicked and cruel of General Manners!' cried poor Rosie.

'Not at all; no, my dear, you must not think so. I have no doubt he has his reasons, and good ones, though I can't say I understand them at present.'

'But to want you to go away! cruel and hard-hearted old man!'

Jack sat down by Rosamond, and took her hand. My dear Rosamond, pray, never think a harsh thought of my uncle. I am certain he never deserved it of either you or me; and as for my going to Australia or Africa'——

'Africa!' cries Rosamond terrified. 'O no, no, Jack—think of the lions!'

'Ah!' says Mr Walsingham gravely, 'that is a consideration. It is always lions who righteously devour the naughty Jacks and Harries in the story-books. Lions are gifted, perhaps, with a keen moral perception, enabling them to pounce at once upon the good-for-nothing of our species. What do you think, my dear?'

'I think I can't look upon your going away from a laughing-point of view,' Rosamond said sadly.

'Thank you, my dear,' Jack answered, looking at her kindly. Once, as Rosamond could not but remember, a kiss would have come quite naturally at the end of that sentence. But now—O days gone for ever! 'And though I go away, feeling sure it is wisest and best to go,' Jack went on in rather a lower voice, 'don't think I can ever forget all my happiness, and all I have loved very dearly here. Yes, though it please God never to grant me another day such as I have known, I think I shall have had as much real happiness in my short lifetime as would suffice for a long one. And, Rosie, how much of this has been of your giving. Dear love, do not think I shall ever forget it, nor be ungrateful.'

Rosamond was weeping now passionately, but quietly.

He would not see her tears, though they touched him to the bottom of his heart. 'Poor dear,' he thought, 'I might ask anything now, and the poor child, in her pity, would grant it; but I could not be so ungenerous.' Then in a few minutes he rose, and said cheerfully: 'I must not detain you, my dear; it is cold, and getting dusk. But I may write to you, and perhaps see you again. Good-bye, my dear.—Ah, Rosie! Rosie! do not make me wretched!'

For when he had uttered the word 'Good-bye,' and stooped to take her hand, Rosamond had lifted a face to his of such wild and despairing grief, that Jack was moved to that ejaculation.

'My dear,' he said again, 'do not make it so hard to say what must be said—dear Rosamond!'

He would have risen, but the girl put up both her arms till they reached his neck, slowly laid her face down on his breast, and with a long shivering sigh lay quite still.

'Good God!' cried Jack extremely terrified. 'O Rosamond, my darling, speak to me!'

But poor little Rosamond, worn out by many weeks of care and pain, quite overcome at parting, had fainted, and lay on Mr Walsingham's broad breast, unconscious, for a while at least, of all she had suffered, all that she was to suffer. In this extremity, Jack, never having seen a fainting lady before, looked wildly about him for help. Water certainly was all around, but not a drop available; that in the well was far down out of reach; puddles there were in plenty, but could he deluge Rosamond's delicate face with mingled mud and rotting leaves? So, in the emergency, he did what occurred to him at the moment, and pressed a shower of warm, tender kisses on the white cheek, and small, soft, parted lips, and I daresay the remedy was as efficacious as any other would have been; for Rosamond presently opened her eyes, and meeting Jack's, eloquent with pity and love, she drew her arms tighter round his neck, and cried out with a great sob: 'Jack, if you go away and leave me behind, I shall die!'

'My love, my darling must not die!'

'Then take me with you. O Jack, I don't deserve to be your wife; but I love you dearly, and now—I believe you love me.'

'I do, indeed, Rosie; I shall never care for any one else; but my pet must not sacrifice herself. Think how everything is changed.'

'A blessed, happy change,' said Rosie fervently, 'if you will take me with you, always to love and care for you!'

'May God bless my darling!' cried Jack, enchanted, and moved, and perplexed all at once. 'But, Rosamond, you do not know what you are doing. I am a poor man now, and my gracious lady is a land-dowered maiden.'

'Do you mean to say you won't marry me, Jack? For shame, sir, when I have so far demeaned myself as to ask you!' and Rosamond tried to laugh, but her poor little pale face and tearful eyes aided the laugh all too sadly.

'No, indeed—I'm not man enough for that,' Mr Walsingham said. 'Dear Rosamond, I thank God for what seemed hard to me an hour ago, for my trouble has given me you.'

Kisses and embraces, fervent and passionate enough on the part of Jack now.

'Now, my pet, let us consider what is to be done,' Mr Walsingham says presently, with a feeble effort to return to sober everyday matters.

'Yes, dear,' Rosamond replies obediently; 'only it's all settled, is it not, Jack? You're going to Australia, and I'm going with you. I should like it to be Australia, Jack, if you don't particularly care for Africa, because I should not like the lions, and snakes, and fevers.'

But the evening was drawing in, and good-bye must be said—not by any means the good-bye Rosie had come out to say, though, but one out of which all sadness was melted by laughter and tender smiles.

Ah! what another Rosamond was that that glided into the pleasant drawing-room presently, from the one who had stolen forth on her sorrowful errand; and is it not strange and awful to think what happiness, what sorrow the passing moment may bring us!

CHAPTER V.

As arranged between Jack and Rosamond, as soon as General Manners returned to his home, which he did, accompanied by Miss Beauchamp, Jack wrote

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a dutiful letter to his uncle, requesting leave to come to Mannerdaile, to consult him on special business. Rosie, meanwhile, was to say nothing; Jack took all the disclosure of their changed situation on himself.

The general signified his consent to receive his nephew in a curt note, that made Jack wonder and grieve over the changed relations between them; nevertheless, he tried not to look hurt and be stiff, when on the day and at the hour appointed he walked into the library at Mannerdaile. Somewhat to his relief, he found Miss Beauchamp sitting with General Manners; and greatly more to his surprise, she did not attempt to leave the room, though she withdrew to a distant window. After the first few constrained remarks, the general sat coldly silent; while Jack hesitated more and more over saying what had seemed so extremely easy and natural when he had been on the other side of that library-door. At last, he plunged into the subject headlong. 'Uncle, I know I have managed to offend you. I understand, somehow, that you don't feel towards me quite as you used. God knows how it has come about; but I hope I have never given you such cause to think badly of me that you should refuse to give Rosamond to me—now—when I ask her—for my wife.'

'Rosamond for your wife?' says the general. 'I understood she herself declined that honour some months ago.'

'But I have her permission now to ask her hand from you,' answered Jack. 'The fact is, general, Rosamond is a true woman. Perhaps she didn't care much about me while everything went smoothly and prosperously; but now she thinks I am down in the world, and have lost some of the kindness others felt for me once, the dear little heart is eager to make it all up to me out of its own great and generous love. And I think, if I have my little Rosie, I must needs be a happy man, let what will betide.'

There is a subdued sound from the distant window. The general coughs, and uses his handkerchief vehemently.

'Well, of course, I have no wish to prevent a marriage always desired by your respective parents; but it is my duty to point out to Rosamond that your means—that, in fact, she is marrying a poor man. Her own, though sufficient for comfort, are not by any means large.'

'I have already explained to Rosamond what she is doing in taking me,' Jack said rather haughtily. But his face and voice softened when he added: 'Poor dear, as if that would serve any purpose but to confirm her generous one of giving me all she has! But though I am poor, I am not penniless. Of course, I wish all Rosie's money to be settled on herself. It must go hard with me indeed before I ever touch a farthing of it. No—I have what will start us capitally; and once in Australia—we mean to go there'——

'Go to Australia with you, Jack? Rosamond in the Bush, among sheep and cattle! horned cattle! O dear!' cried Miss Beauchamp springing up with a peal of laughter, in which the general joined.

'Well, yes, Harriet,' answered Jack: 'even the horned cattle, joined to all my other misfortunes, haven't the power to scare poor Rosie out of her love for me—God bless her!'

'O Jack! you dear, unconscious old blunderbore!' returned his cousin, still in peals of laughter, 'was not Horace right? See what a blessing it is to have a misfortune!'

'Eh! what?' says Jack, looking in a bewildered manner about him. 'Uncle, do be good enough to explain what there is to laugh at.'

'Well, not so much, after all, Jack, my dear fellow. For really, though all the good has resulted that Harriet was so certain would come to pass, I confess I am a little ashamed at the deception we have played on you. But, Jack, you must forgive me; it was really so very painful to me to act the angry and unpleasant old uncle.'

'And very badly you did it, I'll be bound,' said Miss Beauchamp. 'I wonder Jack was taken in for an instant.'

'Then I am to understand Harriet has been presumptuously arrogating to herself the duties of providence, and providing me with misfortunes?' said Jack, only half-pleased.

'Well, you know you would not consent to have one quietly; and you see all the good that has come of it, you ungrateful Jack.'

'True—good has come; I have my little Rosamond's love, which neither good nor ill fortune can now take from me. But, Harriet, it might have been very different: don't be tempted by success to act as a deputy-providence any more, my dear; there is a troublesome risk in the matter,' Jack said gravely.

'Quite right, my dear boy,' said the general.

'Right, Jack,' echoed Miss Beauchamp; 'and to speak seriously, my plot cost me so much fear and anxiety, that I have no inclination to meddle any more in such matters. Suppose, now, you and Rosamond take it into your heads to lead a cat-and-dog existence—ah me! what responsibility have I incurred. O Jack, be a model husband, if you love me!'

'And don't ever mention Australia in my hearing, if you don't wish to put me to shame,' said the general. 'Jack, I give you my word I shall never be able to endure the name of that colony.—Rosamond in the Bush, indeed! as if I could ever bear Rosamond, or you either, Jack, to be anywhere but at Mannerdaile!'

'And what will Rosamond say, I wonder, when she hears how completely we have both been dancing to Miss Beauchamp's piping?' said Jack, who could not, in spite of all, get over a certain soreness on the subject of his mystification.

'Ah, Jack, if I know Rosamond, she will put pride in her pocket, and thank me for giving her you.'

And Miss Beauchamp was not far wrong.

Rosamond opened wide her eyes when Harriet made confession of her ruse; but after all, none of Jack's rather indignant sense of having been played with entered into her mind; she was too happy to care very much how that happiness was brought about; too happy, almost, to be quite as glad, as, for Jack's sake, she ought to have been, that the general's anger with his nephew had only been simulated to serve Jack's cause. 'Jack and she were to belong to one another for ever and ever,' that was Rosie's only clear thought, and as long as that fact remained, Australia and sheep-farming, or Mannerdaile and its luxuries, were all one to Rosie.

So ended Rosamond's first trouble—her first, not her last, though Rosie says, humbly and thankfully, her greatest.

'I cried out and fretted over the "Crumpled Rose-leaf" in my lot, and God sent me a real trouble, to teach me humility and gratitude.'

BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Man's royalty over the brute creation asserts itself in more ways than one. His dinner provided for, he soon finds other needs to which his dumb lieges can minister, and to carry burdens is among the first and the most important of these. Down deep in the rubbish-heaps beside the buried dwellings of lost races, we find the bones of horse, ox, and dog, along with the flint hatchet and the rude necklace of beads. Whence this useful trio first came, or by what stages of progress they were domesticated, we know no more than we know the pedigree of corn, or the origin of

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artificially-produced fire. The oldest of earth's poems, that grand epic of Job—compared with which, Homer is but a mushroom of modern growth—gives us the war-horse just as we see him now. The clarion neigh of that gallant beast, his pawing and prancing on the desert sand, the fierce swelling of his proud nostrils as he scents the battle afar off, come down to us from the dim past, as home-truths that all can verify.

So far as we can judge, the native continent of the horse—and still more, of the camel—is Asia. In Chinese Tartary alone are found wild animals of both races, wild animals of the true untamed stock, and not mere truants, like the prairie-horse of America, or the runaway camel of the Sahara. Assyria and Egypt—which latter country was always politically connected with Asia and Europe, rather than with Africa—maintained an immense number of horses for purely military purposes, while the ass and the ox did the drudgery of civil life. In those days, the chariots and the horsemen were the strength of an army; the ancients counted up the war-cars as we reckon artillery, and the horse was valued almost wholly for his use in battle and pageant. Abraham, so rich in cattle and sheep, in camels and asses, did not apparently possess a single horse; nor did the junior patriarchs, save Esau, who had cast in his wild lot with the riders of Edom. The ass, used in Egypt and Persia, from time immemorial, by learned and peaceful men, was the most faithful servant of the Hebrew on the road; while the ox trod out his corn, dragged his plough, and drew his cumbersome cart along the dusty high-road.

For a long time, the prohibition of Moses was respected, and the horse was forbidden property to a Jew. The great lawgiver's wish had been to settle his nation permanently in Canaan, as dwellers in walled cities and fixed houses, and to wean them from the nomad life of the tent-speckled wilderness. The Jews, therefore, fought all their early battles on foot; and their habits were stationary, when compared with the gipsy existence of their heathenish cousins in Moab and Idumea. The raids of the fierce Arab horsemen, who galloped like hovering hawks through the village streets in quest of prey, are frequently mentioned by the prophets; and to this day, as in those of Isaiah and Jeremiah, the houses of Palestine are usually fitted with low-browed doors, lest the mounted robber should ride bodily into the dwelling, and snatch his booty without quitting the saddle.

Later, after Solomon had vied in the splendour of his stud of chargers and his array of war-chariots with the pagan monarchs between whose borders his little kingdom lay, we find Jew and Gentile very much alike in matters military—their princes going 'on wheels' to war, their nobles riding to battle and festival on mettled steeds, and the horse in equal renown from the Nile to the Ilissus. The Trojans, on whom Homer constantly bestows the epithet of 'horse-tamers,' were probably envied by the Greeks for their superior skill; and the Thracians, the Yorkshiremen of Greece, were embalmed in sound Greek hexameters and iambics under the guise of Centaurs.

What the classic horse was, we are taught by the frescoes of Nineveh and Luxor, by the friezes of Attica and Argos, and by a thousand carvings of the Roman chisel. On stone entablatures, on Etruscan pottery, on dark-red obelisks, or vigorously cut in sardonyx and carnelian brooches that Volumnia herself may have worn, is the sturdy form of that severely antique animal. From the First Cataracts to Treves or Newcastle, we see the same type of compact equine structure, the same stout body and limbs, the same arching neck, the same uncompromising hog-mane, with characteristic obstinacy in its every bristle. Such, to this hour, are the living descendants of the old Roman breed, the famous Borghese stock, wonderful for their strength and courage, but ludicrous in the eyes of modern jockeys. For many centuries, but two species of the horse, so to speak, were known: one was the solid charger on which Roman knights rode, and which drew the chariots of patrician travellers; the other was the rough-coated, ill-fed pony on which the barbarian journeyed southwards, an unkempt creature enough, but often full of fire and endurance. Such were the shaggy steeds of the Hunnish cavalry, of the mounted Franks and Gepidæ, and of all the grim tribes that pressed on the contracted borders of the sinking empire. If the Quirites scorned the lean nags of the invaders, the latter, in their turn, mocked at Roman horsemanship. It was with bitter contempt, as Tacitus remarks, that the Dacians observed the Roman effeminacy of using stirrups; and, indeed, the masters of the world were more at home on foot than in the saddle.

Mohammed did much for the improvement of horseflesh. When his fierce and hungry disciples rushed forth from their Arabian wilds, conquering and to conquer, they brought with them a multitude of gallant steeds of the pure Nejd stock, whose descendants soon spread from Damascus to Tangiers. Within the space of a few hundred years, the barbs of North Africa, the jennets of Spain, the fine horses of Persia and Egypt, which owed all their merit to Arabian blood, were renowned in every court and camp of civilised Europe. But the necessity of finding animals possessed of bone and substance sufficient to bear the ever-increasing weight of armour, led to the encouragement of the massive Flemish breed. The Flanders markets had almost the exclusive supply of those heavy horses on which the men-at-arms and knights did battle. Hunting-horses came from Normandy, and belonged to that famous stock which still furnishes France with such posters as she needs in these days. The 'Norman runner,' lighter than the Flemish destrier, was in turn surpassed in speed by the pretty Andalusian jennet, on which my lady rode laughingly by her husband's side, with the silver bells of the falcon on her wrist ringing shrilly in the morning air. The 'hobeler,' or light-armed trooper, had simply the fleetest-limbed nag of the cheap native breed that his master's rose-nobles could purchase for his use.

European horses were by no means at their best two centuries, or even a century ago. They had rather fallen off than improved as time went on. Tilting had gone out, much to the discouragement of the breeders or importers of horseflesh. The 'great war-horse' was not wanted any longer, since gunpowder had supplanted steel. The great dray-horse was lurking, unappreciated, in the meadows of Holstein and South Holland. The long-tailed Flanders mares that drew coroneted coaches were slow brutes at the best. The pack-horses which plodded along the infamous roads were such rough-coated creatures as Cæsar had found harnessed to Caswallon's chariot. Cart-horses, riding-horses, were mere galloways, small and poor, and no Christian cavalry could compete with the superbly-mounted Spahis of the Grand Seignior. Louis XIV. liked hunting in a gig. His grandson always rode sturdy horses of the 'punch' class, imported from Suffolk. It may safely be said that, as late as Anne's reign in England, there existed scarcely one horse over fifteen hands in height. Cromwell's Ironsides had done their work on steeds two inches lower than even this moderate standard.

The native English horse was a hardy pony, but still a pony, cheap to buy, and not overwell cared for. Ireland was still worse off in this respect, and Scotland certainly no better. The Highlanders of the seventeenth century had, indeed, a superstitious terror of the war-horse, such as had been shewn by the Peruvians and Aztecs, and the mountain shelty was in appearance more like a bear than a steed. There was no demand then for the 'toy' ponies of Shetland

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or Orkney. The patient donkey, long esteemed in South Europe, was very scarce in England, and almost unknown in Scotland, and mules were rarely seen at any great distance from the Mediterranean.

Yet, when the improvement began, our island had the first fruits and the credit of the change. The Godolphin and Darlington Arabians—both of which were barbs—proved more valuable importations than the treasure of a Spanish plate-fleet could have been.

One great effect in the improvement of horses, which, from England, gradually spread over Europe, was the disuse of oxen for draught purposes. A picturesque sight, still, is the huge wagon crawling slowly along, drawn by its four demure-faced steers, with their large dark eyes, their branching horns, and the monstrous wooden yokes swaying from side to side. But oxen are stubborn, tender of foot, slow of gait, and difficult to turn in a hurry. They never drew willingly, and even the practice of forcing them to pull by the horns had in it something fantastic and unnatural, like the old barbarous plan of 'ploughing by the tail,' against which Elizabeth made laws in Ireland. The donkey—poor fellow—the meekest and most despitefully entreated of servants, was not very plentiful in England till about the middle of the last century. Like some tropical plant, he gets stunted as he goes further north, and is considered useless in Russia and Sweden. In Britain, he is smaller, more ragged, and worse treated than in France or Belgium; while the Spanish donkey surpasses the Italian, perhaps in consequence of better treatment; while in the east the tall white ass is often a kinsman of whom the lordly horse need hardly be ashamed.

Mules have fared better than the poor donkey; those fierce hybrids have extorted an amount of respect, due to their strength and obstinacy, and their surprising talents for kicking and biting, which gentle Asinus has never won. A mule can do a great deal of work, can climb where a horse would dash himself and his burden down the giddy steep to destruction, fattens where a horse would starve, and makes light of rough roads and scorching sun. But perhaps there is no living man—not even Mr Rarey—who could get the better of a really savage mule, one of the tall South-country mules, as big and glossy as fair-sized cart-horses. The very scream of an enraged mule has something demoniacal in it, and their cunning stubbornness is too much for mere mortals to contend with.

The buffalo is as sulky a slave as the good little yak of Tibet and Chinese Tartary is a faithful and trusty servant. There is a dangerous fire lurking in the malignant eye of the black, wrinkled monster, that tells of disgust and smouldering hate. Buffaloes will plough your field or drag your cart, if the goad be sharp and the herdsman adroit; but ever and anon comes a mutiny, and the awkward fiends rise roaring against the enchanter, and try to make an end of him. Not so the yellow-haired mountain ox above mentioned, and without whose brawny shoulders and cliff-scaling feet the caravans could never pass the frozen mountains of China's south-western border, bearing brick-tea, and crape, and copper, and silk to the marts of Lassa and Khiva. The Peruvian, ill-off for beasts of burden, had to press the mountain-sheep, the llama, the vicuna, and even the alpaca, into his service, though no llama can carry a load of more than sixty pounds. The red men of North America, like the Samoyeds and Esquimaux, had no beast of burden but the dog—except the squaw, who uncomplainingly believed that woman's mission was to carry the lodge-poles and skins, the papoose in its bark-cradle, the smoked fish and dried meat, over weary leagues.

The rein-deer is not, strictly speaking, a beast of burden, since he draws the sledge, but carries no load; while the African tribes, from Maitaha to the Cape, have made the ox into something resembling a horse. The Galla's ox, the Zulu's ox, bore his burdens, and served him for a palfrey in peace and a courser in war. There is something appalling in the idea of a charge of savage chivalry mounted on bullback. The true negro, on the other hand, did not subject any species of load-bearing animal to his will; and in China, men have been always looked upon as the true and proper carriers of all weights whatsoever.

The elephant was no doubt very early tamed in India, but was not used, save for military purposes or in state pageantry; it was left for John Company to make the elephant really useful—to keep up a brigade of these colossal labourers, drawing regular rations, doing regular work, and receiving gratifications of arrack for extra toil. In making roads through a jungle-country, or in railway-making among the hills, elephants are very valuable. They will work even when the mahout is absent, like so many human journeymen, rolling logs, piling stone, carrying wood; they can climb in a way that surprises the novice, going up the steepest hill with their cautious, spreading feet. When in good-humour, they will squeeze themselves against the side of a narrow forest-road, trumpeting forth a well-meant invitation to some rider to pass without fear, and this even when the driver is away looking after some other of the laden brutes. It is curious to hear the gentle, murmuring complaint, between a cough and a smothered squeal, with which an elephant paces along under a burden that he would fain be rid of, were not his discipline too perfect for disobedience.

The camel is anything but dumb when fully laden, be it a stately Arabian ambling under a thousand pounds, or a two-humped Bactrian with six hundredweight on its back, or a Moorish dromedary that finds a man and a crimson saddle, with valise, gun, and water-skins, quite load enough, but which can perform amazing feats of speed and endurance. A camel sighs, grunts, and makes the most dismal noises conceivable, all the more strange for the ghostly silence with which its spongy feet fall on the gravel of the desert. Gentle as the creature appears when in experienced hands, it can do fearful mischief at times, and its bite is more dreaded by the Arabs than that of a panther. It seldom bites men, however; but its ferocity towards other camels, and especially strange camels, is something wonderful, so spitefully do a brace of loose ones belabour one another with fore-feet and grinning teeth. Damp and cold combined kill a camel, but it would seem as if nothing else can. They are essentially good servants for the pioneers who have to make their rugged way across roadless and ill-watered lands; and in Australia and South America they will no doubt be found almost as useful as they have been for countless ages in the elder world.

BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling;
He 's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave:
One voyage, though it 's short, is sufficient,
When our ports are the Cradle and Grave.

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LOST AND FOUND ON RAILWAYS.

THE Board of Trade tells us that there are now somewhere about twelve thousand miles of railway open for traffic in the United Kingdom; that two hundred million journeys are made, or seven journeys in a year for every man, woman, boy, and girl (not forgetting the babies) among us; that the trains which carry these passengers run sixty million miles; that the goods' trains carry a hundred million tons of merchandise and minerals annually, and eight million sheep, and four million quadrupeds of other kinds; that there are needed, for carrying all these live and dead treasures, between six and seven thousand locomotives and tenders, five-and-twenty thousand passenger-carriages, and something near a quarter of a million wagons and trucks of various kinds! Almost every railway passenger takes *something* with him into the train which may easily be lost, even if it be only his walking-stick; while elderly ladies, whether of the Mrs Grundy or the Mrs Gamp class, are often imbedded in an amazing assemblage of bags, boxes, baskets, bundles, bird-cages, and umbrellas. As such ladies never *can* find their railway-tickets when the collector applies for them, they become flurried, and are in a fair way for leaving something or other behind them. Many odds and ends may thus be left in the carriages; some on the arrival-platform; some in the booking-office or the refreshment-room; and some in the cloak-room, where they are 'left till called for,' and then somehow neglected. Then, again, there are those articles of passengers' luggage which are placed in the luggage-van or on the roof, and which occasionally come to grief. Then the parcels' vans, with which the passengers have nothing to do, contain a varied assemblage of light goods, which occasionally fail to meet with their proper owners. And there are the heavier articles which go by goods' train, and which are not altogether exempt from these troublesome vicissitudes.

If we inquire into the daily routine pursued by the companies, we shall see how much trouble they take that the passenger and his luggage shall not be unduly parted; or, if so, that they shall be brought safely together again. Whenever a passenger-train arrives at the end of its journey (generally at a terminal, or principal station), a porter from the Lost-luggage Office enters every carriage, and looks on and under every seat, and into all the nooks and corners, to search for anything that may have been inadvertently left there by the passengers. If any articles are found, he takes them at once to a superintendent, who records in a book a description of each article—stating on what day, by what train, and in what carriage it arrived, and by whom found. If it is an article bearing a legible address, it is kept for a day or two, and if no applications are made for it during that period, it is forwarded to the proper address by rail or other conveyance. If, as is much more frequently the case, the article bears no address on the outside, it is kept for a month; and if no clue is obtained during this period, it is opened. It may be that some intimation of the owner is contained within; if so, a letter is sent to him, stating the facts of the case. When, however, a whole month has passed, and no news can be obtained of the proper ownership, the article is consigned to a repository, or 'refuge for the destitute,' where it takes its place among the strange medley of odds and ends. Even now the company have a thought for the bereaved owner; they give him an opportunity of coming forward and presenting his claim. They are not niggardly desirous of appropriating the carpet-bag that Benjamin Blunder may have left in the train; or the parasol which thoughtless Miss Miffins has omitted to take care of. They keep the lost or left luggage at least a year, some companies two years; and then, lest the articles should actually fall to pieces, or become offensively musty through long keeping, they are sold by auction—a whole year's accumulation, perhaps, being sold at one time. Different companies adopt different plans in appropriating the money; but it is generally applied to some kind of sick-fund or friendly society among the humbler class of the company's servants. At first the railway servants themselves were accustomed to purchase at these auctions; but it was afterwards seen that it would be better to remove from them this kind of temptation to be interested in other people's property.

Sometimes, instead of the lost luggage crying out for an owner, the owner cries out for the lost luggage. If a passenger sends on his portmanteau or carpet-bag by another train; or if it be sent by train without reference to his travelling at all; or if it be neglected in changing from one train to another at a junction station; or if it fall off the roof of a carriage through insufficient strapping; or if it be mislaid in the luggage-van; or if the owner alights at an intermediate

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station and forgets his luggage; in short, if any one of a score of mishaps occurs, whereby the owner and his luggage become unwillingly parted—then he writes, we will say, to the secretary of the company, stating the nature and the circumstances of his loss, and entreating, or perhaps demanding restitution. He little thinks what trouble the companies often take in such a matter. There is a 'Luggage Inquiry Book,' or something of the kind, kept at the lost-luggage office of the chief station; this is consulted, to see whether the missing article has been brought to the office from any of the stations on the line. On the long lines, there are two or more lost-luggage offices, and inquiry is made at each of these in the first instance. If no success attends the search, the clerks write, or send printed blank-forms filled up, to every station on the line, or every station where there is the least probability of the article being found. The companies do not finally give up the search until all these endeavours are made; if the article is found, they send it to the owner; if not, they write to tell him that it is not on their line or premises. The railway companies have doubtless faults enough to answer for; and the all-powerful 'Editor of the *Times*' is often appealed to as a redresser of grievances; but if the public knew how much trouble is given by the heedlessness and stupidity of certain passengers, they would see that there is something to be thankful for to the companies after all.

Sir Francis Head, several years ago, when the railway system was comparatively in its infancy, wrote a graphic article in the *Quarterly Review*, descriptive of the Euston Square Company's operations generally. Among other matters, he noticed the 'Lost-luggage Office,' as it was in those days; or, as he called it, the 'Foundling Office,' where lost luggage (or *found* luggage, more correctly speaking) was deposited until the proper owner claimed it. He described the vaulted chamber, in which lost luggage was deposited for two years before being sold by auction: 'It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is in the compartments, like great wine-bins, in which all this lost property is arranged. One is choke-full of men's hats; another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained—we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan plaids, and red scarfs, piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages, who wear red cloaks, &c., must, in some mysterious way or other, be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends; in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston Station; for how else, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us? Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave, there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmanteaus, writing-desks, books, Bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement, which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden, not only in 'a bustle' behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions. One gentleman left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another, his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22d Regiment had left his knapsack, containing his kit! another soldier of the 10th—poor fellow!—had left his scarlet regimental-coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the ecstasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful Jeanie, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bag-pipes! Some little time ago, the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, sixty-five pounds in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner. This owner, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at a hotel in Birmingham, that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway-office.'

All that Sir Francis Head saw and said is still to be seen and said, and very much more; for railway-passengers have vastly increased in number, without being any more free than before from the besetting sin of heedlessness. All the great railway companies hold their annual auctions of this lost or found, or neglected property, at the termination, probably, of the two years' chance which they give to the owners. A medley indeed is that which is presented at these sales! In addition to all the sources of lapse which have already been noticed, there may be others. A bulky article of small value, on which the carriage-fee is heavy, may be *purposely* ignored by the consignee; or he may be dead, or get into trouble; or he may have been beaten in a wrangle with the company about the charge, and have forfeited the article—in short, there is no end to the peccadilloes and little troubles that may bring luggage and merchandise into this position; and thus the variety of articles is very great indeed.

We have lately attended one of these railway lost-luggage auctions, or 'clearance sales,' at the goods' station of one of the great companies; and we will ask the reader to look at the picture which we will endeavour to paint for him. In the first place, the intending buyers, who are making a preliminary examination of the property, are unmistakably among the humbler dealers of London—that is, dealers who live and deal, buy and sell, in the dusky regions of the metropolis. The Hebrew features are visible on many around us, as is usually the case at such places; but Hebrew or Christian, a wide-awake alertness marks them all. If, on the one hand, they are desirous of giving no more than it is worth for any article which they purchase; so, on the other, they are anxious that no good bargain should escape them, no lucky chance be lost through a want of careful examination, no treasure allowed to fall too cheaply into the hands of others. They all know the 'state of the market' with wonderful accuracy—that is, they know where and to whom they can sell any of the miscellaneous property they may acquire; and they can correctly estimate the price obtainable for each kind at any particular time. If the word *scavenger* had not come to have an unpleasant sound and meaning, we might almost apply it to these gentry. They furnish practical and daily proofs that there is nothing really useless in this world of ours; that everything is of value if we only know how to apply or adapt it; and they really are valuable members of society in their small way. We speak now of the purchasers of the odds and ends that are presented at the sales, the medley of things which can with difficulty be grouped or classified; of course, the more valuable articles would find purchasers under any circumstances. There is no 'reserve' here; the things are put up for absolute sale; and the bidders therefore know that each lot will really be 'knocked down' to him (or her) who will bid the highest. Whether two or more of them cunningly agree that they will *not*

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compete with each other, and that they will afterwards share the lots which may possibly thus be obtained at a cheaper price—is known only to themselves; but the auctioneer is a sharp man at his trade, and has his own decisive way of frustrating this plan if it be carried too far.

What a medley it is! Here are 'two coats,' and here 'two coats,' and here 'two coats,' and so on through several lots in the catalogues. And here a piece of string binds together 'five youths' coats and one jacket.' One liberal lot comprises 'twelve coats;' another, 'nine coats and four jackets;' another, 'fourteen pairs trousers;' and another, 'twenty vests.' There is no reason to believe that these groupings are such as were actually left or lost by the passengers; the lots are made up into saleable bundles, to suit different kinds of purchasers. To how many men the 'twenty vests' had belonged, and how the vests and the men became parted—are questions never likely to be answered. The lots of 'railway-wrappers,' 'scarf-shawls,' 'cloaks,' and 'waterproof capes,' are numerous—as the reader may anticipate. The underclothing is, in its way, nearly as abundant as the outer; for 'twelve shirts' form a lot which is repeated many times over; and some of the lots contain 'eighteen' or 'twenty' shirts. Then there are sixteen 'night-shirts;' 'five shirts and three pairs flannel drawers;' 'nine flannel shirts, six flannel jackets, two pairs drawers.' Into the mysteries of female attire we do not venture to penetrate; but ladies must decide for themselves how it is that railway companies are enabled, or perhaps driven, to make up such lots for sale as 'ten skirts, twelve bodies, and nine petticoats;' 'twelve aprons, one cloak, two petticoats, and four jackets;' 'forty-six aprons and four pairs stays;' 'seven chemises, seven night-gowns, three petticoats, and six flannel ditto.' Nor are little folks forgotten; for there is a large bundle designated 'a quantity of children's wearing apparel.' There are quantities of *household linen*, such as towels, breakfast-cloths, dinner-napkins, table-cloths, sheets, quilts, bed-ticks, and pillow-cases. There is a table full, or rather, several flat glass-cases full of *jewellery* and *trinkets*—among which, gold and silver watches, chains, keys, lockets, pencil-cases, gold pens, brooches, studs, rings, smelling-bottles, fruit-knives, pen-knives, eye-preservers, eye-glasses, spectacles, bracelets, ear-drops, opera-glasses, race-glasses, and purses, are plentiful. *Books* are treated in a very *un*literary way; they are lumped together disrespectfully, as if 'Bradshaw' and Shakspeare were of equal value in the eyes of the world. Here are 'twelve books,' and 'twenty-eight books,' and 'twenty-nine school-books,' and 'a quantity of foreign books.' The only clearly-defined lot in this portion is 'fifty-four Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books.' The *umbrellas* are in amazing force, tied together in half-dozens, dozens, and even double-dozens, and comprising all kinds, from luxurious silk down to humble gingham. One lot would have set up a small shop at once—'seventy umbrellas, various;' especially if aided by 'sixty-five walking-sticks,' which form another lot. Of course, parasols and sun-shades are also here. Then we come to another mass of clothing, grouped in a way that none but 'Old Clo' would know how to manage; for what would an ordinary purchaser do with 'thirty hats,' 'nine neck-wrappers,' 'seventy-one falls, various' (a fall, we surmise, is a lady's veil), 'thirty-five lawn and cambric handkerchiefs,' 'thirteen boas and seven cuffs,' 'two hundred caps,' 'fifty-one straw-hats,' 'two hundred and sixty-four stockings and socks,' 'a hundred and six collars, five fronts, thirty neck-ties, and one cap,' or 'fourteen hundred gloves?' Nor could any but a shopkeeper, we should suppose, know how to dispose profitably of 'eighty-eight brushes, various,' or 'twenty-four elastic belts and twenty-two combs,' or 'thirty-four cigar-cases and fifteen pouches,' or 'twenty-three razors, eleven cases, three strops, seven pairs scissors, forty-seven knives, ten spurs, rule, and pair nut-crackers.'

Many of the articles are obviously from the Goods' Department; they were not passengers' luggage left or lost at the stations; they had been in parcels' or goods' trains, and had lost their covers in many different ways. For instance, a chest of tea; a mahogany loo-table and easy-chair; a moderator-lamp, and a Dutch clock; five American folding-chairs; a hammock, bed, and bolster; two hampers of rags, a cask of twelve-inch spikes, two dozen goat-skins, twenty thousand drilled-eyed needles, a pocket of hops, a set of fire-irons, six bags of cattle-food, a quantity of camel-saddles, a cask of tar, sixteen bundles of hoops, a cask of putty—such things can surely have little to do with passenger-carriages.

If the reader should ask whether these heterogeneous lots went off cheaply or otherwise, we must candidly own our inability to say; for we do not know what is cheapness in such matters. It certainly seemed to *us* cheap for the coats to go off at five shillings each on an average; and we pondered on the probable handsome profit derivable from such purchases as twenty vests for nine shillings, eighteen shirts for twenty shillings, and fourteen pair of trousers for twenty-one shillings. It will be for womankind to say whether nine shillings was a fair price for the 'forty-six aprons and four pairs of stays,' or nineteen shillings for 'ten dresses and a morning-gown,' or fifteen shillings for 'ten skirts, twelve bodies, and nine petticoats.' Knowing something of books, however, we were rather struck with the fact that the 'fifty-four Bibles, Testaments, and Prayer-books' went off for the small sum of twelve shillings.

A LONG SLEEP.

MUSTAPHA AGA joined us at breakfast, on board our Dahabéëh, or Nile-boat, which was moored to the western bank of the river at Thebes.

Mustapha is an important man at Thebes; English travellers passing there would hardly know how to do without him. He receives their letters sent from Cairo by the running-post; tells them all the gossip of the season; who is up the river, how long they will stay, what they propose doing; gives them information; and if they are in any difficulty on account of the insubordination of their boatmen, sees them righted. Woe betide the culprits brought before Mustapha!—he has the governor of Thebes at his beck; and the governor is noted for the muscular servants he possesses, who wield those instruments of punishment so dreaded by followers of the Prophet, *korbaj* by name, made from the tough hide of the hippopotamus. I have seen poor unfortunates limping about for days after a visit paid to the governor.

Mustapha is English consul at Thebes—without salary. You will find his name in the book. He is proud of the title, proud of the post; but he is a good Mussulman. We called at his house one evening just before sundown; he was not in, the slave said. So we waited, sitting down on a divan in the porch. He inhabits a comfortable dwelling, built of unburned brick, after the manner of Egyptian houses, tolerably roomy and well ordered. But the chief feature about it is the portico—a portico that would put to the blush and dwarf any similar structure in Europe, let us say. It is a colonnade, formed of some dozen lotus-topped pillars, set up there by King Rameses; and the house just nuzzles its porch between two of these stately columns, reminding one of a barnacle clinging on to a rock. Far above, on a colossal architrave, floats the British flag; and under its protection, Mustapha may buy or sell, or garner his harvests, without fear of unfriendly visits from the

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pacha's toll-gatherers. Thus we sat in the doorway, at the top of a flight of steps, a giant column on either hand—looking across the river over the plain of Thebes, and watching the solemn sunset crimson temple and tower, flush into life the pictured pillars beside us, settle on the highest crag of the distant mountains, and then turn all to gray. It was in the last few days of the month of Ramadan, and groups of good Mussulmans, squatting around in the sand, were anxiously awaiting this hour, that they might break their fast. Not a fingan of coffee or a chibouke must be touched before sundown—to say nothing of solid food—but the one was bubbling on the fire of sticks, and the other was in hand fully charged with tobacco ready to be lit.

In the midst of this, our friend galloped up, and leaping off his horse, received us with profuse courtesy; touching the breast and forehead to each, and finally shaking hands all round. 'We have come to tell of our arrival, and pay our compliments.' Mustapha was overcome with pleasure at the honour done him. Would we not have some coffee? How was it his slaves had not already supplied us? His house and all that was in it were our own. Presently, he began to tell us the current gossip, and to speak with animation of his diggings in the Abd-el-Goorneh Hill. His men had that day lighted on a fresh tomb, he said; they broke through the rock into it just as he was about to depart that afternoon, and he had thereupon given strict orders that no man should touch a pick or remove a stone till his arrival next morning. Would we like to accompany him, and see the untouched tomb and coffin *in situ*? Good; then so it should be. So it was arranged that Mustapha should breakfast with us before we started for the mountain. We were to send our little felucca across for him at seven.

We were not afraid of asking a friend to breakfast or dine, for fortune, who had used us scandalously in many other ways, had been favourable in providing us with a good cook. He was a Nubian, a wonderful man, who would supply you with a dinner fit for the Prophet, out of materials manifestly inadequate for the occasion. Thus, in our excursions far from village or town, we somehow never came to want; in strange places along the river, where of necessity there must have been great lack of raw material, course after course of mysterious dishes would come to table and pass away, till you were lost in wonder at the man's ingenuity.

This particular breakfast passed off, I believe, to the satisfaction of all concerned in it. There was the usual eastern difficulty with the knife and fork, but the Nubian's talent was duly appreciated. Afterwards, we gathered up our legs on the divans in our little cabin, and the inevitable coffee and chibouks were brought in, our little black servant going round with pieces of hot charcoal to set light to the latakia.

The horses were waiting for us on the river-bank; we could see them through the little window-panes of our cabin; and a host of lightly-clothed donkey-boys and girls, antique-vendors, guides, and others, were sprawling about in the hot sand, lying in wait to pounce upon us when we should come out. This they did not fail to do, as one and another of us, after finishing his chibouke, stepped across the plank on to the shore. However, the sight of Mustapha and his pipe-bearer rather took them aback, especially as the latter carried in his hand a lithe switch, which, from their anxious glances, they seemed to respect mightily. It was a glorious morning. The purple mountain towering up from the level country, five miles away from the river in the west, at whose foot Mustapha was quarrying, shone out in the early sunshine in all its gorgeous colouring, apparently in that clear air not a rifle-shot distant; while the templed palaces of Medinet Haboo, to the left, were yet half slumbering in shade.

A gallop across the plain of Thebes in the brisk morning air is a pleasant proceeding. The horses were fresh; but the first furlong or two led over a strip of deep sand, that buried each footstep. Here we became a prey to the antique-sellers, who hung about us with their false wares, jabbering a strange mixture of English and Arabic; we shook them off immediately on touching the hard soil. And so we were away, following-my-leader in and out among the plantations of cotton and tobacco, where an Arab peasant or two stopped their song to stare at us passing by, or a mother lying in the shadow looked up from toying with her child; past a palm-grove sheltering a little white village, hardly yet astir, on through the cornfields, to the edge of the funereal lake, down whose deep bank we footed it carefully, and the water being low, forded the horses across, scaring the wild water-birds from their bed. On again, skirting for a little the further shore, where the oxen-turned *sakias* were droning their weary round, and sending their little rivers in among the corn. On, to where Memnon and his companion are seated in their long, long watch, for ever gazing toward the rising sun, peering afar into the east for something yet on its way; past a little roadside well, where our Arabs stayed to fill the leathern water-bottles slung to the saddle-bow. On still—where great Rameses' statue has been rent asunder, and struck down prostrate as if by magic; where the sunshine was lighting up the sculptured walls of his palace, and slanted through its columned corridors, just as when the Pharaoh's own footsteps trod its marbled pavement.

Now for a final scamper of about a mile, where the desert closes with the green shore, and we are at the foot of the mountain; here it is necessary, after crossing a few paces of sand, to dismount and climb.

The hill Abd-el-Goorneh, a kind of stepping-stone to the great mountain, in common with the whole Libyan range in this neighbourhood, is of limestone formation—craggy, precipitous, and utterly barren of vegetable life, but picturesque and stately in the extreme. The ascent of the hill and part of the lower strata of the mountain are honeycombed with tombs, long since despoiled and rifled of their dead; some open to the sunshine, which floods in upon their painted walls; others, deep in the bowels of the rock, hidden amid intricate passages, corridors, and halls, capacious enough, when once reached, but accessible only by the visitors burrowing through apertures and long passages, hardly bigger sometimes than a drain, and not by any means so straight.

Though the dead have been torn from their dwellings, and the tombs left desolate, yet some of these latter still exhibit on their walls a sumptuousness of painting and imagery that is quite marvellous to contemplate. The artist has portrayed, in unfading colours, an epitome of the owner's life and career on earth—his farming, his merchandise, his amusements; the houses he built, and the entertainments he gave; his death and passage across the funereal lake; and his final appearance before Osiris, the judge of all. Now his soul is weighed in the balances, in the presence of the dread assessors—now, having passed the ordeal, he enters through the gates of Amenti into the blissful abodes, where Netpe receives him, and gives him to eat of the fruit of the sacred sycamore, which grows in her ever-blooming gardens, and where Isis clothes him in eternal youth.

Besides the myriad tombs of all conditions and sizes, ranged over the hillside, which have been ransacked, the mountain holds in its embrace probably thousands more still intact, so cunningly closed up and hidden in the first instance, and so covered since by the débris of ages, as to have defied the spoiler's ingenuity. It was in search of these that our friend Mustapha and his excavators were occupied; and not only they, but others, with or without licence,

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were quarrying about over the face of Abd-el-Goorneh, doing incalculable damage in their search for fresh grottoes and mummies. It will be remembered that Mr Marriet, the French antiquary in the employ of the pacha, hit upon a treasure here, a few years back, in the person of an Egyptian queen, swathed and mummied, whose jewellery and the gold ornaments enshrouded with her were, by permission, shewn in our last Great Exhibition, and attracted universal wonder by their beauty and costliness.

Leaving our horses in charge of the Arabs, we addressed ourselves to climb this friable limestone hill. It was an uneven pathway, at times sloping upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, again leading on to a broad platform almost level, where the rock was covered with débris mixed up with fragments of mummies, legs, arms, skulls—decapitated bodies sometimes—and in such profusion, that it was difficult to avoid stumbling over the ghastly things. The Arab vampires, in their search for ornaments, had not even troubled themselves to unroll the mummies, but had torn them in haste limb from limb, so that they lay everywhere with their linen bandages half unrolled, and dangling about to catch your feet. Furthermore, the whole rock-side abounded in pitfalls, so that it was really difficult to avoid coming to grief in one way or other.

The grotesque position into which some of these armless trunks and skulls had got placed, and the hideous profusion of them, led me to remark to one of the dusky resurrectionists, that I wondered a phalanx of ghosts or djinns did not drop upon him, and drag him before Eblis himself. The dragoman, interpreting his reply, told me, 'Him say, Arab make mummy into fire—boil him pot; dis old people, sare, make very good fire-blaze;' and, suiting the action to the word, he laid hold of the bituminous leg of some poor unfortunate, and tearing off the pitched mummy-cloth still adhering in dozens of thicknesses, assured me that nothing was equal to it for making a good flame.

On passing up the craggy and uneven sides of this hill, we would occasionally find a short-cut through the exposed corridor of some tomb, the paintings on whose walls were still fresh and brilliant, although wide open to the glare of day. I may instance one out of many an episode of fashionable life, very graphically told. The artist has portrayed an entertainment given by the owner of the tomb to a party of friends; he sits lovingly beside his wife in a chair on a sort of dais, having received the guests in turn. These latter are seated in rows before the host and hostess, men and women apart, sniffing at their lotus nosegays, while slaves are handing round all manner of good things—wine and fruits, precious ointment to anoint the head, and garlands of flowers to hang about the necks of the ladies; there is also music and dancing going on; but one very late guest has just driven up to the door in his curricle; he reins in his horse with all the air of a modern dandy stopping suddenly to speak with a friend in Longchamps, let us say, or Hyde Park; his half-dozen running-footmen arrive panting, one raps at the door, while the others attend with his tablet, sandals, and stool; thus the great man waits to be ushered into the assembly. I am the more induced to mention this spirited representation of high life, as the wall on which the subject is painted is evidently being fast knocked away piecemeal, and will probably soon disappear altogether.

Finally, we arrived at a kind of broad landing, where a number of nearly naked Egyptians were sprawling about in the sun, awaiting Mustapha's arrival. The irregular surface of the rock here induced us to step carefully, the more so as quantities of loose stone were lying about, sometimes nicely balanced on the brink of the numerous holes which had been sunk in hopes of lighting upon a tomb; thus, a false footing might land you at the bottom of a pit with anything but comfort to yourself; as it was, we could hear at each step fragment after fragment rumbling down to the bottom. The men pressed round Mustapha, talking and gesticulating as they led the way onwards, till we arrived at the edge of a deep hole, some twenty feet down perhaps, where, at the bottom, a passage led to our newly-found tomb.

Two or three Arabs let themselves down, and made a back for our friend, who followed, and then they disappeared from below. It was difficult to get near the pit's mouth by reason of the rocky débris thrown up round the edge, and which was continually sliding in. Presently, Mustapha's voice was heard notifying that there were two coffins down there in different niches. We dropped ourselves as carefully as possible, one Arab standing crossway in the hole, and one above, so as to hand us from one to the other. When at the bottom, each one lit his candle, and dived into a kind of horizontal passage, in which we were obliged to lie prostrate, and wriggle ourselves along, serpent fashion, holding forward the candle in one hand, and reserving the other to help in locomotion. Presently we emerged into a sort of rough-hewn cavern, some four paces square, whose low roof would hardly admit of our standing upright in it; here, shaking ourselves from the dust accumulated in the passage, we looked about, and perceived the entrance to two smaller chambers opening from the central one, each of them rough hewn, and without any touch of ornament. Crowding into one of these, we crept round a large painted coffin, standing in the midst. It was terribly hot with five or six people stuffed in that little cavern, each one with his candle, and just enough place, in a crouching attitude, to encircle the bier.

Not a soul had ever beheld it since the day of its burial, when a sorrowing wife or child, may be, had gazed her last, left the entrance securely closed, as we had seen, then turned away, and gone back to the outer world of everyday-life, in the busy streets of magnificent Thebes. Since then, how many long years had the sleeper passed in that solitary chamber, unheeded, silent, alone!

It was a painted mummy-case, pictured over with coloured hieroglyphics and figures. The lid had been carved at one end to represent the face of the occupant—the flaps of the head-dress being brought over the curl of the shoulders to lie on the breast—and at the other, raised in the form of feet; from the middle proceeded two wooden hands, crossed and grasping tightly the symbols of Eternal Life. All along the top had been placed wreaths of bay-leaves, strung on to a branch or two of the palm; a garland of amaranth was lying there also, and at the foot of the coffin stood a little painted box, containing half-a-dozen wooden figures of some deity. A fine, white, impalpable dust was thinly spread over everything—it had probably settled there before the tomb was finally closed up—every leaf on the lid was found to be perfect, though brittle, and they all crumbled away as we removed the wreaths; but the palm-rods were strong and hearty still.

Mustapha directed the Arabs to remove the two coffins—the other being similar to the one described—to the upper air. This they accomplished by tying ropes round them, dragging them through the passage, and so hauling them up to daylight, not, however, before they had wantonly knocked off the two carved hands, in order to facilitate the proceeding. One of the cases, by being swung against the sides of the pit, in its progress upwards, was so much damaged, that, on coming to the top, we opened it there and then. By the side of the swathed and mummied sleeper we found his walking-stick, an acanthus staff, some four feet long, knotty at one end, and worn smooth by the hand in his journeying through life; so they had buried it with him in death;

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also, from the foot of the case we took out a pair of leathern sandals, soiled and rough with wear. He had set out on a long journey, and his friends had laid the familiar staff and shoes by his side.

On unrolling the body, we did not come upon any jewellery or ornaments among the interminable folds of the cloth, where they may generally be looked for. The sleeper was evidently an old man of the lower rank of life, an artisan, perhaps, whose friends, though not able to afford a sumptuous burial or sculptured tomb for his use, were yet rich enough to pay for the apothecary's embalment, to enclose the mummy carefully in a pictured coffin, to hew out for it a sure sepulchre in the rock, as we had seen, and lastly, to deck it with loving hands in wreaths and garlands, ere they looked a final farewell.

Vain hope, of rest through the ages, undisturbed, till the welcome call of Osiris should waken the sleeper to immortal life! We had broken into his solitude; half-a-dozen Arabs had dragged him up into daylight; they had torn off his shroud before a circle of gaping Western travellers, and scattered his bones over the rock, to become fuel for Arab watch-fires.

So we departed—Mustapha having first divided the spoils among us (the box of idols, sandals, and staff); but the coffin was to be used for a packing-case. We took also the palm-branches from off the latter, as a memento, thereby exciting the infinite contempt of the Arab who had to carry them, and who finally broke them about his donkey's back as we rode homeward across the plain.

THE DISPERSION OF SEEDS.

It must be obvious that the immense quantity of seed which plants generally produce could never germinate in their immediate neighbourhood, and, therefore, as the seed ripens, the pericarp or seed-vessel gradually assumes such an organisation as is calculated to effect its dispersion or removal to a more distant locality. The dissemination of seed is, therefore, the result of the peculiar organisation of the seed-vessel, rather than of the seed itself, which seed-vessel presents some of the most interesting and beautiful contrivances in nature.

Sometimes the pericarp (Greek *peri*, around, and *karpos*, fruit) opens elastically with a spring-like mechanism, and discharges the seed contained in its cavity to a considerable distance. The seeds of the castor-oil plant, of the common garden balsam, and of the common furze or whin bush of Europe, are separated from their pericarps in this manner. In *Hura crepitans*, a plant belonging to the natural order *Euphorbiaceæ*, or the Spurge family, which grows in the West Indies and in South America, the seeds are projected from the strong bony envelope of the pericarp as soon as it opens, which it does with immense force, and with a report as loud as a pistol. The bursting of seed-vessels in this manner is due entirely to mechanical causes, and attributable to the state of the tissues, which, possessing unequal power of imbibition and unequal elasticity, are torn apart. It is a case of what is called in common language 'warping,' and can scarcely be regarded as vital phenomena, being a definite mode of destruction of dead structures resulting from special structural conditions.

The pericarps of the thistle and dandelion, and other species of *Compositæ*, have attached to them a beautiful stellate down, contrivances which are evidently intended to catch the wind, and by means of which they are removed, when fully ripe, from off the surface of the receptacle of these plants, and wafted to a distance, to spots favourable to their germination. The pericarps to which these appendages are attached will sometimes travel for miles, until a shower of rain or a humid atmosphere causes the tuft to collapse, when the pericarp falls to the ground. In some instances, as in the thistle, this down projects directly from the surface of the pericarp, like the feathers of a shuttlecock; in the dandelion and goatsbeard, it is supported upon a stalk, which elevates it above that surface. In the last plant, each fine hair of the tuft is itself a feather, forming altogether one of the most elegant and perfect of objects. The cryptogamous or flowerless plants, as ferns and mosses, have a very extensive geographical diffusion. Their spores are so light and microscopic, that they rise in the atmosphere, and are conveyed over the ocean by currents of air. Hence many genera, and even species of moss and fern, are common to North America and Europe. In other species, the pericarps are furnished with hooked hairs, as in galium and burdock, by means of which they cling to the bodies of men and animals, and are thus scattered far and wide. It is impossible to traverse the woods or marshes in autumn without having such pericarps forced upon our attention. The achenia or horny indehiscent pericarps of *Bidens bipinnata*, or the Spanish needles, are especially troublesome. The achenia of this plant are surmounted with three or four persistent awns, which are downwardly barbed, and by means of which they very readily adhere to the dress of the traveller. How little are persons aware, when they brush off these troublesome intruders, in some distant locality to which they have unwillingly carried them, that they are fulfilling the grand and secret purposes of nature!

Occasionally, as in the *Asclepias*, or milkweed, and the *Epilobium*, or willow-herb, the seeds themselves are furnished with these coma or tufts of hairs, by means of which, on the opening of the pericarp, they are lifted by the wind out of its cavity, and carried away sometimes to a great distance from the parent plants.

Birds, too, are important agents in the diffusion of seeds. It is well known that the seeds of numerous berries and small fruits will grow, though they may have passed through the bodies of birds. Many of the omnivorous kinds—for instance, the thrushes—migrate from north or south in autumn at the time when berries and similar fruits are ripe, and they often void the seeds of these fruits little altered. It is in this way that *Phytolacca decandra*, or the common pokeweed, appears to have been dispersed over the whole of North America. The berries of this plant are eaten by the robin, the thrush, the wild pigeon, and many other birds, which thus carry them hundreds of miles from the plant which produced them. In this manner we can account for a fact which every practical botanist and observer of nature must have noticed—namely, the sudden appearance of a single plant in a place where its species was entirely unknown before.

The mistletoe bears a small white berry with an extremely viscid pulp. The birds fond of this fruit encumber their bills with this glutinous substance, and, to clean them, they rub them on the branches of the trees on which they may chance to alight, thus depositing the seeds in the very place where nature intended that they should grow.

The heavy seeds of the oak, walnut, and chestnut, too large for distribution by the feathered tribes, are buried by squirrels, which love to make their home upon them. One day, taking a walk in the woods, our attention was attracted to a squirrel which sat very composedly upon the ground. We stopped to observe his motions for a few minutes; almost immediately, he darted to the top of a noble oak; in an instant, he was down again with an acorn in his mouth; and after finding a soft spot, he quickly dug a small hole, and deposited his charge, the germ of a future oak, covered it up, and then darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner, and in this way he continued to labour as long as we thought proper

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to watch him. The instinct of this little animal doubtless induced him to bury these acorns as a provision for his future wants; but such is his activity and untiring industry, that he buries more than he consumes, and the surplus rises as trees, to adorn and enrich the earth.

Some pericarps are conveyed by the rivers into which they fall, or by the waves of the ocean, many hundreds or thousands of miles away from the countries which originally produced them. In this manner, many of the native plants of France, Spain, and other adjacent countries have been naturalised in England; and the pericarps of tropical climates are conveyed to the coasts of Norway and Scotland. The foreign pericarps which are annually left on the Norway coast are principally cashew-nuts, bottle-gourds, cocoa-nuts, and the fruit of the dogwood-tree. These are often in so recent a state that they would unquestionably vegetate were the climate favourable to their growth and existence. When carried to countries better suited to their nature, they germinate, and colonise with a new race of vegetables the land on which the ocean has cast them. In this manner it is that the coral islands, as soon as they appear above the waves of the Pacific, are speedily covered with a crop of luxuriant vegetation. The cocoa-nut is well adapted for this purpose, as it grows luxuriantly in salt water, and it is probably the first arborescent species which vegetates on these newly-formed lands. Icebergs probably have some share in diffusing plants, since they are often found loaded with masses of earth containing seeds, which they occasionally cast upon strange shores. There is every reason to believe that this kind of influence was far more actively at work in the geological period immediately preceding the present.

Most of the seeds thus carried abroad never germinate at all, as they either fall into situations unfavourable to their growth or upon a soil which is already pre-occupied by other plants. All the plants of a given district may be regarded as at war with each other. The arborescent species prevent, by the extent of soil which they occupy, the vegetation of species of a humbler growth. Each has to struggle into existence against a host of competitors, for nature, although she has been prolific of the seeds of life, has limited the supply of room and food. A number of ferns, for example, which may be growing on a hillside, will, by their pre-occupation of the soil, successfully maintain their ground against all other intruders for ages, notwithstanding the facilities afforded to other plants for the dispersion of their seeds. If any chance seed should be borne to this spot by any of the agencies which we have enumerated, or by other causes, it cannot germinate among them, as they absorb all the food from the soil.

The seeds which have been thus unfavourably located retain their vitality for a longer or shorter period of time; such as have very thin and delicate integuments will lose their germinating power after a few weeks' exposure; so also oleaginous seeds will in general decay much sooner than such as contain albumen. Other seeds, on the contrary, will retain their vitality for an indefinite period of time; this is the case with plants belonging to the natural order *Leguminosæ*, or the Pea family, the seeds of which may be kept for years without any material detriment to their germinating power. Pease taken from the herbarium of Tournefort, where they had remained for more than one hundred years, were made to germinate in the botanical gardens of Paris.

Those changes by which the ovule is metamorphosed into the mature seed appear to be all made with a special reference to any mishaps which may befall it when thrown on the charity and care of nature by the parent plant, as well as to provide it with a store of nutriment on which it may subsist during the early stages of its development.

When the plant approaches the close of its allotted period of life, it is surprising with what care provision has been made for the continuation of the species, as if nature had determined to secure it, if possible, an immortality of existence upon the earth's surface. Hence not only the beautiful contrivances to effect the removal of the seed to spots favourable for its germination, but also the immense quantity of seed which the dying plant produces. On a specimen of *Ricinus communis*, the Castor-oil Plant, which the writer cultivated in his garden in Philadelphia, he counted ten clusters of pericarps or seed-vessels; each cluster produced upwards of fifty pericarps, and each pericarp contained three seeds. The total number of seeds produced by the plant was therefore $10 \times 50 \times 3 = 1500$. Each of these seeds, be it remembered, contained within its folds an incipient repetition of the parent plant in the form of a young embryo. Supposing each seed to germinate, and the plants to arrive at maturity, the product of the next season would be $1500 \times 1500 = 2{,}250{,}000$ seeds. In other plants, the first crop of seeds is still greater. It has been calculated that the sunflower produces 4000, and a single thistle 24,000 seeds the first year; therefore, the second year's crop would amount to 16,000,000 of seeds in the former, and 576,000,000 of seeds in the latter instance. How immense the amount of vegetable life which may spring from a single seed! Happily for mankind, every vegetable embryo is not destined to give rise to a future progeny. Millions of seeds or vegetable embryos are annually called into existence, but a variety of causes destroy their incipient life. Many seeds are used as food by animals, and a great many more decay. Were it not for the operation of these causes, by which the species is kept within prescribed limits, such is the fecundity of nature that there can be no doubt that the seed from a single thistle or dandelion would, in the course of a few years, be sufficient to cover with plants not only every square inch of the superficies of our own world, but the entire surface of every other planet in the solar system!

But although nature has been thus careful to insure a repetition of their beautiful and evanescent forms, all plants multiply within prescribed limits which they cannot pass; fecundity is therefore no barrier to the variety which everywhere prevails, which is the principal charm of the vegetable creation, and from which we derive so much instruction in the study of their individual forms.

When, however, the seed falls into a soil favourable to its germination, it will grow and become a plant, running through all the phases of the vegetation of its predecessor.

THE FIREBELL.

'I say, Bankes,' cried young Tom Harris, my sub-engineer, bursting red and breathless into the little counting-house where I sat balancing the accounts of the last month's profits and outgoings—'I say, Bankes, there 's another hitch. Those scampish excisemen won't let the carts start with the new metal. It 's a great shame. They 've been lounging and smoking their bad cigars around the finery furnace all the last week; they know as well as I do that the order is a *bonâ-fide* order, and now they put on the screw, and stand out for a high bribe.'

'Give them three Polish florins apiece, and send them packing,' said I, scarcely looking up from the intricate sum I was busy in casting up.

Tom gave a long incredulous whistle.

'I 've tried them with some small silver; but they shook their heads, and talked about their duty to the emperor, and so forth. It 's most annoying; and the men are furious. They 'd pitch those Russian rogues into the torrent, if I did but say the word.'

'Then don't say it,' returned I laughing. 'The fact is, Tom, you haven't been here so long as I have, and don't quite understand these small officials and their

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ways. Violence would never do, but neither must we let them run us up to overhigh a standard of bribery. Offer them just what I said; and if they refuse, send back the wagons, and assure the Russians that I shall report them to the governor of the province. Trust me, they 'll give way.'

And Tom departed, grumbling like a Briton, to follow my directions.

The worst of our position at Gradusky, was that liability to continual annoyance and extortion on the part of the imperial Jacks-in-office. Nothing in Russia is secure from the meddling of the police; and though Poland is, or was, a little better off in that respect than Muscovy and Malorossia, we could not pursue our lawful business without propitiating a swarm of licensed blood-suckers, from the aiguiletted general to the *mouchard* in shabby black. These excisemen were special pests of ours, since they were permanent, having been stationed in the village with the double view of inspecting the distillery, which belonged to a wealthy Jew, and of keeping an eye on our proceedings at the ironworks.

These ironworks belonged to the great nobleman who owned several square versts of the surrounding country, and who had engaged me as engineer-in-chief, at a very satisfactory rate of salary, two years before. Prince Louis Ogrodzki was one of those spoiled children of fortune who are seldom to be met with save among the aristocracy of a despotic country, men who are envied by the unthinking, but ought, in truth, far rather to be pitied. He had good parts, a great position, and immense wealth, but a fatal something turned all his enjoyments to dust and ashes. I have no doubt that if the prince had been the citizen of a free country, he would have plunged vigorously into politics, and made a well-earned reputation for himself. As a Russian subject, this was impossible; and hence he wandered aimlessly about, in Europe and the east, now giving fêtes of almost regal splendour, now studying art with short-lived ardour, and presently mad for yachts, for English horses and dogs, for coins, gems, paintings, any expensive whim that could conjure away the fiend of Spleen.

One of his whims had been the founding of our works on his estate in South Poland, and among the wildest and prettiest part of the Taherna Gora Hills. The prince had suddenly determined to throw himself headlong into the progressive march of improvement, to develop the resources of his country, to patronise commerce and science, and much more of the same kind. He wrote a pamphlet on the subject, and, being rich in lands and minerals, boldly put his theories into practice. Extensive furnaces were erected at Gradusky, roads were improved, machinery imported, and I, who had just been employed in throwing a suspension-bridge over the Dnieper, at the cost of the Russian government, was offered the superintendence of the manufacture of bar and sheet iron from the produce of the Ogrodzki mines. The project was a rational one enough. As far as man's memory extended, the peasants had been accustomed to draw from these mines the scanty supply of iron which they needed for the construction and repair of their dwellings and their rude implements, scratching the hillsides wherever a brown stain of iron denoted the presence of metal, and scooping out the lumps of ore, which were roasted in a kiln, re-roasted, and finally hammered into shape by the village smith. The ore was a brown hæmatite, which worked up well, when carefully treated, and it existed in considerable abundance. In no other country but Poland or Hungary could so valuable a source of revenue have been so long neglected. Knowing the changeable tastes of the great seigneur to whom the property belonged, I had stipulated on a definite engagement for four years, unless, after the first year, the mines should prove so far inferior to the estimate as only to be worked at a loss. I was obliged to bargain for this, in default of which it is more than likely that before the furnaces were well in blast, the prince's caprice might prompt the destruction of the buildings and the abandonment of the scheme. As it was, the works paid well, and in spite of many incidental expenses and drawbacks, there was a large balance in my employer's favour. The prince had been very liberal and kind; not only did he allow me an English subordinate—no slight comfort in that out-of-the-way part of the world, where civilised conversation was an exotic—but he permitted Tom Harris and myself to take up our quarters in a handsome suite of apartments in the east wing of the castle. This castle was a splendid pile of buildings, with one gray tower, dinted in old wars with Tartar and Turk, contrasting with the modernised façade, with its stately Italian colonnade and marble pilasters, its terraced front, and huge windows. The castle had been rebuilt by the prince's father. It was inhabited by a numerous household of servants, but Prince Louis never came near it from one year's end to another.

We had never less than three hundred men employed at the works—generally more. Poles do not perform so much work, real steady work, as the natives of countries where a greater amount of phlegm is to be found; and our men, though good fellows in the main, required sharp supervision, and a curious mixture of coaxing and firmness, to keep them to their duties. We should have been badly off in this respect but for the merits of a young Pole, the 'corporal' of the working-men, and the person from whom the labourers took their direct instructions. This was a handsome, high-spirited lad, Iavan Zamoski by name, son of a secretary of the late prince, and who had been well educated at a German university, with some view to a priest's tonsure and a possible bishopric. The young man had, however, preferred a secular life; and having a taste for active employment, had been appointed to his present post, which was a tolerably well-paid one, and in which he was invaluable to us. He was highly popular, and not the less beloved because his courage and strength, as well as his attainments, earned him the respect of even the roughest of our people; and, thanks to Iavan, we were able to keep the firemen and sifters, the smiths, puddlers, and forgemen pretty steadily to their work.

Those were the stormy days that preceded the Crimean campaign, and Russia, although incredulous of any opposition from the western powers, was arming fast. It was vaguely rumoured that a conspiracy to shake off the Muscovite yoke was being secretly hatched in Poland, and the very whisper of such a project was enough to set all the hornets of the imperial chancery buzzing and stinging. Searches for muskets and papers were daily more and more frequent, and domiciliary visits and provisional arrests were freely resorted to. I had been informed that, even in case of a war with England, Englishmen might remain within the Russian dominions, and carry on their avocations as before; indeed, the expulsion of the men who managed the factories and mines, who conducted the foreign trade, and constructed bridge and road, would have been a serious injury to the czar's government; there was therefore as much of policy as of magnanimity in the permission which British subjects received to stay and toil on the scene of their usual exertions. But we were teased by frequent visits on the part of the prying police and more prying revenue-officers; our wagons were laid under embargo for the mere sake of extorting a bribe; and we were constantly compelled to draw up memorials assuring his excellency the governor that we were neither employed in forging swords and pikes, nor in casting cannon, for treasonable purposes.

But these petty vexations were trifles when compared with the formidable threat of an extra conscription, which hung over the country like a menacing thunder-cloud, and paralysed the energy of its youth.

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It is necessary to have lived on terms of familiar intercourse with Poles to be aware of their peculiar loathing for the Muscovite uniform, the Muscovite tongue, and all that pertains to the long and dreary period of Russian military servitude. Soldiers by instinct, they have yet a well-grounded horror of a soldier's life in Russia, with all its details of hardship and abject submission.

So matters stood at the time when my English *aide* brought me word of the newest provoking act on the part of the Russian excisemen. He soon came back, however, to tell me that all had gone off well, that the carts had started, and that the imperial functionaries had pocketed the rebuff and the florins with apparent content, after the fashion of men who have done their best; but this was not all that Tom Harris had to tell.

'I say, Bankes, our people are very restless—just like a lot of sparrows when they see a hawk. I hope they won't make a bolt to the woods, and leave us in the lurch, that's all. Have you heard that the Volhynian regiment of dragoons, under a colonel with a name I'd rather not try at, but who is said to be a Tartar in two senses of the word, has just arrived in Leczna?'

Leczna was the nearest town, or great village, about nine miles off.

'The Volhynian dragoons!' said I, with some surprise. 'Why, I thought they passed a month ago, bound for Lublin. I suppose they come to relieve the Novgorod regiment; though, why a garrison is kept up'——

'No, they don't,' eagerly broke in Harris, who dearly loved gossip, or anything else that broke in upon the somewhat heavy monotony of our existence at Gradusky—'no, they don't; for Aaron the Jew, the fellow who's got the government monopoly of brandy, you know, was up here just now about stopping the price of his villainous decoctions out of the poor chaps' wages, and he says that the grenadiers so fill the town, that the dragoons can't be billeted, but have to bivouac. They have brought no tents, which looks queer; but more cavalry are expected, and Leczna swarms with the Warsaw police. I think all this has an ugly look, I can tell you.'

I could not but admit that Tom, though comparatively a novice in Polish affairs, was likely to be right in the present instance. All this marching and countermarching of troops, this concentrating of large bodies of military in a rural district in a time of quiet, could not reasonably be referred to any other motive than that of carrying out the detested conscription.

Tom's budget was not yet fully exhausted.

'I know, if I were Iavan, I should feel anything but comfortable about it. He hasn't had a line of answer to that letter he sent the prince nearly two months ago, asking for a formal certificate of exemption from military service. He ought to be exempt, you know, if only because he saved the prince's life when he was here six years back. Pulled him out of the water, didn't he? Or wasn't there something about a wild boar?'

I laughed as I answered that I believed the service had been of a less romantic character. Iavan had stopped the prince's runaway carriage-horses, at great risk to himself, no doubt, and at a moment when nothing seemed more certain than that the grand seigneur and his costly equipage would go headlong over the wall-like precipice of Sventy Dvor into the chafing torrent below. The young man had not escaped quite scathless, for it is no child's play to wrestle with a pair of mettled brutes, foaming and mad with fear, and rearing fiercely up against the strong grasp on bit and curb. But Iavan Zamoski was a modest, unassuming young fellow, and had not derived the benefits from his bold act that a meaner spirit might easily have done. He had rather seemed to hold himself aloof from the presence of Prince Louis than to seek his notice; and the great man left his seldom-visited estates, perhaps for the last time, without doing much to recompense the preserver of his life. Ogrodzki was not ungrateful, far from it; but he was used to be asked for favours, and had not the knack of doing a spontaneous kindness. So, after he had offered the young 'corporal' a round sum of money, and forced on him a gold watch, and a ring from his own finger, he left the place, and thought no more of the matter, merely telling Iavan, with many gracious words, that he was to apply to him, Prince Louis, whenever he was in want of a friend.

Had Iavan been left to himself, I do not think he would ever have jogged the prince's memory at all; he had one of those proud, self-reliant characters that prefer to stand alone, and seem to pine and wither in the sunshine of patronage. It was not only that Iavan was clever and honest—many Poles are the latter, and still more the former—but he had a self-denial and sustained energy very rare with his countrymen; he studied hard, borrowing my books, and reading everything that bore on the science of engineering, while I felt sure that he would easily make himself a name of note in the higher walks of our profession.

M. Rachow, however, the steward, whose pretty daughter was engaged to be married to Iavan Zamoski, urged upon his intended son-in-law the expediency of claiming the prince's protection. The threatened levy of conscripts filled the prudent old man with alarm for his daughter's happiness. To be sure, there was no reason why the draught should affect Iavan, who was no more likely to be selected than any other Pole of the same age. Also, Iavan was foreman of our ironworks, and had on that account a claim to exemption, according to at least one ukase. Thirdly, he was 'noble,' one of those Slachsiz or peasant-nobles who are only found in Hungary and Poland, and who have a profound conviction of their own abstract right to be free from Russian military service. We had several of these Slachsiz in our employ; the best smiths and puddlers, as well as the carpenter and the wheelwright, being members of this singular class. These rustic patricians were, however, merely a little smarter and more frank in bearing than the other artisans of the district, but neither better taught nor more sober than their humbler comrades. Still, each of them was intensely national in his tastes, and hated the Russians as the authors of every evil and degradation, real or fancied, that had or might have fallen on the Slachsiz.

Iavan differed from the rest in more ways than one. His grandfather had been owner of a tolerable estate on the opposite side of the river, and the Zamoskis had really been reckoned for some centuries among the gentry of the province, electing members of the diet, wearing the square cap and sabre of their order, and doubtless turning out in all the bravery of gold and silver laced pelisse and richly-trapped charger, when the Pospolite, or noble militia, marched to war. That was all over, long ago. Some satellite of the Grand Duke Constantine had taken a fancy to the lands, and they had been confiscated on some true or false pretext of treason to the new rulers. Iavan had nothing but his better education to distinguish him from the half-wild boors around him, but he was of too good a nature to waste his time in useless regrets.

I always imagined that M. Rachow's chief reason for accepting Iavan for a son-in-law was his half-instinctive partiality for rank, even when under a cloud. Not that our brave young 'corporal' gave himself any absurd airs on account of the position which his family had forfeited, but that the steward, who had his weaknesses, was pleased at the idea that his only child should marry a nobleman. He was himself the son of a rich distiller, a Posen Jew who had turned Christian, a rare thing anywhere, especially

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in Poland; and the death of his two childless sisters had lately added largely to his store. M. Rachow had also been for thirty years steward of the Gradusky property; and though I believe his hands were clean, his lawful perquisites had been considerable. A Polish or Russian steward has to deal with a semi-oriental tenantry, much more disposed to bring presents to the manager than to pay their rent and *corvée* with anything like punctuality. Then there were all manner of bad old customs, bad for the lord's interest; that is, of first-fruits and tithings, of grazing that belonged to the steward's kine, and loppings of wood that fell to the steward's share, and so on to the end of a chapter of long-standing abuses.

At any rate, M. Rachow was very well off indeed; and having in his youth had a glimpse of Berlin and Dresden, sighed to retire to Germany or France, and there spend the rest of his days in ease and affluence. His plan was, that his daughter and her husband should accompany him to the west, and reside under his roof, while Iavan should study and qualify himself for the highest walks of civil engineering. The old steward used to amuse me greatly by dilating on the future plans he had in view, holding me by the button the while, and speaking in the worst possible French.

'Aha! M. Bankes,' he would say, twinkling his small eyes knowingly, 'there is a career in France for those who deserve it. I know what I know. *Peste!* Iavan will make his way; he has brains and courage; he will be decorated with the Legion of Honour before he is five years older. We shall be people of consequence in France, for there are plenty of roubles in bank, and my son-in-law will be a nobleman, that which spoils nothing in equality-loving Paris, *foi de* Rachow. Iavan is a fine lad—pity he has no title—he must call himself count; I really must insist on his calling himself count—others do it who have not half as much right to it; and my daughter Louise will be Countess Zamoski, and may go to the Tuileries; and why not?'

I listened to all this with commendable patience, though I felt pretty sure that all his father-in-law's eloquence would scarcely persuade Iavan to dub himself a count. The inferior ranks of the Polish noblesse, like those of Hungary, have no titles, and I was merely amused by the old steward's ambition to be the father of a contraband countess. But I could not deny that M. Rachow was acting sensibly when he insisted on Iavan's writing to ask for the prince's intercession with the imperial authorities. It was not very likely that young Zamoski should be selected for the honour of shouldering a musket in Daghestan, but it was possible, and the steward was right in desiring to provide against so untoward an accident.

Tom Harris informed me that the wedding was to take place on Tuesday week, that preparations to celebrate it with unusual splendour had already commenced, and that he and I were, of course, invited to the mass and the feast, not forgetting the grand ball which always winds up a Polish family festival, and which is nowhere more keenly enjoyed than among these dance and music loving Sarmatians. The prince had not yet answered Iavan's letter; but M. Rachow had indirectly heard of his departure from Geneva, where he had been staying, to Como, where he had bought the villa of some ruined Milanese banker. Without doubt, the matter would soon be adjusted, and the letter must have followed the Ogrodzki household southwards. M. Rachow had yielded to the wishes of his family, for indeed Madame Rachow, a notable, kindly woman, to whom the bustle of arranging the feast, and putting the last touches to the bride's *corbeille*, seemed to be almost ideal happiness, was a stanch promoter of the match. She had spun and bleached more linen than Louise was ever likely to wear out in the longest life; she had laid in stores of bright ribbons and resplendent silks, trinkets from Vienna, and bonnets from Paris, and she was eager to see her daughter put all this finery to use.

There seemed to me, as the week wore on, to be an odd contrast between the pleasant stir and genial excitement which an approaching wedding never fails to cause in a rustic neighbourhood, and the gloom which was cast over the whole district by the ill-omened presence at Leczna of the Volhynian dragoons and the grenadiers of Novgorod. There were dark rumours of the activity of the police, of the coming and going of mounted messengers, and the stealthy but assiduous gathering into the official bureaux of roll after roll of names. All this boded ill for those who were liable to the summons of their military taskmasters; and for some days the peasantry hung together in knots, with dark looks and sullen faces, moodily discussing the practicability of flight or resistance. But when time rolled on, and the authorities appeared inert, when the Jew-pedlers reported that the troops at Lecsna had received their tents, and were going through their exercise daily, as a preparation, it was hinted, for a march to the seat of war, the villagers breathed more freely; and public opinion, veering round, favoured the idea that the cantonment at Leczna was a mere camp of instruction, and that there was to be no conscription at all.

And now the day approached, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of seeing a thoroughly national merry-making. M. Rachow, a thrifty man in general, had been liberal for once, and no one in the parish, Jew or Christian, save only the two Russian excisemen, had been left unbidden. But there were great distinctions of rank and creed, which precluded every one from sitting at the same board. The Jews were to dine apart from the rest, the commonalty from the petty nobles; and at the principal table were to be entertained a select assemblage, consisting of the Rachow family, certain old spinsters, aunts of Iavan, the bridegroom, the priest, two or three small land-owners and ex-officers of the Polish army, Tom Harris, myself, and two or three of the more civilised of the Slachsiz, who were almost as proud of their ability to read and write as of their patrician degree. There was to be no stint of Polish dainties—of pork in all its forms, of mutton and veal, of gingerbread, pancakes, cranberry tarts, thick cream, cakes, sweetmeats, beer, brandy, and Menescher wine smuggled across the Carpathians. There were to be fireworks on the lawn, jugglers in the courtyard, and a brass band from Cracow. Everybody, old and young, was to be made happy somehow or other.

In the midst of all these preparations, the setting up of masts gay with ribbons, the rearing of triumphal arches, to decorate which the prince's gardener had promised every rose in his parterres, the pounding and flattening of an earthen floor, whereon three hundred couples might dance the Mazourka and the waltz to their heart's content, I felt a sort of dark presentiment of coming evil. In vain I struggled with this uncomfortable feeling, accusing myself of being a mere kill-joy, incapable of entering into the innocent mirth and hopefulness of the primitive people around me; I could not contrive to dissipate the unwelcome impression. Iavan, on the other hand, seemed perfectly happy and confident; so did M. Rachow; so did his wife, a comely German woman from one of the Saxon colonies in North Poland; and so did pretty Louise, the black-eyed bride. The last was a lively, affectionate girl, who looked on Iavan as a prodigy of erudition and accomplishments, but who was herself rather good than clever. She had a taste for music, however, and used to sing old Polish ballads with a pathos that impressed even Harris and myself, who could never pick up more than a very few words of the difficult language. On the whole, I could not but own that this young pair would be launched in life with as fair a prospect of matrimonial happiness as falls to the lot of most.

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The day came, a warm, still autumn day, with long shroud-like films of fleecy cloud lying athwart the pale blue of the sky, and a rich creamy haze hanging over the yellowing woods and sandy cliffs that skirted the horizon. The bells rang cheerily, the boys shouted, there were flags flying from steeple and tree-top, and there was an attempt to fire a salute of twenty-one guns, by the aid of some improvised wooden cannon, which the young men had made by hollowing out the stems of two tough old willows, cut down for the purpose; but one of these irregular pieces of ordnance burst at the fourth round, luckily without doing serious damage.

The village church of Gradusky was crowded with Poles, in their holiday garb; and I saw more long-hoarded trinkets, more quaintly-embroidered kirtles and jackets, more velvet caps and many-coloured sashes, drawn forth from chest and press in honour of the day, than during the whole two years of my residence in Poland. It was well known that in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas and his satellites, to wear the national Polish dress was an act of tacit treason; but on the occasion of the wedding of one so popular as Iavan, there was no thought of Russian displeasure, and I stood in the midst of an assembly whose attire was of the date of Casimir's reign. The church itself was the boast of the village, being not only a stone structure of imposing spaciousness, but having stained-glass windows, an altar-piece painted by no unskilful hand, and a fine belfry tower. It had been founded by a Prince Ogrodzki in 1560, and most of his descendants had done something towards its repair or embellishment.

The bride's path had been strewed with flowers, scattered, according to custom, by eight of the prettiest maidens of the village, dressed in white, and each with a basket heavy with blossoms on her arm. Louise Rachow looked very well in her new character, smiling through tears and blushes, as a bride should do; and it was pretty to see the fond trustfulness of her glance at Iavan, as they knelt together before the old priest. Madame Rachow was weeping, as if the marriage had not been her own cherished project; and I never saw the steward to such great advantage, his coarse features being at once softened and dignified by a touch of true parental feeling.

There was one person, and that a prominent one among the favoured guests, whose presence there surprised me at first—this was the tax-collector of the district, Andorl Dietrich by name. This man was not a Pole, but a native of some one of the Baltic provinces, Courland or Livonia; and his broad flat face, flaxen hair, and heavy look contrasted oddly with the raven locks, well-shaped forms, and flashing eyes of the majority of the company. He was a shrewd fellow, and tolerably well educated, while he was known to be the only son of a rich 'over-superintendent' of revenue. I never liked this Dietrich; there was something repulsive in the stealthy look of his pale blue eyes, and his soft, guarded manner of speaking. He had been, as I knew, a suitor for the hand of the steward's well-dowried daughter, and was reported to have taken his rejection in very ill part; yet there he was, smiling and flattering, in his Berlin-made Sunday suit and glittering *breloques*, not the least important of the select group around the altar. Somehow, his presence seemed to me to be of anything but good augury; though Tom Harris, who was the most unsuspicious soul alive, whispered to me that Andorl Dietrich was a much better fellow than he, Tom, had imagined; that he had behaved well ever since the marriage was fixed, frankly congratulating his successful rival, and winning golden opinions from all by the manly generosity of his conduct.

Yet I thought this Andorl Dietrich had a curious way of glancing at Iavan from the corner of his sly and half-closed eyes, much as a cat watches an unconscious young mouse, and I noticed that he every now and then turned his head towards the arched door, and appeared to listen intently, as if for some expected sound. At last the long ceremony was concluded, the last words of blessing were spoken by the priest, and the assembly had raised their voices in the first bars of the Polish hymn that usually resounded at a wedding, when there was a sudden clang of steel and hurrying feet, and the church was entered by a party of gens d'armes and police agents, headed by a magistrate in his official scarf, and who was accompanied by a *greffier* with writing materials.

'Shut the doors. Let no one stir!' called out the commissary imperiously. 'I summon all present to listen respectfully and attentively to the list of conscripts from this parish of Gradusky, drawn up and corrected in accordance with the ukases of the august Czar, Emperor of the Russias. Keep silence.'

There was a murmur of many voices, half dismayed, half threatening, and several of the women screamed aloud. But when the magistrate drew from his pocket a long roll of paper, and proceeded, in a harsh, high key, to read the list of names of those destined to swell the ranks of the Russian army, a dead hush fell upon the excited throng, and amid all those wildly-throbbing hearts and wondering faces there was a silence so profound that it impressed me more than groans and cries could have done.

The list was a terribly long one. The quota demanded from our parish, which contained nearly four hundred young men of the military age (more than three-fourths of whom were employed in the ironworks), was no less than sixty-nine. To be sure, the commissary made the dry announcement, that only half, or, at the most, two-thirds of the conscripts would actually have to join the first levy, the rest remaining provisionally at home, after passing the medical inspection, and being bound to muster under the standards at seven days' notice, when called. There was to be no drawing of numbers, as in France; that duty, the task of selection, had been already performed by the government officers, and the names were all set down alphabetically; and the *last* name on the list was that of the bridegroom of the day, of our young Polish friend and fellow-worker, Iavan Zamoski.

Up to the announcement of that name, the crowd had listened with a sort of passive stupefaction to the grating accents of the official speaker; but when the words were uttered, and, with a piercing scream, the poor weeping bride flung her arms round her husband's neck—her husband of a few moments, whom the imperial tyranny was about to tear from her and all his bright prospects of fame and happiness, to serve among the armed slaves of the czar—the calm broke up into such a storm of wailing, curses, threats, and passionate wrath as I have never heard before or since. There was something fearful in that sudden upheaval of the indignant hearts of the oppressed against the oppressor; and the commissary became alarmed, calling on the gens d'armes to secure the men designated, and bidding them fire on the crowd if the disturbance continued.

This command put the spark to the train. Iavan hastily but tenderly freed himself from the loving arms of poor Louise, and called on the other conscripts to 'die like men, not like sheep before the butcher;' and, suiting the action to the word, he sprang upon the nearest soldier, and snatched away his carbine, which went off in the struggle, exploding harmlessly. At the same moment, a tall smith, one of the Slachsiz, whose name was on the Russian list, struck down a second gendarme, and a violent rush of the young men bore down the remainder, who were disarmed, overthrown, and trampled down by the fleeing throng, now pouring impetuously out of the church. So abrupt was the attack, that sabres and firearms were wrenched away before a shot could be fired or a blow struck; and in a few instants the

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church was empty of all save a few trembling women, the Rachow family, Andorl Dietrich, and Tom Harris and myself.

Never was a merry-making more ruthlessly nipped in the bud than that unlucky festival of Iavan's wedding. The village was the scene of anything but mirth, that sad afternoon. Only the women, the children, and a few old men, whose bowed backs and trembling limbs proved their exemption from military toil, remained in Gradusky. All the able-bodied males, Jew or Christian, married or single, had disappeared. The gens d'armes, balked of their prey, and smarting under their bruises and their defeat, held possession of the place, and sent off a mounted messenger to Leczna; and before evening, we heard the trumpets of the regiment of Volhynia, and two squadrons of dragoons marched in, and were billeted on the inhabitants.

Those were wretched days that succeeded. Neither work nor play went on. The forges were silent, the furnaces cold, the hammers lay idle under the long sheds of our smithies, and the iron mines were deserted. So it was with the fields, where the rude operations of Polish agriculture had ceased, and where the corn was in many places left ungathered, because tyranny and arbitrary violence had scared the husbandmen away. The people had been seized by actual panic, and though the conscription did not, properly speaking, affect the majority of them, they were fearful lest whoever shewed himself should be made a scapegoat for the truants. They lay hid in various parts of that broken and rugged country, some hiding in the half-dried swamps, some in the forest, and others among the numerous caverns that seamed the sandy cliffs of the Taherna Gora Hills. Food was smuggled to these retreats by the women and the aged, in spite of the angry prohibition of the Russian commander; but in many cases the slender store of provisions was intercepted by a patrol, and I began to fear that our poor fellows were suffering severe privations in their hiding-places.

The officers of the detachment were quartered in the castle, where they occupied the state-apartments, reckless of the mischief which their dirty boots and cigar-ashes inflicted on the delicate sky-blue and pale amber satin and velvet of the costly furniture. But Rachow dared not complain; on the contrary, he and all the prince's servants vied in catering for the comfort of these self-invited guests, who dined daily amid a blaze of gold and silver plate, and seemed to appreciate the priceless Tokay and the long-hoarded Johannisberg of the Ogrodzki cellar.

'*Pourvu* that these Messieurs do not end by burning the house over our heads!' whispered the poor steward to me, with a look of alarm.

Of this, however, I had little apprehension. Baron Alexander Menschikoff, who commanded the troops, was too astute a person to commit such a blunder. To live at free quarters and on the fat of the land, in the mansion of an absentee noble whose vassals had disobeyed the imperial mandates, was all very well; but as among the prince's caprices patriotism had never been known to count, the name of Ogrodzki was in good odour at St Petersburg; and besides, Menschikoff—a cousin of the czar's favourite statesman—was more akin to the fox than the bear, and did not wish to be cruel or violent, except where cruelty and violence promised to be profitable; he did not, therefore, allow his men to plunder or maltreat the defenceless families in Gradusky, although he tried hard to lay hands upon the fugitives, and used every effort of cajolery and menace to carry out the orders of the government.

It was all in vain. The runaways were well hidden; and their intimate knowledge of the ravines and crags, the quaking bogs and tangled thickets, stood them in good stead. The dragoons scoured the neighbourhood in vain, only capturing two prisoners, neither of whom was fit for service, and no bribe could induce any peasant of the adjacent parishes to act as guide to the Russians. There were many boors in the province who would have done almost anything for money, and to whose dull souls patriotism was an unmeaning word, but not one of these would take upon him the office of leading the soldiers to the lair of the fugitives. 'Silver,' as they quaintly observed, 'was useless in a dead man's purse.' And they well knew what would be the meed of treason when the avengers were so many and so near.

A fortnight passed in this manner, and Baron Menschikoff began to find time hang heavy on his hands. After all, a man of intellect cannot always be smoking cigars and sipping champagne and *Steinweis*, however excellent, and the baron was a man of ability and education, a true Russian, with a cultured brain and a hard heart. It happened that the other officers were either very young men, who had been sent to Poland to get them out of the way of debt, gaming, and dissipation, or rough soldiers of fortune from Courland and Finland, those Russo-Germans who are the most unscrupulous of the czar's instruments; therefore, Baron Menschikoff paid me the compliment of greatly affecting my society, and of talking architecture and music, painting and politics, all of which he understood fairly, and discoursed of with fluent readiness. I should not have mentioned this whimsical preference on the part of a Russian of rank for the company of an English engineer, whom he would probably have despised in a St Petersburg saloon, but that from that circumstance arose a chain of events which brought misery to many.

Menschikoff had a foible for archæology, not so much for its own sake, since a Russian really prefers what is new, but because antiquities were prized by the civilised nations of Western Europe, and it was therefore held to be *de bon goût* to be archæological to the backbone. I happened to mention that although the church of Gradusky was not very old, it contained some marbles and brasses of a much more remote date, and which had probably been transferred to it from some older edifice, ruined by decay, or destroyed in war; and the baron at once proposed that we should stroll down to the village, and inspect the interior of the building.

On our way, we met the tax-gatherer, Andorl Dietrich, who doffed his hat with a fawning smile, a salute which Menschikoff acknowledged with a very cool nod.

'A mean *gredin* that, M. Bankes,' said the Russian, tapping his boots with his riding-whip, as he glanced after the slinking figure of the tax-gatherer. 'It is one thing, as was said long ago, to love the treason, and another thing to love the traitor. That knave's information misled us, too, after all!'

I made no answer, but turned my eyes in disgust from the treacherous wretch. Already it had been noised throughout the parish that the man who drew up the secret list of those able-bodied young men who were most hostile to Russian domination was no other than Andorl Dietrich. But this act, though sufficiently mean and cruel, was far surpassed by the unfairness of his conduct towards Zamoski. Manifestly, it was out of sheer malice towards a fortunate rival that he had inserted Iavan's name in the list—Iavan, who was known to keep aloof from political intrigues, and whose position on the Ogrodzki property was in itself a reason for his exemption from the levy. And when people remembered how the tax-gatherer had feigned to be frank and friendly, insinuating himself into the good graces of those whose dearest hopes he had resolved to blight, curses were muttered by young and old, and the betrayer found himself an outcast, only preserved from popular vengeance by the presence of the military.

The old sacristan was pleased and flattered at being called from his hut to shew us over the church, and

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seemed quite to forget that Menschikoff was a Russian soldier, so proud was he to find an amateur who thoroughly appreciated the humble treasures which he kept under lock and key. The quaint old reliquaries, the parcel-gilt pyx and chalice, that had been carried off by the Turks in a war of elder days, and retaken among the Carpathian passes by a squadron of the Pospolite, the fragment of the true cross, set in gold, and given to an Ogrodzki by some half-fabulous king of Bohemia, the brasses, font, and carvings, got their due meed of praise; and then the old man, leading us up the narrow stair of the belfry, proceeded with great animation and pride to shew us the bells.

'This, gentlemen, is the chime given by noble Prince Demetrius—may his soul find rest!—and not a better ever came out, I warrant you, from the foundry at Prague. And this, illustrious sirs, is the peal, the gift of our present master's high-born grandfather, not a bell having become cracked or flawed in sixty years. And this fine bell, bigger than all the rest, with the embossed letters round the rim, has a voice like thunder, it is so deep; but, blessed be St Anne and St Vladimir, we seldom hear it.'

'Why so?' asked the baron, yawning, and preparing to depart.

'Because, mighty sir, its notes are of evil portent. It is tolled, by old custom, at a death in our lord's family, or when there is a conflagration, and we dread the sound of it as the summons of the angel of terror. It used to be tolled, too, when Turks or Tartars were at hand; but we never see Turks or Tartars—the bearded miscreant cut-throats—now a days; and as for Russians—— Forgive me, noble baron; I forgot your Excellency was from Moscow.'

Menschikoff laughed very good-humouredly, and was liberal in the gratuity he bestowed upon the garrulous old guardian of the church, nor did he ask any more questions, but I could see that as we walked homewards he knit his shaggy brows, as if lost in thought, and answered my remarks at random.

The next day, to my very great surprise, the trumpets sounded to horse, and the unwelcome military visitors marched away from Gradusky, followed by anything but blessings by the population. The younger officers, who preferred the luxuries of the castle to the rough life of the camp, were disposed to grumble, but Menschikoff was peremptory, and without delay the movement took place, the commandant giving no reason for his act beyond an obscure hint of private instructions from head-quarters.

There was great exultation in castle and village when the Russians retired; the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts of the conscripts were loudest of all in their joy; and pretty Louise, the bride of that stormy morning which witnessed the irruption of the czar's myrmidons, was congratulated by old and young on the return of better times. There was no likelihood that the draft would be carried out; indeed, for such a step, even had the authorities been able to track the fugitives to their retreat, force was lacking. No police remained in the village save only the two Russian douaniers, and a solitary gendarme who had been left to protect Andorl Dietrich. This latter worthy was engaged in packing his household gear, and disposing of his four milch cows and the other live-stock that he had kept on the little farm which he held. He could not safely remain at Gradusky, and indeed he had given in his resignation of the post of tax-gatherer, asking at the same time for promotion in another province. This had, as it was reported, been promised to him as the reward of his treachery; but the Muscovite officials were in no hurry to recompense a traitor whose perfidy had proved barren, so that Andorl Dietrich was not much the better for his activity in promoting enlistment.

The day passed on, and the excitement and rejoicings of the women wore themselves out, but I noticed that none of the men shewed themselves, and on the following morning I met Louise in tears, with an open letter in her hand. It was from Iavan, who wrote to say, as tenderly as he could word it, that his young bride must wait yet a while for his coming. The Poles in hiding had held a council, and had decided to remain in concealment for some days longer, moved to this act of self-denial by an unconquerable fear of Russian stratagem. The troops were gone; well and good; but the Muscovite camp was still at Leczna; the craft of the Russians was proverbial; the runaways dreaded lest Menschikoff's purpose might merely be to lull them into a fatal security. Iavan did not disguise his disappointment at this resolve, but he could not but own its prudence, and it was an understood thing that the will of the majority should bind the rest.

This wary delay on the part of our truant workmen was annoying to me, as well as vexatious to others, for I wanted particularly to finish the manufacture of a large quantity of bar-iron, for which we had orders from government. Russia was now at war with the allied powers, and an English resident in the czar's dominions had need, above all things, to avoid the slightest sign of a desire to indulge his national feelings in antagonism to the hostile sovereign under whose temporary protection he lived. My failure to send off the metal within the prescribed time might be attributed to a spiteful wish on the part of an alien enemy to inconvenience the operations of government, and in that case the works would probably be placed under surveillance, and the English engineers thrust across the frontier, in token of the emperor's displeasure. And yet I could not but own that the men were right in securing their most precious possession—liberty—from any sudden stroke of politic tyranny.

That night I was awakened by the most awful din—composed of shrieks, cries, and shouts, the hurried beating on doors, trampling of feet, ringing of bells, and flinging open of windows—that had ever yet disturbed my slumbers. Hastily throwing on my clothes, I rushed out into the passage, and ran against Tom Harris, who, with his coat half on and half off, was bawling 'Fire!' with the full power of his lungs. 'Fire!' That ominous word was repeated in Polish, French, and German by many tongues, as the numerous servants rushed distractedly about; and such contradictory rumours were abroad that it was long before I could make out whether the castle was in flames.

At last, Rachow, with my help, hushed the frightened females sufficiently to obtain a hearing, and loudly proclaimed that the mansion was in no danger, but that all who were able to work must hasten instantly to the village, in the hope of extinguishing the flames, which were visible above the tree-tops, and which had been first seen by the young Englishman, M. Harris. The great bell of Prince Demetrius, the bell that hung in the church tower, and which had been dumb for years, was tolling to call for help.

The Poles are of a brave and kindly race, and it was with cheerful alacrity that every man and boy of the prince's household ran to collect axe, rope, and ladder, and started rapidly down the hill towards the spot where the fire and smoke were visible, faint and red, through the screen of trees. As we hurried on, we could hear the deep, boding notes of the huge firebell, herald of misfortune, tolling with sullen roar over valley and forest; and the remembrance that there were scarcely any save helpless women in the village lent wings to our feet. However, we were burdened with three ladders, the only ones in the parish, which had been taken from the court of the castle, and these delayed us somewhat, though I would not

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permit the men, in their impatience, to drop what might be the means of safety to many despairing sufferers. And still the bell rang, deep and harsh, and a confused sound of screams and lamentations came on the night-wind.

As we reached the first huts of the village, a quick tramp of feet and hum of voices made us turn in surprise, as a dark column of men broke from the woods, and rushed, breathless and panting, into the doomed hamlet. They came on at a rapid pace, the swiftest being far ahead of the others, but all eagerly pressing on to the goal. We recognised the fugitives from Russian despotism, called forth from their lurking-places by the dread summons of the alarm-bell, and forgetting their own risk in the peril that beset their homes and families. I thought I saw Iavan among the foremost, and I called to him, but my voice was drowned in the roar and rush of the crowd.

When we, the castle-party, entered the little market square with our ladders and hatchets, a strange scene presented itself: the newly-arrived peasants, gasping and spent with the exertions of their recent march, were huddled confusedly in the middle of the square, mixed with a throng of women and children, whose shrill voices added to the turmoil. The deep roar of the bell still broke forth, quick, stern, and menacing, but the fire seemed to be dying out, and the red glare and glow waxed fainter every moment.

All seemed to talk, none to listen; it was one of those moments when all distinct purpose appears to desert a crowd. At last I caught the words, loudly vociferated by many at once: 'Where is the fire?'

And the throng of dark figures swayed backwards and forwards, while the clamour became more deafening than before. No flames were now visible. At that moment, I thought I heard a dull, deep sound, gradually coming nearer, plainly to be distinguished from the tolling of the bell and the cries of the people. I listened, stooping to hear better, and the sounds came nearer, steadily nearer, a sullen beat, as of a pavier's rammer on hard earth. I caught Tom Harris by the arm.

'Listen!' I whispered; but Tom could hear nothing for a minute or more, when he suddenly started, exclaiming: 'I've got it now, Bankes; it's the tramp of horse! Better give warning to our poor fellows.'

Before I could get a hearing, however, the sounds grew terribly audible, and were mingled with the rattle of military accoutrements.

'The Russians! the Russians are come back!' screamed fifty terrified voices; and there was a rush towards the woods. But alas! the ill-omened sounds were echoed from that quarter also, and a number of the fugitives who had tried to escape by the opposite side of the hamlet came back in dismay, to announce the enemy's approach. East, west, north, and south they came. The beating of their steeds' hoofs on the hard ground was heavy and rapid, but regular, and it was blended with the clash of steel, and a long melancholy note from the trumpets of the advancing squadrons.

'Caught, as in a net!' I heard Iavan say, as he passed by me, and the young man's face was deadly pale, but he had the good sense to discourage the hopeless resistance which one or two of the Slachsiz were prepared to offer to the troops. And now a long line of horsemen became visible, and riding side by side, in close order, the whole regiment of Volhynian dragoons poured into the village of Gradusky, their helmets and weapons shining in the faint starlight, and Menschikoff's mocking voice bade all present surrender to the czar's authority. At the same moment, the tolling of the firebell ceased.

My story is nearly told, and I wish not to dwell on the rage, the tears, the heart-broken lamentations that followed; suffice it that it was a painful scene, and that the conscripts on the fatal list were strongly ironed and led away, fastened with cords to the saddle-bows of the troopers. It was not long before the baron, recognising me with his usual politeness, told me (as a very good joke) of the heartless ruse by which he had outwitted the refractory Poles. From the moment when the old sacristan told him the history of the firebell of Gradusky, the wily Russian had determined to profit by the hint. On this account he had removed his soldiers from the village, encamping his force in a wood at some leagues off, and sending to Lecsna for the rest of the regiment, that there might be enough dragoons to surround Gradusky entirely. A sergeant, renowned for courage and adroitness, was selected, and, after dusk, was sent with a party of picked men, to enter the village on foot and in peasants' clothing, to ring the alarm-bell, and to set on fire certain stacks of hay and piles of fagots in the outskirts. This duty had been well performed. The old sacristan had been forced, with a pistol to his head, to admit the intruders to the belfry; the door of the church had been locked, and the bell soon sent forth its hoarse call, while two soldiers set on fire the stacks and firewood alluded to. As Menschikoff had conjectured, the fugitives forgot their own danger in their haste to protect those they loved, and the trap thus cruelly and craftily baited proved wholly successful.

The dragoons marched in one hour's time, taking sixty-nine prisoners along with them; but of these Iavan Zamoski was not one. Menschikoff had received from Lecsna the governor's letter of exemption for the young bridegroom, in whose favour Prince Louis Ogrodski had, though tardily, bestirred himself. But as the list must be completed, and as the baron spoke no more than the truth in declaring his aversion to traitors, even while profiting by their treason, Andorl Dietrich was the victim selected to make up the roll of conscripts. It was some consolation to the mourners of that sorrow-stricken hamlet that the wretch to whom their misery was due had been caught in his own snare. Years afterwards, when Harris and I had resigned our posts, and left the Russian dominions for ever, I met with Iavan Zamoski and his wife Louise in Paris, prosperous and happy, as they deserved to be.

RED.

The antipathy and preference which individuals, and even whole nations, have entertained towards certain colours, originates in causes that may be more easily conjectured than ascertained. Perhaps we shall not err greatly if we refer the predilection and the dislike to an association of ideas it is not always within the competence of a stranger to detect; whilst, in the case of national aversion or liking, religious traditions or superstitious belief may have had something to do with the matter. Mr Layard tells us that the colour blue is an abomination not only to the Sabæans, but to the Yezidis—they worship the devil, but detest the cerulean hue of the firmament. Their dress never displays it: it is banned in all their houses. On the other hand, the Père Charlevoix tells an affecting story of a North American Indian who, on his death-bed, desired to be arrayed in a garment of blue, because it was the colour of the sky—a desire, we submit, in every way more commendable than that of those who

> Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.

With some, black is the favourite colour; and Dioscorides incidentally mentions a curious art practised by the Greeks of turning a blue eye into a black, an art, however, which is not yet wholly lost, nor does it deserve a place in any new edition of Guido Pancirollus's famous book, seeing that, in our prize-ring and among our wife-beaters, many are to be found skilful in turning into black eyes of all shades of colour.

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The custom of blackening the eyebrows prevailed at one time to such a degree as to provoke the rebuke of Tertullian, who, although an African himself, was possessed with a profound dislike of the complexion of his fellow-countrymen. What would he have said could he have visited the city of Angers, commonly called the Black City—the slate-quarries in its neighbourhood supplying its builders with the most of their materials—where all the images of the saints are sable in hue? Addison remarks that throughout his tour in Italy he met with no figure representing Sleep that was not black. There is an obvious propriety in this, which is more than can be said of the habit ascribed to the Javanese of blackening their teeth in order not to be mistaken for monkeys, whose dental apparatus is of the most snowy whiteness. P. H. Bruce states the same circumstance in reference to the Banyans of India, whose teeth, in consequence, it is said, of their abstinence from animal food, are of unusual strength and regularity, but artificially rendered the colour of soot. In derision, they call the white-teethed Europeans *bonora*, that is, apes.

That a connection subsists between the colour black and the excellence of the teeth, might be concluded from an anecdote related by Southey. He had an infant daughter, with whom, as is not unusually the case, the operation of teething was painful and slow. A Bristol lady, who had perhaps some West Indian experience, advised him to let the child kiss as many black women as she could, and by that means the protrusion of the teeth through the tender gums would be quickly and painlessly accomplished.

But in whatever esteem other colours may have been held, red has generally maintained its pre-eminence as the regal colour. In its various shades, purple, crimson, scarlet, vermilion, and yellow, it has associated itself with the majesty and glory of empire. It is the colour, in a modified condition, of the sun—it gives lustre to gold, the prince of metals; it warms the cheek of beauty; it lends radiance to 'the garden's queen, the rose.' In the interesting account of the Franciscan mission to the Philippines, which we owe to the pen of the Rev. Padre Francisco Juan San Antonio, we read that no native of those islands was permitted to wear red until he had killed his man—that is, until he had given a proof of his valour and combative skill; a fact which reminds us of a story told of Stone, the blind mathematician, who, when asked what was his idea of scarlet, replied he thought it resembled the sound of a trumpet. It is certain that, in this country, a strong prejudice exists, and for long has existed, against the colour red, at least in two particulars. There are few Englishmen who can tolerate red hair, or red tape; yet, under their favour, something may be said in behalf of both.

There was a work on Vulgar Errors published in 1659, before the appearance of Sir Thomas Browne's immortal dissertations on the subject, in which the 'vulgar error' of 'censuring red-haired men' is unsparingly denounced; but for our present purpose we prefer citing the authority of M. De Cyrano Bergerac, a noted duellist of the seventeenth century, a man of fashion and of the world, whose *Satyrical Characters and Handsome Descriptions in Letters, written to several Persons of Quality*, were 'translated from the French by a Person of Honour,' and published in 1658. Our author observes: 'A brave head covered with red hair is nothing else but the sun in the midst of his rays, or the sun himself is only a great eye under a red periwig; yet all the world speaks ill of it, because few have the honour to be so; and among a hundred ladies you shall hardly find one, because, they being sent from heaven to command, it is necessary there should be more subjects than sovereigns. Do we not see,' he adds, 'that all things in nature are more or less noble as they are more or less red? Amongst the elements, he that contains the most essence and the least matter or substance is the fire, *because* of his colour; gold hath received of his dye the honour to reign over the metals, and of all planets the sun is most considerable *only because* he is most red; the hairy comets that fly up and down the skies at the death of heroes, are they not the red moustaches of the gods that they pluck off for grief? Castor and Pollux, those little fires that make seamen foretell the end of a storm, can they be anything else than the red hairs of Juno, which she, in token of love, sends to Neptune? In fine, had it not been for the desire men had to possess the fleece of a red sheep, the glory of thirty demi-gods would be in the cradle of these things which never were born.' He notices, then, the fact, that the genteelest deities in the Pantheon, Apollo and Venus, were pictured as being, not 'lily white of hue,' but crimson-red, and apologised for Jupiter shewing himself *brown*, a decidedly plebeian colour, on the ground the smoke of his thunders had turned him *black!* He then reminds the reader that the sovereignty of Athens depended on Nisus's yellow tress, and remarks that Adam must have been highly accomplished. 'Aristotle,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'was but the rubbish of an Adam,' because, as his name signifies red earth, he must himself have been red; and to be red is to be wise, witty, learned, skilful—in fact, perfection itself. He concludes thus: 'The best balanced constitution is that which is betwixt phlegmatic and melancholy. The flaxen and the black are beside it—that is to say, the fickle and the obstinate; between both is the medium where wisdom, in favour of red men, hath lodged virtue, *so* (that is, as of consequence) their flesh is much more delicate, their blood more pure, their spirits more clarified, and, consequently, their intellect more accomplished, because of the perfect mixture of the four qualities.' He sums up: 'In troth, I seldom see a flaxen head of hair but I think of a distaff ill-periwigged.' An abler or more conclusive vindication of 'fiery-toned locks' could not, we think, be adduced, and we may supplement it with the remark, that, although Coleridge has given to his female fiend 'Life-in-Death,' who 'thicks men's blood with cold,' at once 'skin as white as leprosy,' and 'locks as yellow as gold,' locks of that dye were greatly coveted by the dames of imperial Rome, who selected the colour for that of their periwigs, and even now in the Italian peninsula it is held in the highest esteem.

The value of red tape may be judged from the following passage in Taylor's *Account of the Rebellion in Wexford*. 'Before the rebellion broke out in Wexford,' says the historian, 'all the red tape in the country was bought up, and more ordered from Dublin. It was generally bought in half-yards, and all the Roman Catholic children, boys and girls, wore it round their necks. This was so general and so remarkable as to occasion some inquiry, and the reason given was this: a priest had dreamed there would be a great plague among the children of their church under fifteen years of age; *that their brains were to boil out at the back of their heads*. He dreamed also there was a charm to prevent it, which was to get some red tape, have it blessed and sprinkled with holy-water, and tie it round the children's necks till the month of May, when the season of danger would be past. The Protestants had good cause to suspect that it was, in reality, intended as a mark to distinguish their own children, like the blood of the Paschal lamb when the Egyptian first-born were to be cut off.'

According to good old Bishop Pontoppidan, the salmon—at least in Norway—has as great a horror of the colour red, as a Sussex bull or a Manchester Quaker. Fishermen, when watching the fish, carefully avoid garments of that colour; and a person whose house stood on the shore close to the water,

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removed the red tiles from his roof for that very reason, replacing them with blue ones. We can as little understand the *causa causans* of this, as we can understand why, in a charter granted by our King John early in his reign, by which great and singular privileges were conferred on the Jews, a prohibition should have been inserted forbidding them, under any circumstances, to purchase *red* cloth. The phrase used is *pannus sanguine lentus*, which Madox, in his *History of the Exchequer*, translates *cloth stained with blood;* but the meaning obviously is cloth of the colour of blood—that is what we call florid or blood-red. Red always suggesting the notion of heat or fire, Bishop Patrick gravely affirms that 'the poor Norwegian' is 'afraid, at the first sight of a rose, to touch it, being apprehensive of burning his fingers'—a statement which naturally enough provoked the patriotic indignation of his brother-prelate, Bishop Pontoppidan, who somewhat angrily denounces it as a fiction; affirming, in its confutation, what we all know, that the rose is a flower by no means uncommon in Norway. Be that as it may, the fact is well authenticated, as we learn from Sir Kenelm Digby, that the beautiful Lady Heneage found her fair cheek blistered when a red rose was laid on it, exactly as if a red-hot iron had been applied. If we are to credit Horace Walpole, a modification of the colour red was in no very remote times the means of extending the British empire, for we read in one of his gossiping letters—'This very morning, I found that part of the purchase-money of Maryland from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre—*we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews' harps.'

That there is some virtue in this colour, red, apart from that which may inhere in any substance in which the colour is exhibited, we have certainly some evidence. When we read that Cardinal Sylberperger's only remedy to ease the pain of the gout was to plunge his hand into a basinful of gold money, and to turn the pieces over and over again, we may ascribe the relief he experienced to a mental cause—to the gratification a miserly old curmudgeon derives from handling his treasures. When we are told that Cardinal Zinzendorf, to rid himself of the torment of his *podagra*, would, after a prescription of his mother, daily bathe his feet in pig's blood, we must recollect that great therapeutic virtues have been attributed to the vital fluid, and that the benefit resulting from the repulsive bath might be owing to the virtue proper to the blood *per se*, and not to its crimson hue. But what shall we say to the fact, that the Indians of New Granada were accustomed to put gold into the buckets when watering their horses, in order to quiet and conciliate them? It must here have been the colour which worked the desired effect, as the supposition that the horses appreciated the value of the metal is quite out of the question. Then, again, take the article of coral beads hung round the neck—our modern necklace—was thought a useful prophylactic against apoplexy, the plague, and other contagious disorders. The Romans considered that coral, worn by children, protected them against enchantments; and by men, contributed to strengthen their teeth. It had other merits unnecessary to be enumerated here, but the belief was general, that when its owner was ill, the coral forfeited its ruddy tinge, and assumed a pallid hue. Its virtue and power were inseparable from its ruby colour, and this it palpably lost whenever its owner succumbed to a sickness it was itself impotent to repel. Of this ruby hue was also a singular gem of eminent worth, and known to the mineralogists and lapidaries of the middle ages under the name of *corvia* or *corvina*. The means of obtaining this precious rarity is detailed in a work entitled *The Mirror of Stones*, compiled by that erudite and industrious savant, Camillus Leonardus, who dedicated it to Cæsar Borgia, and is as follows: We are bid on the Kalends of April to boil the eggs taken out of a crow's nest till they become hard, and then, when cold, we are to restore them to the nest. 'When the crow knows this, she flies a long way to get this stone, and having found it, returns to the nest, and the eggs being touched with it, they become fresh and prolific. The stone must be immediately snatched out of the nest—its virtue is to increase riches, bestow honours, and foretell many future events.'

Did space permit, we should refer to the Apician reputation of the *Phœnicopterus*, or Flamingo—literally '*Red* Wing'—that glory of the Roman gastronomes, and which Pliny, seduced from his usual gravity of expression, by the recollection of the exquisite relish of the subject-matter of his remarks, emphatically denominates 'the deepest whirlpool of all our epicures,' and blessed in the possession of a tongue 'of the most exquisite flavour'—of so exquisite a flavour, indeed, that Martial regrets it should be commendable only as a dainty for the table, and that, when the bird was living, the tongue should never have discoursed sweet music. We might have dwelt also on that incomparable luxury of the ichthyophagist, the *red* mullet, so prized in Rome, that, according to Juvenal, one of 'the masters of the world' gave for a fine specimen of the kind no less a sum than 6000 sesterces, being at the rate of 1000 for each pound-weight of the fish—a greater sum, as the satirist observes, than the fisherman himself, of course a slave, would probably have fetched. It was of this dainty of the deep that Seneca remarked: 'A mullet, even if just caught, is thought little of unless you let it die in the hand of your guest. They are,' he continues, 'carried about enclosed in globes of glass, and their colour is watched when they die as it changes through the struggles of death into various shades and hues.'

MORNING.

From rounded hills and dimpling vales
Night's shadowy shrouds unfold,
And the lonely star of morning pales,
And the mists are bathed in gold.

Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
Over the rippling corn,
And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
On the white brow of the morn.

The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
And their petaled eyes unclose
With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
That curtains their repose.

From nestling homes, all leaf-embowered,
The birds pour matin songs,
And fields and river-banks are showered
With new-born insect throngs.

All things are glad at the wakening breath
That heraldeth the day,
When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
Passeth upon its way:

The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
When under heavenly skies,
While the morn of another life is breaking,
We shall open these darkened eyes.

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OUR SPARE ROOM.

When Mivins and myself first began life as a married couple, there was nothing upon which we prided ourselves more in our nice little house in Vandeleur Terrace than upon its Spare Room. Every apartment in that modest mansion was dear to us, and had cost me many a tear. Mivins had left the furnishing of it to me from the very first, and nobody can tell, who has not experienced it, what a trial *that* is. What a responsibility is druggets and bed-furniture, and dining-tables and easy-chairs, and gilt mirrors, which you must have, if a house is to be a house, and chandeliers which need a bag to put them into, if they are to bear looking at after the first week, down to the rolling-towel in the back-kitchen, which—talk of the excellence of machinery in these days!—either does not roll, nine days out of ten, or else comes down with a run.

However, as I say, we furnished our house, and especially that Spare Room. It had statues on the mantel-piece, although it was but a bedroom, and a picture of the Battle of Waterloo, two feet by three, and a fly-catcher, and a sofa, with an antimacassar which Grandmamma Grueby worked herself, and took three and a half years about it, off and on, in expectation of my marriage-day. Moreover, the bed shut up, and didn't look like a bed unless you knew; and there was a wooden cap that fitted over the washing-table; so that altogether when a party had got up, and the place was put in order, you might have inquired whether it wasn't the drawing-room. If matters had turned out different, this might have been the nursery, perhaps, but that was not to be, and our Spare Room it was, and is, and in all probability will remain so long as we stop in Vandeleur Terrace, and we have a lease of the house for ninety-nine years, I believe. However, of course, when we took the place we could not tell what might happen, and it was of no use hiring a house only just big enough for ourselves and no more, and so that 's how we came to have our Spare Room. We are not rich people, Mivins and I; but we are in what one may call easy circumstances; that is, we should be so, if it were not for that extra chamber, which, for my part, and although it does look so spruce and elegant, I wish were walled up, or thrown into the dining-room (as it might be, only that they say the doing away with the party-wall would bring down the house), for really the trouble it has cost me, and the expense it has been to poor dear Mivins, nobody knows.

What I should be most particular about in the way of advice to all young people setting up housekeeping, and especially in town, is this: Whatever house you take, my young friends, whether big or little, be sure you have no such thing as a Spare Room. If you must look out for contingencies—and nothing 's worse, as far as my experience goes, or so likely to prove disappointing—and provide an apartment *in advance*, as it were, at least don't furnish it. Then you can say to all friends from the country who write to say they are coming through Town—always 'through,' even if they stop a week—that you would be above all things delighted to receive them, only you have no extra sleeping accommodation whatever. Of course, they will reply that anything will do for them; that you may litter them down where you please; that they know how to rough it, and only require that welcome which they are well aware they will receive at your hands, &c. The variety of ingenious self-invitations which these good people give themselves is most extraordinary. But to all of them you can reply, with truth, that it is a thousand pities, but you have no Spare Room. Ah, happy pair, who have received a hint to this effect while there was yet time, and profited by it! There is a bachelor of my acquaintance who has adopted this course in respect to his drawing-room; it is a very beautiful apartment, but entirely unfurnished, with the trifling exception of a wreath of plaster-flowers on the ceiling, above the place where the chandelier is expected to hang. He entertains his unmarried friends, and smokes in all his rooms indifferently; but when he is called upon by ladies, he takes them into the drawing-room, and remarks: 'When I marry, this shall be furnished exactly as the lady of my choice shall direct, who, indeed, shall also have her way in every other particular.' It is extraordinary how respected that man is in domestic circles, although he has not the most distant intention of marriage, and would not exchange the privilege of smoking in his bedroom (as he had once the indelicacy to confide to me) for five-and-forty wives. There is, therefore, nothing more advantageous and cheaper than an unfurnished room; while to married persons of small income it is indispensable. If they once furnish their

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Spare Room, it is all over with them; their house is made a hotel of at once.

'Knowing you have a Spare Room,' writes Aunt Bertha, 'I make no apology for craving your hospitality for a few days. The May meetings begin at Exeter Hall on the 14th, and I would not miss that dear good man, Mr Howler, upon any account; it is uncertain when his address will be delivered, but perhaps Mr Mivins will be so good as to procure me this information.' Aunt Bertha does not think much of poor dear Mivins in his spiritual character, although she never dares breathe so much to me, who know his real worth, and what a genuine good creature, without one halfpenny worth of cant, he is; but she puts great faith in his information regarding everything metropolitan, ever since he once put her into a 'bus which dropped her at the very door of Mr Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It is a very difficult matter for my husband, who is only concerned with city matters, to find out about Mr Howler, whose name he has never heard in his life; but this is the least of the evils Aunt Bertha's coming occasions us. The house is placed under religious martial law for a week certain, and the servants unanimously give us warning after the first twelve hours of her.

Then my cousin Dick informs us, by letter, that he would not stoop to ask a favour of any other persons in the world but ourselves, his character being, as we know, independent to a fault, but that he is very anxious to exhibit a terrier at the Islington dog-show, and feeling sure that we should never forgive his putting up at an inn, why, he will make use of our Spare Room; and he ventures to say that we have some sort of a kennel for a little dog that can stand in a corner of that apartment, as he dares not let it sleep out of his sight. Dick is certainly a great change after Aunt Bertha; but, indifferent guest as she was, I can scarcely say he is an improvement. He keeps hours which, except that they are always late, are very uncertain, and is not to be trusted to extinguish the light in the lobby, nor even to put the chain up, after he has got in—when he *does* get in—a feat which he sometimes finds a little difficult. I don't mean to say he gets tipsy; but he is so unused to latch-keys, that he will fumble for half an hour at the front-door—while Mivins and I lie terrified with the idea that it is burglars. The last time this occurred, we felt the more certain of this, inasmuch that after about a quarter of an hour the noise altogether ceased, and long afterwards our belated guest let himself in quite easily. At breakfast, however, he explained the circumstance, very much to his own satisfaction.

'I may not be clever,' said Dick; 'but I do think I am sagacious. You would not have imagined now, Mivins, how the simple habit of observation alone preserved me from passing last night in the streets. I arrived at your hospitable door at about 12.15, and it utterly refused to open'——

'Then it was you, Dick, was it,' interrupted I indignantly, 'who kept us awake for hours scrabbling at the keyhole?'

'Yes, it was me,' replied Dick coolly; 'and I must say, cousin, that if you heard my frantic efforts to obtain admittance, you might have sent Mivins down to let a fellow in.'

'But we thought it was thieves,' expostulated my husband; 'and besides, there was that horrid dog of yours in the Spare Room, which you told me yourself, when it once got hold of a man's leg, would never let go.'

'That is very true,' replied Dick proudly. 'A hot poker put close to his nose would be the sole method of persuading him to part company, and I suppose such an instrument could not have been procured at that late hour. However, it was I who was at the door; and the latch-key which I had carried so carefully in my waistcoat pocket had got itself stuffed up with a fluey substance, and the harder I poked it into the keyhole, the harder that obstruction became. Perhaps it was a little later than 12.15'——

'It was half-past two, Dick,' remarked I parenthetically.

'Was it really, cousin? How wonderfully quick the time does pass in London! Well, at all events, there was nobody to be seen or heard. Vandeleur Terrace was as silent as our farm-yard in the country before cock-crow, and I could hear myself apostrophising that latch-key as plainly as though I was in our wall-garden with the echo. I whistled down the barrel of it, but I might just as well have whistled for a wind. I knelt down and knocked it against the door-step, but I might as well have tried to make a rabbit bolt by jumping on the mouth of its burrow. If I'd only had a scarf-pin, I could have picked the thing clean in half a minute, but then my scarf-pin had been stolen about two hours before by a very gentlemanly person who had asked me the way to St Paul's Churchyard. Then all of a sudden I remembered that, three streets off or so, I had seen a solitary policeman amusing himself with a—no, not with a toothpick, but with a pin instead of a toothpick.'

'Dick,' said I, 'don't be vulgar.'

'Certainly not, cousin,' said he.—'I had reflected upon passing him that it was an ungenteel occupation, but had forborne to make any remonstrance, on account of his having nothing else to do. Now I blessed my stars that I had not made him my enemy by any such rebuke. Threading my way carefully back, I found him at the exact spot where I had left him, and engaged in the same occupation.'

'Policeman,' said I, 'my latch-key is stuffed up, have you got such a thing as a pin?' for I thought that any more direct reference to the instrument so obviously in his possession might be considered offensive.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have got half a dozen;' and he exhibited a seam of his coat quite studded with those articles. Without entering into the very interesting question of why he carried so many pins, I selected one of them, and having removed the obstacle that prevented me from enjoying your hospitality, I thanked him, and returned it to him in company with a shilling. But for my habit of observation, you see, I might have remained out of doors all night; for nothing would have induced me to have called you up, my character being, as you know, independent to a fault.'

Dick never occupied our Spare Room again; we had had enough of his habit of observation and independence of character, as well as of Aunt Bertha's spiritual despotism. We did not indeed sell off the furniture of that unfortunate apartment which was always leading us into so much trouble and expense; but we did a bolder thing still—we invited Uncle Trotter to come and live with us.

Uncle Trotter was perhaps one of the most disagreeable persons alive, and was very sincerely abhorred by every member of his family, as well as by his relations by marriage, including Mivins himself; but at the same time he was greatly respected and caressed. His wealth was said to be untold, and his constitution was thought to be not worth a year's purchase. This latter notion was altogether delusive, for various members of the family had already welcomed him to their hearths and homes, and he had lived with them *gratis* for considerable periods, only to leave them, not in a hearse, but in a huff, for some other rival relative, whose speculation was doomed in its turn to turn out quite as unfortunately. Besides his own intrinsic demerits, there was this additional disadvantage in entertaining the old gentleman, that it placed you at daggers drawn with everybody else who had any expectations from him. 'See how those crafty Mivinses have got hold of dear Uncle

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Trotter,' was the general remark in the family, I know, directly he came to Vandeleur Terrace; and this feeling was especially fomented by Cousin Graspall, from whom we bore him away almost at his last gasp, as they affirmed, and just when they were about to reap, in his will, the harvest of many months of servility and inconvenient hypocrisy. He came to us, however, immediately upon our invitation, without repaying them a shilling for all the expense that he had been to them, and with a number of handsome presents that these miserable people had bestowed upon him at different times unknown to one another. Costly gifts from the old Graspalls, which it must have made their hearts ache to purchase; a walking-stick with a gold handle from the elder son; a snuff-box from the younger; a Wordsworth elegantly bound (a pig would have been better pleased with a pearl) from one of the young ladies; and even a box of pills, 'with a pious hope that they would do dearest uncle good,' from the very smallest Graspall. What I disliked most in the old gentleman was his chuckling over these presents, and turning into ridicule their unfortunate donors; but besides his behaviour in this respect, Uncle Trotter was quite unbearable. In the first place, his habits were so unpleasant that, rather than have him live with us, I would have preferred that Cousin Dick's terrier should have occupied our Spare Room for a permanency, and even brought up there that family of puppies of whose arrival I was in agonised expectation throughout her stay. Then the trouble he gave was something incredible; the Spare Room bell was always ringing, and meals being eaten there at all hours except those at which the rest of the household were accustomed to take them. He smoked uncessingly, too, and upon one occasion threatened to light his pipe with the flycatcher, because lucifers were brought to him for that purpose in place of wax-lights. An Angel in the House, as a lifeboarder, would, I believe, be unpleasant to any married woman like myself; spinsters may and do tolerate volunteer companions under the same roof, but with us it is different; home is not home unless, for some portion of the year at least, we enjoy it, Darby-and-Joan fashion, with our husbands. Moreover, as I have hinted, Uncle Trotter was not an angel, but rather the reverse. He left us, summarily, after a domestic fracas, the news of which delighted all the family, both those who had lodged and boarded him, and those who hoped to lodge and board him. He removed from our roof to that of the Limpets, who had long been looking out for that happy chance. They were even so fortunate as to be the last whom Uncle Trotter visited; and they received his last sigh. He had nothing else to give them, as it turned out, for he had sunk the whole of his property in a Life Annuity.

Our Spare Room was now once more in our hands, and began to invite our dear friends from the country like an Inn Signboard at election-time. Then Mivins and I determined upon a line of defence that should be impregnable; we came to the resolution to let Lodgings to Single Gentlemen. This was inconvenient, but so, probably, is the shell of the tortoise; it was undignified, but so is digging a rifle-pit in the presence of an enemy; it had, however, the advantage of insuring safety. It was a conclusive reply to all persons inviting themselves to No. 1 Vandeleur Terrace, that 'circumstances over which we had no control' (and I never wrote a truer sentence) 'had compelled us to let our Spare Room.' Then I took counsel with my old friend, Mrs Brown, of the Edgeware Road—Lucy Gill as was when I was Martha Trivet—who, being in reduced circumstances, had commenced the 'Furnished Apartment' business two or three years ago, and after several misadventures, pertaining, I suppose, to all commencements, was succeeding in it to a marvel. Success was not so much *our* object, as security; we wanted a lodger, not as a means of livelihood, but simply as a garrison. There was therefore very little doubt that we should be easily suited.

'But don't take very young gentlemen,' said Mrs Brown, 'for such are often in hiding from their relatives, and their relatives sometimes refuse to settle their bills upon their restoration to the domestic circle; and don't take very old gentlemen, for they sometimes decease in the house, and there is a difficulty in getting the parish to bury them.'

This advice seemed rather hard in Lucy (whom I remember all heart, or nearly so), but it was sound, so far as it went, and founded upon practical experience.

So we took the first middle-aged gentleman—Mr Adolphus Conroy—who rang the front-door bell with an eye to our Spare Room. The apartment pleased him, the terms pleased him, my offer to cater for him pleased him, and, in short, he expressed himself—and in very appropriate terms—as satisfied with everything. After Uncle Trotter, almost any inmate would have made a favourable impression, but Mr Conroy was really a pattern lodger. He was a little 'high' in his manner to me, but then how could he know that I was not dependent upon his custom, like other landladies? Doubtless, thought I, he regards me as a harpy who will burn his coals and drink his tea, and lay the decrease of his butcher's meat to the account of the cat; so I was patient with his supercilious ways. He was really very nice-looking; he had, I must say, an aristocratic air about him very different from Mivins—who, however, is worth all the aristocrats in the world: his luggage was of great bulk, and very heavy; altogether, he was a sort of lodger one couldn't well help looking up to. His mode of life was all that could be desired. At about eleven A.M., he left the house, attired in the first style of fashion, and returned at seven to his dinner; after which he would smoke a couple of pipes, and then retire for the night. He never made a complaint of any sort, nor any observation upon the weekly bills, save one—that they were *ridiculously cheap*. 'Really, Mrs Mivins,' observed he, at the end of the second week, 'I cannot think how you manage; I couldn't keep myself upon twice the money. You must really give me your receipt for such economy.' But he never asked me for my receipt for his account, because he never paid it. That was the one drawback with respect to my otherwise model lodger; he never offered to pay one sixpence either for board or lodging. Being of a sensitive disposition, and unaccustomed to my new calling, I did not like to press for a settlement; but after the third week had passed without my receiving any remuneration for a good deal of trouble and some considerable expenses—for gin-punch with lemon was what he took of an evening, and lemons are dear—I thought I'd go and see my professional adviser, Mrs Brown.

'What!' says she, when I had confided to her my little difficulty, 'you haven't seen the colour of this fellow's money for three weeks?'

Fancy her speaking of Mr Adolphus Conroy as 'a fellow!' but a hard life makes one use hard words, I suppose: poor Lucy!

'No,' returned I; 'I have not. But then he says that little sums are so embarrassing, and that he would rather settle at the month's end.'

'Did he say that?' cried Mrs Brown, in a state of great excitement. 'O the wretch! O the base deceiver! Does he speak with a lisp, this Mr Conroy? does he call little sums, little thumbs? Pray, tell me, for I'm all in a twitter.'

'Well,' said I, 'I'm sure I can't tell how you guessed it, Lucy, but certainly he has that peculiarity. Many persons of good condition have it, you know.'

'I'll condition him,' cried Lucy. 'I'll let him know that he sha'n't rob my helpless babes with impunity. That very man—I'm sure it's he—lodged with me just when I set up business in the letting

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line. His name was Somers then; but he had that same excuse about settling at the month's end.—Jemima Anne, go and fetch a policeman.'

The child thus addressed was about to start off delighted on this errand, but I set my back against the door. 'Lucy Brown,' exclaimed I, 'this shall not be. You may be all wrong from first to last. Now, the way to find out for certain will be this: do you and Mr Brown come and take tea with us this very evening, and then you shall look through the keyhole of our Spare Room, and see whether our lodger is the same as your Mr Somers.'

'Which if he is, I'll baste him,' observed Lucy, taking up a hearth-brush, and looking more formidable than I should ever have given her credit for. I had never believed any of those stories about Mrs Brown's complete subjugation of her husband until then. He was once a sergeant-major in the army, and stands six feet three in his stocking-feet; still the power of a woman's eye is, I believe, almost inconceivable—although it was never necessary for me to use it with Mivins.

Well, they came—these two—to Vandeleur Terrace; and before we sat down to tea, what do you think?—I observed that there was something odd about Mrs Brown's dress, although crinoline does hide most things—she actually had that hearth-brush stuck through her pocket! The law wouldn't right her, she said, so she was determined to right herself with the strong hand, in case my lodger was the man she anticipated. The sergeant-major was to stand in the passage, and see that he made no resistance. I thought this a most dreadful proposition, and insisted upon no such thing taking place in my house; but Mivins, I am sorry to say, opposed me point-blank. He even suggested that I, who had been wronged also by this gentleman, should assist Mrs Brown, while he himself assisted the sergeant-major in overawing the foe. I wonder what Aunt Bertha would have said had she heard him make such a proposal! How earnestly I hoped that my lodger would not come in that evening, would never come back at all; or better still, that he would turn out to be the Mr Adolphus Conroy which his manners and appearance had always led me to expect; the personal description which Mrs Brown had given of Mr Somers, tallying so accurately with his own, however, that this last hope was very faint indeed.

At 6.45, as usual, the unsuspecting man came home, and we could scarcely prevent the avenging female on the first floor from descending upon him forthwith, when she recognised his voice and step. The sergeant-major, however, represented to her how much sweeter her revenge would be if she waited till he had his slippers on, and his pipe alight, and he had made himself, as he fondly imagined, comfortable for the evening; so poor Mr Adolphus Conroy dined in peace. At eight P.M., the sergeant-major and my husband softly descended into the passage, and stood the one on one side, the other on the other of our Spare Room door. I remained on the stairs, with my heart going pit-a-pat, I can promise you, and wishing what was coming was well over. The intrepid Lucy stooped down, and looked through the keyhole. 'It 's Somers,' observed she, in a voice trembling with anticipated triumph; 'it 's the very man himself. He 's got his horrid feet upon the mantel-shelf, just as he used to do in our house; and he 's reading the same volume of Byron's poems. I 'll *Don Juan* him.'

With these words, she threw open the door, and marched into our Spare Room, like a general taking possession.

'And how do you *do*, Mr Somers, *alias* Mr Adolphus Conroy, *alias* a number of other fine names, I do not doubt? My 'umble duty to you, my perfect gentleman;' and she dropped her courtesy to him with the most cutting courtesy you can imagine. I could not help coming a little way down the stairs to look at him. I never saw any man so frightened in my life: Mivins, under the idea of burglars, was quite a Julius Cæsar compared with him. His eye wandered irresolutely from the hearth-brush to the sergeant-major, and lit upon me at last with really quite a pitiful expression.

'Oh, Mrs Mivins,' said he, 'I never meant *you* any harm. Do, pray, protect me.'

'Oh, no harm at all,' exclaimed my husband, presenting our little account carefully made up to the latest dates—'no harm at all, if you will settle that.'

'And *this*,' added Mrs Brown, dropping another courtesy, and drawing forth a document of a similar nature.

'I have not got one single farthing,' observed Mr Adolphus Conroy with desperation.

I draw a veil over what followed; indeed, I was so upset that I became entirely unconscious. When I recovered, the sentinels were still at their post; Mrs Brown's colour was rather heightened; her hearth-brush was broken in two; my unfortunate lodger was sitting on the carpet of our Spare Room in a supplicatory attitude.

'If you will only spare me, dear Mrs Brown,' cried he; 'I have an uncle in town who will repay you all, and more.'

'I daresay you have,' replied she contemptuously. 'You have an uncle in every street.'

'Yes, but this is a regular one, this is,' urged he; 'and he 's very fond of his nephew, I do assure you.'

'Then he must have a very peculiar taste,' quoth the sergeant-major sententiously.

'He will pay you all ten times over,' cried the poor wretch, rubbing his back. 'I don't ask you to lose sight of me. Come with me to his house, Mrs Brown, if you will not trust me.'

'*Trust* you!' exclaimed that lady with the loftiest scorn. Nevertheless, since there was offered this scintilla of hope, she put on her bonnet, and accompanied her victim into the street, notwithstanding the sergeant-major's remonstrances. In about five minutes she returned alone; Mr Somers, *alias* Conroy, had called a cab in the next street, and escaped from the avenger. '*He got on the box*,' said she, 'or I would have gone with him wherever he went. However, he 's had something to remember me by.'

When we came to examine the bulky and ponderous baggage, it turned out to be brickbats. All that he had left of personal property in our Spare Room—he having taken away all his fine clothes by degrees and unobserved—was a false cravat, called, I believe, a 'Dundreary,' and a little box full of ingenious instruments for forcing locks.

The misfortune has put us rather out of heart in respect to single-gentlemen lodgers. Can any one tell us What is to be done with our Spare Room?

FISH AND FISHPONDS.

Of all melancholy sights, commend us to a fresh-water aquarium! It is easy to keep the salt-water ones clear, and even sparkling; we might almost say it is impossible that they should be otherwise than beautiful, if only left to themselves, for there is always life and latent beauty in salt-water, as the ancients symbolised by the myth of Venus rising from its waves. But a tank of what is euphemistically called fresh-water, never looks clear. You catch yourself sniffing on approaching the yellow fluid. The fish seem dejected, the leeches comatose, the tadpoles suffer from indigestion. It is evidently an effort for the water-beetle to perform his usual acrobatic feats.

This happens because it is unnatural to keep animal and vegetable life in so limited a space as a fresh-water aquarium. It may be done; but unless the due proportion between the producers and the consumers of oxygen be kept very exactly, the

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experiment will fail. Anemones and sea-weed, on the contrary, will flourish in the smallest rock-pool; and even if the balance between animal and vegetable life be not nicely adjusted, it will be some time, owing to the antiseptic properties of salt-water, before it will tell on them injuriously.

Enlarge the fresh-water receptacle so that wind and other atmospheric agencies may influence it, and few rural sights are more interesting to the naturalist than a sheet of water, or more ornamental as an adjunct of a country-house.

As the 'fair receipt of water, some thirty or forty foot square,' with which Lord Bacon would ornament his model garden, is to have no fish in it, we may dismiss such tanks as contemptuously as he disposes of the 'fine devices' round them—'they be pretty things to look at.' Fishponds proper were early an appliance of luxury. The old Egyptian kings possessed a very remarkable one, now almost wholly choked with rubbish, called Lake Mœris. It was dug by manual labour, was of great extent, and possessed a water-communication with the Nile. Two pyramids were erected in the centre of it; and Herodotus quaintly tells us, that for six months of the year, when the waters set out of the lake into the Nile, it produced a talent's worth of fish a day for the king's treasury (about L.243). We can easily fancy that then, as now, artificial lakes and fishponds would be dear to orientals. Raising huge earthworks and digging deep channels has always been a mania in the east. Though the former are more enduring than the latter, without doubt the Great King dreamed away his days in a shady kiosk by 'a motion from the river won,' just as eastern potentates do still. Manners never alter in the east.

The *vivarium*, or fishpond, was an integral part of the Roman villa, and probably floated to its situation as the crown of patrician luxury, when the Orontes flowed into the Tiber, bearing strange eastern fashions on its broad bosom. We read of feats performed to possess a large fishpond, which might have stirred the envy of Xerxes. Murena, a Roman knight in Sulla's time, first made fishponds in our sense of the word, though oysters had been kept in tanks (as in the modern pits) before his time. Other nobles soon followed his example. Lucullus had a mountain near Naples cut down, at a greater cost than he had paid for his famous villa, and let the sea in where it had stood. In Cæsar's time, it became very fashionable to keep lampreys in fishponds. Many curious tales are told of these. In a part of Lake Baiæ, the orator Hortensius kept one in a pond: he was so tenderly attached to it, that he shed tears at its death. Another was to be seen on the same estate wearing earrings, which some admirer had bestowed upon it. Cæsar gave away six thousand of them to his friends, when celebrating one of his triumphs. It should be noticed, that this is not the common lamprey with which we are so familiar, but a much larger fish, common in the Mediterranean, and once only, so far as we know, taken on our coasts, called scientifically the 'murry,' from its ancient patron, Murena. It is exceedingly fierce; and great enmity, according to Pliny, subsists between it and the conger-eel, which shews itself in attempts to bite off each other's tails! He also says that the taste of vinegar transports them to extreme rage. Murena flung condemned slaves to them in his fishponds, and beheld the unhappy men torn in pieces by them. The same author quaintly tells us that their bite may be best cured by the ashes of the fish's own head, and that they are fond of falling in love with serpents, which is taken advantage of by the fishermen; they hiss like serpents, and so lure them into their toils. This fish could live indifferently in salt or fresh water.

These fishponds were maintained at vast expense. Fishermen were sent out to catch small fry for the favoured pets, which sometimes became so tame as to feed from their owner's hand. The fish themselves acquired fabulous value apart from their intrinsic worth, as happens to this day in similar fashionable manias. We need not think even that the custom of keeping aquaria is of modern growth; the Romans preserved mullets in glass vases for the sake of watching their beautiful colours.

The monks were the first in our land to dig fishponds; most likely, we owe the carp to their introduction, though now it is completely naturalised. It is even possible that they brought pike to Britain, for, in old times, this fish was much more scarce than at present, whereas a reverse process appears to prevail with our native fish as the population increases. The great religious houses were generally situated hard by a river, as Ford Abbey, in Dorset, by the Axe, which is yet famed for its trout; or still more notably in the case of the Witham in Lincolnshire, the whole course of which is dotted with abbeys. The fish caught in these streams were transferred to stews, where they could be conveniently kept till required. Many such ponds still remain, celebrated even now for the excellence of their fish. Many more are drained, but may be traced by their banks. Curious relics have been found in some of them. An angler in the great pond at Newstead Abbey, some forty years ago, finding his hook catch on something heavy, fished up a brass eagle from the depths. On being sent to Nottingham to be cleaned, this was discovered to be hollow; and on being unscrewed, the charters of the abbey were disclosed within it. They had been hidden there in the perilous times of Henry VIII., and were little the worse for their long submergence. The eagle itself was mounted on a pedestal, and now does duty as a lectern in the magnificent Collegiate Church at Southwell.

Some of the most interesting English fishponds, however, are the 'blow-wells,' as they are called, in the north-east corner of Lincolnshire. These are natural artesian wells, circular hollows sinking abruptly through the alluvial soil to the underlying chalk strata, and constantly full of the purest water. You see the bubbles working their way up as you look into them, and at one side is the outflow perpetually running. The popular belief is that they are unfathomable; they are certainly of great depth. Sir Joseph Banks found bottom in one hundred fathoms in one of them. One of these wonders is near Great Grimsby; others are to be seen at several of the neighbouring villages. They vary from five yards to thirty in diameter, and are generally surrounded by a belt of trees. On a fine day, they appear of the deepest blue colour, like a Damascus sword-blade, shading lighter or darker as passing breezes ruffle the surface. The funnel-shaped sides are fringed with aquatic weeds, and then run sheer down, enclosing a basin of light-green water in the centre, where the greatest depth prevails. They are dangerous-looking places; a man might dive in, and certainly 'pluck up drowned honour by the locks,' were he fortunate enough to reach the bottom. Excellent fish abound in them, pike especially growing very large—one of twenty-five pounds' weight has been taken in one of them. Indeed, as you stand by their side, imagination can shadow forth piscine monsters, terrible as any encountered by Schiller's diver, in their unknown depths. We lately visited a group of these 'blow-wells' near Tetney, some being small, others larger, reminding us of a little family of geysers at rest. A few small boys surveyed our proceedings with awe. We flung in clods, which sank 'droppingly, droppingly' through the clear water out of sight, while large sullen circles ebbed slowly to the sides. At length one boy remarked to us in horror-stricken tones, on our inquiring if he ever bathed in them: 'A man once swam over that one' (pointing out the largest), 'and—he died after it!' On cross-examination, he could not tell any particulars of the

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sad event, so we set it down as a legend, judiciously invented by the mothers of the place to surround the dangerous depths with a fascination that should effectually keep off the youngsters. These blow-wells are worthy of a visit. Cattle instinctively avoid them; and they never freeze, we were told, in the severest winter.

It is easy enough to form a fishpond and stock it with fish in these days of enterprise, when ova can be artificially hatched in a shop-window. Three or four years ago, the beautiful valley which runs from Merthyr-Tydvil to Brecon, under the towering Beacons, might as well have been Yarra-Yarra, for any signs of commercial activity that it exhibited. We visited it the other day, and, lo! a railway wound its tortuous length along the hillsides, and a huge reservoir was dug in it, filled with water, on which pleasure-parties rowed as unconcernedly as if it were coeval with the surrounding mountains. Of course, salmon-trout will never breed except in running water; but a very few years more may see this basin an excellent preserve of pike, carp, tench, eels, &c. Even the gwyniad, which flourishes so well in the lake at Bala, might most probably be successfully introduced. No one could look upon the formation of such a pond without applying to it Horace's lines about the fish finding themselves in the elm-trees, where doves so lately sat and cooed.

While on the subject of these artificial ponds, we might tell of those at Stormontfield and elsewhere, devoted to solving the many interesting questions connected with the birth and education of the Salmonidæ. These are scientific ponds, akin to those which have ere now been made close to the sea to try the capacities of living in fresh water possessed by soles, codfish, and other denizens of the ocean. But we refrain, and proceed from historic fishponds to more familiar ground—to those ponds we have actually round us at present, which we cherish as part of that assembly of loved objects which make up our ideal of home.

One of the commonest sights, on emerging from a kitchen-garden into the belt of trees and waste land surrounding a country-house, is a circular fishpond covered with duck-weed. It is impossible to throw a hook and line through the green stagnant scum. Two or three willows hang over the black waters, and a few posts and rails moulder away at the side. Mariana, in her moated grange, might have enjoyed a morning walk hard by it, but the gardener shudders at its neglected appearance. Newts are the only living things to be seen, though he will most likely tell you a tale about an enormous pike that once snapped at him while filling his watering-pot there; much as the famous one Mr Briggs hooked, which actually barked at him in its rage on being captured. It is no one's business to look after such a pond as this; so, like the skeleton in the cupboard, the tumble-down house in Chancery, or any other domestic eyesore, it is left to its own desolation. There is a story of a man who once bathed in such a pond, was attacked by leeches, and on emerging, had to wait undressed on the bank till the hungry fiends were pleased to drop off him. Faugh! Let us pass on.

The dry leaves are crisp under our feet as we descend the bank to a very different kind of pond. Clear as crystal, and deep to the water's edge, the beeches, with their pale drooping sprays, bend lovingly over it. No plebeian fish are suffered to swim and gorge themselves in its favoured depths; it is the elegant home of numerous gold and silver fish, which float sedately along, or turn solemnly round and round it, like experienced old fellows, who are not diverted from their usual business-like ways by a trifle. You will not often see them condescend to take a gnat from the surface; they leave that to the vulgar roach and dace, the common herd in the great fishpond, who rush eagerly after the world's good things. They manifest a little pardonable emotion, indeed, when their young mistresses come down from the house to fling them a few crumbs, and admire their lustrous glow; but for the most part, they bear themselves worthy of that clear sparkling pond, its green nodding ferns, and aristocratic precincts. I admire their *insouciance;* their ancestors may have grown philosophic with Confucius in the Celestial Empire.

We need not visit the lake before the terraces, or descant on the swans that plume themselves in its glassy mirror, floating 'double, swan and shadow,' like those on 'sweet St Mary's Lake.' The fishpond we are most familiar with is the one we fished in as children, where cattle come to drink, and geese hiss at them, as if insulted on their own domain. There we got wet feet, and tired our nurse's patience with a crooked pin that would never catch the minnows. There, with the new rod given us on our birthday, we caught our first dace, and walked up to dinner at least a foot taller in our own estimation. Round its reedy sides, we afterwards, on returning home for the holidays, took the greedy pike, and shot that well-remembered water-hen with the keeper's gun. Those were pleasant days indeed! They come back upon us like distant music over the long vista of years that spreads between, and we turn from the water's edge homewards, none the worse for the strains of our boyhood that still murmur in our ears.

TOO GOOD A HUSBAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Mr Mill was a good, easy sort of man; his favourite proverbs were: 'Everything happens for the best,' and 'Never meet troubles half-way.' When his wife presented him with five daughters in succession, and then ceased her biennial gift, his calm temper never deserted him. At each of the five disappointments, he endeavoured to console his less easily-contented spouse, by reminding her that sons often gave their parents an immense deal of trouble, and that one might yet come; and when it was no longer possible to hope for the latter consolation, he dwelt only the more frequently on the former. He could not convince Mrs Mill that her having no son was a blessing, but he did in time that 'What can't be cured must be endured;' and being of an affectionate disposition, she became at length quite contented and happy in her nursery of little females.

But when the little girls grew up into young maidens, and the young maidens bid fair to become old ones, the wife's anxious and the husband's easy temper were continually meeting in opposition. The lady would urge that it was the duty of parents to think of the happiness as well as of the health and provision of their children, and that the latter had no right to bring girls into the world and then to bury them alive. The gentleman would counsel his wife 'not to meet troubles half-way,' and remind her that the girls were not old maids yet, and that perhaps they never would be; and that if they were, she might feel quite sure that everything had happened for the best; after which he would return to his garden, and so stop further discussion.

Although there appeared to be every probability that the mother's foreboding would come true, yet it did not. The Rev. Henry Balford, aged thirty-two, with a living worth five hundred a year, was, during a visit to his cousin, the rector of the parish, introduced to Miss Mill, aged twenty-eight; and feeling the want of a wife, and thinking that she would make him a comfortable one, he courted, proposed, and was in due time married to her. Mrs Mill had been too long desirous of a son-in-law, and Mr Mill was of too easy a temper, to feel much anxiety about Mary's future happiness; and, indeed, there was no just cause why they should. The bridegroom was a respectable,

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good-tempered, domestic man; the bride a sensible, well-meaning woman. Both intended to do their duty, and neither expected a wedding to turn earth into a paradise.

Very often a son-in-law, like a misfortune, does not come single. Mr Balford brought his half-brother, Walter Morant, to the wedding breakfast, in the character of bridesman. The brothers were near neighbours, and had always been much together; and Mrs Mill had been informed that Walter Morant was not pleased with Henry Balford for marrying, and so providing himself with a better companion than a brother. This report somewhat prejudiced the Mill family against Walter; and when first they saw him—though they could not deny that he was, both in face and figure, one of the handsomest men they had ever seen, yet they could, and did complain that he evidently knew too well how very handsome he was. A few days after the wedding, however, he took possession of the rector's now vacant spare room, and soon caused all ill-natured rumours to be forgotten. He was courteous to all, but to none so courteous as to Lucy, the youngest Miss Mill; and, in short, one of the first letters the Balfords received after their return from their wedding-trip, informed them that Walter and Lucy were going to follow their good example, and get married.

Mr Morant was pronounced by all his future relations to be not only handsome, but also clever and fascinating. Of his love for Lucy they could not possibly entertain any doubt, for he was a man who might have had his pick amongst the ladies, and his income equalled the whole of Lucy's fortune. The elder brother was delighted at the prospect of the marriage, and in his congratulatory letter to Mrs Mill, cried Walter up to the skies. The letter was shewn to Mr Morant, who said, with one of his most amiable smiles: 'I'm afraid dear old Hal is rather a partial judge of me; and since I gave him his living, he thinks he owes me gratitude as well as love. But what I was to do with it if I did not give it to my own brother, I'm sure I do not know. I call Hal my own brother, Mrs Mill, because, though we had different fathers, we had the same mother and the same nursery.' This fresh proof of the mutual affection of the brothers seemed to Mrs Mill a good omen of the future happiness of her two daughters. Every day Walter became more and more popular, and every one thought Lucy a very lucky girl. Lucy, for her part, often wondered why so handsome and so clever a man should wish to be her husband. She looked at herself in the glass, and was forced to acknowledge that her appearance as a woman was very far inferior to his as a man; and, in other respects, she did not even dream of comparing herself to him. Still standing before the glass, she shook her head, and thus addressed herself: 'Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy! I wish you would not make quite so sure of pleasing your future lord and master. Suppose it were the fashion for gentlemen to advertise their daughters as they do their horses, what could your papa say for you? You're a young woman, aged twenty—so far good; you have a fair skin, red cheeks, and a good head of hair. I really can't think of anything else in your favour. Now, who but a fool would take a horse merely because it was bay with black points, and had a long tail?' She sighed. 'You used to think that if you had but little wit in your head, you had some in your fingers, and could take the portrait of every one you saw; but that was a delusion, for when you tried to take Walter's portrait, you drew an ugly instead of a handsome man, and when you shewed him your caricature of his face, you made him more nearly angry than you ever saw him before; so tear up your drawing-paper, you silly little thing, and forget that you ever had a pencil in your hand.'

Lucy had not quite done justice to herself, for she had very pleasing manners, and a very pleasing face, and was, besides, of a true, hopeful, loving nature. The beauty was not perhaps the less attractive to others, because she herself was wholly unconscious of it. It was the effect of her character, not of her features, and, therefore, was not reflected in her dressing-glass.

When the young couple were married, all the women exclaimed: 'What a magnificent bridegroom!' and all the men: 'What a sweet little bride!' If the sweet little bride did not become a good wife, it certainly was not the fault of her family; for, before going to church, both father and mother had lectured her on her conjugal duties, and each of her sisters, as she gave the last kiss before marriage, had assured her that it was impossible she could do enough to deserve such a husband. At the breakfast, Mr Mill cautioned the bridegroom against spoiling his wife, and said that he had but one fear in giving him his daughter, and that was, that he would make her too good a husband. Not one could bid Lucy, the pet of the house, farewell without a tear, and all said that they did not know how they could have borne the parting if she had not been certain to be happy. How anxiously the bride's first letters were expected! And one after the other told the same tale, only in different words. 'Walter hasn't taken papa's advice: he is spoiling me dreadfully.' 'Walter makes so much of me, that I am getting unbearably conceited.' 'It is a good thing that I am going to live near Mary, for I sadly want a little pulling down.' As Lucy's family read her letters, they needed no portrait to remind them of their darling; they who had known her all her life, saw the writer in every word she wrote.

'My dearest Lucy, where have you been? I have been pacing up and down this room for the last hour, almost mad with anxiety on your account.'

'But I left word with James where I had gone.'

'And do you think such a message as you left could prevent me feeling anxious? If you imagine that my knowing that you were walking along damp roads, and then sitting in a close little room, by the side of a woman—who, for aught you know, may be sickening of fever—can keep my mind at rest, you little know how I love you.'

'Dear Walter, God has given me so good a husband, so many blessings, I feel I must do something for those to whom He has given less.'

'My love, the kindness of your heart misleads you; such duties belong to old maids who have no husbands to take care of.'

Lucy was silent for an instant, feeling rebuked, then looking up, she answered meekly: 'Certainly, it was not worth while to give you pain, Walter, for all the good that I have done; but I thought that you intended to be busy all the morning, and so would not miss me.'

'My head is so bad that I could not get on with my accounts, so I put them away and came to propose a ride; but I found that you had gone out by yourself, and now, of course, you are too tired to go out with me.'

'Indeed, I am not. I will be ready in twenty minutes. There is such a pleasant breeze. It is just the day to ride off a headache. Is it very bad, poor Walter?' and she put her little hand on his forehead, which was not very hot. 'To think that I should have neglected you for the sake of old Jones!'

'Well, I won't be jealous for this once,' he replied, giving her a kiss. 'But you are sure that you are not tired?'

'If I were tired, the very best way to rest after a walk is to take a ride.' And just as the horses were brought to the door, she returned, buttoning her glove, laughing, and out of breath.

Nowhere did Lucy appear to less advantage than on horseback. She was neither a practised nor a courageous rider. The dark dress did not become

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her, and she was not only an ungraceful, but a helpless-looking rider. 'Try and get more into your saddle, and—but I'm afraid you will never make a good horsewoman, Lucy. I can't understand any one being stupid at riding; it came natural to me.'

'I'm shamefully stupid,' sighed Lucy, vainly trying to follow directions. 'I ought to be able to learn with such a good teacher, and it looks so easy,' and she glanced admiringly at her husband.

'Well, well,' he answered good-humouredly; 'Rome was not built in a day, and there is no saying what perseverance may accomplish.'

Walter might well be fond of riding; the saddle was his throne, there he looked a king, and a right royal one. To see him ride to hounds was one of the grandest sights of the field. His equestrian feats were the talk and wonder of the county.

'There comes your sister, Lucy. I should know her a mile off by her legs.'

'It is impossible to walk along these muddy roads with long dresses; and, as a clergyman's wife, she is obliged to visit a good deal amongst the poor.'

'My darling, do not fancy that I am finding fault with Mary. Any sister of yours, my sweet Lucy, would be free from my censure, let her be what she would.' Then, after a moment's silence, he continued, laughing: 'By Jove, what good substantial understanders they are. And they are so fair a sample of the rest of the woman, both in mind and body, useful—but not ornamental. No, certainly poor old Hal has not a refined taste in women.'

Lucy's lips quivered, and a mist came before her eyes, but she drove back her tears with a smile, and resolutely forced herself to ignore that Walter knew that Mary was her favourite sister. The relations greeted each other very cordially, and before leaving, Mary, who had looked once or twice rather intently at Lucy, said kindly: 'What makes you look so pale? Are you unwell, or only tired?'

'Neither one nor the other,' said Walter, answering somewhat warmly for his wife. 'She is pale because she has passed the morning in a little, close room. The instant she came home I saw that she wanted fresh air, and so brought her out for a ride. I did not tell you, my love,' he continued, turning to his wife, 'that you were looking ill, because I know how nervous you are; and therefore, although I always observe your looks, I never remark upon them.' Then once more addressing his sister-in-law, he said: 'I think, Mary, you may safely venture to leave Lucy to her husband's care.'

As Mary walked home, she resolved in future to do so, and reproached herself not a little for having remarked upon Lucy's pale cheeks, and for having suggested the visit to Mrs Jones. The former error had entirely sprung from thoughtlessness. Perceiving that her sister was paler than usual, she had naturally but imprudently, considering Walter's peculiar character, inquired after her health. The latter error was more blameworthy, although it was kindly meant. Forgetting that when women are once married, they are better without the interference of their own family, and thinking that Lucy would be happier with something to do, Mary had tried to find her employment. Mary's regrets were followed by self-congratulations. She was glad that her sister should be so great a lady, and should have so doting a husband, for, whatever might be Walter's faults, his extraordinary love for his wife was remarked by every one; but she felt that she herself, with such a husband, and such a lazy life as Lucy's, would be thoroughly miserable, and so she contentedly passed her brother-in-law's grand mansion, and gazed fondly on the little parsonage, in which, consulting and working together, she and Henry always loved and helped each other.

'Your sister has made you look three shades paler than you did by her foolish remark. You are so delicate, my sweet Lucy, that it is impossible for a robust woman like Mary to understand how much care you need. I had some business to do in Railsbrook, but I will put that off till to-morrow, in hopes that a gallop across Ranley Park will bring a little colour into your cheeks.' If the longer ride did not succeed in bringing the colour into Lucy's cheeks, it did in making her wish Mary's interference further, for turf-riding seemed to the little coward even more perilous than road-riding; and if she had been left to choose her own horse, she would have given the preference to one that was broken-winded, and thereby physically incapable of a gallop.

Very guilty did poor Lucy feel when, after dinner, she found the grapes dancing with the biscuits, and hoping to the last that it was a false alarm—sat on her chair until, utterly unconscious, she fell forward on the table. When she opened her eyes, she was lying on a sofa, and Walter was kneeling by her side. Some servants were in a corner of the room, ready to obey their master's orders, but were not allowed to come near her couch. Before she had time to speak, her husband gently placed his finger on her lips, and, smiling, shook his head. Lucy was quite willing to be silent, and she lay in that delicious, dreamy weakness which sometimes follows a faint, gazing on his handsome form and face, and musing on his love and presence of mind. The servants were now dismissed, and, after a while, the invalid was permitted to have a pillow and to speak. She was soon well enough to be lectured, or rather to hear Mary's conduct blamed, for it was very seldom, indeed, that Walter considered Lucy herself responsible for any wrong she had done. All the time that he was paining her by his censure of her sister, he was expressing the most extravagant love for herself. She was 'his treasure,' 'his sweet wife,' 'his idol.' If she attempted to defend Mary, the defence was considered a fresh proof of her own goodness and of her sister's imprudence. Subdued, at length, by so adoring a husband, she suffered Mary's interference to be blamed without further remonstrance. And now Lucy began to feel very uncomfortable lying on the sofa; she half rose. Walter was by her side instantly. His darling must keep her head down; even at the cost of opposing her wishes, he must take care of his treasure. And grateful for so much love, Lucy obeyed, feeling all the time what a relief it would be to sit up for five minutes, or to walk across the room, or, above all, to go to bed. She did so long to get off her dress, and into a soft bed! She glanced at the clock; it still wanted two hours of bedtime. She never could lie two more hours—one hundred and twenty minutes—on that sofa. She began to fidget. Walter was by her side like lightning. 'My love, do you feel faint again?'

'Oh no, I'm not at all faint, only a little restless.'

'Ah, but, Lucy darling, you must not exert yourself;' and then, with the fondest of smiles, 'you must lie quiet for my sake.'

So Lucy lay quiet, with the exception of a sly stretch whenever her husband's eyes were averted; but that was not often; and from time to time she glanced furtively at the clock, and unfastened a hook, and longed more and more to go to bed. She was very often on the point of proposing to do so, but refrained for fear of paining Walter. 'He is so good to me,' she thought, 'so anxious to anticipate all my wishes, that if I say I should like to go to bed, he will reproach himself for the next month, because he did not guess my feelings, and himself suggest my retiring.' And when at length the two weary hours were ended, and Walter took her fondly in his arms, and carried her up stairs as easily as she could have carried a doll, she congratulated herself again and again on her patience; and she felt proud of her husband's love and strength, and proud too, that, for once, she had by her patient endurance been able to

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make some return for his love, even though he must never know that she had done so.

Lucy sat alone, smiling over an open book, which chanced to be turned upside down. Feeling, at length, that it was utterly impossible to read, she put it past, and fetched a tiny piece of work. She succeeded rather better with her hemming than she had done with her reading, for, every now and then, she made some half-a-dozen very neat stitches. But after such an exertion, she would hold out the funny little piece of calico, gloat over it, laugh at it, and even kiss it—nay, once she took it in her arms and hugged it, swaying herself backwards and forwards as she did so; whilst so doing, the sound of a step on the stairs recalled her to her senses, and she hastily hid her work, yet not as though she were ashamed of her occupation, but only anxious to conceal it. 'How I do wish the grand-jury would get through its business!' she said to herself. 'If Walter does not come home soon, he will find me in a strait-waistcoat. I can't keep my secret and my reason much longer. I wonder if there would be any harm in telling Mary! No, I had better not. Walter might feel slighted, and Mary would scold me.' She picked a flower to pieces somewhat sadly. 'All women, I suppose, have to make some sacrifices when they marry, though all have not to go hundreds of miles from their father and mother; and, worse still, to be settled near their favourite sister, and to be told by her, as Mary told me: "Now that we are married, it is better that we should not be too much together, nor love each other too much."' She looked up, caught sight of her husband's portrait, and smiled. 'My marriage is worth more sacrifices than I have made, for are not you the best of husbands; and will you not be'—she approached the picture, and crossing her hands, gazed at it as a Catholic might gaze at the image of a favourite saint—'will you not be the father of my child?'

Long before Lucy had seen Walter, she had often secretly hoped that a lover would some day come, but the lover of her fancy was very different from the one who had actually arrived. Both the home and the husband, she had pictured to herself, were undoubtedly inferior to those which she had obtained; and yet, perhaps, they were more fitted to satisfy her. Walter was so generous, that she had everything which money could procure; only one luxury—perhaps the greatest—was denied to her, the luxury of making some return for all she received—but that was impossible; her husband made her understand that he could gratify his own desires as well as hers, and that he was not pleased if she did more than feel grateful. She was the envy of every woman in the neighbourhood, and sometimes she would envy a poor woman making a shirt for her husband, or dining off dry bread, and saving a piece of cold meat for the master. But now she had no cause to envy any one; now she really was—what hitherto she had only been declaring to others, and trying to persuade herself—she really was the happiest little woman in the world. She walked about her house and grounds, and admired their splendour more than she had ever done before. 'My boy will be born to a fine inheritance,' she thought; 'and what a happy childhood his will be—so happy, that it must make him a good man. Look which way he will, he will see only beautiful scenery, and kind, loving faces. Little, helpless one! I will pay back all that I owe to the father by my care of the son. Ah, baby! it will be many years before you will be able to do without me. How many hours' work, how many sleepless nights do you mean to cost me, you little, saucy rogue?' Then she tried to think more seriously of the great trust she was about to receive, but her nature was so hopeful that she could not believe her son would be other than a healthy, merry boy, and a noble, gentle man. She walked through the villages, fell into interesting conversations with the young mothers, and informed herself respecting boys' games. She did not take much notice of little girls, for somehow it had not occurred to her that her baby might be of that sex. From that tiresome grand-jury, Walter never would come home. She must amuse herself in some way. Since that unfortunate attempt to take her lover's portrait, she had not used her pencil. Walter had a very retentive memory, and so sensitive a nature, that it was some months after his marriage before he forgot her mortifying failure. Now, however, she determined to present him with a second picture, which must give far more pleasure than the last could possibly have given pain. In the dining-room hung a portrait of himself, taken at five years old: she drew a younger resemblance of this face, put a cap round it, and clapped her hands with glee, as she thought of the pretty way she had fancied of telling her husband of the great joy that awaited him. A letter arrived from Walter, the most lover-like of letters, informing her that he should return on the morrow, and desiring her to try and be as sensible as her sister, and remain comfortably at home until he arrived. Impossible to obey; Lucy was waiting at the station half an hour before the train arrived. 'I couldn't help coming, dear Walter!' she exclaimed, as she cuddled up to him, not perceiving that her husband was surrounded by his friends, and that the eyes of half the passengers were staring at her.

'Then you deserve to be well scolded,' he answered fondly, 'for not taking more care of yourself than to come out so late in the evening, and without your boa, too.'

She put her hand up to her neck. 'O dear! I forgot; but never mind. The sight of you has sent such a happy glow over me, that I am sure I shan't take cold.'

Lucy looked round, blushed, and hastened away. 'I have a little present for you,' she said, as soon as they were alone. 'Does joy ever take away your appetite? because if it does, I won't give you my present till after you have dined.' But then, without waiting for an answer, she drew it from her pocket: 'It 's of no use, Walter, I can't keep it any longer.'

The moon was shining so brightly that it was light enough for him to see the picture—light enough for her to see her husband's face. Its expression changed instantly. 'What nonsense is this, Lucy? What do you mean?'

'It is not nonsense, Walter; it is true. It is—at least I hope it will be—the portrait of your son.'

'Oh! confound it! What a bore! I hate a lot of brats squalling about a house.' Lucy was dumbfounded; and, after a few minutes' silence, he said reproachfully: 'It was not my return then which made you look so pleased? My love alone cannot satisfy you, you want children also?'

He waited for a reply, and at length Lucy stammered: 'I thought you would have been pleased. Of course, it is a little Walter I want. I shall always be teasing your old nurse to know if it is like what you were at its age. And I love you now even more than I did before, and I am sure you will be fond of it, as soon as it has come.' His brow gradually smoothed, but he was still a gloomy-looking man when he went to dress for dinner. However, before he took his seat at table, he had recovered his usual cheerfulness and good temper. He was more attentive than usual to Lucy, and insisted upon her lying on a sofa to take her dessert, because she looked tired; and, after the servant had left the room, he soon convinced her that his annoyance at the news she had told him was entirely owing to his anxiety on her account. Her spirits rallied, and she went to bed, hoping still that in giving him a son she should make him some return for all he had done for her. She was too excited to sleep, and she lay awake wondering why she should always feel so painfully obliged to her

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husband; her parents, her sisters, had loved her, but she had never had the same feeling towards them. 'It must be,' she thought, 'because he loves me so much more than any one else ever did.'

It was late in the evening when Walter returned from his tenants' dinner, and, as he looked up at his house, he saw that the lower rooms were dark, and that lights were burning in his wife's room. The housekeeper opened the door before he rang the bell; he looked in her face, and knew that he was already a father, and still a husband. 'I 'm glad it 's over,' he thought to himself; 'I hope Lucy will soon be strong enough to do without a doctor.' He hated doctors; he had rarely felt the need of them for himself, and he liked to be the master of every one he came near. It required no little effort on his part to be commonly civil and obedient to them; but that effort he always made—he was not a rude man. He shook his housekeeper's hand: 'Thanks, Mrs Carr, for the good wishes you feel too sincerely to tell.' Then he walked softly up the stairs, and obtained permission to enter his wife's room. She had been anxiously expecting him for the last hour; and the sound of his footstep had brought a pinky tinge to her pale cheek. The little baby was nestling to her side. Walter did not notice the child, but took Lucy's hand in his, and stooped fondly over her; 'Now, I am too happy,' she murmured. He started, half frightened. There was something in the expression of her face, in her words, in the sound of her voice, which told of a more than earthly joy—of a joy that he felt was beyond his comprehension. 'I too was frightened, dear Walter, just at first,' she whispered; 'but God, who has given him to us, will help us to watch over him. I feel no fear now.'

'How lovely you look, Lucy,' he answered; 'you remind me of one of Perugino's virgins.'

'He cuddles up to me, Walter. Is it not wonderful that he should love me already?'

The father glanced at his child—the little intruder, who appeared to come between him and his wife. 'My darling, it has not even sense to know you.'

'He loves me by instinct.' Her voice was very low; she was so weak that she was already wearied; and as she spoke she unconsciously looked beseechingly at her husband. Impossible to misunderstand the appeal in the young mother's soft eyes. 'Don't explain away my faith,' they said. 'It may be silly, but it makes me so happy; leave it to me for a little while.'

'It loves warmth by instinct, my sweet Lucy. If it were placed in the same bed with our old cook, it would cuddle up to her just as it cuddles up to you.' Then the nurse having remarked that her lady looked tired, he kissed his wife very tenderly, and, at her request, smiled at and kissed his little son, and then left her for the night. Walter disliked dining alone, but he would far rather have been alone than in the society of his natural enemy, the doctor; however, as the latter's society was not to be avoided, he was far too polite to shew that it was unwelcome. 'And pray, doctor, when do you intend to introduce my young'—he couldn't for the life of him remember whether it was a boy or a girl—'the little baby to its foster-mother?'

The doctor had not expected such a person would be wanted. He thought that both mother and child would do quite as well, if not better, without than with her. But the husband was resolute; he had so long, and so attentively studied his wife's constitution, that although, on all other points, he would defer to Dr Lisle, on that one point he must be allowed to follow the dictates of his own judgment. The doctor at length promised to find a nurse, provided he were allowed to choose his own time for her introduction; and he further promised to return Lucy to her husband's care within a month, if he were allowed to have despotic authority over her for the next fortnight. To both conditions Walter gladly agreed; and he went to bed longing for the day when he should once more be the master of his house and his wife; and his child should be safely stowed away in its nursery. But he had to wait longer for that day than he expected. Lucy proceeded favourably until she was told that she must give up a mother's first bribe. 'He won't love—he won't even know me,' and she clasped her hands, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked piteously at the doctor.

He glanced at the husband, who was standing on the other side of the bed. There was no expression of pity on his handsome face. The doctor had promised, and he was a man of his word, so he told the necessary lie, but his heart smote him as he did so. 'It will be better for your child.'

There was a long silence. Lucy's lids concealed her eyes, but one after another the tears slid from beneath them, and rolled slowly down her cheeks, and her pale lips quivered spasmodically. Walter's beautifully-formed mouth shut tighter and tighter. Hitherto, the child had merely been a nuisance, giving him much trouble, interfering with his comfort; he had only wished to free himself from its presence, as he would have wished to free himself from the presence of any other bore. But now he began to consider it in the light of a rival, and to hate it. It irritated his sensitive vanity, to be obliged to call in the assistance of another man, to enable him to govern his wife; and yet, he could not himself take the child from her. He was fond of his own, and other men's admiration, and he felt that this little wretch of a baby was already placing him in an odious position; odious in his own opinion, in the opinion of the doctor, nay, perhaps, if the latter were a tattler, in the opinion of the whole neighbourhood. The doctor knew that he had made a foolish promise, but he was too weak-minded a man not to fulfil it, so he kept saying to himself: 'I have gone too far now to recede,' but he cursed his folly for having ever made such a promise.

'Can't I do anything to make myself stronger? I feel more appetite—I'm sure I could take anything you tell me.'

The doctor shook his head. If he had only had one more grain of decision, or five more minutes to think, he would have yielded to his patient. Lucy smiled very sweetly through her tears, and gave her hand to the doctor. 'Thank you,' she said gently, 'for finding my baby a better nurse.'

The child throve as well as ever, but not so the mother. Her sad thoughts prevented her gaining strength. Was it always to be the same? Was the well of love in her heart to be always useless to its objects, and only a yearning pain to its possessor? Would it be the same with her son as with her husband? Would the utmost she could ever do for either be to do nothing? She never for one instant suspected that the doctor had acted under Walter's directions; she would as soon have thought of suspecting her husband of murder, as of what he had done. It was for his sake that she struggled against her weakness and low spirits. It was for his sake that she so often smiled when she would fain have cried. For a few hours Lucy lay between life and death, and during those hours Walter felt—perhaps for the only time in his life—remorse. He never afterwards forgot what he had suffered; it strengthened his hatred to his son, then—to his wife, hereafter; but when the doctor first told him that all danger was past, he was a fonder husband than he had ever been before. He was the chief, the best nurse in the sick-room. He would allow no one to feed Lucy, or to give her her medicine but himself. The doctors declared that his care had as much to do with her recovery as their skill. He even sacrificed his own will to hers, and would carry the little baby to her to kiss. She had so lately returned from the brink of the grave—she had so lately freed him from the consequences of an

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error, which might have appeared to him to have been almost a crime, and was so sweetly, so helplessly grateful to him for all his love and care, that he could not feel jealous over her just then.

Walter stood at the foot of the stairs, gravely watching his wife as she descended. Lucy did not see him; her eyes were cast down; one hand was sliding along the baluster, the other was poked into the pocket of a smart little apron. She was smiling as brightly as a child smiles over its play; she was singing unconsciously, as a bird sings in the silly wantonness of joy. Years seemed to add to Lucy's charms instead of diminishing from them. She had far more right to be called a beauty now than on the day when she was married. She had learned herself what a very captivating little woman she was, and it was very pleasant to know that she had a face which made nearly every one she came near feel kindly towards her. But she did not think enough of her beauty to make it less attractive; she had more delightful subjects for reflection than even a pretty face—she was very, very happy. The twofold joy of love and maternal affection had burst on her at once. Her husband was far dearer to her than he had once been, and she made him a less submissive wife. If he told her she looked pale, she would glance through the mirror, and boldly deny the charge. If he ordered her to lie on the sofa, she would laugh at him as an old coddle, and he was lucky if he escaped without a pinch on his ear; which punishment, from her favourite seat, the elbow of his chair, she was very conveniently placed to administer. She would assure him that, in fancying he did not like children, he was labouring under a most singular delusion. She would place the baby on his knees, make him warm its toes, and then tax her ingenuity to the utmost to make him laugh. It was not always easy to do so, for Walter was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour; but no sooner had she brought the faintest smile into his face, than she would triumphantly point to it as a proof that he was the best husband and the best father in the whole world. He had more appreciation of flattery than fun, and when at the conclusion of the compliment Lucy would relieve him of the baby, declaring that he should never have it again until he confessed how dearly he loved it, he would join very pleasantly in his wife's merriment. Lucy's naughtiness was so novel, and withal so becoming to her—her admiration of him was so perceptible through all her sauciness—one cross word would so instantly change her smile into a tear, that for a time he was amused by and pleased with the change. Was she not his property? Did not her beauty and her quick answers belong to him? And to the vain man, they appeared not only a part of himself, but the work of his own hands. She was different when he married her; he had made her what she was. But, after a time, he began to look back with regret to the first year of his marriage. It pleased him to be the gentlest of despots to his wife, and to receive from her grateful love tinged with fear. It did not satisfy his vanity to be necessary to Lucy; he would fain be the only creature necessary to her. If he went out alone, she would watch at the window for his return; but whilst doing so, she would amuse baby with the tassel of the blind. If he shut himself in his study for a day's work, she was not dull. Listening at the nursery-door, he could hear her singing, chatting, laughing to the baby, and taking as much pains to please it, as ever she did to please him. His child became to him what Mordecai was to Haman; and he willingly put faith in a German doctor, who told him that the irritation under which he suffered was owing to the shattered state of his nerves, and that he ought to drink the Ems' waters.

'Where are you going, Lucy?'

'Why, Walter, have you put your accounts by again? You had much better set to work, and have done with them.'

'Where are you going, Lucy?' he repeated, evidently not pleased with her advice.

'Only to fetch some pieces of bright-coloured ribbon, which I have put by for baby; but if you are not going to return to your accounts, I must leave them for another day, for you will be wanting me, I suppose.'

'O dear, no. I do not feel myself able to take your advice about the accounts; but I have to write a letter to a physician, to tell him that I cannot follow his prescription.'

Lucy stood for an instant confounded. Why should he write to a physician? He was not ill. Was he ill? He had been rather cross sometimes lately; he never used to be so. Was it the same with men as children? Was bad temper always a sign of bad health? 'Do you not feel well, dearest?'

'It is of no consequence. Don't concern yourself about me, pray.'

'How can I help concerning myself about you, Walter? If you are ill, I am ill too.'

'Take your pretty ribbons to the baby,' he answered bitterly.

Lucy was frightened—so frightened, that she put on a pretty little armour of tears. Formerly, Walter would have resented her crying as an insult to his goodness; now, he accepted her tears as an acknowledgment of his power, and was pleased with them. He put his arm round her waist, kissed, and led her into the library. Then he took her on his knee, and told her how ill he was, how strongly he had been urged to go to Germany, and how unwilling he was either to leave her, or to part her from her child.

'Could not the baby go too?' she asked.

No; the air of Ems was considered very bad for young children. Lucy was silent. Walter did not speak either, but indignantly watched his wife's evident hesitation.

'Let us go to London,' she said at length, 'and consult personally with the doctor, and if it is necessary we must leave baby.'

'Are you going with me, Lucy? Do you love me better than the child?' and his lips trembled as he spoke.

'Oh, my love! all the world is not so precious to me as you.' The words came from her heart. The healthy son was as nothing in comparison with the sick father.

He clasped her to him. Never in the whole course of his life, had he loved so generously as at that moment. He almost resolved to refuse the sacrifice, to laugh at the German doctor, and to get well in his own country; but then, he thought, 'If we were away from the child, how she would love me,' and he determined to go.

Lucy was in a greater hurry to start than her husband. She was more anxious to hear the doctor's opinion. Two days, she said, would be ample time for her to prepare, and to make arrangements about baby. She did not anticipate a long absence; she soon began to hope that the doctor had made a mistake, and that when he saw his patient, he would give him a prescription, and send him home, instead of to Ems. Nevertheless, she made her sister and brother-in-law promise to call every day; and she appealed to the nurse's own motherly feelings, and to her love of money, to induce her to take care of the child. On the morning of departure, Walter went with his wife to kiss his sleeping son; then he whispered that he had to arrange about the journey, but that Lucy might stay a little longer with her baby. So she stood to the last minute, gazing fondly at her boy. Even to a stranger's eyes, he was a fine little fellow, just six months old, beginning to know his friends, and to grow a little silky crop of hair. 'He will not miss me,' thought Lucy, and she tried to derive comfort from the thought; 'he cares far more

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for his foster-mother than for his real one.' She gently unfastened one of his little red hands, without waking him, and placed a rag doll in it. She had made it herself, of the bright colours of which he was so fond. 'Master's ready now, ma'am, and be easy, for I'll take as much care of him as if he was my own.' Lucy sobbed as she threw her arms round the woman's neck, and kissed her passionately. 'God bless you! God bless you!' were her only thanks.

Life at Ems suited Walter very well. He duly drank the waters, took exercise on the promenade between each glass, and was pointed out as the handsome Englishman, with the pretty little wife. Lucy always accompanied him, and saw that he implicitly followed the doctor's directions, and Walter took care to receive none which were not to his taste. Lucy was a more obedient wife now than ever she had been before; her husband's desires were hardly expressed before they were accomplished. She forced herself always to speak and smile cheerfully in his presence, and her doing so quite satisfied him. But whilst he was absent, taking his bath, she would lie on a sofa by the window, looking sadly at the pretty hills opposite, which seemed to her like prison walls. Sometimes, made drowsy by the close air of the little shut-in valley, and exhausted by the exercise which, though only sufficient for the invalid, was too much for the nurse, she would fall asleep, and then wake with a start, fancying that she heard her baby crying on the other side of those impassable hills. After such dreams, she would strain her eyes, longing as ardently for a flat country, like that in which she had passed her girlhood, as the Swiss is said to long for his native mountains. Her husband's indifference to her child gave her little anxiety. She supposed that it was not usual for men to care for babies: when the boy grew older, his father would no doubt become fond of him. Simple indifference was precisely what Walter felt for his son at a distance; it was not easy for him to hate or love any one who was absent. Every morning, after Lucy with trembling hands and throbbing heart had torn open and devoured her letter, Walter would inquire after the little man, and would listen very amiably to any nursery anecdote his wife might wish to tell him. One day, when Lucy came down, she found neither husband nor letter. She questioned the waiter, and was told that Mr Morant had gone out, and that the postman had brought nothing for her. As she could not find out which way Walter had gone, she put on her hat and shawl, and watched eagerly from the window, intending to run and meet him as soon as he came in sight. Very often her letters arrived enclosed in his, and she hoped he had one for her this morning. But he had not, and he was evidently annoyed at her running towards him as she had done. She observed him attentively, and feared that he had received some bad news, which he was keeping from her; but when she questioned him, he declared most solemnly that he had had none but business letters, one of which had rather vexed him, and had required an immediate answer, but it would be quite impossible for Lucy to understand about it. Even if she had doubted his words at the moment, she would soon have believed them, for ere the morning was past, he was in his customary good spirits. Lucy felt bound not to trouble the invalid with her fears; so, having made every possible inquiry, she waited as patiently as she could for the next morning. She was down before the postman arrived, but when she heard him a strange dread of bad news came over her, and she sat trembling on her chair, with neither the power nor the courage to go and meet it. Then she suddenly started up, feeling that she had waited an age, and that anything would be better than suspense. She ran down the stairs, slackened her pace at the bottom, then resolutely opened the office-door, and asked, with a composure which, if she had been capable of thinking, would have surprised her, whether there were any letters for Mr or Mrs Morant. The landlord did not know; the man who had charge of the letters was delivering them, he must have been going up the backstairs, as madame came down the front. Lucy turned away with sinking heart. With apparent calmness, but with a heart beating so fast that it almost impeded her breathing, she hastened to the landing, and waited there. From where she stood, she could hear the man, who seemed to her to hold her life or death in his hands, trying in broken English to explain to a gentleman about the posts, who, in his turn, was trying, in broken German, to make the man understand that he wanted to know about the boats at Coblentz —not about the posts. The discussion bade fair to be endless, yet Lucy made no effort to interrupt it; she had reached that stage of anxiety in which delay appears a reprieve. When at length she had ascertained that there was no letter either for her or her husband, she turned quietly away from the waiter, who evidently felt her doing so a relief, tottered back to her room, closed the door, stumbled on to her knees, and, throwing her arms across the chair, moaned: 'Not the child! O God, not the child!' Whilst she was still kneeling, half-stupified, before the chair, Walter opened the door, saw his wife, hesitated for an instant, then softly shut the door and went away. At the time, she was not conscious that he had ever been in the room, but afterwards she remembered, with a pang, how the father of her child had left her alone in her sorrow. Gradually, reason and hope returned to her. 'If baby had been ill, surely the mother would have been sent for. Some misfortune had no doubt happened, or Mary, who had written so regularly every day, would not have suddenly ceased to do so; but every misfortune was endurable, save one. However, she must go home: she could not rest again until she had seen her boy. She looked back on the last night, and shuddered. Walter at first objected to her returning home. He said that very likely a letter to tell her that all was right would arrive just after she had started, and if the landlord, which was more than probable, should forget to post the letter, she might during her whole journey home be running away from good news.

'But you could open the letter, and telegraph to me, Walter.'

'I? Did you mean to go alone?' His countenance brightened up wonderfully.

'The doctor said you ought to drink the waters for another fortnight, you know.'

But Walter had had time to think, and he answered: 'If you go, Lucy, I shall go too. If I knew that you were travelling in a foreign country, with only servants to take care of you, I should be too anxious about you, my love, for the waters to do me any good.'

'Anxiety is, indeed, dreadful to bear,' whispered Lucy, as though the words escaped unintentionally from her. Her husband left the room, and she remained deep in thought for a few moments, and then she resolved to remain patiently at Ems until she received an answer to the telegram she had secretly sent the day before. She supposed that her husband was in his bedroom, and went immediately to tell him what she had decided to do; but in passing along the landing she chanced to look over the baluster, and gave a scream of delight when she saw Walter leaving the office with a letter in his hand. He heard his wife, hastily put the letter into his pocket, and received her with a more angry frown than she had ever seen on his face before. But Lucy did not care for frowns just then: 'Give it to me, give it to me!' she exclaimed, whilst still some yards from him.

'Give you what, child? Go back to your room. Don't you see how every one is staring at you? How can you expose yourself so before strangers?'

'But the letter,' persisted Lucy, still holding out her hand. 'I saw it, Walter, I saw it.'

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'You saw a letter from Messrs Baine & Co. about some leases. That is no business of yours.' And, regardless of the stolid stare of the surrounding Germans, he pushed her from him and left the hotel.

Lucy stood an instant where he had pushed her, then a sudden gleam of hope lighted up her countenance, and she ran into the office. If Walter's letter had been overlooked, her's might have been overlooked also. But the waiter insisted that it had not, and when rebuked by his master for having forgotten to deliver Mr Morant's letter, made no answer. Lucy turned away, sighing heavily, but close to the office-door she caught her dress in a nail, and, whilst unfastening it, heard the man tell the landlord that he had kept back Mr Morant's letter by the gentleman's own orders. After a moment's hesitation, she returned to her own room. 'I can't go cross-questioning servants about my husband,' she said to herself. Puzzled and perplexed, she continued to ask herself the same question: 'Oh, what is it—what is that Walter is keeping from me?'

The only one who could give her an answer entered the room unperceived, and took his seat by her side. 'My dearest, I spoke crossly to you just now, because I thought it was my duty to do so. I thought that you would make yourself ill if you gave way so.'

'"Tis the suspense I can't bear, Walter. The very worst—no, no!' she cried with a wild shriek, suddenly standing up, and putting her hands to her head; 'I didn't mean to say that—that baby! oh, Walter, not baby!' and she knelt and clasped her hands, looking piteously at him, as though the child's life were in his power.

He turned white, opened his mouth several times, but spoke no word.

Lucy noticed his changed countenance, rose from her knees, put her arms fondly round his neck, and kissed him. 'I am very selfish, I daresay, poor Walter; you are as miserable as I am, and an invalid, too. But, if you know anything?'

'I don't, love. What makes you think that I know anything, darling?'

'I heard the waiter tell his master that he had kept back that letter by your orders.'

'And so he did, Lucy. I knew that I should have a letter from Baines to-day, so I shewed his handwriting to the waiter, and said: If only one letter comes to-morrow, and that letter is in this handwriting, keep it in the office till I come for it. I thought that if you did not chance to hear from home, you would, when Baines' letter was brought in, make sure that it came from Henry, and be so dreadfully disappointed.'

'How considerate you have been, Walter.' She paused an instant, and then added: 'I sent a message by telegraph to Mary yesterday.'

He turned sharply round. 'The deuce you did. When?'

'Whilst you were at your bath. Do you think I did wrong?'

'Only in placing so little confidence in me. My sweet Lucy, I had sent one three hours before. Directly I found there was no letter, I foresaw that you would be anxious, and, indeed, was so myself, although I said nothing about my own anxiety for fear of adding to yours.'

'O Walter, you are too good a husband. I don't deserve you.'

'Whether you deserve me or not, you have got me, Lucy; and what is more, I have got you, my little pet, and I don't intend to part with you;' so saying, he filipped her cheek. But Lucy did not smile, she was in no vein for playful love-making.

'But,' he resumed in a graver tone, 'what do you think it will be best to do? Suppose we walk down together to the telegraph-office, and inquire when we may expect an answer.'

Lucy willingly agreed to do so, and was soon dressed.

They found that owing to the wires having been out of order, no messages had been sent on the previous day until after five o'clock; and that, therefore, it was not likely that any answer could arrive from England before the morrow. Walter was evidently much annoyed, and asked in an agitated voice—which made Lucy forget, for a moment, her own disappointment, to draw fondly and pityingly towards him—whether, after the wires were repaired, the messages had been sent in the order in which they were received. To this inquiry no satisfactory answer could be obtained; and, as they were returning to the hotel, Walter said that he could not bear the suspense any longer, and should start for Coblentz that afternoon. Whilst Lucy was assisting the maid to pack the boxes, her husband gave the necessary orders for any letters or messages to be sent after them; but although they did not travel fast—Walter being afraid of Lucy over-fatiguing herself—none reached them. At Calais, they received news from home—a telegraphic message to say that the baby had died of the croup. Lucy stood for a few minutes motionless, with starting eyes and open mouth. Walter spoke to her, but she did not hear; he shook her, but she did not feel. He sent for assistance, but before the doctor arrived, she had, with one deep sigh, recovered consciousness.

'How soon can we get there?' she asked. 'I must see him once more before—before'— Natural tears stopped further words.

'My love, you are not fit to travel to-day. And it is too late to hurry now, darling.'

But the doctor, who had now arrived, advised Walter to take her home. 'The more she cries the better,' he said, 'and her tears are nearly sure to flow freely at sight of the corpse.' So Walter left her in charge of the doctor, whilst he went himself to send a telegram to order the carriage to be at the station by a certain train; and then they took their places on a boat which chanced to be on the point of starting. Lucy's every feeling seemed to be merged in one burning desire to press forward. She watched the English cliffs as though her straining eyes could bring them nearer; the rail seemed to her to go at a snail's pace; oh, that the horses could fly as fast as her wishes. When, at length, she reached home, the child was already buried, and the nurse had found another situation in London.

'Come into its nursery,' said Mary gently.

Lucy's dry eyes wandered over the room—she was not childless till that moment. There was the cot where he lay sleeping when she had kissed him for the last time. 'Oh baby, baby!' she cried, piteously sobbing. There was the little doll she had so fondly made for him. The torn toy had become more to her than the most precious jewel. She threw herself on the chair in which she had been wont to nurse him, and at every fresh object which reminded her of him, her sobs broke forth afresh. Oh, surely among all the bitter cries that daily rise from earth to heaven, there is none more bitter than that of Rachel mourning for her children. Mary's tears flowed freely at the sight of her sister's; but Walter stood, not knowing what to say, or how to look; he was not awed by his wife's grief, nor did he share in it; it only made him feel awkward and uncomfortable.

THE HOP.

GREAT men lived before Agamemnon, and there were brewers of bitter beer ere Burton rose to fame. It was a popular beverage among the ancient Egyptians, and if the swarthy navvies of the Nile took as kindly to their beer as their English prototypes, the consumption of malt liquor during the building of the pyramids must have been prodigious indeed. Egyptian beer owed its bitterness to the lupine. When and where the hop was first employed for flavouring beer,

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are questions easier asked than answered. Pliny tells us the people of the Spanish provinces of Rome made a liquor from corn which was capable of being kept till it attained a considerable age, but he does not seem to have known by what means the end was attained; they may possibly have discovered the virtue of the hop, which is a native of most European countries. The plant was certainly cultivated as early as the ninth century. In 822, the millers of Corbey were freed by the abbot from all labour relating to hops; hop-gardens are mentioned by Ludovicus Germanicus a few years later; and tax-registers and other public documents testify to the cultivation being common in Germany at this period. De Villanova, writing in the thirteenth century, alludes to the use of the hop in beer; and in 1364, the Bishop of Liege was privileged to exact a duty of a groschen per cask on hops, to compensate him for alleged losses sustained by their introduction in the breweries of the Netherlands. In 1440, King Christopher of Sweden confirmed an old law, by which every farmer was compelled to have at least forty poles with hops growing round them, unless he could shew that his land was not adapted for the purpose; but spite of this legislation, the cultivation of the hop made such slow progress, that, a hundred years after, the Swedes complained that a pound of hops cost as much as a barrel of malt; and it was not till the reign of Christina that hop-growing was practised to any extent in the country. It was to Belgium that the brewers of Europe looked for their supply of hops; Poperinghe and Alost were especially famous for the quality and quantity of their produce, and the hop-growers of those districts commanded the best markets at home and abroad.

That 'jolly good ale and old' which the song praises so heartily, was a beverage unknown to lovers of malt liquor in England's olden days. Sweet thin potations were the common drink of our ancestors in the days of the Plantagenets, when it was customary to send vessels to the brewery to be filled overnight with ale, that it might have time to work itself clear and be fit for the morning's use. Still, the taste for bitters existed in a degree, and large quantities of ground ivy and fern-leaves were used by the brewers, and the hop itself was probably employed at a much earlier period than that fixed by the old saying—

> Hops, reformation, bays, and beer
> Came into England in one year.

In the *Northumberland Household Book* (1512), we find 556 pounds of hops provided for the year's brewing, to be used in the proportion of a pound of hops to a quarter of malt. Fuller states that a petition against the use of hops was presented to parliament in the reign of Henry VI., and has been accused of thereby unduly anticipating the advent of our bitter friend; the historian, however, seems to have been more correct than his correctors. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* quotes a covenant of a Kentish lease dated 1463, by which it is stipulated that the incoming tenant shall have an annual allowance of the best wood for fuel, except 'hop-timber;' and the records of Great Yarmouth for 1454 contain an entry recording the payment of threepence tronage on a sack of hops. A work compiled in 1440 defines 'hop' as 'seed for beer;' and the fact of the Anglo-Saxons noting the wild plant as the hedge-hymele, points to a still earlier cultivation of the hop in this country.

Be this as it may, it is not to be denied that the use of the hop in brewing met with vigorous opposition at first from high and low. While Henry VIII. expressly forbade the introduction of brimstone or hops into the royal beer, the citizens of London petitioned against the wicked weed by which the taste of their beer was spoiled and their health endangered; it was accused of drying up the body, causing melancholy, and making the stone epidemical in the land. Such was the prejudice against the hop, that an aleman actually received damages in an action brought against his brewer for 'putting a certain weed called a hop' into it. Like another wicked weed, however, the hop triumphed over all opposition, and in a very short time became a necessity. Parliament encouraged the innovation by conferring privileges on hop-growers in the reign of Edward VI., and the great changes in the public taste is proved by Holinshed, who tells us that stale ale and strong beer bore the greatest brunt in drinking, and were of as many sorts and ages as the brewers pleased to make. The beer used at noblemen's tables was a year or two years old, but the servants were usually obliged to be content with beer a month old, 'each coveting to have the same stale as he may that it be not sour, and his bread new as is possible, so that it be not hot.' He also avers that there was scarcely a farmer in the country but what grew a greater or less quantity of hops; but they probably raised little more than they required for their own use, the brewers depending upon Flanders for their supply, until driven, by the adulterations and frauds of the Flemings, to encourage native growers to enter into more active competition with them.

An extraordinary impetus was given to hop-growing under James I. To meet the malpractices of the Flemings, acts were passed to punish false packing, and to prevent the sale of corrupt and unwholesome hops. Bacon declared in favour of encouraging hop-growing in England as profitable to the kingdom, and the farmers did not want instructors in the art, foremost among whom was Reynolde Scot, who advocated hop-planting as providing a recompense to the labourer, a commodity to the housekeeper, a comfort to the poor, and a benefit to the commonwealth. Six years after Scot published his *Perfite Platform*, Tusser sang—

> The hop for his profit I thus do exalt:
> It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
> And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
> And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast.

By 1649, hops had become a national commodity, and English hops were worth half as much again as Flemish ones, attaining a supremacy they have never lost.

Five years before that date, parliament had thought it worth while to lay a duty upon hops amounting to two and a half per cent. on their value. In 1654, Cromwell, by an order of council, put a tax of two shillings per hundredweight upon English, and five shillings on foreign hops, to the intense indignation of Puritan Prynne, who lost no time in issuing his protest against the illegal, detestable 'Dutch devil' of an extortion. The home duty was repealed at the Restoration, but reappeared in Anne's reign at the rate of a penny per pound, to be afterwards increased by twelve-twentieths of a farthing. This was the duty upon which calculations were based by those speculators who indulged in the now extinct mode of gambling by betting upon the result of the hop-harvest of the year. The hop-tax underwent sundry alterations from time to time, till it was removed altogether by Mr Gladstone in 1862.

Two hundred years ago, Fuller wrote thus of the hop: 'No commodity starteth so soon and sinketh so suddenly in the price; whence some will have them so named from hopping in a little time betwixt a great distance in valuation. In a word, as elephants, if orderly, were themselves enough alone to gain, if disorderly, to lose a victory; so, great parcels of this commodity, well or ill bought in the crisis of the price, are enough to raise or ruin an estate.' Hops and hop-raising have lost none of their ultra-speculative character. In 1823, when the hop-duty amounted to L.26,057, the Worcester districts paid but L.4, 3s.; two years afterwards, the same gardens paid L.11,911 out of L.24,317; while, again, when the duty reached L.261,258, their proportion was represented by L.1471. Hop-grounds that in one year yielded six and a half

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tons of hops to their owner, the next season produced but seven pounds to the dismayed grower. The uncertainty attending this branch of agriculture is not surprising; the crop is most exhaustive of the soil, extracting as much nitrogen from an acre of land as nine hundredweight of guano will replace, and the hop-grower has to contend against a greater number of foes than perhaps any other cultivator.

As the young shoots push themselves from the earth in March, they are attacked by the flea (*Altica cincinna*); and if the bines survive its assaults, they are liable to destruction by the hop-aphis (*A. humuli*). These assailants appear in May, and settling upon the plants, suck the under-side of the leaves, and deposit thereon their young, the aphis louse, which possesses the curious but inconvenient faculty of increasing and multiplying within a few hours of its birth, without waiting till it becomes a perfect insect. If the lice are allowed to remain undisturbed, they soon extract the juices of the bine; its leaves curl up, turn brown, and finally the bine drops from the pole. Nature has provided a check upon the multiplication of the aphides in the shape of the nursery heroine, the ladybird, which feeds upon the fly, and lays her eggs among the lice. From these eggs come a troop of 'black niggers,' creatures of ferocious aspect and ravenous appetite, which gorge themselves with the lice, and then patiently await their transformation into ladybirds, when they recommence waging war upon the aphides. The wireworm is another enemy to the hop-grower, who usually confines his unwelcome attentions to young grounds; but new and old plantations suffer from the depredations of various species of caterpillars, and the destructive visitations of blight, mould, red-rust, and fire-blast.

There are now about fifty thousand acres of land devoted to the cultivation of the hop in England alone, in the counties of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Worcester, Hereford, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and the north clay districts of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire; the produce of Farnham ranking first in the estimation of buyers. Abroad, the cultivation is carried on in Prussian Poland, North Germany, Bavaria, and Belgium, the entire continental crop being about equal to that of England. North America also produces a considerable quantity of hops, but of such a coarse, rank flavour as to find but little favour with European consumers.

The hop serves other purposes besides that of flavouring beer. Medicinally, it is sometimes used as a narcotic. A brown dye is extracted from the young leaves; the bines have been converted into brown paper, and made into cloth; the prunings are useful as winter provender for horses and cattle; in Belgium, the young shoots are used as a vegetable in the way we use asparagus; and, lastly, spent hops are useful as a manure.

LAW FROM THE NOVELISTS.

Ever since Mr Samuel Warren made a good story the vehicle for doubtful law, we have from time to time been favoured with novels whose freehanded dealing with established legal maxims would entitle them to rank with the more solemn productions of Justinian. In *Dr Thorne*, Mr Anthony Trollope expresses his wish for the appointment of a barrister as standing counsel to the writers of fiction, whom the latter should consult on all occasions when they think of introducing a legal scene, or asserting a legal doctrine. The idea is not a bad one; but until it is carried out, we should advise an intending romancer who has a taste for law to select some remarkable trial of our own or past times, and after thoroughly mastering its details, to dish them up in his story with only such simple alterations of names and dates as may be absolutely necessary. This may restrain the inspirations of his genius, but it will certainly contribute to the stability of his reputation, for the errors into which our best novelists fall are monstrous, when they venture on ground so unfamiliar and uncongenial as the mazes of the law.

In *Great Expectations*, Mr Dickens, whose early legal experience has often stood him in good stead, puts the convict, Abel Magwitch, on trial for his life for escaping from custody, while Pipp and his friends pass without a word of accusation for the statutable felony of assisting the fugitive. In *Orley Farm*, where the legal incidents are in general very correctly given, the author jeopardises the reputation of Mr Justice Staveley by making him speak of libel and slander as convertible terms, and by representing that learned functionary as uncertain whether language charging an indictable offence would suffice to sustain an action. In *The Woman in White*, Mr Wilkie Collins allows a purchaser's solicitor to stand by while Sir Perceval Glyde attempts to extort his wife's signature to a deed under circumstances which would have rendered the entire transaction impeachable for fraud; and in *Recommended to Mercy*, the government sends down the Attorney-general to the assizes to prosecute Lady Thornleigh for bigamy, without ascertaining that her first husband was alive at the time she married her second.

Miss Braddon, the founder of the new school of sensation fiction in which bigamy is the leading incident, avoids such mistakes by saying as little as she can help about law; but her reticence involves her in other difficulties which are scarcely less perplexing. Aurora Floyd's marriage with James Conyers, we are told, took place in France. If so, how was it performed? Such a marriage would not be permitted at the English embassy. Did the contracting parties claim a French domicile? If so, how did they comply with the requirements of the French law as to parental consent? But perhaps it is hardly fair to put these questions, for unless they can be satisfactorily answered, the marriage was clearly illegal, and that would destroy all the interest of the story. This excuse, however, does not avail for the frequent references in *Lady Audley's Secret* to 'the sly old benchers' who chuckle over Robert Audley's pretensions as a barrister, as if they had a personal interest in his neglect of his profession, and as if there were anything strange in a man's eating his terms without any idea of practising. We thought everybody knew that not one in four of those who are called to the bar take that degree with any intention to becoming working lawyers. We may pardon Miss Braddon for being unaware that they are not 'rising barristers,' but 'solemn benchers' who shrug their shoulders under rustling *silk* gowns; but she ought not to peril her reputation by making these same 'solemn benchers' and the dilettanti barristers boon-companions at bachelor supper-parties.

It is worthy of remark that our lady-novelists especially delight in the introduction of the legal element, and that, by an inversion of the proverb, our angels rush in where men fear to tread. Mrs Gaskell perhaps has furnished the most startling novelty of this kind, in her *Dark Night's Work*, after Dixon, the gardener, has been condemned to death by Justice Corbet, the former lover of Ellinor Wilkins. Determined to save the old man, Ellinor calls upon the judge, details circumstantially the manner of Dunster's murder, her own and Dixon's share in concealing the body, and leaves the judge's house with the assurance that Dixon shall be pardoned, and her confession kept

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secret. Ellinor marries a clergyman; Dixon spends the rest of his days in respectability and honour, and everybody lives as happily as can be desired. Yet we seem to have read in a book called Blackstone's *Commentaries:* 'So strict is the law where a felony is actually complete, that the nearest relations are not suffered to aid or receive one another. If the parent assists the child, or *the child the parent*, the master the servant, or *the servant the master*, the persons so assisting become accessories *ex post facto*.'

Perhaps Mrs Gaskell thinks this very hard. It may occasionally be so, but the welfare of society must prevail over the feelings of individuals. And a novelist, tender of her reputation, should avoid an error so gross as that into which Mrs Gaskell has fallen, by making Justice Corbet a party to the escape of two accessories, after the fact, to a brutal murder. Surely the shock to ordinary notions of judicial duty, and the lofty traditions of judicial practice, is too violent to be excused even by the necessities of the novel.

Probably because the Law of Wills and of Inheritance is among the greatest difficulties of experienced lawyers, that particular branch is greatly affected by writers of fiction, with what results may be easily imagined. Mr Anthony Trollope makes Mary Scatcherd's illegitimate daughter succeed to the large fortune her uncle has bequeathed to his sister's eldest child, happily ignorant of the legal principle by which a bastard, as *nullius filius*, can take under a devise only by express words, or by *necessary* implication, to say nothing of the probability that a devise so expressed would be held to apply to the eldest male child, to the exclusion of the female. And in *No Name*, Mr Wilkie Collins passes unnoticed the fact, that as Mrs Vanstone survived her husband, half his personalty would belong to her as of right; and if she died intestate, would go to her next of kin. Probably some legal friend informed the author that a legally executed will is not void because it has a secret trust attached to it, though no one could compel the execution of the trust itself, for, after giving his readers to understand that the will would be void if only the trust were known, he allows the story to end without the promised dénouement.

Until we read *Recommended to Mercy*, we had not heard of an entailed estate conditional on the heirs professing the Catholic faith, 'which, in the event of no blood-relation of mother-church appearing to claim it, would go from the family to swell the possessions of an already richly-endowed monastic institution;' and even now, we are puzzled to reconcile it with the effect usually given to a certain act of parliament called the Statute of Mortmain.

We doubt whether some of Mrs Norton's conditions in restraint of Treherne's marriage in *Lost and Saved* would not be disregarded by Lord Chancellor Westbury; but we are quite sure that a will which ordered that 'if he remained unmarried, or married in opposition to its requirements, the property was to accumulate till another generation gave another chance of marriage,' would not stand good, especially as the accumulation was to continue from generation to generation, till some one was found to effectuate the deceased earl's intentions as to the devolution of the property. The numerous provisoes upon provisoes are all open to the objection of tending towards a perpetuity, and are therefore void within the Thellusson Act. An actual heir in Treherne's position might be excused for calling the will a farrago of nonsense, but he need not threaten to get an act of parliament to set it aside; any conveyancing barrister of very moderate experience would have shewn him a more certain and quite as effectual a way. A resort by the parties interested to a similar authority would have quite spoiled the interest of *Verner's Pride*, Mrs Wood's last novel, where a codicil, which completely alters the disposition of the property, executed by the testator very shortly before his death, is, at the proper time, nowhere to be found. In the sequel, it comes out that it had been stolen by Mr Verner's medical attendant, who had his own reasons for the crime; but the possibility of proving the contents of such a will by secondary evidence—of which there is abundance—does not seem to have occurred to the author. The result is a good story, turning on the wholly improbable inability of the lawful owner to obtain sound legal advice on a matter of vital importance.

While noticing these many errors arising from the confusion of novelists' minds on legal matters, we have often wondered that Mr Trollope's excellent suggestion has been allowed to remain for several years unapplied, a circumstance the more extraordinary, as our novelists are fond of introducing barristers into their works; indeed, there are few novels published now a days in which one or two of the characters are not gentlemen of the long robe. We would therefore suggest to our writers of fiction a trifling alteration in their plans. Let them make an ideal barrister the hero of their story, if they please, but let an actual practitioner revise those portions in which it is attempted to lay down legal doctrines; and before they cause a complex story to depend upon the construction of a doubtful document, let them ascertain that the point raised will stand the test of an examination at chambers. Finally, if they are desirous of maintaining their character as truth-like chroniclers, it would be as well to make the success of barristerial heroes—when such are introduced—more gradual, as durable reputations are seldom built upon successes achieved *per saltum* during the first year of a professional career.

BRIGHT DAYS IN WINTER.

BRIGHT days in winter are as jewels set
Within the dark rim of an iron crown;
Or as the rich smile, almost never met,
Upon a face stern habit trains to frown.
The birds are joyous, and would fain forget
Their scanty food, and limbs numbed by the breeze,
Warbling low notes, which seem to say, not yet
Dare we pour forth our true-love melodies.
The leafless trees, adorned with shining moss,
And silver lichens on their rugged roots,
In the bright sunlight, half redeem the loss
Of their spring robes, or richer autumn suits.
Are not bright days stray links of the great chain
Of beauty, which encompasses the year?
They gently lead our memory back again,
And make the duller moments feel less drear.
The wild-fowl standing in the warming rays
Plume their gay feathers, or plunge within the pool,
Hiding their lustre in the sparkling sprays
They scatter from the water clear and cool.
The cattle move more freely o'er the plain,
The rooks ascend with cheering ceaseless sound,
And old men seek the genial air again,
And sunlight lures the insect from the ground.

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SAINT DORCAS'S DAY.

IT must be confessed that the late Mr Scantlebury was an unlucky man. He was born heir to a nice little property of nine hundred a year. At the age of five-and-twenty he married a charming girl of eighteen, and ought to have been extremely happy; but, unfortunately, he took into his head that nine hundred a year was a poor, shabby income in these luxurious days, so he determined to double it. He began to study the money article in the *Times*. *Facilis descensus Averni*, as my old schoolmaster said, when he caught us in the beer-cellar. In a few short years, Mr Scantlebury had muddled away the whole of his fortune in chasing the Will-o'-the-wisps of the Stock Exchange.

I had lost sight of him for some time, when one day he called at my office in a threadbare coat, and informed me, in a somewhat melancholy tone, that he had gone into the wine-trade, and should be obliged by my custom for the sake of auld lang syne. I don't know when Scantlebury laid in his stock of wines, but I should say decidedly not in a comet year. A strong South African flavour ran through the whole of them, and, as my wife and I, when we drink wine at all, like it good, we withdrew our support. So it seems had everybody else. Mr Scantlebury attributed it to the *oidium*, but I suspect it was because he sold such rubbish.

He then began selling coals on commission, and persuaded us again, for the sake of auld lang syne, to desert our regular coal-merchant, who had for years supplied us with an excellent article. Now Scantlebury's wines were bad, but his coals were worse. The carboniferous principle was but faintly developed in them, for they consisted chiefly of slate, in which a number of hard nodules were imbedded. These nodules used to keep popping out of the fire throughout the evening, endangering the eyes of my family, and setting fire to the hearth-rug.

Poor Scantlebury! It seemed, as my Louisa said, like an avenging Providence, when he set his foot one day on a badly-fastened coal-grid, slipped, and broke his leg. He little thought, when the accident happened, that he had sold his last ton of coals; but so it was destined to be. Erysipelas came on, and in a few weeks he died, leaving behind him a number of small liabilities to the surrounding trades-people, a widow in her thirtieth year, and seven children. We got up a subscription to bury him, and, after the funeral, as my wife and I sat at home over our smoky fire, vainly striving to stimulate the Scantlebury Wallsends to burning-point, we began to talk about the family prospects.

'We must do something for poor dear Mrs Scantlebury,' says Louisa.

'Certainly, my love, I was just thinking of them,' I replied, poking viciously at an obdurate coal, which, for colour and consistency, would have made a respectable hearthstone—'certainly, my love.'

So I and other friends clubbed together, and took the lease of a respectable house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, furnished it, and sent all the bachelors we knew to board there. The poor little widow worked like a trump; her activity was marvellous. She was one minute making the attic beds in conjunction with Sarah; the next she was in the kitchen, shewing Jane how to peel potatoes without wasting half their substance. When you consider that she had seven children of her own to keep clean and tidy, half-a-dozen young men to cater for, and that she always appeared neat, trim, and ladylike, you must allow that she did wonders.

Now, young-men lodgers are apt to be inconsiderate and troublesome; and, of all the boarders, the most inconsiderate and troublesome, was Joseph Garlick, Esquire. All the other young men went to the City from nine to six, but Mr Garlick was in and out all day, like a domestic cat. He possessed a small independence, and was rumoured, in consequence of the heavy parcels of manuscripts that were always being brought him by the postman, to be an author. He was of Bohemian tendencies; he often breakfasted in bed, and there lay smoking tranquilly among the breadcrumbs. He rang the bell twenty times a day. He was always wanting change for a sovereign, and when the change was brought, used to send it down again for more sixpences. He worried poor Mrs Scantlebury exceedingly; still, as he was very amiable, and never got tipsy, she liked him. Besides, he was extremely fond of Alexander, her eldest boy, a pretty little fellow of seven and a half, with rich chestnut curls and delicate girlish features—a pert youth, especially in company with Mr Garlick, whose long whiskers he used to pull with impunity, when he came up for his daily supply of 'sucks,' for Mr Garlick's pockets were a perfect mine of sweets; and I believe he never passed those magnificent confectionery establishments in Holborn

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and the Strand—how different to the humble lollipop-shops of my youth!—without entering and laying in a supply.

One forenoon (it chanced to be a slack day in the City), I went to call on Mrs Scantlebury. The door was answered by Mr Garlick in his shirt-sleeves, with a meerschaum-pipe in his mouth, and Alexander on his back.

'Good-morning, Mr Buckworth,' quoth Mr Garlick. 'Pardon me for opening the door, but the household is this morning at sixes and sevens. Jane, the cook, in consequence of a difference with her mistress as to the exact limits of her Sunday out, has left precipitately with a month's wages; Sarah is on a visit to an adjoining butcher in company with a sirloin of beef, which resembled one characteristic of venison too closely to be acceptable; our fair hostess has taken baby to the chemist to have his gums lanced; in short, I am in sole charge. Alick, my Trojan, descend from my shoulders, and go and pick up clothes-pegs in the back-garden. Mr Buckworth, I had a thing to say; if you will adjourn to my studio, I will say it.'

Mr Garlick's studio was likewise his bedchamber. He was evidently a person of erratic habits. The breakfast-tray reposed on the sheets of his couch; the table was littered with scraps of manuscript, coloured chalks, pipes, hair-brushes, and play-bills. Upon an easel in the centre of the room stood an unfinished portrait in oils of Alexander—not in the least like him—while in one corner appeared a large lay-figure, with a wide-awake on its head, with which, as a pair of boxing-gloves lay at its feet, Mr Garlick seemed to have been sparring for Alexander's delectation.

'Excuse the disorganisation of the apartment,' he observed, recklessly pitching several clean shirts into the bed, and offering me the chair upon which they had rested. 'It is not owing to the neglect of the womankind. I have a theory that beds should be left unmade until sunset. But never mind that. I want to talk to you'—here Mr Garlick hesitated and coloured slightly—'about Mrs Scantlebury. It's a hard struggle for her to make both ends meet. You see, Mr Buckworth, in order to keep a boarding-house profitably, you ought to be a bit of a screw. Now Mrs S. hasn't a particle of screw about her. She treats us boarders too liberally; consequently, when quarter-day comes round, she is bothered about the rent.'

'I'm sorry to hear that.'

'So am I, and I want to help her. I can't help her with money, owing to the singular aversion evinced by magazine editors for my compositions; but why can't we take one of the children off her hands? Yonder curly-pated youth, for instance, whom you may observe at this moment swinging on the clothes-line, I propose to get that boy into a charity-school?'

'What school.'

'The Dorcas Orphan Asylum, which affords home, clothing, maintenance, and education to the necessitous children of parents who have once moved in a superior station of life. It is a noble institution, supported by voluntary contributions.'

'Why, Mr Garlick, you seem to know all about it.'

'I ought to, seeing I was a Dorcasian myself. You needn't mention it in the boarding-house, as some snob might think fit to sneer at me in consequence. Yes, I am a Dorcasian, though not a brilliant specimen. The small independence which I happen to possess has blunted my energies. When I left school, I was put into Cockerill's counting-house, the drug-brokers', in Great Tower Street. I might have been there now, but an uncle, whom we had lost sight of for years, died in America, and left me two hundred a year. I quitted the City immediately, and devoted myself to literature. Hitherto it has not been a paying game, and I sometimes desire to return to the colonial market. But, like Mr Jenkinson, I am straying from the point. This is what I wish to say. I subscribe my annual guinea to old Dorcas, as a matter of course. There are two votes to begin with for little Alick. Now, Mr Buckworth, will you join me in this charitable enterprise?'

'Willingly; but I fear we shall have no chance. There must be many cases far more pressing than Mrs Scantlebury's.'

'My dear sir,' replied Mr Garlick, lighting a pipe, and extinguishing the match in a tea-cup, 'far be it from me to impugn the Dorcas or any other institution; but, in charity, as in other human affairs, mere merit alone does not command success. Interest is what we require, and to obtain that we must work hard. If you are at leisure, let us begin at once. As soon as Sarah comes in we will call on Mr Cockerill, my old employer.'

The boat from Cadogan Pier soon landed us in the city. As luck would have it, we met Mr Cockerill coming out of his own door.

'Why, Joseph, my pattern-boy as I used to call you,' said the old gentleman, shaking Mr Garlick warmly by the hand, 'how are you? Why don't you leave off that miserable scribbling work, and come back to Mincing Lane? You're a good broker spoiled. Well, Joseph, I can't stop any longer now, for I'm hurrying off to the London Tavern.'

'What may be going on there, sir?' asked Mr Garlick.

'Why, bless my heart! Are you an old Dorcas boy, and don't know that this is election-day, the 14th of August?'

'I am a fool,' muttered Mr Garlick, smiting his forehead theatrically; 'of course it is, but I can never recollect dates. Mr Buckworth,' he continued solemnly, turning to me: 'I believe in omens, and I regard our accidental visit to the city on this particular day as a presage of success. Come, let us go to the London Tavern, and assist—in the French sense of the word—at a charitable election.'

I said I should be very happy, and went with him. Let me reserve my description, however, of what I saw and heard on that occasion, for another opportunity when I was something more than a mere spectator of the busy scene.

Mr Garlick and I set to work diligently to promote Alexander's election. Acting under Mr Cockerill's guidance, we got the boy's name inscribed in the list of candidates for the forthcoming contest in February; and we printed two hundred and fifty cards soliciting your vote and interest for the above-named young gentleman; appending a biography of his late father, in which we said that he had been reduced from affluence to penury by ruinous reverses; and also stated that Mrs Scantlebury's father had been a major in the army, and her maternal grandfather a lineal descendant of the celebrated Lord Ermine.

'I don't see the object of bringing in Lord Ermine,' I observed; 'why, he flourished in the reign of James the First.'

'So much the better,' replied Mr Garlick. 'It gives an antique flavour to the family which is highly acceptable. Lord Ermine's name is worth at least fifty votes.'

'You wouldn't advise us to mention Mr Scantlebury's late occupation?'

'What, the Cape sherry, and slaty-coal business? By no means. And don't speak of the boarding-house. Always avoid particulars.'

We looked over the list of governors, and distributed the two hundred and fifty cards among the most influential names we could discover. I called upon all my city acquaintance, and persuaded seven persons to become subscribers to the asylum for the first time; I induced twelve other persons who wouldn't subscribe to write six letters apiece (enclosing

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circulars) to friends who did. I lay in wait for men who had just concluded a profitable bargain, and wheedled half-guineas out of their pockets on behalf of Alexander Scantlebury. In short, I became that object dreaded by City men; the charitable bore; and one afternoon as I was entering a certain counting-house, I overheard an impudent office-boy, who was waiting for dock-warrants, say: 'Here comes old Buckey with his Dorcas catalogue under his arm.'

The February election came on, we worked like tigers, and polled altogether forty-nine votes. As the child who was lowest in the list of successful candidates polled a hundred and thirty-seven, our prospects looked very blank indeed.

'Don't be downhearted, Mr Buckworth,' observed Joseph Garlick: 'remember, we carry those forty-nine votes on to next election, and as we can go on trying till Alick is twelve, we have lots of time before us.'

'What do you think, Mrs Scantlebury?' said I to the widow, when we were alone.

'I cannot feel sufficiently grateful,' she replied, 'to you and Mr Garlick for all the trouble you have taken. When I think what a kind-hearted creature Mr Garlick has been, I feel quite ashamed of myself for ever complaining of him.'

'I say, ma,' interposed Alexander.

'Well, my love?'

'I told Mr Garlick what you said of him, ma—that he had a handsome profile.'

'Nonsense, child,' murmured the widow, blushing deeply; 'don't talk such silly nonsense.'

'And what did Mr Garlick answer?' whispered I to Alexander, when we were alone in the passage.

'He said ma was a woman of great powers of dislocation,' replied the boy.

I presume he meant discrimination, but I inquired no further.

A year passed away; we had been twice more to the poll, and on each occasion unsuccessful. But at the last election we had obtained a hundred and eight votes. 'Next August we shall bring him in,' quoth Mr Garlick, rubbing his hands.

The eventful day arrived at last. Two years had elapsed since we commenced our efforts on behalf of Alexander Scantlebury. Would these efforts be crowned with success this time? I fervently hoped they might, for I was getting a little tired of the continual touting that I had to perform.

Permit me now to slide into the present tense, the *præsens historicus* of grammarians, as being more life-like and graphic.

At ten o'clock in the morning, then, of the 14th of August, Mr Garlick and I find ourselves in front of the London Tavern. A casual looker-on, unacquainted with Dorcasian mysteries, would be puzzled by the aspect of that respectable brown-brick edifice. Its façade is completely beplastered with placards: 'Vote for Thomas Jones, One of Six Helpless Children;' 'Your vote is earnestly requested for William Jackson;' 'The Friends of Ellen Taylor, neither Father nor Mother living.' We enter the house, and mount the stairs, which are ornamented with bills and notices of a similar purport, while the banisters are decorated with cards from top to bottom. The green-coated porter of the Tavern has deserted his leathern chair, and armed with a hammer, tin tacks, and a ball of string, fastens up these piteous announcements with rigorous impartiality. We are acquainted with the porter, he smiles upon us benignly, and informs us that he has secured a table for us. We ascend to the topmost story, and enter that magnificent apartment where so many public dinners have been eaten; where the late Duke of Cambridge and Mr Benjamin Bond Cabbell have so often taken the chair; where Mr Toole has so frequently shouted with sonorous solemnity: 'Gentlemen, pray charge your glasses.'

Shorn of its evening splendours of dress and dish-covers, gas and good cheer, the room at present looks somewhat dismal. Round the sides are ranged numerous small tables, on which are placed stands supporting handbills such as we have seen below. We take our seats at one which is decorated with a placard bearing the following inscription: 'You are respectfully entreated to vote for Alexander William Scantlebury, one of Seven Orphan and Destitute Children. Number in the List, 94.' The above is composed by Mr Garlick, and he regards it with the fond pride of an author who but seldom gets into type.

As time advances, the crowd in the room thickens. The fair sex predominate, especially plainly-dressed elderly ladies with charitable faces. A sprinkling of widows begin to appear, some in deep mourning, others with a touch of colour in their garments. Mr Garlick inspects them critically, and whispers that he doesn't see one who is worthy to hold a candle to Mrs S.

Three middle-aged ladies request us to allow them a share of our table. We consent, on finding they are in the girl-interest. Did they represent a boy, we should regard them as mortal foes. They proceed to unfold an enormous placard, setting forth the necessities of Laura Hornby. These elections make us terribly hard-hearted, and we are so engrossed in our own case, that we listen with grim complacency as the elderly ladies tell us that they have come all the way from Lancashire; that they have spent a mint of money over Laura Hornby's election; that this is her last chance, as she is nearly twelve years old; and that if she fails, her poor mother will be quite broken-hearted. Three kindly chatty old souls, though Mr Garlick—himself the untidiest of men—objects privately to their nibbling soft biscuits at so early a period of the day, especially as the crumbs get into his bundle of proxies.

Another elderly lady stops in front of our table, and fixes her eyes on me. '*Your* case, sir?' she asks smilingly, pointing to our placard.

'Yes, madam!' exclaims Mr Garlick eagerly; 'may I ask you for your vote?'

'I shall be most 'appy to undertake the case,' responds the lady. 'I can produce the 'ighest testimonials from parties now in the room, and my terms are very reasonable.'

'Thank you,' says Mr Garlick coldly; 'we don't require paid assistance.'

'You are quite right, sir,' exclaimed Laura Hornby's three friends, as the charitable agent sidles away; 'we made use of her last year, she charged us ten pounds, and only got us five votes, whereas, if we had given the ten pounds to the asylum, we should have got twenty votes.'

'Exactly so,' returns Mr Garlick, colouring like a school-girl. Why does he colour? Because he sees a trio of persons entering the room. First comes my wife, Louisa Buckworth, of whom I will only say that for a mother of ten, she is as nice a looking woman as you will see within the four-mile radius; next appears Mrs Scantlebury, that fascinating widow, with her large pensive brown eyes, and clear pale complexion; lastly approaches Alexander, attired in a bran-new knickerbocker-suit, presented by Joseph Garlick, Esquire. My wife takes Alexander on her knee, and the trio make a charming *tableau vivant* at our table. What parent, I ask, with a blank proxy in his pocket, can fail to bestow it on that beautiful child, who bears the stamp of Lord Ermine's ancestry in his delicately-chiseled features? But no; the vain busy crowd are swayed by self-interest alone; birth, beauty, destitution, have no attractions for them, unless you can help their case in return. But stay; I am ungrateful. A bald-headed benevolent-looking gentleman has stopped to speak to Alexander. He chucks him under the chin, and asks Louisa whether this little man is a candidate. Louisa

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answers 'Yes;' and by all that's delightful, he takes a seat at her side, and begins looking over her proxies. Mr Garlick is so overcome with emotion, as to be almost speechless. He whispers hoarsely to me: 'Buckworth, my boy, what a Providence! Don't you know who that is? That 's Shillingford, one of the Dorcas Council, a most influential person. If he takes a fancy to a candidate, that candidate is as safe as the bank!'

I can't say who it is that fascinates Mr Shillingford; whether it is my wife, or the widow, or Alexander; possibly all three. At anyrate, he stays at our table the whole day, and extracts a perfect pile of proxies out of his friends and acquaintances in our favour.

Meanwhile, Mr Garlick and I are perambulating the room, pencil in hand, trying in our humble way to collect votes. Here is our plan of procedure. We stop opposite a table, and after reading the placard, say to one of the ladies in charge: 'John Smithers's friends, I believe?'

'Yes, sir,' replies the poor lady, starting up with tremulous eagerness. 'Pray give us a vote—a most distressing and urgent case.'

'I don't doubt it, madam,' rejoins that subtle diplomatist, Joseph Garlick, gravely wagging his head; 'but, madam, ours is likewise a very pressing case. May I ask how you stand?'

Now if this lady were an old experienced hand, she would reply boldly: 'We are very strong; we only want a few more votes to carry our candidate.' But being a simple, truth-telling greenhorn, she says piteously: 'O sir, I am sure you will help us when you hear that thus far we have only got forty-two proxies.'

A gleam of triumph appears in Mr Garlick's eyes. He answers in these words: 'Forty-two votes? Then, madam, I regret to say you haven't the slightest chance to-day. The numbers—so I hear from a private source of the highest authority—are likely to run very high; no boy will get in under four hundred votes. Now, madam, I will make you an offer. Give us your forty-two votes, which will bring our number up to nearly four hundred, and at the next election we will return you the same number, besides using our influence, which'—says Mr Garlick, in a mysterious whisper—'is extremely powerful, to elect your *protegé*, John Smithers.'

The lady hesitates, and confers with a friend; the friend is an older hand, and insists on better terms. The bargain is at last completed by our taking the forty-two proxies, and signing a legal undertaking to deliver sixty votes in exchange at the forthcoming February election.

The scene reminds me of the Lombard Street Stamp Exchange, for some of the people present are ready to swop the 'scrip,' if I may so term it, of one charitable institution for another, just as the boys barter the postal medium of the Argentine Confederation against fourpenny Natals, or the California Pony Express—so I hear a man shouting out: 'I am willing to take bookbinders, commercial travellers, or merchant seamen, at a fair rate of exchange.'

But what is this? A row—a vulgar, physical-force row at a charitable election? I cannot believe it. What will all those shiny-faced boys and pretty little girls, picked samples of Dorcasia, who are ranged at the end of the room, think of their benefactors, if they see them at fisticuffs? Yet, as I live, here is a loud-voiced brutal personage dragging a most respectable-looking old gentleman of seventy with a nut-cracker face, along by his coat-collar. Shame! I lay my hand on the brutal personage's shoulder. He turns sharply round, and I recognise my friend Ruhig (Ruhig and Bleibenstill, Hamburg merchants, Seething Lane), whom I have known for seventeen years as the mildest of men!

'Why, Ruhig,' I say, 'I was just going to ask you for your vote.'

'Don't speak to me now, my friend,' he answers; 'I am in a cholly rage.'

He is indeed in a jolly rage, his usually placid eyes sparkle, and his cheeks glow with wrath.

'It 's that old villain Dix,' he explains, making another plunge at the elderly gentleman's coat-collar.

Who is Dix I wonder? There is a Federal general of that name. Perhaps he came over by the last steamer, and is annoyed at Ruhig's blockade-running speculations.

'Come out, you hoary villain,' shouts Ruhig; 'I 'll expose you—you rop the vidow and the orphan, you do. Come round here, vidows, and say vot you tink of him.'

Several widows gather round. One of them, a lady of prepossessing exterior, but who does not seem from her accent to have moved in a superior station of life, remarks that Mr Dix have always beayved very 'andsome to 'er. The other widows maintain an ominous silence. Ruhig strides to the other end of the room, and summons the chairman of the committee, Sir Paul Penfold himself. To my astonishment that august capitalist addresses the respectable-looking Mr Dix in terms of the strongest reprobation, and orders him out of the room. He only goes, I observe, as far as the top of the stairs, where he plies his trade as briskly as ever.

And what is his trade? Why Ruhig tells me he is a charitable land-shark, who begs for proxies, and then sells them for hard cash, who squeezes money out of poor widows on the pretence of getting their children into charity schools, and then leaves them in the lurch. The particular piece of trickery which excited Ruhig's wrath was this. Just before this election the governors of the Dorcas Asylum had enacted, that a donation of one guinea should purchase four annual votes in place of two. Of course, this practically lowers the value of the votes by one half; in other words, it takes twice as many votes to admit a child as it did formerly. Now, ingenious Mr Dix had borrowed six votes of a poor widow at the previous election, and instead of giving her twelve in return, refused to give her more than the original number. *Nimium ne crede colori.* I should have taken Mr Dix for a paragon of virtue.

We have got all the votes we mean to get; four hundred and sixty-nine. Charming and delightful Mr Shillingford (I quote Louisa's subsequent language) thinks we may safely stop there. At half-past three the poll closes. The ladies have already had sherry and sandwiches, when I propose that we go out and get some dinner, as the numbers will not be declared until five. We adjourn to Pope's Head Alley, where we have chops direct from the gridiron, to the delight of Alexander. On our return we find the aspect of the room utterly changed; no buzz of conversation; no walking to and fro; all the people are huddled together at that end of the room where the committee are performing their labours.

'Breathless expectation reigns around,' murmurs Mr Garlick, whom excitement and a pot of 'cooper' combined have rendered rather red in the face.

Mrs Scantlebury is pallid with suspense, as she sits with Alexander in her lap, fast asleep and weary. Her eye catches Mr Garlick's, and a faint blush mantles her cheek. I whisper to Louisa that there appears to be a *tendresse* in a certain direction. My wife smiles, and says: 'It looks like it.'

The important moment has arrived. The secretary reads out the list. Out of a hundred and thirty-five candidates only fifteen (five girls and ten boys) will be elected. Laura Hornby is one of the chosen. Those three honest Lancashire faces beam with joy. But some unfortunates have only got half-a-dozen votes, several have got none. As the secretary reads on, I look around, and see many weary, blank, dejected countenances. Heaven help the unsuccessful hundred and twenty! As for ourselves, I know we are safe.

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Alexander comes in triumphantly tenth on the list (the lowest success polled three hundred and sixty-six votes), and his mother instantly faints away. While in this interesting condition her head is supported by Mr Garlick, who murmurs something about the tension of nature's powers, and dashes half a glass of lemonade (thinking it is plain water) in her face. She soon comes to herself, and is escorted home to Chelsea in the *Citizen* steamer by that devoted young man.

Last week, Joseph Garlick came and spoke to me thus: 'Mr Buckworth, I have discovered that Julia Scantlebury and I entered this world on the self-same day. I found it in the fly-leaf of the family Bible. We were both thirty-two on the 9th of March last. Regarding this as a favourable omen, I have asked her to marry me. She has accepted the offer; I am going to abandon the flowery but unprofitable paths of literature for the thorny defiles of Cockerill's house; and I trust that my salary, combined with my independent property, will enable us to live respectably.'

OUR WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

It is a great mistake on the part of those who advocate the introduction of the decimal system in our weights, measures, and coins, to suppose that it is really the case, that the nation is generally convinced that the adoption of such a system would prove of benefit. If this were so, it would not have been agitated so many years without leading to some practical result. The advocates of the change deceive themselves in imagining that because they meet with no active opposition, therefore the nation is desirous of the substitution of the foreign system for that to which it has been accustomed; the public is quiescent because it no more believes that the substitution will ever be effected than it does that the existing constitution will be superseded by the 'People's Charter,' or that the democrat's wish, that there should be in future 'No queen, no lords, no commons, no nothing at all,' will ever be realised.

But between a radical change like that proposed by the bill introduced into the House of Commons in the session just terminated, and a modification of the existing system, there is a very broad interval indeed. It may be, indeed it is very desirable that a great many of the existing disparities in the number of pounds contained in a particular denomination should not be allowed to continue, if they can be removed by legislation; but, in practice, I do not believe that even these are productive of any great amount of inconvenience, though they certainly read oddly when grouped together. Thus, in the linear measure of land, we have a land-yard which in one place is 3 feet; in another, 16½; in another, 18; in another, 21. It is also measured by the chain of 22 feet, or 66 feet; also by roods of 8 different lengths, the shortest being 16½ feet, and the longest 108; moreover, there are the rod and pole, which mean 20 feet in one place, and 24 in another. There are discrepancies of equal magnitude in the superficial measures of land: an acre at one place contains 4840 square yards; at another place, 7040; at another, 7840; at another, 9000; and at Barnsley, where they seem to use a greater variety of measurements than at any other place, they use the Cheshire acre of 10,240 square yards, the Scotch acre of 6084, the Irish acre of 7840. At different places, they give the superficial dimensions of land in roods, chains, lases, or perches; a square rood at Falmouth containing 1210 square yards, while at Preston it contains only 49.

If we buy a bushel of wheat at Bridgend, we get 168 lbs.; at Darlington, 73½; at Worcester, 62; at Monmouth, 80; at Shrewsbury, 75; at Wolverhampton, 72; at Manchester, 60 or 70, according to whether we are dealing in English or American wheat; at Newcastle, 63; at Carmarthen, 64. At other places, wheat is sold by the load of 5 bushels, or by the load of 40 bushels or 3, or by the load of 5 quarters, or 144 quarts, or 488 lbs.; also by the quarter of 480 lbs., or the bag of 11 scores, or the bag of 11 scores 4 lbs., or 11 scores 10 lbs., or 12 scores, or 2 bushels. At Whitehaven, we buy it by the 'weight' of 14 stones, which at Nottingham means 36; at Malton, 40 stones. At Swansea, we purchase by the stack of 3 bushels; at Barnard Castle, by the boll of 2; at Glasgow, by the boll of 240 lbs., unless we are dealing in Indian corn, in which case it would be 280. At Beccles, the coomb of 240 lbs. is used; at Preston, the windle of 220; at Wrexham, the hobbet of 168 lbs. or 80 quarts, which at Pwlheli is 252 lbs. At Holmfirth, the dealers sell by the strike of 2 pecks; at Chester, by the measure of 75 lbs.; at Dublin, by the barrel of 282 lbs.; at Cork, by the barrel of 20 stones; at Limerick, by the stone of 14 lbs.; at Llandovery, by the winch, which is equal to one Winchester bushel. Eleven different measures are employed in the sale of oats in different towns of the kingdom; 15 in the sale of barley. Butter is sold by the dish, by the roll, by the pint, by the pound of 16 ounces, or 18, or 20, or 24. Potatoes by the cwt. of 120 lbs., by the sack of 10 pecks or 3 bushels, by the bag of 140 lbs., by the load of 240 lbs., by the measure of 84, or if long measure be used, of 90 lbs. At Hastings, a cord of timber may contain 126 cubic feet, or 128. At Sheffield, coals are vended by the corf, which may mean 1 cwt., or about 3 cwt., or from 3 to 4 tons; while at Downpatrick, the measure used is the barrel of 2 cwt. 2 qrs., or the bag or tub of half that weight; at Preston and Wrexham, the long cwt. of 120 lbs. is used; and at Hyde, they sell coals by the peck. Woolstaplers, in dealing with each other and with manufacturers, use the tod of 30 lbs., 8 such tods making 1 pack or sack; but when they are buying wool from growers, then it takes 13 tods, of 28 lbs. each, to make a pack or sack. It is also sold by the stone of 16, 16¾, 18, 24, or 24½ lbs. It is impossible to say how many pounds may be signified by a stone, since that depends on the nature of the article and the locality. Even in Newgate Market, a butcher, if he were speaking of his own weight, would say he weighed a certain number of stones, meaning the stone of 14 lbs.; but if he were referring to the weight of his calf, by a stone he would mean 8 lbs. A stone of glass is 5 lbs.; a stone of iron wire, up to a certain gauge, is 10½ lbs.; above that gauge, 10 lbs.; of iron, 14 lbs.; of wool, 14, when a grower is selling it; but if woolstaplers are selling to each other, then a stone is 15 lbs.; or at Dublin and Belfast, 1 lb. more than this; while at Darlington, it would contain 18 lbs. A stone of flax may contain 16 lbs., or 18, or 24, or, if we are doing business in this article at Belfast, we must be careful to specify whether we mean the stone of 16¾ or 24½ lbs. A stone of hemp is 32 lbs. A clove of cheese is 8 lbs.; a clove of wool, 7 lbs.; and it takes 26 cloves to make a wey of wool at one place, 32 at another, and 42 at a third. In hay and straw measure, a truss may mean 36 lbs., or 56 lbs., or 60 lbs.; and a load may weigh 11 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs., or 18 cwt., or 19 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs. Then as to the hogshead: a hogshead of beer is 54 gallons; of wine, 63. Brandy is sold by the puncheon, containing from 110 to 120 gallons; whisky by the puncheon, which contains some number between 110 and 130 gallons. A puncheon of rum is something between 90 and 100 gallons. According to the tables of weights and measures, a puncheon contains 69 or 73 imperial gallons. The old ale gallon is different

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from the wine gallon, and both differ from the imperial gallon. A pipe of Port wine means 115 gallons; of Bucellas, 117; of Teneriffe, 100; of Marsala, 93; of Madeira, 92 gallons. A gallon, too, may be either heaped or it may not. In the provinces, no customer would consider that a gallon of potatoes or apples if the measure were not heaped; but he is content to see a gallon of wheat or barley levelled with a straight rule. Probably, the heaping of the measure was only a rough way of compensating for the hollow spaces which intervened between such large objects as apples and potatoes. In London, a more satisfactory method of selling potatoes, and to an increasing extent the commoner kinds of apples, is employed—namely, by weight.

Now, on first reading these examples, the feeling will be that such a confusion of weights and measures ought not to be tolerated, and that it must interfere greatly with commercial transactions. But it must be borne in mind that these diversities of weights are all, or very nearly all that exist throughout the entire kingdom. Many of them are local, and there is no doubt that the standards used generally are those fixed by the act 5 and 6 Will. IV. Some of these diversities, too, may be explained by the desire on the part of the seller to avoid disputes with customers. For example, a pound of butter sold in the market contains seventeen or eighteen ounces; the cause of this excess over the pound is from the practice of the farmer of putting a penny, or three-halfpence, or two pennies into the scale along with the weight, to insure good weight, and to make allowance for waste by the loss of water, or in any other way.

The foreign witnesses examined upon this subject, were, of course, favourable to the metrical system in use in their respective countries, but I am inclined to think that they are in error in asserting that no other term than the mètre is employed even there as the unit of length. I had occasion to put this paper aside till I received certain information I had applied for touching the cost to tradesmen of changing their weights, and in the interval I took up a French newspaper, in which I read the following paragraph: 'Au nombre des curiosités et des merveilles qui signaleront la mise en scène d'*Aladin* au théâtre impérial du Châtelet, on cite une géante plus grande que le tambour-major qui fit tant d'effet dans *Marengo*. Cette pyramide humaine ne mesure pas moins de deux mètres quatre centimètres de hauteur, ou, si vous l'aimez mieux, six pieds quatre pouces environ.' Similarly, in an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* now before me, I read the words: 'Une lampe en or de trente-trois onces et demi.' I have no hesitation in saying that within an hour I would find twenty similar examples in the French newspapers; and yet Dr Karmarsch, a director of the Royal Academy at Hanover, and one of the commissioners of the German Diet at Frankfort, who gave evidence before the committee, said in his evidence: 'There is not a man in Belgium or in France who knows any other measure than the mètre, and the foot is quite unknown.' M. Chevalier makes a like statement. The extent to which denominations of weight are still employed in France which were in use before the metrical system was established, can best be inferred from the admirable novels of an author who has been styled the French Dickens, whose writings, as pictures of domestic life among the lower grades of the middle class, and the classes still lower in the social scale, are unequalled.

People who are advocates of a system are commonly blind to its disadvantages and the obstacles to its adoption. It may be freely conceded, that if every Briton could swallow a draught of the waters of Lethe, the action of which could be confined to wiping out our memories of existing tables of weights and measures, and we had to begin with a clean slate, then, indeed, there would be an obvious advantage in adopting the most simple scale that could be conceived; but it is still open to dispute whether the metrical system is the best that could be devised even under those circumstances. The objections that have been made to our present system are some of them so trivial as to weaken the force of those which are really deserving of serious consideration. Thus, one of the witnesses, a man of great scientific attainments, and accustomed to deal with figures, said in his evidence: 'I find it is exceedingly difficult to check a common butcher's bill, while on the decimal system it is very easy.' Nothing is easier than to magnify difficulties; to me, such a task would be very easy, I am quite sure; but to test it, on reading this evidence, I turned to a little girl who was playing with her doll on the sofa behind me, and asked her what I ought to pay for a leg of mutton which weighed 9 lbs. 13 ozs., and was charged at the rate of 7½d. per pound. The answer came in as little time as it would take me to write it, and so with several other questions of greater difficulty, all of which were answered correctly, and yet the young lady in question is by no means a phenomenon at figures. Another witness, an inspector of weights and measures, complained that he could not test a local weight of 60 lbs., because the highest standard weight was only 56 lbs.; and the same witness also said that there was no law to punish a man for selling as a pound that which was not a pound, which is strangely inconsistent with what we read in the newspapers occasionally regarding this matter. For my part, I am of Mr Henley's opinion on this point, 'that a man who makes up a lump of butter, and calls it a pound, and puts only twelve ounces into it, is a cheat, and that you might go against him as such.' I am myself thoroughly persuaded that the right honourable member for Oxfordshire speaks the opinions of ninety-nine hundredths of the people of Great Britain on this subject. Entirely free from prejudice, he freely admitted that uniformity would be desirable, and a good thing in itself, if we could only get it; but he could not be induced to say that he thought the adoption of the metrical system either possible or advantageous. As President of the Board of Trade, he was obliged to give his attention to the subject of weights and measures, and received more than one deputation on this subject, and he says that the difficulties of the question cropped up on every side, and that no two persons agreed on any proposition that was made. He did not think any real difficulty was found in conducting commercial transactions by reason of these varying weights and measures, nor did he believe there was reason to suppose that the imperial standard was not generally used throughout the kingdom. He did not think the change to a new system practicable, nor that any number of police regulations could prevent dealers from buying and selling as they liked; at the same time, he thought that the facilities for travelling were now so great, that they brought jobbers into markets in greater number than formerly, and had thereby led to an increased desire for uniformity. Nobody will be inclined to disagree with Mr Henley on this point, but a desire for uniformity may exist without a desire for a change so thorough as that proposed by the promoters of the bill for 'Decimalising our existing system of Weights and Measures, and for establishing an accordance between them and those of foreign countries.' To a jobber who enters a strange market, it may lead to an error in his calculation of profit if the stone happens to be less than in the particular market to which his dealings had been previously confined, and therefore it is desirable that it should be everywhere understood that a stone is 14 lbs., neither more nor less; but to bring about this universal understanding must be the work of persuasion, and it is precisely the case in which the local papers might use their influence

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with advantage in bringing about this result. We know very well that nothing but a conviction of the convenience of uniformity will bring it about. The act 5 and 6 Will. IV., which is the act at present in force, or supposed to be, fixed the imperial standard yard, pound, gallon, and bushel, abolished all local, and customary, and heaped measures, and inflicted a penalty on any person selling by any other weight than those specified in the act, and also on any person who issued a price-current or list in which the denominations of weights and measures quoted denoted a greater or less weight or measure than is denoted or implied by the same denomination of the imperial weights and measures. This act has been in existence thirty years, and though the penalties are from forty shillings to five pounds, and there are plenty of inspectors of weights and measures, it has not been found possible to enforce its provisions; it is therefore easy to infer from this how utterly impossible it would be to introduce an entirely new system.

Some of the witnesses who volunteered their evidence before Mr Ewart's committee, agreed with certain members of that committee that it would be a great convenience to those who are concerned in carrying on our commerce with foreign countries if we adopted the decimal system; but it is not for our parliament to consider the convenience of foreigners; the convenience of the nation at large must be first consulted before we consider even the convenience of our own merchants, important as is the influence they exercise in promoting the prosperity of the country generally. After all, it is perfectly open to any merchant to keep his accounts in any manner he pleases; and if the metrical system is so simple and easy of acquirement that it may be mastered in the course of a summer's afternoon, surely he can have no difficulty in finding clerks capable of making out an invoice in accordance with that system.

There are several other points beside those I have touched upon respecting which I should like to say something, if space would allow me, but I shall only mention two—the time that is said to be wasted in teaching a boy arithmetic under the present system, and the cost it would entail on sellers if they were compelled to procure a new set of weights.

I believe there is no doubt that much of a boy's time is wasted at school in learning the tables of weights and measures, and in the working of sums, but this is very frequently the fault of the masters. Some boys will adapt a kind of tune to a table, and sing it off in half an hour, and never forget it, whereas other boys will boggle at it for hours, and not thoroughly know it even then. But where is the necessity for a boy learning all these tables, some of which can be of no earthly use to him? Then, again, we have only to look into a boy's ciphering-book to see how unnecessarily his progress is delayed through each succeeding rule. Long after he thoroughly understands the principle, he is made to work the sums, as though the object was to inflict a task upon him.

As regards the question of cost of new weights to the dealer if the foreign system were adopted (which, considering the immense number of shopkeepers, could not certainly be introduced in opposition to their wishes), I feel sure that that of itself would be sufficient to raise such opposition that a majority of the members of the House of Commons could not be induced to vote for it, from the certainty that if they did, they would lose their seats at the next election. If we add to the trades-people those electors not in trade who could not or would not give themselves the trouble of learning a new system, we shall see, I fear, that a radical change in our metrical system is utterly hopeless.

On the other hand, if the association will abandon their efforts to introduce a foreign system, and exert themselves to enforce an observance of the act already in existence, they will be doing good service to the nation, and may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are engaged in a labour less fanatical than trying to empty a well with a sieve.

ROTATORY HAIR-BRUSHING.

It is a fact. A patent combination of cast-iron, mahogany, bristles, and india-rubber, brushes your hair with a new principle of movement, and an entirely fresh and hitherto unique sensation. A friend said to me yesterday: 'I've had my head brushed by machinery. A thing comes down from the ceiling, and does every hair from root to tip; all twirling about.'

Now, my friend was a wag, and I thought this lucid description of the brushing-machine an example of his quality; but he grew serious. 'Go yourself,' said he; and I went. I don't care to advertise a particular shop, but I may say that it was in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly. Before long, the invention will be fully known and widely applied; it has been already patented in England and abroad.

Of all minor sensations, that of having your hair well brushed is one of the most agreeable. There are some barbers who pat your head with bristles till it bleeds; others harrow the skin; others stroke the outside of your hair with feeble, unpenetrating touch; but when you sit under a man whose hand is neither too heavy nor too light, who just touches the scalp with searching bristles, and then draws them steadily through the hair, a sense of soothing calm creeps over you. Imagine, however, a steady and searching stroke indefinitely extended. Think what it must be to feel the brush take up your hair without any descending motion; conceive every part of the scalp traversed with a penetration which skips nothing, and yet never scratches the skin, never trespasses on the forehead or the neck; conceive a stroke which, though your hair may be only an inch long, can be continued, if you please, for a quarter of an hour. And yet all these conditions are fulfilled in the new machine for hair-brushing.

The brush is circular, like one for cleaning bottles, and revolves on a long axis, which projects far enough at each end for the hands to hold, so that the brush may turn round while the axis remains still. Rigidly connected with the drum-shaped brush is a wheel like that of a pulley, with a deep groove. It is evident that if this be turned, the brush will turn round the axis or handle which you hold. The question is, how to give the rotatory motion to the brush, and yet shift it about all over the patient's head. If the brush were set twirling in a frame, he might put his head to it; but this would be inconvenient. How can we make the brush revolve, and then apply it to the hair?

It is done thus: an endless band of vulcanised india-rubber hangs from the ceiling over the chair in which you sit to be brushed; it descends to within about a foot of your head, and is made to revolve by machinery. All, therefore, that the operator has to do is to hitch this revolving band into the groove of his drum-brush, and draw it down. Away it spins, the elasticity of the descending india-rubber band enabling the operator to shift it about to the different parts of the head, and apply just so much pressure as is agreeable to the patient.

When I went in to get my hair thus brushed, had sat down before the glass, and been tucked in as usual with bib and dressing-gown, the hair-dresser took up one of his circular brushes and hitched it into the revolving band over my head. In a moment I felt a silent fanning, as if some monstrous butterfly were hovering over me; this was the air of the twirling brush, which caught my hair up and laid it down, and travelled all over my head with incessant gentle penetration. It crept down my whiskers and

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searched my beard with the same tender and yet decided effect. There was no scratching, not even of the neck and ears, but the skin of cheeks and chin was reached and swept. It was a new sensation. I felt as if I should like to be brushed continuously for a month. My attendant told me that there was a strong opposition to it on the part of the manual hairdressers, and that some of them had given out that the new process was certain to produce fits. 'Fits of laughter,' he added, 'must be meant.' There was certainly a sense of exhilaration in it, which I never felt in a hairdresser's room before.

The brushes are changed quite easily. I think that the shape will have to be modified, and also that they must not be made to twirl so fast. I can really imagine a very excitable person being whisked into a state of ecstasy by a prolonged application of this fanning, whirling machine. But, no doubt, it will be extensively used, and will probably be adapted to the stable and the harness-room. One small steam-engine might be made to clean simultaneously a whole regiment of horse. Every stall might have its descending india-rubber band. You could go over nearly the whole of a horse with it. The groom would only have to use a revolving brush, and hitch its groove into the driving band. It will, I suppose, be used for boots and clothes. The specialty of the thing consists in having a long elastic driving band, which allows the operator to apply the brush where he pleases, and the perfect simplicity with which the thing is thrown into and out of gear.

TOO GOOD A HUSBAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Lucy's cheeks grew thin after her little one's death, and her eyes gained a more searching, less confiding expression than formerly. She wondered about her loss nearly as much as she grieved for it. She whom nature had made so truthful, that, in the whole course of her life, she had never intentionally told a lie, and had believed hundreds, now found it difficult to believe her own husband. It was no doubt a temptation of the Evil One, and she struggled against it; but sometimes, when Walter told a story, instead of taking it for granted that it was true because he told it, she found herself weighing its probability. She felt, too, that a child's death should be as a second marriage to its parents, binding them yet nearer to each other; and that from its little grave should spring a love more true and tender than the merely happy can ever know; but in her case it had not done so. Walter did not sympathise with her in her grief; nay, he rather resented it. Her mother wrote her long letters, bidding her remember how much she owed to her husband, and urging her to do her duty like a good wife, and make him a cheerful home. Mary entreated her almost with tears to follow her mother's advice, and warned her not to weary out the love of the living by fruitless mourning for the dead. Lucy did her utmost to follow such kindly-meant counsel; she indulged in no useless demonstration of woe; she wore her riding-hat ere her child had been a month dead, and very soon she ordered her maid to take the crape off her dress, and to make a coloured bow for her hair. She forced herself to be silent about her loss, and tried hard to forget it in her husband's presence. She buried her grief in her own heart, and it took the firmer root there. She was one of those who, if she had been allowed to give her sorrow vent, would have sobbed it away; but as it was, she shut it up, and brooded over it in secret, until it became a part of herself, and seemed to influence her whole character.

Her husband's fondness was as demonstrative as ever, and in responding to it, she hardly knew herself whether or not she were acting a part; she was not quite sure that, when she agreed to spare him for a day's hunting, she was thinking not only of his enjoyment, but also of her own freedom. But if she sometimes doubted—and only those who are as truthful as Lucy can understand how painful such doubts were—whether she felt all the love and respect a wife ought to feel, she was only the more zealous in doing all that a wife could do. In the meantime, Walter received so many compliments about himself and his wife, that he was in a good temper with all the world, and even when Lucy informed him that she expected once more to be a mother, he only answered, kissing her fondly as he spoke, that there was no room in his heart for children—it was too completely filled with his pretty little wife. Lucy looked forward to the birth of a second child with very different feelings from those with which she had looked forward to that of her first-born. Her grief for the latter was still too green—too morbid, perhaps—to allow her to wish that he should have a successor. At the very time that, to please her husband, she was putting aside her mourning so unusually soon as to scandalise her neighbours, she was appropriating a room to the child's memory, in which she placed the toys, clothes, and cradle that had once belonged to him. Here she passed many an hour in melancholy reflections, which became more and more alluring as her mind became more and more weakened by them. She ascribed the oppression of her spirits to a presentiment of coming evil, and not to sorrow unnaturally restrained, unhealthily indulged. Her favourite walk was to the churchyard, but she never ventured to take it unless her husband were absent for the day. One morning, when she was sitting on her camp-stool, her elbow resting on her knee, and her chin on the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed upon her baby's little grave, she was startled out of her reverie by the voice of a garrulous old servant. Lucy courteously acknowledged the woman's salutation, and then tried to recall to mind why she had been discharged; and when she remembered that the cause had been dishonesty, she was surprised and indignant at her assurance, for Jane looked her mistress full in the face, and made one civil inquiry after another, with all the confidence of an old and favoured servant. 'She fancies, I suppose,' thought Lucy, 'that when I came home from Rms, I was too broken-hearted to inquire why she had been sent away at a moment's notice; and, indeed, if I had been left to myself, I should never even have noticed her absence; but, fortunately, Walter told me of her infamous conduct, or I might have been civil to a heartless wretch who tried to steal my dead baby's clothes.' Lucy's anger, like every other emotion the gentle little creature ever felt, was inclined to pour itself forth in tears; and as it increased, the woman's impudence seemed to increase also. 'Ah, but he was a sweet boy! Many a time I come and stand by his little grave. Poor babe, poor babe!

'I wonder you are not ashamed to allude to *him*, Jane.'

But Jane was too busy administering what she considered a comforting lecture, to heed her *mistress's* words or look.

'It is a trial, a sore trial, my poor lady, and every morning and every evening I pray that the Lord *may* send you comfort.'

'I don't want *your* prayers!' broke in Lucy.

'Yes, my poor lady, you do; you want my prayers—you want every Christian's prayers until you can say: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."'

'You wretched woman! Do you dare to *quote* Scripture to me?' and Lucy rose as she spoke.

'Yes, I dares,' answered the woman, getting angry in her turn, and forgetting her Christianity and her grammar. 'We's all equal afore God. And it may be as your child was took 'cause of the hardness of your heart.' The words were no sooner spoken than

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she regretted them, and following her late mistress, who had now turned away, sobbing piteously, she tried to make atonement for them. 'You're just right, missus; it ain't for the likes of me to teach ye. And you and master what 'ave been so kind! Sure, when I ran up with the flour-tub, which was but natural to me, who was in the cook-line, I never thought to get ten shillings a week for it. But now, don't ye go for to take my words to heart, for as you know, my poor, dear lady, and as my good master said, when he told me not to speak to you about the baby; "Jane," says he, "your tongue was always the worst part of you." But, indeed, missus, there's many a time I've took yours and master's part. The doctor's the one to blame, I always says, which, indeed, I said only last night, for when Tom told me of his new gig; "Tom," says I, "I wouldn't have that man's heart for all the money he's even made out of other folk's misfortins." And when I said them words, I was thinking of your poor little baby.' Lucy did not speak; and after a moment's silence, the woman said with a sigh: 'But, I daresay master was right, and you're one of those as is better not talked to;' and then she turned to go home.

The more Lucy thought over the woman's words, the more perplexed she became. There was a time when she would have considered them a proof of the utter shamelessness of wicked people, and would never have dreamed of weighing a servant's words against Walter's. Even now, she tried hard to banish what she had heard from her mind, but she tried in vain. And nothing could shew more plainly how changed were her feelings to Walter—how she herself had changed—than her not informing him of her chance meeting with Jane. She was often on the point of doing so, she often longed to speak to him about it, and to watch his countenance as she did so; but she still shrank from acknowledging to herself that she suspected her husband of falsehood, or of surprising him into a confession of what he wished to conceal. It would have been very easy to have called upon Jane, and to have heard from the garrulous old woman whatever there was to tell; but though Lucy often speculated on the probability of a second chance meeting, she was resolute, whether from cowardice or principle, in never seeking one. She persuaded herself that in refusing to satisfy her mind by inquiry, she was shewing confidence in her husband; but, in reality, her suspicion—fed from time to time by one trifling circumstance after another—was daily becoming stronger; until, at last, it appeared to take the place of her grief, and to change her from a frank to a secretive woman. But if thoughts and feelings were involuntary, actions and words were not, and determined that the latter should never be unworthy, she was, through her very desire to do right, gradually becoming a dissembler—a successful dissembler, as far as her husband was concerned; he saw a smile on her face when he returned home; when he kissed her, she would often blush, as though it were the first kiss she had ever received from him; when he asked her to do a troublesome, or what he feared she would consider a disagreeable task, her whole countenance lightened with joy. 'How could she ever do or sacrifice enough for the man whom she had promised to love and honour—but could not.' So she felt, but Walter neither knew nor speculated about her feelings. He had got a pretty little wife, who was not so beautiful as to throw his own beauty into the shade, but sufficiently so to do credit to his taste; who was always willing to run about and wait on him, if it suited his humour to be waited on, or to lie on the sofa and be coddled, if it suited his fancy to be loving; and who, under all circumstances, so behaved that whilst he always had his own way, he, and most of the neighbours, firmly believed that he was one of the best and most self-sacrificing of husbands. Perhaps Mary's eyes penetrated somewhat deeper than Walter's, but she was more anxious not to make mischief, than to be thought a keen observer, so she said nothing.

One day, when Lucy was sitting alone with Dr Lisle, she said to him, almost, as it seemed to her, involuntarily: 'Do not doctors, sometimes, after their patients die, feel dreadful doubts as to whether they have done all that it was possible to do?' She tried to ask the question carelessly, as though it were simply prompted by idle curiosity, but she knew that her voice trembled as she spoke.

The doctor looked surprised, and then answered quietly: 'Very rarely, I should say, judging from my own experience. The fact is, we medical men soon learn that life and death are not so completely in our hands as the ignorant suppose. Most people have their favourite doctor, but we who are in the profession know that there is far less difference between one practitioner and another than is generally imagined. We learn our trade as a carpenter learns his—there are certain rules for making a door and a box, and there are certain rules for curing this and that disease—we follow those rules, and know that we can do no more. Don't think me very hard-hearted,' he added, with a smile, 'if I confess that it is more than ten years since a patient's death has deprived me of a night's rest.'

'But,' said Lucy, feeling as she spoke as though some unknown power had mastered her will, and was dictating her words, 'when you arrive too late—when, if you had been five minutes earlier, you might—you might perhaps have saved a life?'

'In such a case, a doctor who had loitered in attending to a summons would no doubt feel, if he were a conscientious man, that he had just cause for self-reproach. But I am grateful to say that, in the course of a long practice, I have never met with such a case as you are supposing.' Then he rose to bid her good-bye, for he saw that she was exciting herself.

'Are you quite sure that nothing more could have been done for my baby than was done?'

'Quite, quite sure,' he answered emphatically. Then, after a pause, he added: 'Chancing to be in the neighbourhood at the time, I was with your poor child five minutes after the accident occurred, and never left him till it pleased God to release him from his pain; and I have no hesitation in saying that the greatest medical genius that ever lived could have done no more for him than I did. When I said just now that one doctor is as good as another, I was thinking of every-day men like myself. No doubt, there are in London and other large towns some few surgeons and physicians who have discovered new laws in physical science, but such men generally devote their attention to a natural disease, or to—— This much of comfort, Mrs Morant, I can give you—an assurance that all was done for your poor little boy that it was possible to do.' Then he looked at his watch, spoke of another engagement, and hurried away before Lucy could make further inquiry. She would fain have done so; now that she had convinced herself of the falsity of what she had been told, she could not rest until she had ascertained the whole truth. Walter joined her soon after the doctor left, so she could do nothing more that day. She did not dream of attempting to gain any information from her husband, and finding it impossible to meet his eye, she made a bad headache an excuse for going early to bed. There she lay awake all night, only, when she thought Walter was going to address her, feigning sleep. The words 'pain, accident, natural disease,' seemed to be burned into her brain; and, with an unconquerable desire to know how her baby died, were mingled regrets for what appeared to her to be her never to be recovered innocence. Her conscience, almost as pure as that of a young child's, shewed the slightest speck, and she planned how she could best

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deceive her husband, in order to discover what she firmly believed ought never to have been concealed from her, with more compunction than some women would have planned an elopement. She was too truthful to think that a silent deception or an equivocation was less wicked than a downright lie; so, when the morning came, she told Walter that Dr Lisle had advised her to have her breakfast in bed, then to lie quiet for two or three hours, and not to go out for the rest of the day. Walter did not like the prospect of remaining in the house all day, so, with many kisses and fond speeches, he consented to follow his wife's advice, and to have a run with the hounds. Left alone, Lucy soon rose and dressed, and starting and trembling at every sound, crept softly down the stairs, and stole unperceived out of the house. She did not exactly expect her absence to pass unnoticed, but she wanted to gain her point without further questioning. Her heart beat fast as she rang at her sister's door, and inquired if Mrs Balford was at home.

'I want to speak to you alone, Mary.'

'Well, we are alone, Lucy; Henry will not be home for some hours.' Then Mary looked anxiously at her young sister's pale face. 'Does Walter know you are here, Lucy?'

'No; he thinks that I'm in bed. But—you have all been telling me stories about baby, and now I am determined to know the truth.'

'Have you and Walter been quarrelling?' Mary had not a very good opinion of her sister's husband; she would have given much that he and Lucy had never married. She was in constant dread that the wife would do something to mortify her husband's vanity, and so forfeit his love; she could not help remembering how suddenly his fraternal affection had changed into indifference as soon as Henry had asserted his right to marry, and to live in his own house. 'God grant that Lucy may never see him as I see him,' was her constant prayer; and she resolved that if she were ever appealed to in any dispute between the two, she would take the husband's part, let him be right or let him be wrong, and scold her sister whether she deserved it or not.

'No. I pretended to be ill, and so got rid—that is, I mean he went out for a day's hunting; and I have taken this opportunity of coming to see you, and I won't go back again until you have told me how my child died.'

'Then I will tell you, Lucy; but if, in hearing the truth, you suffer some pain, remember that you owe it to your own suspicion and ingratitude. Walter, who—though you are my sister, I must say it—is a better husband than you deserve, tried to spare you, and you have repaid his kindness with a—lie.' Mary paused impressively on the last word, hoping that it would cause her sister to melt into tears; but Lucy's eyes were quite dry, only unusually wide open, and she appeared to be too intent listening to what was coming to hear what had been said. 'Baby struggled out of the nurse's lap, fell into the grate, and died from the effect of the burns.'

'Oh! if he had been in my arms, I would have held him tight. Oh! why did I ever leave him?' And then she broke into piteous lamentations, writhing, as though she actually felt the pain of the burns.

Mary soothed her as best she could, giving a softened-down account of the child's sufferings, and dividing any blame there might be between herself and the doctor; and when Lucy's tears were well-nigh exhausted, Mary began once more to praise the husband and to blame the wife; and being much older and cleverer than her sister, at length convinced her that Walter was the best of husbands, and she the most ungrateful of wives. Lucy went home, eager to thank Walter, to confess how wicked she had been, and to throw herself on his mercy. And Mary thought, as she bade her good-bye: 'I have managed that business capitally; Walter will fancy himself a god, and be fonder of Lucy than ever.'

Unfortunately, when Lucy reached home, Dr Lisle—having heard that she was unwell—was waiting to see her; and when she reproached him for his carelessness in recommending to her husband a foster-nurse for her expected baby, he, unwilling to bear more blame than belonged to him, gave Mr Morant his full share, and left Lucy in a very different frame of mind to that in which he had found her.

It was late when Walter came home. The members of the hunt had been dining together, and his eyes were somewhat brighter, and his laugh was somewhat louder than usual; he was a very sober man, and it is probable that compliments had quite as much as wine to do with his excitement, for he had been toasted as the best rider in the county. Thus flattered, he was in a most merry, loving mood.

'Still lying on the sofa, my poor little pet! and facing the light! Silly little thing, you do not even know how to spare your pretty little eyes without me.'

Lucy did not answer; but she did not need to do so; he was in a vein to carry on both sides of the conversation. He removed the lamp, arranged her cushions very fondly, then, absently, lighted his cigar.

'Lucy, you would have stared, if you had seen some of the leaps we took to-day. I wish, my darling, you could have been with me.'

'Perhaps I should have been frightened.'

'Oh, my love! I should have taken care of you. I received a good many compliments about your riding to-night, Lucy. You were a wretched hand at it, when I married you; and I feel rather proud of what I have done for you in that way.' Lucy opened her eyes, and looked at him; he was shaking the ashes out of his cigar, and smiling complacently into the fire. 'Some of the fellows were saying that I was the best judge of a horse and a woman they knew anywhere, and, certainly, in you, my darling, and Black Bess, I have suited myself to a T.' He took a few puffs of his cigar, blowing the smoke towards his wife, but not looking at her. The smell of the cigar annoyed her, and his want of consideration irritated her. 'It is not every woman that would suit me,' he continued, soliloquising rather than addressing his companion. 'Your Diana Vernons are not at all to my taste; the self-reliance and want of refinement in such women are very offensive to me. It is impossible for a woman to be too small, too delicate, or too feminine.' He took a few more puffs of his cigar. There was nothing peculiar in his manner on that particular evening, and yet, as Lucy watched him, she felt her blood boiling with indignation, and she gave way to feelings against which she had struggled for months; and those feelings were rapidly becoming thoughts, and thoughts, too, that were all but ready to break forth in words. 'But then, again,' he continued, 'I'm a social fellow, and like to have my wife always by my side, so that one who screamed whenever she was frightened, would be a dreadful nuisance. My sweet Lucy, you are precisely what a woman ought to be; and to see you turn pale, look helplessly at me, then bite your lips, leap a gate, and flush all over when you get to the other side, is, to my thinking, one of the prettiest sights in creation.'

'It never occurred to you, Walter, I suppose, that my turning white and red were the signs of positive suffering? You don't know how hard it is to endure fear.'

'How can I, my love, when I never felt it?' There were some leaps to-day at which a good many of the fellows turned back. If you had been with me, my darling, I should have taken you over, and so made them feel ashamed of themselves; and, my silly little coward, you need not have been afraid, for I would have taken care of you.'

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'Would you have taken more care of me than you did of baby, when you left him to a woman whom you knew to be a drunkard?'

He was on the point of giving her a kiss; but at her question he started back. 'That —— sister of yours has been filling your head with some confounded trash. It is not man's work to look after a squalling brat.'

'Then why did you take him from me? I know now that the doctor only acted by your orders. Why did you take my baby from me?' She rose from the sofa, and stood opposite to him. Her passion had reached white heat, and she spoke with a fearful calmness. 'Why?—I will tell you why, Walter; because you are so vain, jealous, and selfish, that you could not bear to share me even with your own child. You think that you love me'—she laughed bitterly; 'you don't even know what love is—you don't even know what pity is.' Her passion flashed like lightning on her husband's character, revealing to her his most secret faults, but at the same time it blinded her to the expression of his countenance, so that the look of hatred in his eyes, and his white lips closing tighter and tighter, could not frighten her into prudence. 'You a good husband, forsooth! You have treated me as you might have treated a pet dog; you have dressed me in smart clothes because it pleased you to see me smart; you have nursed and kissed me because you like nursing and kissing a pretty little woman, just as you like smoking or drinking; but you have never sympathised with me in joy or sorrow; you have never even known me. So long as I answered to your call, and smiled in your presence, you never cared to know whether I was really happy or miserable; you were too much absorbed in your own goodness and beauty to think about me.'

He ground his teeth, but did not speak.

'The last three years have been the most lonely of my life. When God promised me the most precious gift that even He has to bestow, your selfish jealousy made my joy fearful and anxious. When my baby came, you kissed me, and said how pretty I looked; and then, because you thought the baby might be in your way, you nearly killed me by taking it from me. I was very careful never to neglect you for it, but you could not bear to see me happy with any one but yourself, so—as you could not produce a coolness between it and me, as you had between my sister and me—you feigned an illness, and took me from it, leaving your child to the care of a woman whom the doctor had warned you not to trust long out of your sight, because, though she was good-tempered and careful so long as she was sober, she was no more to be trusted than a mad woman if once she began to drink. When you heard of the accident, you told me a parcel of lies; you made me suffer a whole week's suspense, and kept me away till my darling was buried; and you felt no sorrow for its death; no pity for my grief: to please you, I was forced to try and be unnatural.'

Lucy threw herself on the sofa, and buried her face in the cushion, and there was a few moments' silence; then Walter came near her; she did not see his face, but she felt his hot breath as his voice hissed in her ear: 'My love, as long as you live, you will repent what you have said to-night.'

Repent! she was already beginning to repent. Even now, whilst her pulse was beating a hundred and every vein throbbing, what would she not have given to recall those wicked, cruel words! For it was conscience, not fear, that caused her first repentance. She was aware of her injustice before she was aware of her imprudence. 'I have taken it for granted that he has always acted from the worst of motives, how could I—how could the very best man that ever lived bear to be judged so? And I his wife—I who ought to have believed in his innocence after all the rest of the world believed him guilty.' She rose to follow him, and to ask his forgiveness, but the remembrance of his last words stopped her. She stood still, turned pale, shuddered, then covered her face with her hands as she fell back in a chair. 'What have I done? O God, what have I done?' she cried. Fear now mastered every other feeling. She no longer cared to think if she had acted well or ill, but only what would be the consequences of her rash words. It was her first quarrel, for the little tiffs she had sometimes had with her sisters as a girl no longer appeared to deserve the name. She did not know what to expect, and the vagueness of her dread made it the more awful. A momentary hope gleamed upon her. 'His words were only as my words,' she said to herself; 'very likely he is already sorry for them, and to-morrow morning we shall kiss and be friends again.' But she felt the difference she was trying to ignore; she felt that her own unjust words might be forgotten, but not her true ones; she felt that not only had she seen her husband that evening as she had never seen him before, but had perhaps made him conscious of faults of which he had hitherto been ignorant; she felt that though he could easily forget his child's death, and forgive the woman who had caused it, he would be long before he forgot or forgave his wife's mortifying words; she felt that she had offended his ruling passion—vanity. She remembered with a sinking heart how he had resented his brother's making himself independent of his society, and how many months he had been before he had forgotten her unflattering portrait of him; and then it flashed upon her that the cold, hard, sensual face she had painted had been a true likeness of her husband. Try as she would, she could not think well of him. She passed the greater part of the night in fear and remorse, now one feeling, now the other predominating. At length she took her candle, and went to bed.

In the darkness, she found courage to address her husband, but he did not answer. It was awful to be at enmity with any one through the long dark hours of the night. Who knew what might happen before morning? Her heart became very pitiful. She bent over her husband, kissing him, letting her tears fall on his cheek, and praying that if her words had pained him, he might soon be enabled to forget them. She was willing to bear any punishment for her passion, if only she could be free from the dreadful thought that she had made another unhappy.

When the morning came, Walter did not scold his wife; and when, with tears in her eyes, she told him how sorry she was for what she had said, he answered with a cold civility which frightened her more than oaths would have done. 'Pray, do not apologise for your frankness; I am always glad to know what people think of me. Henceforth, you and I understand each other better than we have hitherto done. It is one of the duties of our station to set a good example in morals, so we will have no scandal, if you please. We will behave towards each other as we have always done, though, of course, we ourselves must know that our marriage has been a mistake.'

Lucy did not answer; her tears and her words alike died within her, as she gazed on her husband's sneering smile. In a few days' time, she understood his words better than she did at the moment. With a sinking heart, but without one word of remonstrance, she fell into her new mode of life. When any one was present, he addressed her with as many terms of endearment, and paid her as much attention as he had ever done. There was indeed a shade of difference in his manner, which was felt keenly by his wife, but which passed unperceived by others. Lucy, on her side, did her best to meet his wishes and to answer him in her old manner. When they were alone, he never spoke to her; and if she said anything to him, he would answer her remark with a bow, or a short civil assent, which would effectually

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silence her. If depressed by his silent presence, she retired to the solitude of her own room, he was sure to send for her with a loving message. At first, she ran to him with joyful alacrity, hoping that at length she was to be scolded and forgiven, but he always addressed her in the same words: 'If you sit so much alone, the servants will begin to suspect the truth; and you should remember, that however unsuited we are to each other, it is still our duty to set an example of domestic felicity.' The last two words were always pronounced with a peculiarly aggravating sneer; and Lucy could not avoid feeling that her husband was not merely unforgiving, but also cruel and vindictive, and that he derived a cat-like enjoyment from the sight of her misery.

'How long can this last?' she would think, as she wearily lay down at night, and wearily rose in the morning. She smiled sadly as she remembered how Ethel, the sulky member of her family, had once kept up a quarrel for five hours, and had gone to bed refusing to bid Lucy good-night. But at that time, Lucy had a superstitious feeling about putting out her candle before she was at peace with all the world, and had sought Ethel in her own room, where she was only too glad of a second offer of reconciliation, and the sisters had fallen asleep in each other's arms. 'I am wiser now,' thought poor Lucy, with a sigh; 'I have quite got over all such superstitious fancies.'

Sometimes, when leaning on her husband's arm, and listening to his words of endearment, she would feel as though it would be a relief to her if she might stand in the market-place, and proclaim aloud to all the world her sins, her sorrows, and her hypocrisy; but perhaps she deceived herself, perhaps she needed neither her husband's taunting commands nor any sense of duty to prevent her exposing her domestic unhappiness.

She tried to coax Walter into forgiving her; she waited on him at breakfast, and looked pleadingly into his face, as she brought him his cup of coffee, and whatever he liked best, and lighted his cigar. He invariably answered her with the same triumphant smile, that said as plainly as words could do: 'So, madam, I have taught you to beg for the love which you once despised.' To which Lucy's soft eyes would reply: 'If I am a beggar, will you not pity me?'

One day, when Walter was engaged on his magisterial duties—for this most exemplary husband was also a most exemplary magistrate—Lucy was indulging herself in a good sob on the drawing-room sofa, when she heard approaching steps in the hall: she started up; her eyes were red, and her braids had tumbled down; she hastily concealed herself behind a curtain that was close to the back drawing-room door, intending to escape as soon as the visitors were in the front room. But the handle of the door having broken, it was locked on the outside with a key, so that she was forced to remain where she was. Walter and a brother-magistrate stood for some time on the rug conversing about the events of the morning.

'I thought, Mr Morant, you were a little hard upon that John Rawdon.'

'What! too hard upon the brute who beat his wife. I tell you what, Sir Henry—I only wish that I could have given him another month, and a good flogging into the bargain; and if he had had the latter part of the dose, he might have thanked his stars that magistrates don't execute their own sentences.'

Walter spoke warmly. He believed that he would not himself have struck a woman, under any circumstances; and he could feel genuine indignation against faults he had no inclination to commit.

Lucy, as she listened behind her curtain, was sure that her husband was saying what he really felt. 'Oh!' she thought, 'surely, he is too good to be always angry with me. He will forgive me some day, and let me love him once more; and oh! how dearly I could love him now.'

The two men continued to discuss John Rawdon's sentence, unconscious of their listener; and Lucy leaned forward, eagerly listening to every word. She was too excited to think whether, if her husband had known of her presence, he would have spoken exactly as he was speaking. Every sentence he uttered was to her as a sentence of life and death; and drowning men feel that they have a right to every boat they can catch hold of. Walter uttered so many generous sentiments, that Lucy's heart beat high with hope; and she could almost fancy that as he spoke, he was thinking of her, not of John Rawdon's wife; and that, as soon as Sir Henry had left, he would come, of his own accord, to tell her of his forgiveness; when Sir Henry said: 'You argue as if I were an advocate for wife-beating: I'm no such thing; I only say that this particular man had great excuses for what he did. He was mad with passion at the time, and even you will allow that he had some cause for being in a passion. And nobody in the court could have helped seeing that his sorrow and shame for what he had done were genuine.'

'I don't think passion ought to be considered an excuse for anything. People have no right to put themselves into such a passion that they don't know what they are doing.' Lucy's heart sank within her. 'As for the brute's sorrow and shame,' continued the speaker, warming with his subject, 'I don't care that'—snapping his fingers—'whether they were genuine or not. As a married man, you ought to be ashamed of speaking on behalf of such a wretch. By Jove! when I think of a great heavy whip like this being used upon a woman, and then of my delicate little Lucy, it is as much as I can do, magistrate though I am, to prevent kicking the law overboard, and pitching into the fellow myself.'

'Well, well; bad husbands will always get their deserts from you. But you should remember that, though of course you would never dream of striking your wife, neither, I suppose, would you—good husband though you are—dream of forgiving, what he was going to forgive, as an amends for his cruelty.'

'The very least he could do. If I could so forget myself as to strike a woman, there's nothing I shouldn't feel bound to forgive her.'

Lucy, silently weeping behind the curtain, could hardly resist entreating him to imitate John Rawdon. Her heart warmed towards her husband at every word he uttered. She did not reflect whether his actions were consistent with his professions, whether he ought not to have been ashamed to allude to her as he had done, or to be called a good husband. Separated from her own family, not only by distance, but also by the secret of her married life, and starving for love and sympathy, her husband needed to be no hero in order to appear one to her.

Lucy looked forward with anxious hope to her next meeting with Walter. She had never before spent so long in considering which dress she would put on, or how her hair should be dressed. Her hands trembled as she put a chain in her pocket; she had made it some weeks ago, and had been waiting for a favourable opportunity of offering it. If the defender of John Rawdon could have seen Lucy descend the stairs, and have known her purpose, he would have made sure of her success. He would have argued that no man, with one spark of generosity, could trample on so unresisting a little creature. Lucy looked timidly up into her husband's face, but there was no change either in it or in his manner. She took his hand in hers and kissed it. 'Walter, dear Walter'—her eyes met his; what was the use of asking him to forgive her?—'I have made a chain for you; but it is my work—my hair—you will not like to wear it; I had better burn it.'

'By no means. Your making it was a very good thought. It did not occur to me before, but, no doubt, it would strike the servants as strange if we

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never made each other any presents. I will write to-day to Hunt and Roskell's, and order a hundred pounds worth of jewellery.'

'O Walter, when is this to end? You can't know how miserable I am.'

'It has been an unfortunate marriage for both of us; but you have no reason to complain. Since you think so meanly of me, you probably married me for my money, and that I never grudge you.'

'Oh! you don't—you can't believe that. Don't you remember what a simple child I was when you married me? I never thought about your being rich or poor; I hardly knew what a grand marriage meant.' She fell on her knees, still holding his unresisting hand in hers. 'Judge me by the three years of my married life—not by that one hour. Some evil spirit possessed me then—it was not I who spoke. I know how foolish my words were; they deserve any punishment; but yet forgive me, Walter, because—because you are killing me.'

'A pretty accusation that to bring against a man. I wonder you don't threaten to disgrace me by appealing to Sir Cresswell. I am afraid, though, you would find it a little difficult to bring a charge of cruelty.'

'I will never tell to any living creature what you wish to keep secret. But, Walter, you don't know it—I am sure you are too good to mean it, but—but there are different ways of being cruel. Yet I have no right to complain; I have been very foolish and wicked; I think I could be wiser and better now—I know now how precious your love is.'

'Ay,' he sneered, 'I daresay you are fonder of me now. It is very true that women are like spaniels.'

She let his taunt pass unnoticed. 'Try and love me a little,' she pleaded. 'Not as you used to do—but at least give me some hope; surely all our life is not to be like this. O Walter! think what a home this will be for your child—it, at least, has never injured you—don't make me wish to die at its birth.'

He ground his teeth as he snatched his hand from hers. 'Is all my life to be sacrificed to children? Isn't it enough that the first must deprive me of a woman I loved; must the second bore me with the caresses of a woman—I hate?'

That was Lucy's last attempt at reconciliation. She resigned herself as well as she could to her lot, and God only knew what she suffered. With many gloomy presentiments, she looked forward to becoming once more a mother. She could expect no kiss more than usually tender, no attention more delicate than doctors or nurses ever think of; the semblance of such she did indeed receive, but that only reminded her more painfully of the absence of the reality. She did not know whether it would be better for her child that she should live or die; for herself, she was afraid to wish to die—afraid to die. She thought that the best thing that could happen to her would be death; but death preceded by sufficient warning for her to receive her husband's pardon, and to give him hers, and to commit her little one to a penitent father's love.

But Lucy did not die, and, when her little daughter was placed in her arms, she felt thankful that her life had been spared. Many tears, indeed, fell on the unconscious infant—tears caused by the memory of its brother's death, of its father's lost love, and by forebodings of its own doubtful future. But, in spite of her tears, Lucy was not so miserable as she had been; she had now some one to love, and she felt that her love would suffice to make the little creature happy for many years. The baby brought back to the mother her old blessing of hope, and Lucy trusted that before it was old enough to be affected by the domestic unhappiness of its parents, it would be the cause of their reconciliation. The wife was not now too valuable to be allowed to perform a mother's duties, and she hastened to get well, in order that she might have the child entirely to herself. It may be, that she was not the less anxious to be free of the doctor's presence, because, if he had not forgotten that she was ignorant of how her boy had died, she might perhaps still have retained her husband's love, and, contrasted with the present, the period before she had lost it appeared to have been one long dream of happiness. Ere baby was many months old, Lucy had learned that it would never reconcile its father and mother. Every week they became more and more alienated from each other. She was more indignant at the way in which Walter treated his child than at how he had treated herself. Long-suffering Lucy began to feel resentment; she ceased to look forward to a renewal of conjugal love; her feelings became blunted; she laughed contemptuously at remarks at which she would once have wept; she became a proficient in the art of sarcasm, and seemed to derive a kind of bitter enjoyment in making her tyrant wince under cutting compliments. He was no match for her in repartee; he had recourse to oaths. At first, she shuddered; but she soon became so callous, that she would go on reading her book whilst he swore at her; and yet, if you had seen her in her nursery, you would have thought her the same gentle loving woman she had always been. Her husband was her evil, her child her good genius. She was a totally different woman when under the influence of the one, from what she was when under the influence of the other.

One day, when the child woke, and stretched out its little arms for its mother, a something in its look made Lucy start back with an expression of horror; she fell on a chair, and covered her face with her hands. 'God help me!' she muttered, 'do I hate him?' She returned almost instantly to the cradle, and taking the child in her arms, frightened it with the vehemence of her caresses. That evening, Walter did not need to swear: the tears came into his wife's eyes when he told her of his intention to go to Ems for a couple of months on account of his health, and she meekly inquired if she was to accompany him. 'No, indeed,' he answered savagely. 'It is absence from home—from the home that you have made for me—not the waters of Ems, that I want.' Although his answer gave her a momentary pang, it was a relief to her to know that she was to be left behind. She hoped that she should be able to feel kindly towards him when he was away, and thought that perhaps a two months' separation might change his hatred into indifference, so that, on his return, there might be peace between them. She did her best to please him during the few days that he remained at home, and thought of many contrivances to add to his comfort during his residence abroad. When she bade him farewell at the station, she pressed his hand, and kissed him more warmly than she had done for many a day; and just as the guard was whistling—remembering that it would be many weeks before she could see him again—she leaned on the carriage-window to bid him good-bye once more. He hastily put up his hand to push her back, but not roughly, and as the train flashed past, he looked to see if she were safe. 'The last thing he did,' she repeated to herself very often in the course of that day, and with increased tenderness in after-years, 'was to take care of me.'

Although Walter had said nothing about writing, Lucy knew that he had too much regard for appearances not to write, and she wondered how he would express himself towards her; but she never received a letter. He travelled without stopping as far as Bonn; from that place she had a telegram, informing her that the engine of the steamer had exploded, killing and wounding many of the passengers—her husband dangerously, and that he entreated her to hasten to him, that he might bless her and his child before he died. She lost not a moment in complying with her sick husband's wish, and, for the first time in her life, realised how great a blessing money is, for

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it spared her wearily watching station-clocks while life was ebbing from the dear one. She had no time to think until she was in the train, and then she hardly knew whether she were going on a journey of joy or sorrow. If Walter's life were doubtful, his love was sure. 'And if he lives,' she would think—'and oh! I feel such a strong presentiment that he will live—then this accident will unite us once more to each other; and now, I am older, more prudent, I shall never offend him again.' Trembling and hoping, Lucy ran into the hotel with her baby in her arms. 'We're not too late? We're Mr Morant's wife and child.' The landlord took her into a private room, and, before explaining his mistake, tried to excuse it. But Lucy had no patience, just then, to listen to a slow German's prim English; so she never knew how, after that dreadful accident, one after another, the dead and the wounded travellers were carried into that, the nearest hotel—and how it had been necessary to telegraph, in every direction, for doctors and friends—and how, in the confusion and agitation of the moment, the landlord had sent her the wrong message—and that Mr Morant was already dead when brought into the hotel. She interrupted every attempt at explanation with entreaties to be taken to her husband; and so, as soon as they had made her understand that he was no longer living, they led her to him. Somebody took the crying child out of her arms, and then they left her alone with the dead man. Walter's dark, brilliant eyes were concealed behind their lids, and yet, never in all his life had he looked more handsome than he did now; for a violent death had stamped on the face of the corpse, as firmly as the hand of a sculptor might have stamped on his marble likeness, the noblest, perhaps the only noble, characteristic of the man—courage. Lucy knelt down by the side of the bed, and took his cold hand in hers. All his faults, all his past unkindness were forgotten; she only remembered how, the last time she had seen that dear hand, it had been used to guard her from danger—how the last wish of that brave heart had been to bless her and her little one.

The dreadful accident had ceased to be talked about; the hotel was filled with other and more fortunate travellers, but Lucy still remained there, delirious with fever. The friends of her happy girlhood surrounded her sick bed, but she did not know them. For months, she had longed for one loving word; now, hundreds fell unheeded on her ear. How ardently she had often desired to kiss her sisters, to look on her mother's face, to stroke her old father's gray hairs once more; but now, that they stood by her side, they were nothing to her. Her delirium was very seldom of a violent nature. She would lie for hours with one hand on the sheet, the other beneath her cheek on the pillow, staring intently with wide open eyes on that which she alone could see. At such times, she was utterly unconscious of the present, but would frequently sing, in a low sweet voice, songs which Walter had admired, or repeat verses she had learned long, long ago. The doctors said that they would rather see her tossing from side to side, and trying to strike down those who held her.

One day, as the medical men were looking helplessly at her, she began to repeat some German verses:

> Meine Ruh' ist hin,
> Mein Herz ist schwer;
> Ich finde sie nimmer,
> Und nimmermehr, &c.*

She spoke as usual, without the slightest expression in her face, but with a strange pathos in her voice; and the doctors could not control their emotion. They said it touched them to hear poor Margaret's song repeated so feelingly with a foreign accent. Mary covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. It seemed but the other day that Lucy had learned the words, as a German lesson, and had been scolded for repeating them in such a way as to show that she cared only for their pretty sound, not their meaning. Now, the greatest genius of the German stage could not have interpreted them better than Lucy. In desperation, Mary fell on her knees by the side of the bed, threw her arms round her sister, and spoke to her of old times. The doctors remonstrated, but Mary would not listen to them. They looked at each other, but ceased to interfere between them. It was a hopeless case anyway. It may be that the fever was already on the turn; it may be that the disease had been completely misunderstood; but Lucy began to cry, and did not cease until she sobbed herself to sleep. When she woke, she was very weak and sad, but quite conscious.

It was many weeks before Lucy was strong enough to cross the sea, and travel to her own country. But that long illness, which caused so much anxiety to her friends, was perhaps a mercy to the invalid. Lying on her bed, too weak to feed herself, she could not think and feel as she would have thought and felt in strong health; and when she recovered, it seemed to her that the only way in which she could repay her parents and sisters for all their care and sympathy, was by trying to be resigned; so she strove hard to feel thankful for all the blessings that still remained to her, and submitted at length to the will of God, as she had formerly submitted to the will of her husband.

She might perhaps have sunk into a sad, patient woman, had she not believed that it was necessary for the sake of her child to exert herself. Mr Morant's estate was entailed, and that liberal-minded man had spent his wife's fortune, and left sufficient debts to require the whole of his personal property. Lucy never dreamed of attributing any blame to her husband because he had not secured a provision for her and his daughter, and neither did her family appear to do so. They had learned, during Lucy's delirium, much that the widow would never willingly have told, but they never spoke, even amongst themselves, of what they had heard; and they never alluded to Walter, in Lucy's presence, but with the greatest respect. Old Mr Mill could not, in justice to his other children, give Lucy a second fortune, but he bitterly reproached himself for not having settled the first upon her, and resolved in future to try and meet troubles half-way, and turn them aside. But he was sixty years old, and his character was, I believe, already formed; and when he saw how contentedly four people could live in the parsonage, and how pleased Henry was at being able to make a home for his wife's sister and child, and how interested Lucy became in her painting, and how delighted at earning a fortune for her daughter, he was once more heard to quote his favourite proverbs, and to the day of his death continued the same easy-tempered man he had always been.

He returned to his favourite proverbs, but not to his favourite garden; his wife and daughters presumed upon so lax a ruler; without even going through the ceremony of consulting him, they moved him and his furniture into another residence. When first he saw his old arm-chair in a new room, he tried to be angry, but Mrs Mill reminded him that 'everything happens for the best,' and his daughters shewed him how pretty the parsonage looked from his library window, and after a few grunts, he trotted off to find a south wall for his fruit-trees. So the family of the Mills were once more united, and perhaps the old father, in his quiet, undemonstrative way, enjoyed the union as much as any of them.

Lucy never contracted a second marriage, never left off wearing her widow's cap: she felt that Walter

* My peace of mind is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall never know peace again, never, oh! never.

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would not have liked her to do so, and she endeavoured in all respects to make her conduct such as would have pleased him. But for many years his death was the last misfortune that had happened to her, and it is no wonder if Mary often perceived a bright smile beaming beneath her sister's weeds. It would be hard if a loving nature possessed only an extra capacity for sorrow, and not for joy also. What delightful tittle-tattle she had with her mother about her three sisters' love-affairs! How they sympathised together when they saw one after another happily married and settled in the neighbourhood!

To Mary, who understood what kind of husband Walter had been better than any one else in the family—better even than his own wife, I think—it was a greater pleasure to be made an April Fool by Lucy and little Annie, or to watch the two creeping on tiptoe up the garden, intent on mischief, the mother looking as innocent and full of fun as the child, than it was to be present at the wedding of her other sisters. Annie inherited her father's beauty and courage, and her mother's gentleness. Perhaps the few hundreds Lucy had earned by painting would have made but a sorry provision for her daughter, but as Annie married the inheritor of her father's estates, she never needed any fortune.

On the whole, in spite of an unfortunate marriage, Lucy's life was as happy as a woman's well can be. As time advanced, she became very fond of talking about Walter, who then appeared to her as an angel of light, so that the very children in the village were wont to describe her as the kind widow lady who had had Too Good a Husband.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

If talking about social ameliorations be the way towards their adoption, then the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh will effect much good. In one respect, that annual gathering is particularly useful—namely, in the opening it affords for any one lady or gentleman having a benevolent project or crotchet to get it discussed. And although it may be said that some of the papers read had better have been left in the inkstand, there is yet an outcome of suggestion which may have beneficial consequences. This is especially true of matters relating to public health. We know that pure water is essential for health and economy, yet how few are the towns which can boast, as Lancaster or Glasgow can, of having the very best possible water-supply. Some private influence, some vested right, steps in to oppose the best and wisest measures. We continue to foul our rivers with sewage, and waste hundreds of thousands of tons of fertilising matter every year, knowing all the while that this fertilising matter is worth thousands of pounds sterling, and that, if poured over the land, instead of into the water, it would produce most bountiful crops. London, the great city, suffers and frets under an intermittent supply of doubtful water, when, had its inhabitants not been misled by interested parties, they might have the water of the Lake of Bala brought into every house, with a constant supply. If Glasgow could tap Loch Katrine, surely the foremost city in the world could have tapped the bright Welsh lake, and refreshed itself, for once, and ever after, with really pure water. It will have to be done some day. Meanwhile, good may be accomplished by a congress which talks about workmen's dwellings, cleanliness, nursing, employments for men and women, and habits of industry.

A few years ago, we published an account of the method recommended by Dr Marshall Hall for restoration to life after drowning. It was very different from the old method, and was adopted with success in some instances at boat-stations and other places near the scene of accidents, and excited much discussion. After a while, Dr Silvester's process for recovering persons from suspended animation was spoken of as an improvement upon that of Dr Marshall Hall, and with a view to determine the question, the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society appointed a committee to take it into consideration. This committee, which included medical doctors, surgeons, and eminent physiologists, tried numerous experiments on living animals and the dead human body, and reported in favour of Dr Silvester's method, as much more likely to bring about the desired result than the other, seeing that it allows room for the utmost inflation of the lungs. The subject is of such high importance, that we gladly repeat here the committee's 'suggestions,' as they are cautiously called. The first is—'That all obstruction to the passage of air to and from the lungs be at once, so far as practicable, removed; that the mouth and nostrils, for example, be cleansed from all foreign matter or adhering mucus.'

'That in the absence of natural respiration, artificial respiration, by Dr Silvester's plan, be forthwith employed in the following manner: The body being laid on its back (either on a flat surface, or better, on a plane inclined a little from the feet upwards, a firm cushion, or some similar support, should be placed under the shoulders, the head being kept on a line with the trunk. The tongue should be drawn forward so as to project a little from the side of the mouth; then the arms should be drawn upwards until they nearly meet above the head, the operator grasping them just above the elbows, and then at once lowered, and replaced at the side. This should be immediately followed by moderate pressure, with both hands, upon the lower part of the sternum. This process is to be repeated about twelve or fourteen times in the minute.'

'That if no natural respiratory efforts supervene, a dash of hot water (120 degrees Fahrenheit) or cold water be employed, for the purpose of exciting respiratory efforts.'

'That the temperature of the body be maintained by friction, warm blankets, the warm bath, &c.'

'In the case of drowning, in addition to the foregoing suggestions, the following plan may be, in the first instance, practised: Place the body with the face downwards, and hanging a little over the edge of a table, shutter, or board, raised to an angle of about 30 degrees, so that the head may be lower than the feet. Open the mouth, and draw the tongue forward; keep the body in this position for a few seconds, or a little longer if fluid continues to escape. The escape of fluid may be assisted by pressing once or twice upon the back.'

These suggestions, as will be remarked, apply to cases of suspended animation arising from the lungs being deprived of air by other accidents as well as by drowning. The raising and lowering of the arms in the manner described was found to admit from nine to forty cubic inches of air into the lungs, even in a totally dead body. And among the remarkable experiments on living animals, the committee found that dogs were killed by being kept under water a minute and a half; but if the windpipe was plugged, to prevent the entrance of water or escape of air, the animals recovered after four minutes' immersion.

In a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, the Rev. F. Howlett states, as the result of his observations, that spots on the sun have been tolerably plentiful ever since the year of their estimated maximum—1859; and he leaves it to be understood that he will continue his observations to see whether a minimum or least number of spots will occur in 1865 or 1866. Our readers are already aware of the theory that there is a periodical increase and decrease in the number of solar spots; and it will be the more interesting if confirmed by further

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observation. It appears that during the past eighteen months there has been but one day, April 9th of the present year, on which no spots whatever could be seen on the sun's disk. But on the 4th January, a phenomenon was seen, which, in the dark ages, would have struck terror into the nations. At one P.M., on the day in question, Mr Howlett was observing the sun, when he saw what he calls 'a phantom-looking group of spots,' which were clustered in such a way as to present the appearance of a gigantic skeleton. This wonderful figure was a hundred and fifty-three thousand miles in length—a gigantic skeleton indeed! 'Being Sunday when this was observed,' writes Mr Howlett, 'and being much occupied with the more immediate duties of my profession, I did not draw the group with micrometric correctness; but I am really not aware that any love for the marvellous induced me to exaggerate in any degree the singularity of its proportions.'

Another astronomical subject is the project for erecting a great reflecting telescope at Melbourne, with a view to observe the nebulæ and some other celestial phenomena visible in the southern heavens. In the clear atmosphere of Australia, it is considered that observations can be carried on with results of almost incalculable importance in astronomical and cosmical science. The scientific men of the colony addressed a letter through their governor, Sir H. Barkly, to the Duke of Newcastle, on the question of a telescope to be constructed in this country, and sent out to Victoria; and the Duke referred the question to the Royal Society, by whom it has been answered. The subject has been fully discussed by a few of the most competent Fellows of the Society, and it appears from their correspondence, that a suitable telescope, with polishing apparatus, could be furnished for L.4600.

Ballooning appears to grow more and more into favour, though, as M. Nadar and his party are ready to declare, it does not always lead to agreeable results. Most readers are aware of what Mr Glaisher has accomplished of scientific observation in his numerous ascents beyond the clouds, and of the inconveniences to which he has been exposed for want of controlling power. A Frenchman, M. Carmien de Luze, proposes his balloon-helix or screw as a means of obtaining this power. In few words, his plan is a large light metal cylinder filled with gas enough to maintain its equilibrium in the atmosphere, with a connecting screw of four fans or wings, which enable the voyager to ascend or descend at the most favourable spots.

A useful invention has recently been patented, which seems likely to do away with the inconvenience, and at times danger, that attend the repair of window-sashes, or cleaning of windows. It is described as 'Gurman's sash-pocket and fittings,' which, when properly applied, enable a person, as explained in a contemporary journal, to take out 'a common-sized window of two sashes in one minute, and to replace it in the same time, without removing the beads (the wooden slips that hold them in place), damaging the frames, or disfiguring the painting. A new line may be fitted in a few minutes by any person, where it now takes a skilled carpenter a quarter of a day, besides disfiguring the paint by driving in fresh nails. If a square of glass be broken, it can be put in without a ladder, or getting outside on a machine. In like manner, the window-frames can be painted without ladders.' After this, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of fatal accidents from window cleaning or painting, especially if it be true, as stated, that the contrivance can be fitted to all old windows.

It has been calculated that the weekly cost of clothes-washing for each individual in Paris is on the average fivepence—twenty-five franes a year, or, for the entire population of the city, nearly forty million francs. For the whole of France, the annual sum is fifteen hundred million francs. In view of sums so prodigious, it is clear that a very small saving per individual would amount to a large sum in the aggregate, and means have been taken to effect this saving. Instead of rubbing the linen and other articles by hand, they are soaped, soaked, and then steamed in a close chamber at a high temperature; when, if the operation has been properly carried out, all the dirt will be discharged. No caustic alkalies are used, consequently, the linen is not so soon destroyed as formerly; and instead of wringing and twisting, and breaking the fibres, the moisture is got rid of by rapid rotation of the articles in a kind of drum enclosed by lattice-work. In ten minutes, all the superfluous moisture can be driven out of a hundredweight of linen, after which complete drying is speedily accomplished in a hot chamber. A company of benevolent persons of both sexes has been formed in Paris for the purpose of teaching poor people how to wash and take care of their clothes, and to provide places where the washing may be done at the least cost, and with the greatest economy of the materials.

In his annual Report last month to the Board of Visitors of the Observatory at Edinburgh, the astronomer-royal for Scotland, Professor Smyth, describes the advantages of time-signals by means of cannon, and states that the establishment of a time-gun at Edinburgh led to applications for a similar signal from other towns. Ere long, a thirty-two pounder was established on the Ballast Hill at North Shields; then Sunderland set up a gun, then Newcastle, then Glasgow; and at all these places the gun is fired punctually at one o'clock every day by signal from the Edinburgh Observatory. Other places have applied, from which it appears that the practice grows into favour; and certainly the firing of a great gun is a signal which makes itself known most easily to the greatest number of individuals at once.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

'Though we were parted, or though he had died,'
She said, 'I could bear the worst,
If he only had loved me at the last,
As he loved me at the first.

'But woe is me!' said the hapless maid,
'That ever a lover came;
Since he who lit in my heart the fire,
Has failed to tend the flame.

'Ah! why did he pour in my life's poor cup
A nectar so divine,
If he had no power to fill it up
With a draught as pure and fine?

'Why did he give me one holiday,
Then send me back to toil?
Why did he set a lamp in my soul,
And leave it, lacking oil?

'Why did he plant the rose in my cheek,
When he knew it could not thrive—
That the dew of kisses, only, can keep
The true blush-rose alive?

'If he tired so soon of the song I sung
In our love's delicious June,
Why did he set the thoughts of my heart
All to one blessed tune?

'Oh, if he were either true or false,
My torment might have end:
He hath been, for a lover, too unkind;
Too loving for a friend.

'And there is not a soul in all the world
So wretched as mine must be,
For I cannot live on his love,' she said,
'Nor die of his cruelty.'

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AMERICAN SENSATIONS.

AMERICA, to a greater extent than any other, is a country of sensations. An excitement has a wider range and involves a larger proportion of the entire population. The reason of this may be found in the general equality, and the universal diffusion of intelligence. There are fewer persons raised above the influence of a popular excitement, and there are also fewer who are sunk below it. In no country, perhaps, does the whole population so move together, actuated by one impulse, as in America. Four thousand newspapers and the telegraph have something to do with it. The habit of taking a part in public affairs, of discussing political matters, and voting for public officers, from president to hog-reeve, may have its influence. But there is no doubt about the fact. America is pre-eminently the country of great excitements or sensations. I remember a few of them.

The first of these great popular uprisings within my recollection, was occasioned by the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette, at the invitation of President Monroe, to the land he had generously aided in its struggle for freedom. It was in 1824. At the age of twenty, Lafayette, an enthusiast for liberty, as understood by the disciples of Rousseau, left his young wife, and flew to the aid of Washington. He loaded a ship with the supplies which were most needed by the American rebels of those days, and helped them with the prestige of his name, with his scant military experience, and all the money he could command. He not only drilled his soldiers, but clothed and fed them; and when his own means were exhausted, he appealed to the generosity of others. When the ladies of Baltimore, then, as now, the most beautiful and patriotic in America, proposed to give a ball to the gallant young Frenchman, he said to them: 'Ladies, I should be delighted to dance with you, but my soldiers have no shirts.' The ball was postponed; and the belles of Baltimore made shirts for the rebel soldiers, when North and South were engaged in a common rebellion.

It is no wonder that Lafayette, after an interval of forty years, twelve of which had been passed in an Austrian prison, which, doubtless, prevented his head being cut off under the rule of Marat and Robespierre, was welcomed with enthusiasm in America by the new generation, as well as by the few who had been his youthful comrades in the War of American Independence. He came to New York in a national ship sent to bring him. He was the nation's guest. A whole nation turned out as one man to welcome him, to honour him, to give him every possible testimonial of respect and gratitude. The world has scarcely ever witnessed such a spectacle. Cannon thundered, banners waved, men shouted, women waved their white handkerchiefs, little girls strewed flowers in his path; cities, and states, and the whole nation shouted 'Welcome, Lafayette!'

The next great sensation was the election of General Jackson as president. He had been a hard Indian fighter in the wars with the Cherokees and Choctaws. He made the successful defence of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, and gained a victory over a portion of the British troops that subsequently fought and conquered at Waterloo; as the Americans say, 'he conquered the conquerors of Waterloo,' which is quite true, only Waterloo came several months afterward. In due time, General Jackson ('Old Hickory'), the 'Hero of New Orleans,' was elected president, after the most violent opposition which had then been known in American politics. He was re-elected, and lived to be the most hated and most respected of American presidents. When he died, full of years and honours, the whole nation buried him as a hero, and those who had cursed him living, shed tears over his corpse.

In these days, we should hardly think of celebrating with general enthusiasm the completion of a canal, unless it were that by which M. Lesseps hopes to unite the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, or that still more important one, which is to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, and which, it is said, was a strong inducement with the Archduke Maximilian in moving him to accept the imperial crown of Mexico, 'in the interests of civilisation.' But I can remember when the completion of the Erie Canal, which connects the River Hudson with Lakes Erie and Ontario—which married the great American lakes to the Atlantic, and made New York the chief seaport of the west—was an immense sensation. Cannon were planted from New York to Oswego and Buffalo, more than five hundred miles, one mile apart along the whole distance; and salutes were fired from all this line of artillery. Bells rang, and orators spouted. It is all forgotten now; and the 'big ditch' is looked at scornfully from the rapid cars of the New York Central Railroad. But the Erie celebration

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was a great affair at the time; and at Albany the orator of the day solemnly married Lake Erie to the Atlantic with what he considered fitting solemnities: the old connection by the Niagara Falls and the St Lawrence being looked upon as irregular and illegitimate, while the canal, with its numerous locks and strong embankments, was considered a more civilised and respectable arrangement.

The reception of Mr Charles Dickens in New York and everywhere in America, when he visited that country some years ago, was a national sensation. I can call to mind nothing like it since the celebrated ovation to Voltaire in Paris. It was an outburst of popular enthusiasm, which extended to every class —if one may speak of classes in a country of freedom and equality—and to almost every individual. Mr Dickens was then immensely popular. His works, which cost the publishers nothing for copyright, had been sold by millions in the cheapest of possible editions. The only difficulty was how to do him fitting honour. Had he been, in any way, a military hero, even a captain of volunteers, every regiment in New York would have turned out to give him a military reception. A public dinner was talked of, but it would not have done at all. Five hundred persons might have dined with the creator of Pickwick, but five thousand equally anxious and equally entitled to see and honour him would have been excluded. So, the New Yorkers gave him a ball in the largest theatre that existed at that period—the Park theatre—where the Cookes, Keans, Kembles, and great stars of the British drama had delighted transatlantic audiences. The crush, the enthusiasm, the excitement to see the great author of all the Wellerisms that filled the thousands of newspapers, and gave mirth to millions, were overwhelming. No doubt it was a moment of triumph to the author; but under the blooming and fragrant rose was a rude thorn. The Americans, who honoured the author and eagerly read his works, refused to pay for them. Glory, to any amount, they were willing to give, but 'nary cent' of cash. As half a loaf is better than no bread, I think Mr Dickens was wise to take the glory while it was going, and pay off the score of piracy in *American Notes*, and any small balance in *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

The triumphant close of the Mexican war, and the return of General Scott and the New York volunteers from the 'Halls of the Montezumas,' was the occasion of one of the most exciting and intense of American sensations—a drama of actual life, with nations for the actors, and the world for spectators. The volunteers had fought and conquered. They came home with skeleton regiments—and regiments of skeletons. Many had died of disease—many had been killed in battle. The wounded who could walk were in the ranks. Bronzed, meagre, sallow, ragged, with ensigns tattered by the balls of the enemy—with ranks thin, and worn, and ghastly, they marched up the glittering street, the chief avenue of the great city that a few months before had seen them depart with full ranks, and flushed with hope. City and country crowded to welcome them. A long and brilliant escort marched by, and then came the veteran general, his white hairs blowing in the wind, and that little squad of ragged, dirty, gaunt, hollow-eyed spectres, the representatives of what was left of the conquerors of Mexico. The bells rang out their welcome; the women waved their snowy handkerchiefs, then wiped their eyes, and waved them again. The vast crowd pressed upon them, and cheered with swelling throats and dimmed eyes. In that crowd were mothers who welcomed their returning sons; but yet more mothers whose sons would never return. The thinned ranks told the mournful story. Never was a joyous festival more sad and pitiful. It was a march through a storm of hurrahs and tears.

If there is anything of which Americans especially approve, it is rebellions; and if there is anybody they delight in, it is rebels—provided always that the rebellions and rebels are not their own. Let a rebel or revolutionist from any part of the world visit America, and he may be sure of an enthusiastic reception. Pole, Hungarian, Italian, Irishman—it matters not, so that he is a rebel. The supreme right of revolution, everywhere but in America, is the first article in the political creed of every American. If Nana Sahib had landed in New York, directly after the Indian mutiny, there is no doubt at all that he would have had a magnificent reception. He did not find it convenient to come; but we had a visit from Louis Kossuth. The eloquent Magyar entered New York as a victorious Cæsar entered Rome. Defeated, an exile, a refugee, he was, notwithstanding, a hero, and the popular sympathy for rebels against other governments burst out with great intensity. There was a great military procession and popular ovation. There was an immense public dinner at the Astor House, with a wonderful speech from the rebel Hungarian. Then the country, as usual, followed the example of the chief city, and Kossuth made a triumphal tour of the states.

I cannot remember anything in America more characteristic than the celebration of the laying-down of the Atlantic telegraph. True, it was done chiefly by British capital, and it extended from one British island to another; but the Americans were determined to have, to say the least, a full share of the glory of the bold, but as yet unsuccessful enterprise. Professor Morse, an American, had invented the telegraph, and Mr Field, another American, had seen half of it committed to its ocean-bed, where it has ever since lain in profound repose, undisturbed by electric currents, or the prices of corn and cotton. It stammered two or three broken messages, and then for ever after held its peace. But the Americans were wide-awake to the glory of the achievement, and determined upon a national celebration. A hundred cities were illuminated. The fireworks in New York burned off the roof of the City Hall. Tar-barrels blazed, and miles of streets were flooded with light on the shores of Lake Michigan and the banks of the Mississippi. Bells rang, and cannon fired. Mr Field rode up Broadway, with an immense procession through a hurricane of enthusiastic cheers. Who can safely predict the action of a people so excitable, and among whom every excitement takes so wide a range?

The visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to America was an unprecedented, unexpected, bewildering event, that had in it the elements of a great sensation. The Americans were curious to see an English prince, the grandson of George III. They had a genuine respect for his mother. The quiet, gentle, and eminently appropriate bearing of the youthful heir-apparent, under unusual and trying circumstances, was much admired. But what was the real feeling? Friendship to England?—not much. Any special regard for the prince, probably destined, one day, to be the monarch of a great and rival empire?—not the least. There was the simple determination to let him see that he was in a great country —the wish at once to gratify their own pride of country, and to dazzle and astonish their guest. Probably such motives are common enough wherever people entertain other people; but this spirit of ostentation and glorification was, in this case, stimulated to its highest pitch. The universal expression was: 'We bear no malice; we can afford to be generous; look at our magnificent country—see our splendid cities—admire our institutions. You have come, at last, where you can learn something that may be useful to you; you have shewn your sense in paying us a visit, and we will shew you something that will pay you for coming.'

The outbreak of the civil war in America was to the last degree sensational. A week before it began,

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I am sure that three-fourths—probably a larger proportion of the northern people—would have voted for peace. The Southern States had seceded months before, and still there was no sign of war. Northern statesmen, almost without exception, had declared for peace. The eyes of the whole nation were turned on Fort Sumter. One day a fleet of United States' vessels appeared off the bar of Charleston, and the first gun was fired upon the fortress. In one day, the whole North declared for war. The peace men were overborne; and henceforth there was nothing heard of but vengeance, subjugation, and, if need be, extermination and annihilation, for the rebels who had dared to fire upon the American flag. Sensations have followed each other thick and fast, from the rout of Bull Run to the siege of Charleston. The whole war has been, for the North, a series of sensations. Money has grown more and more plentiful; the tide of prosperity has swollen higher and higher; wealth and luxury fill every northern city; and the war itself, in defeat or in victory, is a magnificent drama, and a great sensation.

EARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

Being busy at some work which lay in the times of William III., I had occasion to look over many files of old newspapers which once came wet and fresh from the press into the hands of his subjects. Some of them, indeed, were read mainly by Englishmen who were very unwilling to confess themselves his subjects; for they were edited by non-jurors, and bought by Jacobites. In what coffee-house (I asked myself), if in any, used these newspapers to lie? For the coffee-houses of London were then the great marts of news; to them, all the quidnuncs, as well as all the wits, resorted. In their loud talkings, the pamphleteer found the gauge of public opinion. New serials were eager for the coffee-houses' support; and but for them, many interesting but ephemeral publications would by this time have altogether perished. The names of London coffee-houses are written hastily and roughly on many a pamphlet, essay, and poem now safely bound up in the Museum library, and ready for whoever may need it.

I propose to put before the reader a few specimens of the advertisements set forward in William's day to catch our ancestors' purses, or to supply their wants. In each paper, indeed, like the news, they are sparse enough. Even the *Public Advisers*, which consist of nothing but advertisements, do not in all their pages together contain as much as one column of to-day's *Times*. Public printed advertisements had begun within the memory of living men. The *Quarterly Review*, in a well-known article (June 1855) cites an advertisement of 'Iremodia Gratulatoria,' a panegyric on Cromwell, as the earliest 'probably' of English advertisements. This was published in the Parliamentary Mercury (*M. Politicus*) for January 1652. I have since found a few earlier advertisements, the earliest of all being an inquiry, with reward promised, after a lost 'piebald nag;' it occurs in *The Moderate* for March 27, 1649. The advertiser's name is 'John Rotherham, of Barnet, in Hertfordshire'—an important man in the history of English advertising.

The earliest advertisements were nearly always for lost animals, for book-buyers, for persons seeking situations, or having situations to offer. The first food-advertisements were from tea and chocolate merchants. Carriers advertised a great deal. Lastly, quack-medicine proprietors made use of the public papers; and until the middle of the last century, they took up, perhaps, the largest portion of the advertisement sheets.

Throughout the Commonwealth, and the earlier years of Charles II.'s reign, lost and stolen horses are the animals most inquired after by the newspapers. But towards the end of his reign, we are reminded of a well-known characteristic of the Stuart family—their love for dogs. 'Was there ever a Stuart painted without a dog being put into the picture?' asked a traveller in the Historic Portrait Gallery at Fredericksberg, which is rich in Stuart portraits—the Danish and English families being then related, through the marriage of James I. and Anne of Denmark. We are reminded of this dog-love on looking over files of the *London Gazettes* of the later years of Charles II. In the first number for 1682, there are no less than three rewards for lost dogs—'spaniels,' and 'little shock dogs.' The offered rewards vary from ten shillings to twenty. These advertisements continue throughout the year. The lost dog is sometimes stated to be the property of his majesty. The reader will remember the picture of the king in *Peveril of the Peak*, attended by his six or seven little curly-haired spaniels, 'whose gambols seemed to afford him much amusement.' Charles's ladies seem also to have shared in this dog-love of their sultan and master, and to have suffered also occasionally from the like loss or theft of their canine pets. In No. 1841 of the *London Gazette* (July 9th to 12th, 1683), 'her Grace the Duchess of Portsmouth' advertises an offer of two guineas for the recovery of 'a young little black bitch.' The finder is requested to 'bring her to the porter at Whitehall Gate.' This dog-fancying descended apparently to the Stuarts of illegitimate birth. In 1682, the *Gazette* advertises 'a black, grisly dog, cropped ear, bobed [*sic*] tail,' which 'belongs to' the affable, generous, and handsome 'Duke of Monmouth.' On turning over the *Gazettes* for the very next year, I find a proclamation for the apprehending of the Duke himself.

A very few advertisements of quack medicines occur in the later years of Charles II.; the first I have found is Mrs Claudia Faber's *Aurum Potabile*. 'The price is five shillings.' 'It is to be had at Mr Cheyne's house, near Paul's Wharf.'

In noticing lost *animals* as a subject of early advertising, I by no means forgot that *man* is an animal; lost negroes are occasionally inquired for. See this, from the 1867th number of the *Gazette* (October 15, 1683): 'A negro boy, about seventeen years of age, whose name is Zebulon, for shortness, Zeb. In canvas clothes, a fur cap, black stockings, plain-soled shoes. Run away from Christopher Newham, in Love Lane, near the old Glass-house in Ratcliff, the 3d of October. Whoever gives notice of the said negro, so as he may be restored again to his master aforesaid, or to John Brighurst, bookseller in Gracechurch Street, shall have a guinea reward.'

Skipping over the troublesome years of Charles's brother, we come now to the post-revolution advertisements. The reign of William III. was marked, amongst other signs of a new epoch, by the noticeable one of a great and gradual increasing of the newspapers. The parties of British politics began to acknowledge that the press, and not the sword, was in future to be the weapon of English civil war. British merchants and shopkeepers discovered that the newspaper might do much of the work of the exchange, the fair, and the market. Still, in the years through which I have just been looking, advertisements take up, on the whole, a small portion of the journals. They are not only few in number, but are printed in a larger type, and with greater show and pretence than a modern daily newspaper can spare them.

Every Friday was published *A Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade*. It was the *Economist* of the Williamite period. In 1695, April 12, it had reached its one hundred and forty-first number, in which number an advertiser says: 'I want a negro-man that is a good house-carpenter or a good shoemaker.' One wonders how it is that the required servant might possess either the one or the other of such very different trades. Did the

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advertiser himself practise both? If we read such an advertisement now, we might conclude that he was an emigration agent. The use of the first person strikes us as quaint and old. It was the custom of the time. In No. 153 (July 5, 1695), there is a still quainter example. 'I know a gentlewoman, whose family is only her husband, herself, and maid; and [she] would, to keep her company, take care of a child, or two, or three, of three years old and upwards. *She is my good friend*, and such a one, that whosoever shall put their children to her, I am sure will give me thanks, and think themselves happy, let them be of what rank they will.'

In the same newspaper, August 7, the following year, we come across an educational advertisement: 'About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars.' A school for young ladies is kept under the same roof: 'His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness.' This would be a very courageous announcement for any present-day schoolmistress to put forth. The reader will remember, however, that at the end of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth century, it was not thought necessary that ladies should know much of books. Plays, and the very short stories then called novels, were their chief reading on the week-day, and the *Lady's Calling*, or some similar volume, on the Sunday. I say 'ladies,' although the advertiser says 'girls,' for we may conclude that the female half of his establishment did not come from a lower sphere than the male half. As his successful boy-pupils became clergymen and schoolmasters, his successful girl-pupils perhaps became clergymen's wives and schoolmasters' wives. In the next paragraph of the advertisement, we find his terms, which the reader will think too cheap, unless he calls to mind the greater value of a pound in all purchasings at that day: 'His price is L.10 or L.11 the year, *with a pair of sheets and spoon, to be restored if desired*.' I had no notion that this last requirement was so venerably ancient. There is something very naïve in the optional restitution; it is almost a hint that the parents ought not to be shabby enough to ask for the old sheets and battered spoon. The advertisement is addressed chiefly to London society. 'Coaches and other conveniences pass every day within half a mile of the house, and 'tis but an easy day's journey to or from London.' From the special character of the newspaper in which this old schoolmaster advertises, we may conclude that the sons and daughters of London merchants and well-to-do shopkeepers were his usual scholars.

Quack advertisements increased, like the 'Hanoverian rats,' after the arrival of William. In all ages, they are superlative and extraordinary, so there is little need to give examples of them in the end of the seventeenth century. A Mr Salmon, 'at the great house by Blackfriars Stairs,' tells the people in the *Postman* for December 14, 1697, that all the poor 'may repair to him,' for he gives 'advice gratis, and all sorts of proper medicaments for their diseases, without money and without price, as formerly.' In the number for August 26, Mr William Bindless's (citizen and chirurgeon) Old Pill and several others are advertised by his daughter. 'The reason of publishing is,' she says, 'that one John Gadson pretends to make it, which never knew one thing in it. You may be furnished with it of her own making at Mrs Voseer's in Whitefryers, a chandler's shop.'

Travelling advertisements are not unfrequent. They give us insight into the time taken by the coaches—if not stopped by highwaymen, floods, or impassableness of roads. We may now travel to Nottingham in three hours and a half. 'The Mansfield and Nottingham Flying Stage-coaches,' which set out from the Ram in Smithfield every Monday and Tuesday, in the year 1699, took exactly as many days. This was considered rapid travelling; Charles Hood, another coach-proprietor, advertises in the *Post-boy* for June 6, 1699, that he will take persons to Nottingham 'for 25s. apiece, until the 21st of August.' When the autumn rains and shorter days made the journey more perilous, the price, we suppose, was increased; or, sometimes, the coaches did not run at all.

I pass now to the advertisements of amusements. Theatre-bills have been well ingrafted into such full books as Geneote's long History of the Stage, so I need say little about the names of the plays or the actors then popular. There were in different parts of London rival 'Tussauds,' which cried up their own exhibitions, and depreciated all similar ones. The *Postman* for February 6, 1696, contains the following puff: 'Whereas it hath been reported that some of the excellent figures in the Royal Court, in the Great Room over Durham Yard, in the Exchange in the Strand [five circles, one within another], have been removed to several parts of the town, these are to give notice that none of them have, or shall be removed, whatever pretence may be made. In the place above-named, you may see King Charles II. [they were perhaps afraid of shewing King James II.], King William, Queen Mary of blessed memory, the Princess [afterwards Queen Anne], the Duchess of Norfolk walking, the Duke of Gloster, the Duke of Monmouth, a lady of honour, the king's page, and several other curious figures in a stately temple. You will likewise see Oliver Cromwell in his full stature, the muscles, sinews, and veins appearing all over his body, so naturally, that you would take it for life itself did it not want motion. Made by Mrs Mills, the greatest artist in Europe.'

The opposition exhibition, advertised in the *Postman* for August 26, 1697, was probably connected with the unkind calumny which gave rise to the previous advertisement. The latter advertisement makes as exclusive a claim as the former. 'The effigies of her late majesty Queen Mary of blessed memory is curiously done to the life in wax, dressed in coronation robes, with so majestic a mien, that nothing seems wanting but life and motion, as persons of great honour have, upon the strictest view, with surprise declared. So that, without boasting, it may truly be affirmed far to exceed all that has been made of this kind. Likewise the effigies of several persons of quality; with a fine banquet, and a number of other curiosities in every room passing to and fro the queen's apartment. All to be seen every day at Mr Goldsmith's in Green Court, in the Old Jury, London, and nowhere else in England.'

The excursions of our railway companies, van-proprietors, and steam-packet companies, had their equivalent for all weary of London bricks and mortar in the reign of William. This curious advertisement of an excursion-party is from the *Flying Post* for April 22, 1699: 'These may certify all my loving masters and ladies; that on Wednesday next, being the 26th of this instant, April 1699, at Dame Butterfield's, at Mobbs-hole, in the parish of Wanstead, in Essex, within a mile of the Green Man, will be a house-warming, where all my loving friends shall be kindly entertained with a calf, roasted whole, and a flitch of bacon, roasted whole, and other varieties. With music. And also, being an old hunter, I shall accommodate you with six brass horns, sounding the delightful harmony of hunting. So, hoping my loving masters and ladies, friends and acquaintances, will be pleased to honour me with their good company, at the time and place aforesaid, and, as I am in duty bound, shall ever return you thanks, and remain yours obliged to serve you. SUSANA BUTTERFIELD.'

The advertisements of amusing literature are not unfrequent. 'Richard Ellison, at the Eagle and Child,

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in the Pall Mall, where gentlemen and ladies may pick novels at 6s. per dozen stitched.'—*Flying Post*, April 27, 1699. The reader may probably not be aware that the earliest novels were short stories, mostly printed in duodecimo, and containing from sixty to a hundred pages; some were of even less length. Many of them were of a most abominable character. I believe that the earliest volume novels were the twelve-volume collection published, if I remember rightly, in the time of William's successor. In this series, each volume contains a number of novels; the *Boccaccio* stories, and the slighter works of Cervantes and lesser Spanish writers, formed the models upon which they were written. They appear to have been cheaper than plays, and to have been bought by wholesale. 'All gentlemen, ladies, and others may be furnished with most sort of *plays at* 9*s. per dozen*, and *novels at* 5*s. per dozen*, by B. Lintott, at the Cross Keys, in St Martin's Lane, near Long Acre End.'—*Flying Post*, June 6, 1699.

Advertisements of lotteries occur in nearly every newspaper of this date, and they continue throughout the eighteenth century, having ceased only within the memory of persons now living. I give one which is interesting from the great names connected with it. In the *Postman* for November 16, 1695, the people are invited to speculate in the Epsom Lottery. It is described as 'The New Adventure for L.60,000 sterling, which money will be deposited in the Bank of England.' They need have no doubts; they are told that it 'goes on very successfully.' It is not a swindle; great names are responsible for it; we of this day still acknowledge them as such—one is the greatest of English architects, the man who has given London the most known and noticeable of its features; the other, the greatest English painter of that age. 'The trustees who have given their hands to see the fair ordering and management of this adventure, are Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Godfrey Kneller, &c.' Some of these lotteries had very enticing titles; there is 'An Adventure called A General Relief for a General Loss;' and another, 'An Adventure called Three Blanks to a Prize.' Both are advertised in the newspapers of the year 1695.

RUTH MORRISON.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

'God bless you, dearest!' The low, earnest voice that uttered these words was the only voice on earth that would now speak, in tender or loving tones, to the desolate orphan girl. Almost as the farewell was uttered, the coach in which Ruth Morrison sat, its sole occupant, and for that she was thankful, drove off from the Imperial Hotel, Sackville Street, Dublin, upon its northern route. The young man who had bidden her adieu stood with folded arms and dimmed eyes watching the vehicle, the Belfast day-coach, until it was quite lost to view. The streets at that early hour of a cold November morning were nearly deserted, the lamps were being rapidly extinguished, though it was still dusk, while the bitter freezing wind that swept by portended severe weather.

'My poor little darling!' exclaimed he who was left behind, as he looked up to the leaden sky, from which already one or two flakes of snow were dropping —'what a terrible day I fear you will have for your sad journey!'

Ferdinand Munroe and Ruth Morrison had been neighbours' children, living in the County Kildare; the fact of both their families having been originally from Scotland, drew them more together, and companions from early youth, they became deeply attached; first, with the often evanescent love of childhood, yet afterwards with the stronger passion of riper years. But, as in the old adage, 'The course of true love never did run smooth;' sorrow and disaster seemed to settle down upon both their homesteads, until, at the time of which we are speaking, they were alike orphans in the fullest sense of the word; each, too, similarly circumstanced, in having an uncle as almost their only near relative. Ferdinand's uncle had aided the young man to the utmost of his power, and he was now, chiefly through his instrumentality, successfully prosecuting his studies as an engineer. Ruth's uncle offered her, it is true, an asylum at his house, on her mother's death, but in so cold a manner, that she rightly preferred independence, and was, this very morning that we write of, setting out to fill the situation of governess in the family of a Captain Sinclair, who lived some miles beyond Newry. She had been stopping with a friend in Belfast some few days, at whose house Ferdinand had often met her, and had stipulated that he was to be her escort to the coach, and to see her off upon her journey.

'Please God, dearest, it shall not be long; I'll soon be working in my profession, and we shall have enough to begin the world together.' Such were some of his last words to his betrothed, and with little of hope or prospect as they were fraught, they served in some degree to cheer the heart of the poor lonely traveller. Cold and dreary the day proved. Long ere the coach reached Drogheda, where they remained a short time for breakfast, the snow was falling thickly; and when late in the day it ceased, it was followed by a severe frost. Ruth, chilled and weary, had fallen into a doze soon after they left Newry, and was roused by their again stopping to change horses at a wayside inn, when she heard a deep rough voice calling out to the coachman: 'Is there one Miss Morrison with you in the coach?'

'Yes,' cried Ruth; 'I'm here.'

'A car for you, miss, from the captain's.'

Ruth with difficulty alighted, so cramped and frozen had she become: a hurried, confused search for her luggage, the accustomed gratuities to guard and coachman, a blast of the horn, and off went the vehicle, leaving her standing, in the dusk, on the road, shivering with cold, and sinking in the crisp snow nearly up to her ankles. As well as she could descry in the dim light, it seemed a coarse, common kind of stable-boy who had been sent for her, with an equally common-looking hack-car. Brought up as a lady, with delicacy and care all her life, this careless indifference as to comfort or propriety jarred painfully on her feelings. 'Perhaps,' she thought, 'I am expecting too much; things will be different now;' and she climbed up the side of the car as well as her chilled, stiffened limbs would permit. The night was fine, and comparatively clear, both from the mass of brilliant stars that thronged the heavens, and from the glare of the snow with which the entire country was mantled. The drive, though really but a very few miles in length, seemed interminable: their progress was necessarily slow, from the state of the roads; and once, when labouring up a steep hill, her good-natured companion insisted on wrapping a coat of his own round her feet. He volunteered, too, some scraps of information about her future home, not altogether uninteresting to Ruth, though encouraged in his communications by but an

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occasional monosyllabic reply. She gathered that, as the lad expressed it, 'the captain was most-ways from home;' that 'missis was very sickly entirely;' that 'they didn't see much of her;' 'but,' said he, 'did ye ever hear tell, miss, of missis's own woman—her that come, they say, from Ingee with her?' and when Ruth replied 'No,' and asked who she was: 'She's Mrs Montserrat, they call her,' rejoined the youth; 'and I'll tell ye what, miss,' he added, cracking his whip, 'she's—my eye!'—and he gave a long low whistle—'she's just that!'

What this ambiguous description might imply, Ruth was at a loss to imagine, nor did the further explanation her informant annexed, convey any more definite idea, as he added in a lower tone, as if imparting some intelligence: 'We calls her, down stairs, Thunder and Lightning.' He also informed Ruth that the two young ladies were 'nate little craythurs.' About them, indeed, Ruth would have been disposed to make inquiries, if about any as, being her future charge, she felt naturally special interest in the topic. At length the cold and weary journey drew to its close, and when, stopping for a large gateway to be opened, and passing up a long avenue, the driver announced: 'Now, miss, we 're here; this be Oaklands; yon is the house, and down there is the lake and the grove,' Ruth felt her heart beat quickly with the indescribable nervous shrinking sensation that is felt by the timid and inexperienced when first coming among strangers, and that is ever enhanced when the position is that of a dependent, and the reception or future treatment uncertain. The entrance to the residence at Oaklands was at the side; there was a kind of verandah or covered passage running along from the door to the end of the house, and there Ruth and the driver of the car stood for several moments after the first application for admittance, which consisted of two loud knocks by the latter like a postman's rap. When this failed, he tried the bell, and rang it so violently, that they could hear its peal resounding through the lower parts of the house. Immediately afterwards, there was the noise of doors slamming, and then a quick tread along a hall, and the door was opened by a man with a candle in his hand. Before he had done so, the carman had whispered to Ruth: 'This be Mr Marks—Joshua Marks, the butler; I knows his walk.'

'Oh, is that you, Patsey?' exclaimed the man, shading the light which he held with his hand. 'How late you are!'

'Not so aisy, Misther Marks, to come quick along slippy roads. Be gorra! we went back a'most two steps for every one we come forrard, and the coach was late too.'

'Will you please come in, miss?' said the butler to Ruth, and she stepped within a narrow hall or passage into her new—Home; if she might be able, in any sense, to call it by that loved but often sorrowful name?

'Here, Patsey, will you lend a hand?' cried the butler in a sharp tone, as the boy was laying down Ruth's luggage on the door-step. 'Bring it in here.' And he lifted one end of the large box himself. When the things were all in, the man closed and barred the outer door, and giving a half-curious, half-contemptuous look at poor Ruth, who stood trembling alike from cold as from nervousness—'Follow me, miss, if you please,' he said, and they passed into a square inner hall, lit by a lamp from the ceiling, and into which five or six doors opened, which were then all closed. The butler stood for a moment, as if in doubt what next to do. 'If you please,' said he at last, 'wait here, and I'll send some one to you.'

For nearly ten minutes, Ruth stood alone in the hall. All was silent around her, saving the tick of the clock that stood at one corner. She was beginning to wonder who would next appear, or if any one would come at all, when the door through which the servant had gone was again opened, and a female entered. She was tall and slight, apparently about thirty-five years of age, pale, with thin lips, and an exceedingly unpleasant expression of countenance; her eyes were dark and piercing, though, as Ruth afterwards found, she rarely looked straight at the person whom she was addressing. Now, as she advanced towards the young girl, her gaze for an instant was painfully penetrating; then she dropped the lids, and eyed Ruth only with a furtive, stealthy glance, that made her feel very uncomfortable.

'Mademoiselle—Miss Morrison, that is, I mean—I suppose.'

'Yes,' replied Ruth, bowing slightly. She was, for an instant, at a loss to know whether this was her future mistress, or the person whom Patsey, the driver, had denominated 'Thunder and Lightning.' She was wrapped up in a large loose shawl, that might have been worn either from delicacy of health or the bitterness of the evening; her accent (though she uttered each word in distinct English) implied the foreigner; so did her appearance. But her next sentence cleared up the momentary doubt as to who she was.

'Madame,' she continued, 'is very poorly—very delicate; but she bade me tell you that she will see you by and by.' Ruth bowed. The speaker then made a move towards one of the other doors, but stopped as she was turning the handle. 'Yes,' she exclaimed, as if to herself, ''twill be better—I think,' then, addressing Ruth, she added, 'you had best come to your own room; I'll shew you the way. But stay, where are your things?' Ruth explained that they were in the outer hall.

'Oh, then, I'll have them sent up; come with me.'

Ruth experienced, she could not tell why, a decided repugnance to her companion. She at the same time felt that the woman viewed her with dislike, and might very soon become a dangerous associate.

'My name, I may as well tell you,' she said, addressing Ruth as they came to the first landing, 'is Montserrat—Mrs Montserrat; I am housekeeper here, and companion to Madame, and have been with her for many years.'

'Indeed,' was the reply. Ruth did not care to tell her that she had learned her name before.

'Yes,' she continued, as they ascended the stairs, '*your mistress*,' and she laid an emphasis on the word that made Ruth wince at the marked implication. 'Your mistress is in broken health; she has never been the same since the birth of her little girl in India, and I have now to manage everything for her. Captain Sinclair, poor man'—and she shrugged her shoulders, half contemptuously—'is so much away on his business, that we see little of him.'

'I thought,' rejoined Ruth, 'that there were two little girls—that I was to have the charge of *two*; you speak but of one.'

'Oh, did you not know?' returned the housekeeper. 'Gertrude—Mademoiselle Gertrude is Madame's child, while Alice is only the captain's niece; and very different children they are.—But here are your rooms,' exclaimed Mrs Montserrat, throwing open a door. *Mon Dieu!* only see—*bête! stupide!*—a fire that would roast an elephant!' And the housekeeper pulled the bell angrily. 'That fool Bridget!' she continued; 'no getting her to do as she is told.'

It was, no doubt, a large fire that burned in the grate, and that sent its bright warm glow all over the small neat room, but not too large nor hot, Ruth thought, for so severe a night. For the first time, a feeling like comfort and hope crept into her disconsolate heart, as she beheld the pleasant look of this little sitting-room, that, as she gathered, was to be her own; the bedroom, still smaller, opened into it, and she was considerably relieved to find that she would be alone, as she had some apprehension that possibly

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she might have been obliged to share her sleeping-apartment with her pupils.

When Bridget appeared in answer to the bell, a sharp war of words ensued between her and Mrs Montserrat, to which Ruth was necessarily a listener. She saw plainly that this servant, at least, disliked and resented the woman's authority, while it was equally manifest that the housekeeper was most tyrannical in the exercise of whatever power was vested in her. That first evening of their acquaintance, Ruth observed that, when the housekeeper introduced, as she sometimes did, a French word or expression into her conversation, it seemed involuntary, except when she was irritated or excited, and that then the patois broke out with all the volubility of an under-educated person. More than once, too, she fancied that she disliked its being known that she was a foreigner, or that she should be thought one at all. Mrs Montserrat withdrew after her battle with Bridget, ordering her to have Miss Morrison's luggage brought up, and telling the latter that she would come for her whenever Madame was ready to see her.

When the housemaid returned, bringing up Ruth's packages, first carefully seeing that the coast was clear, she burst into the bitterest invectives against Mrs Montserrat. 'There 's no standing the place with that woman,' she exclaimed. 'Tell you what, miss, you 're a stranger in the house here; if you let that one get a hand over you, mind I tell you, miss, you 'll not be able to stay at all. She and Misther Marks—misther, indeed!' ejaculated the damsel parenthetically, 'as if he were any better than Patsey Donovan or Corbett the coachman, and should be nothing more nor less, we all knows, but plain Jushua—the two of them are to rule us all, indeed! And there 's missis, she minds nothing but what *that one* tells her; she can twist her round her little finger, she can. I wishes, the Lord knows, she were back in the Ingees, or in a hotter place—*that* would be the fittest for her!'

Ruth mildly expostulated with the angry servant; and by her gentleness of tone and manner, succeeded in soothing her perturbed spirit. The girl remained for some time, assisting in the unpacking of Ruth's trunk and the arrangement of the rooms; and the ladylike kindness of the governess so won upon the domestic, that it was agreeable to the former to find that in that strange household she had already gained the good-will of one at least, however humble, as was manifest from the warm yet respectful manner of her attendant. When the housemaid left her, Ruth remained alone and undisturbed for nearly an hour. She heard the house-clock strike eight; she had not tasted food for some hours, indeed but light refreshment at all during the day, and she began to feel the physical exhaustion attendant upon long abstinence, that at first was unnoticed from nervousness and mental agitation. 'Surely,' she thought, 'it is strange that they should leave me so long without food;' and then recollections of bygone times came up, with all the old care and watchful love that had tended her young life, when she never knew a want—all now gone, buried in the village churchyard, beside her childhood's home. Standing by the fire, with her head on her hand, leaning upon the mantel-piece, she fell into a reverie so sad and so absorbing, that she did not at first detect a low knock at the door, until it was repeated more loudly. Starting up, she cried: 'Who 's there? Come in.' There was no answer. She accordingly moved forwards, and opened the door. A little girl, dressed in white, apparently about ten years of age, was standing outside: her cheek was flushed, and she was shyly looking down, and moving her foot about nervously, as Ruth stood before her. 'Well, my dear,' said Ruth gently, 'are you Miss Sinclair?'

'No; I 'm Alice Sinclair,' whispered the child. 'Aunt wants you; she sent me for you.'

'Well, come, take me to her, will you?' and she took the little girl's hand.

The governess and her young charge crossed the lobby, went up another short flight of stairs, when the child stopped at a door: 'Here it is; here 's aunt's room—her,' and she hesitated an instant, as if in doubt how to say the next word—'her boudoir, Marguerite calls it.'

Ruth knocked gently, and passed in with Alice, in answer to the summons to enter. The room in which Ruth now found herself was spacious and handsomely furnished; but her attention was centered upon the figure of Mrs Sinclair, who was reclining on a sofa, at a little distance from the fire. She had a cloak, lined with fur, wrapped round her; her face was strikingly handsome, and did not betoken the delicacy that Ruth had anticipated from what she had heard; her eyes were large and dark, and served to set off a complexion naturally pale and clear, but tinged with the dark hue that residence in an Indian clime imparts. Mrs Montserrat was standing behind the sofa, with her arms folded, and cast upon Ruth, as she entered, the quick furtive glance she had before seen and recoiled from. Near her, another little girl was standing, who, Ruth concluded, was Gertrude Sinclair, her employers' own child. Alice, withdrawing her hand from her governess, as they came into the room, took up her place at the head of her aunt's sofa. Ruth bowed respectfully to the lady, and remained standing in the middle of the room. Mrs Sinclair looked at her steadily from head to foot, returning the salutation with a scarcely perceptible movement of the head. 'Well, Miss Morrison, you are younger-looking than I was led to expect,' she said, in a voice that seemed feeble, it might have been from sickness, or possibly from indolence.

'I mentioned to you, ma'am, as you may remember, in our correspondence, that I was twenty my last birthday.'

'Well, yes; I do remember.'

There was another awkward pause, during which Mrs Sinclair closed her eyes, as if exhausted by her exertions. Alice slipped forward, and gently moved a chair towards the stranger. The little thoughtful act of politeness from one so young—that might have been a reproof to her seniors—was sweet to Ruth, who thanked her with a smile; but Mrs Montserrat, frowning, told the child to keep quiet—a direction that was at once peevishly echoed from the sofa, with: 'Do be still, child, and don't keep drumming that way, and shaking me all over;' and the voice of the invalid was marvellously stronger when raised in the sharp key. The child's hint, however, was not lost, for Mrs Sinclair immediately asked Ruth to be seated.

Ruth Morrison, though bashful and timid naturally, had about her a great deal of quiet dignity, that almost, without a word, repelled anything bordering on the slightest insult. In face and appearance, she was not at all handsome or striking; her figure was too short and set; her features, taken singly, plain; yet there was an animated intelligence in her expression that not only redeemed it from being commonplace, but to most observers gave a singular charm, far beyond what actual beauty conveys. Just now, indeed, she appeared to disadvantage, wearied in body from her long journey, and want of food, and so utterly dispirited, that she was well aware the least thing would overthrow the balance, and betray an emotion that might no longer be controlled. She sat down, however, quietly, in the seat that little Alice had moved to her, and waited without speaking for Mrs Sinclair again to address her. 'I forget, Marguerite,' said that lady, turning to Mrs Montserrat, in a low tone, 'what 's this we were settling about?' The housekeeper bent over the back of the sofa, and whispered something in French to her mistress; the only word that Ruth

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caught was *noir*. 'Ah, *oui*,' she replied; but before she had time to say anything, Mrs Montserrat again bent down, and spoke a few words more, but still in an inaudible voice. Mrs Sinclair nodded, and after a moment's pause, addressing Ruth, said: 'Mrs Montserrat will tell you all my wishes and requirements about these young ladies; but every day that I am equal to it, I shall expect you to give them their music-lessons here. Perhaps, Miss Morrison,' she added, 'you would just let me hear you play a little,' pointing to a piano at the other end of the room; 'music I'm most particular about, and I flatter myself that I'm a judge.'

Ruth's education was, for her age, good in every respect, and in music she was specially a proficient; yet at this moment she felt so exhausted and unstrung, that she knew her performance could not be successful. 'I shall, of course, ma'am, comply with your wish,' she answered; 'but I must ask you to judge leniently of me to-night, as I am very tired, and not likely to do justice to your instrument.' As there was no sign of yielding in the matter, Ruth played two or three simple pieces, and better than she had anticipated, for the superior character of the instrument acted as a stimulus; even her exacting listener seemed satisfied, and approved of her style.

'I observe, Miss Morrison,' again began Mrs Sinclair, 'that you are in black. I have a particular dislike to anything gloomy about myself or the children; I expect, therefore, that you will conform to the circumstances of this house, and put off your mourning.'

Ruth rose quickly from the seat which she had resumed after her musical effort. Had it not been for the angry emotions this unfeeling requirement evoked, she would have given way to tears; as it was, her low, sweet voice trembled as she answered: 'Pardon me, Mrs Sinclair—my mother,' and a pause for an instant ensued; but with a strong effort, swallowing down her choking sensation, she continued: 'My mother is but three months dead, my father scarcely a year'—her voice again grew firm—'and I should rather leave your house to-morrow than comply with a request so wounding to my own feelings, and so disrespectful to their memories.'

'Oh, well,' returned Mrs Sinclair hesitatingly, as she looked toward Mrs Montserrat, 'I sha'n't press the matter, as you think so much of it. That will do,' she continued. 'You have dined, I suppose?'

'No,' returned Ruth; 'but I don't mind.'

'Not dined! Marguerite, why did you not order dinner for Miss Morrison. Let her have something to eat immediately.' The housekeeper frowned, and was brushing past Ruth out of the room, when Mrs Sinclair added: 'You won't mind, I suppose, my calling you Morrison; I can't make differences with persons in this establishment.' A bow was the only answer Ruth could give. Mrs Montserrat, as she passed her on the stairs, giving her another scornful look, said sharply: 'I'll send you up some refreshment by the servant.'

Weak as she felt, it was little that Ruth could take; her heart was too full, and her prospects of comfort in this her first situation too gloomy. Before lying down, she opened the window-shutters of her little sitting-room. The night was beautifully calm and bright; a late moon had risen, the stars were countless, and the snow sparkled dazzlingly beneath the frost that had bound it. Not far from the house, the waters of a small lake gleamed like silver through the naked branches of the trees that fringed its margin. The still scene without breathed something of rest upon the unquiet spirit of its watcher; and its wintry aspect was in unison with her own sad meditations. Soon she wandered off in musings to the last home of her people, the place where her father and her mother were sleeping, side by side—its green mounds clad at this moment, she thought, in the pure white covering that met her eye all round—until the anguish of memory became insupportable; and like one of old, bereft of a parent's blessing, her very soul, if not her voice, went out 'in a great and exceeding bitter cry.' Exhausted by suppressed weeping, she threw herself on her bed, and sank at length into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER II.

It was a rougher voice than used to rouse poor Ruth Morrison in the old mornings at home, that called her from her slumbers the day after her arrival at Oaklands. When she opened her eyes, she could not remember where she was. A female figure holding a lighted candle was standing at the bedroom window, the shutters of which she had just opened: the light from without was cold and gray, that of the early winter morning, and contrasted dismally with the candle-light.

'Oh, you're awake,' said the voice; and by degrees Ruth began to recollect where she was, and recognised Mrs Montserrat as the speaker. 'We're early people in this house—at least I am,' she continued; 'and I generally wake up the other servants; so I came first to you. I suppose you'll have light enough to dress without this,' pointing to the candle; 'and by the time I think you're ready, I'll be back, and give you your instructions.' So saying, and without waiting for any response, she left the room.

With a bitter feeling, that served to mitigate for the time the depressing sensation of loneliness that would otherwise have been paramount, Ruth rose from her couch, and proceeded to dress by the dim morning twilight. 'If,' she thought, 'this woman be permitted to act towards me as she seems inclined, I'll not stay here a week. What business had she intruding into my room at this hour of the morning? I'll soon find out whether this is with Mrs Sinclair's knowledge, or by her permission. *Other servants*, indeed! I'll let her know that I'll not be treated as a servant by her.' These and such thoughts found audible utterance from the irritated girl, as she moved about through the room in the necessary arrangements of her toilet. When it was completed, she passed out into the sitting-room, to await Mrs Montserrat's return. The morning, like the preceding evening, was intensely cold; the windows were so coated with ice that it was impossible to see out; and as no fire had yet been kindled in the apartment, Ruth began to walk quickly up and down, as well to keep up vitality in her chilled frame, as to endeavour to allay the feelings of vexation that she was just then a prey to. She determined in her own mind that she would bear as far as possible any indignity, and wait patiently, for a while at least, until she could better understand her position, and then, by the tactics pursued, shape her own course. But this prudent resolve was almost instantly defeated, as Mrs Montserrat returned, for, on abruptly entering the room, 'Oh, *Morrison*,' she exclaimed, 'are you ready?'

This insolent address, enhanced by the tone in which it was uttered, was like the dropping of a spark on inflammable tinder; yet, though boiling with indignation, a sense of her own dignity happily came to her aid; and it was in a comparatively calm voice that Ruth replied: 'Excuse me for one moment, Mrs Montserrat: I quite understand your position in this house; may I request that you will take care to remember mine. I am not a servant here, in the ordinary sense. In whatever terms Mrs Sinclair may choose to address me, I sha'n't dispute the matter, so long as I remain in her employment; but I'll not permit you to speak to me as you have just now done: it may be better for us both to have this explanation at the outset. And now, if you please, I'll be happy to receive from you whatever directions your mistress may have ordered you to convey to me.'

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The look that the housekeeper cast upon the speaker was like a flash of lightning from the dark cloud, and gave peculiar meaning to the sobriquet by which Ruth had heard she was known in the lower regions of the house; but with marvellous power she suppressed every outward token of anger. 'Pardon, Mademoiselle,' she said in a sarcastic tone, and courtesying low; 'I was not aware that a *gouvernante* was so exalted a personage as I now learn that she is; but, *ma foi*, I must try and remember. Well, if it will not demean you too much, Mademoiselle, to accompany me, I 'll take you to a room with a fire, where I shall impart to you Madame's wishes. I hope that their being brought to you by so humble a person as myself will not interfere with their being carried out;' and then, with a mock politeness more galling than the most studied rudeness, she opened the door for Ruth, adding: 'I must be excused for taking the liberty of going before Mademoiselle, as otherwise, she would not know the way.'

Ruth silently followed to one of the lower rooms—a sufficiently comfortable apartment, with the agreeable adjunct of a brisk fire burning clearly and brightly in its polished grate.

'This,' continued Mrs Montserrat, in the same sneering manner, 'will be the future study and school-room of the gouvernante and her pupils. Madame desires that you will have the goodness, Mademoiselle, to be here every morning at eight o'clock, when the young ladies will meet you; and from that time until they retire for the night, they are to be under your charge; they are to walk out with you every day that the weather permits; their music-lessons are, when Madame is well enough, to be always given in her boudoir. As to their other business, Madame supposes that you will understand how to arrange that yourself; and she also says, that as I have had hitherto a great deal to do with these young ladies' (and here Mrs Montserrat's voice and manner became haughty and severe), 'I am still to have what control over them I wish.'

'I am glad,' replied Ruth, 'that you told me this, as I shall inquire from Mrs Sinclair the nature of that control, and how far it is to interfere with my authority over the children.'

'Indeed!' indignantly returned the other; 'you can ask, I suppose, what you like. I shall send the young ladies to you;' and as she left the room, she gave Ruth the same malignant glance from under her eyes, which had thrilled through her so disagreeably the preceding evening. In two or three minutes, the little girls came. They were at first, as is natural with those of tender years, shy and reserved; but their young instructress soon broke down this barrier, for she had a peculiarly winning way with children. She succeeded more readily with Alice, the younger of the two. Gertrude, who was about a year older, had more of natural coldness, but yielded ultimately in a great degree to the gentle advances of her governess. A short trial elicited the fact, that for their years—ten and eleven—both the children were very backward in their learning. Ruth inquired who had taught them before.

'Oh, no one,' returned Gertrude; 'I mean, we had no governess like you. Mamma sometimes heard us our lessons; papa taught us when he was at home: but Marguerite, you know, she used almost always to hear us when she had time'——

'Yes,' interrupted Alice; 'and Marguerite did not want you to come at all: she was angry about it: but uncle made aunt send for you.'

'Oh, but,' said Ruth laughing, 'why did Marguerite, as you call her, object to my coming? What did she know about me?'

'Oh, not you,' added Gertrude; 'but any governess at all. I heard mamma laughing at her, and saying she was jealous about any one coming.'

'I 'm very glad that you have come, though,' said Alice, looking up, with her soft eyes, into Ruth's face, and laying her hands on her lap. 'I don't like Marguerite.'

'Fie, Alice!' said Gertrude sharply; 'you shouldn't say that; she 's very fond of us both, and I like her very much.'

'Gertrude is quite right,' said Ruth: 'we must not say, Alice, that we don't like people.'

'But I do not like her,' repeated the child; 'and I can't tell a lie. Do you like her, Miss Morrison?'

Before Ruth could frame any reply to this embarrassing question, they were called to breakfast, a meal at which the governess and children sat down alone; and after it, the latter were sent for to Mrs Sinclair. In the spare hour that followed, Ruth happened by mistake to go back suddenly into the breakfast-room, supposing it was the one appropriated as the children's study, and found there Mrs Montserrat and Marks the butler in close, and apparently intimate converse; and as she caught her own name repeated, accompanied with laughter by both, she concluded that her little episode of the morning with the housekeeper was the theme of their amusement. 'Well, now, and if that isn't rich, Mrs M. Pride and Poverty, they say, hunt in couples,' was the response from Marks that reached her ear as she stood confused for a moment. Neither of them seemed much embarrassed at her unexpected entrance, they merely turned away; Marks regarding her with an impertinent cynical stare as he passed, leaving the room. The butler himself was not prepossessing in appearance, being a heavy man, with a pale flabby face, small gray eyes, and a double chin that rested complacently on the folds of a white cravat. His manner, cringing and servile to his superiors, pompous and consequential to any whom he chose to patronise, made him peculiarly repulsive. Ruth could not help observing, as she met the two thus together, that there seemed to be an unusually close intimacy between them, but just then it gave her little concern. She did not at all regret what, on the impulse of the moment, she had said to Mrs Montserrat, as she perceived that, whatever inward feelings of dislike it might have originated or augmented, it secured all that she cared for—some outward manifestation of respect. For a fortnight or more little occurred to vary the monotonous routine of Ruth's daily course; the regular hours for instruction, the music-lessons—generally given in Mrs Sinclair's own room—continued each day; the weather admitted of but little outdoor recreation. The one bright phase of her life was the attachment that sprang up between her and her young charges, especially with Alice. Gertrude was harder to manage; more under the influence of Mrs Montserrat, who never failed to thwart the wishes of their instructress, when it was possible for her to do so. Ruth did not carry out her intention of inquiring into the nature of the authority which the housekeeper affirmed she was to retain, as she feared that such a step might be injurious to her own comfort; she felt pleased to think that she certainly did not seem to decline in Mrs Sinclair's estimation, since that lady became more kind and courteous; but this, Ruth remarked, was only in Mrs Montserrat's absence; whenever she was present, her mistress appeared as if she thought that the least friendliness shewn to the governess needed some apology to the housekeeper. The first break in the way of variety from the ordinary course was one morning about three weeks after Ruth's arrival, when her pupils joyously announced to her that 'Papa had come home,' for so both the little girls always called the captain.

'He came very late last night,' said Gertrude; 'and we have not seen him yet; but,' and the child's face brightened up, 'I know he 'll soon send for us.' It was easy to see that the attachment between Captain Sinclair and his niece and daughter was of no ordinary stamp, and Ruth felt that it spoke well for

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both parties; the more so, as his frequent absence must have weakened the bond of union between them. It was always with reluctance that he left his home, and with extreme satisfaction that he returned; but extensive agency business which he had undertaken, since, in delicate health, he had left the army, and settled in an old family place in Ireland, necessitated constant journeys; some property of his deceased brother's (who had left his affairs in extreme confusion), that he wished to improve for his orphan niece, Alice, also entailed on him much anxiety. Upon Captain Sinclair's entering the study, he was greeted by the children with rapturous demonstrations of affection. Ruth stood for a few moments apart, watching with pleasure the reciprocal feelings of delight that were manifested; and then he came forward, and won yet further her favourable opinion by the courteous, yet frank and friendly manner with which he welcomed her to Oaklands.

'I trust, Miss Morrison,' he said, 'that you will find your residence with us an agreeable one. I think I can see,' he continued, surveying the little girls attentively—'I think I can see improvement here already.'

Captain Sinclair was a plain man, tall, slight, and of middle age. In manners, he was perfectly a gentleman, with a uniform kindness, the result of natural amiability of disposition, that rendered him a general favourite; though, in his own house, there were two exceptions to this—his butler and housekeeper. Both were afraid of the keen, penetrating eye, that more than once, they feared, might have read an inward page they would rather have kept closed; while they felt, that if he detected aught astray he would be sure to act shortly and decisively. At breakfast, that morning, when both teacher and pupils joined the captain (Mrs Sinclair was often absent from the early meal, and on this day had a bad headache, from the excitement, she alleged, of her husband's return), he asked Ruth several questions about herself, and in a strain of so much genuine kindness as to elicit the warmest and happiest emotions from the governess; and at the close of the repast, when Gertrude and Alice departed, according to custom, to Mrs Sinclair, desiring Ruth to remain for a moment, he asked her if she found herself quite comfortable since she came; adding, before she had time to answer: 'There is one person, Miss Morrison, in this household about whom I should wish to say a word to you; I mean the housekeeper, Mrs Montserrat. She's a woman whom I can't say I like; but' (and here he hesitated for a moment, as if he were half-ashamed to admit the fact) 'she has, there is no question about it, managed to acquire a very great, and, I conceive, unfortunate influence over my wife. True, that when first engaged in our service, she was extremely useful, and nursed Mrs Sinclair through a tedious and trying illness; and this naturally led to an attachment stronger than is usual between a servant and mistress. She is the widow of a sergeant, an excellent man, who had been under me, and I was particularly glad, at the time of his death, to serve her. I fancy,' continued Captain Sinclair, in a half-musing manner, 'that she was rather well born. She is of French extraction—from Montpellier, in Languedoc, I think, though she speaks English like one of ourselves; and there is some cloud or mystery over her antecedents that I have never yet been able to penetrate; at least so I conjecture from one or two dark and ominous hints thrown out by some comrades of her poor husband's; but I could make nothing of them, and Mrs Sinclair would never listen to the faintest whisper against her. I speak of her to you now, Miss Morrison, in confidence, chiefly for this reason, that I wish her to have as little as possible to do with our little girls; they have been too long left to her control. She had a strange dislike to any governess being engaged, and, I am sorry to say, most provokingly induced Mrs Sinclair for a considerable time to object also. But now that you have come,' he added, turning smilingly to Ruth, 'I shall feel quite happy about the children.'

Ruth laughed, and answered that she did not think she was any favourite with the housekeeper, and that their intercourse was not likely to be very great.

'I hope,' returned Captain Sinclair energetically, 'that she has not dared to give you any annoyance.'

'Nothing to signify, indeed, sir,' replied Ruth.

'Because, Miss Morrison,' he added, 'if you have the least cause of complaint about her, or indeed about anything, be sure to let me know. Mrs Sinclair's health is so indifferent, that many things may escape her notice; but I should feel it to be a duty as well as a pleasure to promote in every way the comfort of the lady to whom we commit the important charge of our children's education, and Miss Morrison, I trust, will let me add, to protect, if necessary, to the utmost of my power, one whom the Almighty has seen fit to leave comparatively friendless in this trying world.'

There was a respectful tenderness in the tone with which the last words were spoken that went home to their listener's heart; and it was with moistened eyes and a tremulous voice that Ruth earnestly thanked her kind employer, and with considerably lightened spirits entered on the occupations of that day. With Ruth Morrison, it was sunshine at Oaklands while Captain Sinclair was at home; his quiet but determined hand kept down all unpleasantness. He frequently was present in the school-room during the hours of instruction; and the shyness that Ruth at first experienced was very soon dissipated by the genial and encouraging voice in which he remarked her success with her pupils. One source of uneasiness there remained, in her reflections on the distant lover to whom she had been affianced. By the rule imposed by herself, no correspondence was to take place between them; 'let us only pray for each other,' was her last injunction at their parting. Yet, strong as were the reasons for this arrangement, she could not but regret it. It would have been more than human nature, if she did not in her present circumstances yearn for a renewed assurance of that strong affection that had been the one earthly prop to her sinking spirit, in the day when the last storm of sorrow had all but swept her to the ground.

CHAPTER III.

Some months passed on; the dark winter days were over, and the fresh, balmy spring-weather brought with it brightness and hope. This was a period of much enjoyment to Ruth. Captain Sinclair had been longer at home than usual; his wife's health seemed to improve, and with it her temper; at all events, she was now generally kind to her governess, though Ruth sometimes thought that this was to be attributed to her husband's influence. Mrs Montserrat never held the same position when the captain was at home, and, consequently, she evidently hated him. Indeed, Ruth more than once suspected that the control which the housekeeper maintained over her mistress was often irksome to her; but, naturally of an indolent disposition, Mrs Sinclair was powerless, even if she desired it, to struggle against her; while very adroitly did Mrs Montserrat fall in with her failings, and with consummate skill and perseverance mend anew and coil afresh the thread that might on any occasion have been weakened or broken through. The housekeeper now seldom came in contact with Ruth at all; but the jealous soreness as regarded the children, and her lost power over them, especially with respect to Gertrude, rankled bitterly in the

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woman's heart; and circumstances that occurred just at this time brought it out more prominently. There were many beautiful walks about Oaklands; but the one that was a favourite with Ruth and the children was a long avenue, which ran through the wood that gave the place its name, and skirted the lake before mentioned, and then, by a small wicket-gate, communicated with the road, forming a short-cut to the house for any one coming in that direction.

One fine April day, the governess and children had gone out for their accustomed exercise. Both Gertrude and Alice were but just recovering from bad colds; and Mrs Sinclair had been particular in her directions that they were to keep to the walks, and not venture on grass that might be damp from the showers of the season. They had gone, as usual, along their favourite route, and had reached a turn where the broad walk left the shade of the trees, and ran between the lake and the grove. 'I declare,' said Gertrude, 'there's Marguerite coming from Common Cross.' 'I heard mamma giving her a message to take there. May I run to meet her, Miss Morrison?'

Before Ruth could well reply, Gertrude was off, while Alice looked wistfully after her. As Mrs Montserrat came on, holding Gertrude by the hand, Ruth saw that she had given something to the child; and as they drew nearer, the housekeeper, taking no notice of Ruth, beckoned Alice towards her, and was proceeding to fill the little girl's hand with comfits from a paper-bag, when Ruth gently interposed: 'Pardon me, Mrs Montserrat; but these young ladies have not been well lately, and Mrs Sinclair would not wish them, I know, to eat sweetmeats.'

Ruth's remonstrance elicited no reply or attention of any kind, save that the housekeeper's arm trembled as she continued to pour out the *bonbons* into Alice's hand.

'Children, I desire that you will not eat these things without your mother's permission,' said Ruth, in a more determined tone.

Alice, ever ready to respond to the least intimation from her governess, let the comfits drop on the walk.

'There, you *petite bête*,' exclaimed Mrs Montserrat angrily, and pushing the child away from her; 'go; you'll always be a fool. Come with me, Gerty; you're not such a little *stupide!*' and she seized the elder girl's hand, and turned from the walk towards a field, through which a pathway led more directly to the house.

'Stop, Gertrude!' exclaimed her governess, who was now excited and annoyed. 'I must beg, Mrs Montserrat, that you will leave the child with me: her mother has given positive orders that she is not to go on the grass, and I desire you not to take her from me.'

'*You desire*,' returned the housekeeper, in a voice that shook with anger, while her thin lips quivered and grew pale. 'And who are you, pray? or who gave you authority over me, I'd like to know? I took these children where I chose before your handsome face shone upon us here, and, *ma foi*, I'll take them still;' and surveying Ruth with a look of ineffable scorn, she grasped Gertrude's hand so forcibly, that the child winced from the pressure, and swept by Ruth towards the field referred to. Ruth saw that there was no use in further remonstrance, and returned silent and irritated along the oak-walk towards the house; Mrs Montserrat, still holding Gertrude's hand as in a vice, and almost dragging her after her, for the child was frightened at the altercation that had taken place, and was hanging back. 'Come on, do!' exclaimed the housekeeper, panting with indignation, and she strode over a high stile into the adjoining field, lifting Gertrude in her arms. On they went in silence, broken only by Mrs Montserrat's occasional French invectives, that betrayed the turbulent current of her thoughts. She was walking rapidly—so rapidly that the little girl was obliged to trot beside her, and with her eyes bent down, when suddenly Gertrude stopped short, with an exclamation of alarm, that caused her companion to turn on her with a frown, and ask what ailed her.

'Look! look!' said the terrified child, pointing to one end of the large field, the middle of which they had reached. A bull was coming on quickly towards them, pawing the ground, snorting, and shewing unmistakable symptoms of mischief.

'*Miséricorde!*' exclaimed the woman, with a face that became white from fear. 'Quick, child, come this way;' and dragging Gertrude on, she commenced a retreat in an opposite direction to that they had been taking. The effect of this course was to accelerate considerably the movements of the dangerous animal; in fact, from a brisk trot he instantly broke into a canter.

'Run, child, run!' shrieked the housekeeper, rapidly disengaging her hand from Gertrude's, and concerned only for her own safety.

'Oh, don't leave me, Marguerite, don't leave me!' cried Gertrude; but Mrs Montserrat, deaf to every consideration but one, flew towards that side of the enclosure that offered the speediest escape. Having succeeded in reaching and rapidly clambering over the boundary-wall of the field, she plunged into the grove, and, though perfectly safe, continued her course with undiminished speed, until she stood gasping and exhausted in her own room at Oaklands. Meanwhile, Gertrude remained for an instant stock-still, paralysed with fear, and then, with one wild shriek, ran as fast as she could towards the walk, where she had so unfortunately left her governess. Ruth and Alice had been slowly walking on by the lake, when the first note of alarm reached their ears. 'What is that?' asked Alice.

'Oh, 'tis from the road,' responded Ruth, who was at the instant too chafed in spirit to pay much attention to anything; but soon another sharper cry attracted their attention.

'Miss Morrison,' exclaimed Alice, 'that's Gerty, I am sure. I suppose that Marguerite is beating her.' The same thought flashed upon Ruth's mind too.

'Stay here, Alice,' she said quickly—'don't stir from this walk until I come back;' and she moved hastily towards the field. Very soon the renewed screams of the child warned her that some greater danger than she had imagined was impending, and running with all her might, she crossed into the field, almost at the instant that Gertrude had turned, and was fleeing on, with the bull in full pursuit. Ruth at once foresaw that her own position would be one of extreme danger if she went on; but without a single thought for herself, she rushed towards the child.

'O save me, Miss Morrison—save me!' were entreaties now mingled with the wilder cries of terror. A considerable distance still intervened between the little girl and her governess, while the bull was each instant drawing nearer to the former. An old stump of a tree just then tripped Gertrude in her flight, and after an ineffectual effort to recover herself, she fell headlong to the ground. All seemed lost for the ill-fated child, as the animal, tearing along, came up with her before she could attempt to rise; when Ruth, struggling forward, in an agony raised a roar in imitation of his own, though her tongue was parched and her throat dry with the sickening sensation of fear. The bull was bending down to attack the almost senseless form before him, when this strange sound drew his attention; he lifted up his head, tossing it furiously, and glared upon Ruth, as she undauntedly faced him. He stood for a second or two irresolute, when the governess quickly opened her parasol, and twirled it in his face. The animal retreated several paces at this unexpected onset, and Ruth called earnestly to Gertrude to get up and run

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to the oak-walk to Alice, and that she would keep off the bull. The hope of deliverance aroused the poor child; she scrambled to her feet, calling out as she ran: 'O Miss Morrison, you'll be killed, you'll be killed!'

'Don't mind me, Gerty; run you as fast as you can.' And it would no doubt have fared but ill with Gertrude's heroic protector, as the terrible animal was recovering his self-possession, and preparing for a fresh assault, when Captain Sinclair, accompanied by a workman who was with him in the wood, attracted by the cries and commotion, appeared most opportunely upon the scene, and not a moment too soon, extricated Ruth from certain destruction. The whole party returned to the house weary and exhausted after the alarm and excitement.

Mrs Montserrat, the cause of the entire misadventure, waited in considerable uneasiness until she ascertained that all were safe, when she quickly repaired to Mrs Sinclair, and tried to make good her own story, and to exculpate herself from her share in the transaction. She succeeded to a certain extent, for a time, as Gertrude, who could perhaps alone have explained the matter fully, was for some days confined to bed, threatened with fever, from the shock she had sustained. Her father, however, afterwards elicited the full account from her in Mrs Sinclair's room, and Ruth and Mrs Montserrat were both present by his command. When all was disclosed, exactly as it had occurred, Captain Sinclair, in the sternest manner, told the housekeeper what his opinion of her conduct was, and that the slightest interference for the future with Miss Morrison would insure her dismissal from Oaklands. 'And I hope,' he continued, turning to his child, 'that you, Gertrude, will never forget that Miss Morrison saved you from a most shocking death, at the peril of her own life: I, as your father, trust that I never shall.' And the voice in which he spoke was one of deep emotion, as he shook Ruth warmly by the hand.

Whether Mrs Sinclair fully participated in her husband's gratitude, it was hard to know; she thanked Ruth, it is true, but in feeble terms compared with what the circumstances demanded; and she certainly did not seem in the least altered towards her housekeeper, notwithstanding the selfish pusillanimity that she had displayed. Her husband did not, however, let the matter rest in words, but some days after presented Ruth with a beautiful gold watch and chain, the gift, he said, of himself and his wife, a small token of their esteem and regard; while on the back was engraved, under Ruth's name, their joint initials. Ruth, however, while she thanked both alike, was satisfied that Mrs Sinclair was passive in the bestowal of this handsome present.

Two results followed from the day's events: one, most gratifying to her governess, that the link between her and Gertrude—who had hitherto been always more attracted to Mrs Montserrat—became from that time stronger, as the child was fully conscious of the difference in the way in which each had acted in the hour of danger; the second, was a yet deeper hostility and dislike in the mind of the housekeeper towards her. Not many days subsequent to the encounter with the bull, Ruth was sitting on a seat in the verandah. The day was warm, and she had been reading; Captain and Mrs Sinclair were both out, and her pupils were at work in a garden of their own at the other end of the building. Ruth had nearly fallen asleep over her book, when she was roused by voices close to her; the window of the dining-room that looked into the verandah was open, and the speakers were in that room. She did not at first, in the dreamy state that she was in, recognise who they were, or what they were saying, but her attention was soon arrested by detecting Mrs Montserrat's tone. 'Now, Joshua,' were the first words she caught, 'I can't, nor won't stand this much longer. Will you soon be able to manage what we were settling about?'

'Patience, patience, Mrs M.,' returned the butler: 'things must take their course for a little. I'm on the watch—believe me, I'm on the watch. Rome, you know, wasn't built in a day.'

'Tut, nonsense, man,' replied the other, speaking angrily; 'you don't know the torture I'm in. That girl—perdition to her!' and she hissed the words through her shut teeth—'foils me at every turn. 'Tis as much as I can do to hold my own with my idiot of a mistress! She's quite changed to me of late; and there's Gertrude, that I could do anything with, and that was my strong point with the mother—that one, since the unfortunate business of the bull, is turned against me. I'll not rest, I swear, until I have revenge.'

'By Jove, Mrs M.!' exclaimed the butler with a low laugh, 'you gave leg-bail with a vengeance when the bull came down upon you.'

'Tush, fool! who'd stand to be gored, I'd like to know, for the sake of a puling child? But, Joshua,' she added, more softly, laying her hand upon his arm, 'will you soon be able to do what you said?'

'Hush, Mrs M.—hush, for God's sake; walls have ears;' and that single expression startled Ruth into the recollection that she was occupying the position of an eaves-dropper.

She rose quickly from her seat. 'They shall see me, at any rate,' she thought; and walking forward, she passed through the open window into the dining-room. Mrs Montserrat was standing with her back to Ruth as she entered; the butler was facing her; a decanter of wine was open on the sideboard; and the man had a tumbler half-full of sherry in his hand. The look of consternation on the face of Marks made the housekeeper turn round with a start. Seeing Ruth coming in with her bonnet on, and a book in her hand, it never for an instant occurred to her that she might have been a listener to any of their conversation; her only anxiety seemed to be to cover the butler's retreat, and to turn Ruth's attention from the wine he was drinking. With the self-possession this woman could, in general, command, and with a hypocritical smile playing round her thin lips, she moved forward between Ruth and Marks.

'I'm just preparing medicine for Madame. It is a warm day; will Mademoiselle try a glass of wine?'

'No, thank you,' replied Ruth with marked coldness, as she passed from the room through the door at which Marks had just rapidly vanished. 'What can these creatures be plotting?' thought Ruth. 'Nothing good, I am sure. For myself, I defy that woman's malice. Ought I,' she continued in her own mind, 'to speak about the wine?' She was a little perplexed as to what she had better do; but had determined on telling Captain or Mrs Sinclair; when that same evening, while she was with the little girls and their mother in the boudoir, the housekeeper came in, and in the course of conversation, turning to her mistress with a laugh, she exclaimed: 'Only think, Madame, what I did to that *bête* Marks to-day: I was making your bitters, and I gave him some of the dregs, pretending that it was wine. Oh, if you but saw him when he gulped it down! *Mon Dieu!* the face of him! It was that time, Mademoiselle, you remember, when you came in, and that he ran off in such a hurry.'

The children laughed, and Mrs Sinclair said she hoped that she had not wasted much of her medicine. Mrs Montserrat cast a stealthy look of triumph at Ruth, which implied: 'I have foiled you now, if you intended mischief.' She knew well that she had not deceived the governess, but she guarded thus skilfully against any complaint that might be prejudicial to herself. Ruth often pondered over the disjointed fragments of conversation that she had overheard, but could make nothing of them. She determined

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to be on the alert, and to endeavour to detect or subvert whatever machinations her foes might have in view; but some months passed on, and as nothing transpired again to arouse suspicion, the circumstance almost faded from her recollection.

A STERN CHASE.

THE *Constance* was the fastest ship in the trade, and Captain W. was justly proud of her. She was a beautiful model of a clipper—low and long with tall masts—and but for her somewhat heavy spars, might have passed for a ship-rigged yacht.

Like the fairest among womankind, she had her detractors, but they were compelled by the force of common opinion, to utter their reproaches in an undergrowl. Some thought her too long for her tonnage; some, too heavily sparred; others, who could not point out special defects, contented themselves with gloomy, vague dispraise, such as that they should not like to be in her in a stiff gale; that insurance offices ought to be careful about insuring the lives of her officers; and that they always looked on Captain W. as a man who held his life in his hand. I was considered a bold man by these to take passage in her from Barbadoes to London.

Among the detractors, who would have given their long ears to command her, was the captain of the *Saucy Jack*, a fast-sailing brig belonging to other owners. He, too, was loading for London, and was to be sent off as quickly as possible, in order to get the first cargo of new sugar into the English market. So forward was his lading, and so urgent were his charterers, that it was clear he would be away long before any other ship could get loaded; and there were few in Bridgetown who did not think he would carry out the commission given to him.

One of the few was Captain W. of the *Constance*. His ship had been built for the very purpose of carrying in the first of the sugars; she had for several years carried them in, and why she should not do so this year it was out of his head to conjecture. But the *Saucy Jack* was nearly laden, the *Constance* wanted two hundred hogsheads to complete her, and sugar was coming in from the country but slowly. No matter for that, the captain scorned the notion of being in second, though he kept his own counsel.

In due course the *Saucy Jack* was ready for sea, got her clearance, and started for England. The day before she sailed, L., her captain, met W. on the careenage-wharf, and stopped to say good-bye.

'We're off to-night,' said L., 'and have got a good start of you; but, of course, you'll be in before us.'

W., who fancied he detected a hint of a sneer in this speech, felt the honour of the *Constance* was concerned, and at once replied: 'Of course we shall.'

'A new hat you will not,' rejoined L.

'Done!' added W., and the two salts parted.

The *Saucy Jack* left Carlisle Bay that night, and by next morning was gone clean out of sight.

Slowly came the sugar into the town, and day after day was consumed in getting it on board. It was ten days after the sailing of the *Saucy Jack* before the *Constance* was ready for sea. On the afternoon of 25th February I went on board, having been told by W. that we should start the same night. But the wind was light and adverse, so we lay with our anchors still down, waiting for what the morning might bring us.

While I sat on deck that evening, enjoying the sweet softness of the night air after the great heat of the day, watching the lights which flitted about on the ships in port, and thinking of those far away whom I hoped soon to see, I was aware of a long, three-masted steamer standing out of the bay. Had not the vacant berth told me who she was, the stars and broad stripes flying at her peak would have informed me. She was the Confederate States' cruiser *Florida*, which had been with us for two days, and about which the American consul had been 'chaffed' very considerably. A few days before coming into Bridgetown she had destroyed the *Jacob Bell*, one of the richest of her prizes; and away she went now, crammed up to her beams with coal, and heavy with as hearty wishes from many as neutrals might give.

No signs of our moving that night; so I turned in early, to be awakened at 5.30 next morning by a great stamping of feet, shouting, ordering, straining of ropes and creaking of cables, the meaning of which I found when I went on deck to be, that the *Constance* was under-way. In five minutes more the long clewed-up sails were fluttering in the morning wind; in another minute, the sheets were all well home, and, under the pressure of main and foresails, top-sails, top-gallant sails, spankers, jibs, and foretop-mast stay-sail, the *Constance* rushed through the water like a high-mettled charger suddenly let loose.

'Set the royals,' shouted the captain, and set they were. On bounded the ship, dashing the foam off her bows, and sending it high over her forecastle, and down in a stream along the main-deck to the after-scuppers. Away we went in this style for a couple of hours, bowling along with a fine breeze on the quarter, till, arriving off the north point of the island, we met a whole gale of wind and a very rough sea.

In ten minutes our royals and top-gallant sails were furled, and double reefs taken in the top-sails, just enough head-sail being kept as would make the ship steady.

How she pitched! nose under, as it sometimes seemed, and then rose again, like a coy maiden, disdainful of the rough salute of old Father Neptune. A thousand great caverns of water, with seething surge tumbling about them, yawned all about us—the sun making as many crowns of rainbows as there were founts of spray. Hungry waves of huge size kept rushing at the ship, which dodged them as she had been a thing of life, and let them over-roll themselves in surge across her wake. They put me in mind of the fiends attacking Christian in his walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Up they came, raging with force enough to stave in our side, foaming and gnashing at us; and, just in the act to strike, were hurled back by some invisible hand, to spend themselves with their own exertions. Some of them hit the ship, making her quiver like a creature in pain; but she breasted them bravely; and, rising to meet them, covered the water with foam.

By 2.30 P.M. on the following day, the gale had much abated.

'A sail on the port-bow, sir!' said the officer of the watch; and down I was sent for the captain's 'binocular,' to make her out.

'The *Simeon Hardy*, for a sovereign,' said W., 'though she left twelve hours before us;' and presently, sure enough, up went the *Simeon Hardy's* signal-flags to the peak. We overhauled her hand over hand. By 4.30, we had passed her, and at sunset we could see her, hull down, astern to leeward.

We had a splendid run, strong winds and fair, till 7th March; got a slant in lat. 27 N., instead of having to go to Bermuda for it, or worse still, to woo a rough nor'-wester on the banks of Newfoundland. Two days of doldrums were followed by a return of our friendly wind, and on we sped again on a circle inside the great circle tract. We overtook some vessels, and met a few of the outward-bound, but saw nothing of the *Saucy Jack*.

'Ten days' start is a bit too much,' said W. one day, in a desponding tone, though I have reason now for thinking he dissembled.

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'It is a good deal,' said I; 'but'——

'Oh, I don't despair!' replied W.

'Why should you?' rejoined I, in the non-resisting spirit of Mrs Shandy when listening to her husband's wisdom on the subject of Tristram's breeches.

We both rejected, as unworthy of credit, the frequent assertions of the second officer, that we had passed the *Saucy Jack* in the night; because, if all his statements were true, there must have been many more *Saucy Jacks* than we knew to be afloat. Gradually the subject dropped; and it was not until we neared the chops of the Channel, that any one thought of looking out for the brig. We had made a clipping passage—twenty-two days to the Lizard from Barbadoes; and as we knew it was not uncommon to be twice that time over it, we considered ourselves warranted in supposing the *Saucy Jack* to be not far off. However, we searched vessel after vessel as we came up to them, in vain—the *Saucy Jack* was not among them.

On the morning in which we were off the Lizard, W. came on deck about 7 A.M. to where I was standing by the mizzen, with the mate, who had had the last watch. The wind had been blowing half a gale since the second half of the middle-watch; and the mate had taken in the royals, top-gallants and courses, and two reefs in the top-sails, in order, as he said, to ease the ship; the result being, however, that she was now going only six knots, with a following sea running nearly as fast. The captain gave one look aloft, said something to the mate which I would rather not repeat; and, in great wrath at the insult offered to his ship, had the reefs shaken out of the top-sails, the top-gallant sails and royals set, with the two jibs and foretop-mast stay-sail.

Whew! how she felt it! Plunge, plunge she went, surrounded by foam, and trembling under the weight of her canvas, wet as might be, to the foot of the main-mast, and getting her lee-quarter rails washed at every lurch.

Great, indeed, was my surprise when I heard the indignant captain order the foretop-mast stud'n-sa'l boom to be run out, and the sail to be set. The boom was run out, and the sail was set; but with a result not encouraging to the spread of more canvas, for in five minutes the boom had snapped in twain, and the sail itself cleared out on its own account. Presently came the officer of the watch with 'The port main-royal sheet's gone, sir!'

'Send up a light hand, and bend on another,' was the answer.

Then the fore-stay sail sheet gave way, and was followed by the splitting of the flying-jib, five feet up. Sail, however, was not reduced, and away went the *Constance* at over eleven knots an hour, cleaving the water like a knife.

By 5.30 that evening, we had passed Plymouth, and were abreast of the Bolt Tail and Bolt Head. By 6.20, we were abreast of the Start; and at 11 P.M., off Portland.

While I was dressing next morning (by which time we were off St Catherine's, Isle of Wight), one of the men came down to the door of the cabin, and with a broad grin of humour on his face, reported: '*The* brig, sir, on the starboard-bow.'

Up ran W. in a state that made it a comfort to think we had no ladies on board; and, sure enough, there on the starboard bow, which was rapidly becoming the starboard quarter, lay the long-sought *Saucy Jack*, with her canvas-wings vainly trying to keep the lead she had had so long.

'What is she saying?' I asked, as W. took a long look through his glass at the string of flags fluttering at her gaff.

'Will you report us at Lloyd's?' answered W., as he made out the numbers one after the other.

'O yes, we'll do that for you,' said W.; 'answer the signals;' and by the time our flags were down again, the *Saucy Jack* was in the wash of our wake.

A merry breakfast-party there was in the cabin that morning. I was inclined to be extravagantly happy at seeing once more the white cliffs of Old England, and could therefore enter fully into the joy of W.

'That's a ten-pound note into my pocket, at the least,' said W. 'How pleased the house will be! Well done, *Constance*, lass! Of course, she could beat that thing!' with similar hilarious expressions about a fact which he would have sternly chidden me for hinting at, if we had not actually achieved it.

On we went, past Brighton and the seven cliffs of Beachy Head; stood out seven miles to the eastward to clear the Horse Shoal, and then in again by Hastings, Fairleigh, Rye, and Dungeness.

'Where you for, sir?' shouted a voice that seemed to speak from the air, but which really came from a fine Antwerp pilot-boat a little distance off.

'London!' shouted the captain; and with a 'God-speed you!' the Antwerpers sailed on.

In the course of another hour an English pilot-cutter bore down upon us; our main-yard was thrown aback, and the cutter's boat boarded us. A little man, with sharp black eyes, curly hair, short legs, and a long body, stepped on deck, and bowing to the captain, inquired our destination, port of departure, tonnage, and draught of water. Being satisfied on these points, he bowed again, shook hands, and announced that he was our pilot to Gravesend.

'And a precious fool, too,' said W. in an aside to me, as if the man's appearance gave his critic some presentiment of evil.

The cutter went off; we made fresh sail, and flew forward towards the coast of Kent. This was about 2 P.M. on Saturday.

'Now, pilot,' said W., 'you must put us up quick. I must be in London to-morrow morning, and there's a fast brig astern that I don't want to overhaul us.'

'No fear of that, sir! we'll do all we can; but we must, of course, make the safety of the ship our first consideration.'

The pilot was a man whose presence did not inspire admiration, and who did his best by his talk to lessen whatever of favourable impression he might have made upon us; but we had no hint of what he was actually capable of doing. By 5 P.M. we were off Dover; the wind fell very light, and there was but half an hour more of the tide to help us. W. was walking the quarter-deck with me, and seeing this, said: 'Depend on it, he'll go no further to-night. Rather than lie-to, and wait for the night wind to carry us into the Downs, whereby he'd get but a half-night's sleep, he'll let go the anchor in these roads. I believe he'd do anything.' And so saying, W., who had been up most of the last two nights, went below.

'Of course we shall get into the Downs to-night, pilot?' I said, with strong misgivings that we should not.

'Well, sir, I should like to get there; but the safety of the ship must be my first consideration.'

This was the fiftieth repetition of this fact known to all of us; and I had learned, even on our short acquaintance, to know that it was the shield under which the pilot always did some lazy thing. Within half an hour of W. going below, the cable was running through the hawse-pipe, and the good ship *Constance* had settled to her berth.

There was a want of freedom about the conversation in the cabin that night. The captain spoke only to me, and through me at the pilot; while the pilot tried to make things pleasant by uttering a number of fatuous sentiments, to which, after a little time, the chief mate alone responded. When bedtime came, it was found that the pilot's great gift was snoring. He filled the cabin with the horrid sound, intermitting it but once during the whole night when he was 'roused out' to swing the ship at her anchor.

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Next morning was a lovely one, warm as summer, but without a breath of wind. We did not get underway till 10 A.M., and then it was only to creep ten yards forwards and nine back, with all the sails flapping to destruction against the masts.

'Rely on it, that brig's in the Downs,' said W., the first thing after coming on deck; '*she* didn't anchor.'

This was delivered in an alto tone not three feet away from the pilot, who turned round to deny the statement as describing an impossibility.

A Deal boat boarded us. 'Any letters of messages for the shore, captain? Want to telegraph? Brought a bundle of papers for you, sir. Would you like a bit of fine fresh beef this morning?'

'Anything passed into the Downs from Barbadoes?' said W.

'No, sir, I don't think—O yes, by the by, a brig cast anchor there at four o'clock this morning.'

'I thought as much,' said W., with a glare at the pilot, who was about to repeat his statement about the safety of the ship, when W. cut him short by walking off, muttering something about taking the ship up himself.

A breeze sprang up about 1 P.M., and away we went before it, through the Downs, past Ramsgate, and round the Foreland, but without catching sight of the *Saucy Jack*. We were getting to despair of seeing her again till we lay side by side in the London Docks, when, at 6 P.M., close to the Girdler, we again came up with her, and this time within speaking distance.

'I've won the hat,' shouted W.

'We were in the Downs first,' came across the water in reply.

We once more took the lead. Having got it, we made sure of keeping it. A tug was engaged to tow us up the river, and by her aid we cast anchor at Gravesend at two in the morning, one tide ahead of the *Saucy Jack*.

I have not heard how the captains settled their bet.

UNCOMMON DINNERS.

Those who have been much in the habit of dining-out, have doubtless often sighed at the great want of originality in connection with the viands supplied to them by their English hosts. Beef or mutton, with fowls or ducks, form almost always the backbone of the feast, whilst the variations occur only in the side-dishes and dessert. To have dined on various substances of an entirely different character, is at least novel, if not interesting; and we therefore purpose relating our own experience in connection with various dinners of a class anything but conventional.

It was with no little pride, we well remember, that we succeeded in catching and hauling on board ship our first young shark, which was not larger than an average-sized salmon. We had been becalmed during some days, about two degrees south of the line, and were vastly in want of excitement, so that to hook a shark was a stirring event. The little creature leaped about on the deck in a most frantic manner, and exhibited an immensity of muscular power, perfectly astounding in a fish. On account of its juvenile age, it was generally admitted that the shark had not as yet feasted on human kind, and therefore we might venture to try how it would taste. A portion having been cut off the creature, it was boiled, and served up like cod-fish. Certainly, we cannot recommend plain-boiled shark to any epicure; it tasted rather fishy, but, otherwise, just as boiled string might taste, and shark would henceforth have been discarded, had not a black man on board cooked a portion after his own peculiar receipt, which was as follows: A portion of the shark was parboiled; it was then worked in the hands, or stirred in a pan, with bread-crumbs; about a pound of the shark's liver was then taken and boiled with the previous composition, and the shark was then really palatable, and not very unlike what our own cooks call 'twice laid.'

During upwards of eight hours, we had ridden over an undulating plain beneath the burning rays of an African sun, when we at length discovered the rough-and-ready house of a Dutch boer. Formerly, in South Africa, it was the custom to ride up to a house that thus stood alone, and to be immediately welcomed by the owner, whom we had never seen before, and probably would never see again. Such was the case in the present instance, and we were immediately requested to dismount, off saddle, and *in com* to eat. 'Dar is nix,' said our host, 'but eland beef and zee cow pork; but the eland is young, and the Zee cow fat.' To dine on a hippopotamus's ribs and an eland steak was certainly novel, and we were in such a state of hunger that we were not disposed to be critical. The very good and savoury odour that arose as we entered the Dutchman's house, induced us to believe that both the articles mentioned were not to be despised. We selected as a commencement a portion of the eland steak, and this without doubt was excellent; it was tender, juicy, and with a sort of venison-flavour; and we at once decided that it would be a most popular dish in England were the eland introduced, as it might be, in sufficient numbers to be killed and sold as food. It having been our fate at a future period to live entirely on eland's flesh during a fortnight, we can affirm that, even with the rough cooking of the bivouac, and the absence of flavour-giving condiments, still eland beef or venison is admirable eating. And now for a slice of hippopotamus. Hippo is usually boiled, and then tastes like a mean proportion between boiled beef and boiled pork. It would be very probable that a person might eat a piece of hippopotamus, and fail to discover that it was not a slice from a prize ox. The hippopotamus seems to possess a contented mind, and accumulates fat rapidly, it being a very unusual thing to find one of these creatures thin, or even deficient in plumpness.

'The *Bas* has sent you some *kameel's* flesh,' said a wizened Hottentot, as he presented himself at our door, with a basket on his arm. Some kameel's flesh was certainly a novelty; and one or two friends were immediately invited to dinner, 'cameleopard' being in the bill of fare. Unfortunately, this cameleopard's flesh had been salted, and partially dried in the sun, so that its full, rich flavour was in a great measure lost; but yet we tasted enough to discover that camel venison is very good, and our future experience fully proved this conclusion to be correct—the cameleopard being, especially when young, the best eating of all the wild animals of South Africa. To those who delight in marrow-bones the camel affords an ample feast, and the supply is more plentiful than it is from the bones of an ox. The cameleopard is a very shy animal, and is not found in abundance in any part of Africa, so that we fear that those who taste the flesh will ever remain in the minority, for the climate of England is not suited to the habits of the animal, and therefore it is not likely to be found in England, except in our menageries.

It was whilst rambling up the coast between Natal and the Tugela that we first attempted to eat another description of food, not usually found upon English dinner-tables. We had been hospitably received at the house of an English settler, near which was a Kaffir kraal, where his servants resided, these servants being runaway Zulus. A great noise was going on in the huts of this kraal, singing and shouting in abundance, whilst the smoke that forced its way through the thatched roof indicated that cooking was going on inside. We at once decided upon paying a visit to this kraal, especially when our host informed us that the gay and festive scene was caused

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in consequence of a young elephant being killed by him on the previous day, which was now being rapidly disposed of by the Kaffirs. There was certainly great novelty in dining in a Kaffir hut upon elephant, so we decided upon inviting ourselves to dinner with the boisterous black gentlemen, whose gaiety had first attracted our attention. It was a wild and savage-looking scene. Inside a circular, beehive-shaped hut, about fifteen feet in diameter, were assembled some five-and-twenty Kaffirs, men, women, and children. They were seated in a circle, watching intently two huge earthen vessels, in which were masses of meat—elephant's meat—boiling and stewing. A wood fire glowed on the floor of the hut, and kept the pots boiling. This, I was informed, was the third lot of meat that had been eaten that day by the party. It certainly was too close and uninviting to enter the hut, but we determined to taste elephant; so we sent for a plate, and knife and fork, and waited outside whilst the cooking proceeded—a little salt and some bread being provided by our worthy host; the Kaffirs utterly scorn these additions, preferring the flesh *au naturel*. At length, the meat was pronounced 'done' by an old Kaffir man, who superintended the cooking, and we were offered a piece of meat of about two pounds' weight. Declining the whole of this, we selected a slice of about one-fourth the size, which we believed would be sufficient for a trial. We could not fail to perceive that our knife was marvellously blunt, as we endeavoured to cut the steak; the prongs of the fork seemed round instead of pointed. Our teeth, alas! had lost their edge; and after diligently endeavouring to bite the piece of meat that was in our mouth, we were compelled to give it up as a bad job; we could make no impression on it, even after some minutes' munching. Future trials of the same kind of animal induces us to assert that four-hundred-years' old elephant is not so good as four-years' old mutton, and we doubt whether elephant is ever likely to become a popular dish. It seems strange that two animals whose food is so similar as is that of the elephant and hippopotamus, and whose size is equally unwieldy, should yet be so dissimilar in regard to toughness—the former being nearly uneatable, the latter very presentable food. Whilst referring to tough and unpalatable food, we must not forget the zebra, and wilde beest, or gnu, as it is also called; both these animals are eaten, but they are tough and coarse. A young zebra, however, about half grown, is not to be despised, and tastes like veal, but with less juiciness. We have seen Hottentots who preferred zebra to beef, when they had a choice of either. Wilde beest, however, has a rank flavour about it that prevents any person eating it from choice; but in the desert, it sometimes happens that it is wilde beest or nothing.

The toughest of all tough things that we ever ventured to insert our teeth into, and which, by comparison, would induce us to believe that elephant itself was tender, was a portion of a cock-ostrich. Leather itself, or wire, might possibly be masticated by a Kaffir; but this strong-toothed child of the wilderness laughed and shook his head when a portion of ostrich was offered him for a meal. Sometimes the most curious-looking creatures, and those which we should scarcely imagine were eatable, turn out to be very delicate and palatable. Such is the case with the porcupine. Divest him of his quills, and he is not a very large animal, but may be roasted whole, or cut up and put into a pie. In either case, the flavour is not unlike that of a hare. Its half-brother, the hedgehog, is said to be very delicate, but of this we have had no proof, never having as yet tasted our English version of the porcupine. We can easily imagine, however, that it would be very well worth eating, especially if we possessed such appetites as gipsies, who, it is said, feast joyfully upon it. We have been fortunate enough to taste the canvas-back duck of North America, with its rich flavour of wild celery. The wild guinea-fowl and pouw of Africa have also frequently been upon our dinner-table; but, for delicacy and sweetness, we must pronounce the coran or smaller bustard of Africa the best of feathered game. The large bustard is also excellent eating; it is not dissimilar to a turkey.

A very curious dish, of which we once partook, is locusts. These, it is said, were favourite food with the ancients, but we certainly do not consider them very excellent. For us, they were fried with a little butter, and were not unlike whitebait. The guana, or large lizard, is another creature admirably suitable for food, and in some parts of South America is much and deservedly prized. We have, however, seen Kaffirs almost dying from starvation, because they could not procure either beef or corn, and who would yet refuse to taste lizards' flesh, the same people not hesitating to devour ravenously the half-cooked paunch of an ox.

There are few things about which people are more unreasonably fanciful than about eating. Children and grown-up people, savages and civilised men, have alike their strong prejudices. We have often seen savages feeding on flesh which we would scarcely have offered to a dog, and have been laughed at by them when they observed our disgust; whilst we have seen these same men look upon us with almost a feeling of horror, while we made our lunch off oysters, a description of food which they could not be persuaded to taste. There are some people who cannot endure to see crabs, lobsters, or shell-fish of any kind eaten. Others, again, may look upon us as little better than cannibals, to have eaten many of those things about which we have here written. But much of this is, as we before remarked, mere fancy, and unreasonable too. Perhaps there are few creatures more dirty in their habits and food than pigs, and yet English men and women are great lovers of ham and bacon. The horse, again, is one of the cleanest of feeders, and yet we would venture to state that were a ham eater to be asked to take a slice of roast horse, he would, in most instances, reject it with disgust. The person, however, who, either from curiosity or necessity, is compelled to feed on other than beef and mutton, will find that outside of these two conventional items there are many delicate and delicious dishes to be procured; and that with moderate care, starvation, even in the desert, is a very unlikely contingency to one who knows how much that is usually despised is really very good eating.

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TRADE NEWSPAPERS.

FEW persons, except the news-agents, have any conception of the number of special periodicals now published in London, each addressed to its own class of the community. The regular newspapers, such as the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, of course address everybody; for every kind of public event or subject of interest is noticed by them in turn—from wars in America to football at Rugby, from the overturn of dynasties to hotel-charges at Llandudno. But beyond these, mark how the speciality begins. There are the *religious* newspapers and periodicals, subdivided into Established, Anglican, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, &c.; there are the *literary* and *critical*—such as the *Athenæum*, *Critic*, *Reader*, &c.; there are the *artistic*—such as the *Art Journal* and the *Fine Arts Review*; there are the *musical*, such as the *Orchestra* and the *Musical Times*; there are the *medical*—such as the *Lancet*, *Medical Times*, &c.; there are the *legal*—such as the *Law Times* and the *Jurist*; there are the *scientific*, not merely the general scientific, such as the *Philosophical Magazine* and the *Popular Science Journal*, but others specially devoted to zoology, botany, gardening, agriculture, horticulture, entomology, geology, conchology, ethnology, and all the other 'ologies.' And if we go beyond these great groups, we come to items not easily grouped at all. The *trade* newspapers and journals are so curious and so little known, that the reader may perhaps like to be told something about them.

The *Jewellers', Goldsmiths', Silversmiths', and Watchmakers' Monthly Magazine*—a name long enough to suggest to one's memory Dickens's 'Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company'—is a quarto monthly shilling journal, with two or three engraved plates, and about sixteen pages of type. The plates are designs for jewels and goldsmiths' work; while the text consists of articles on analogous subjects. The advertisements tell us a good deal about 'jewel-cases,' 'gold-workers' crucibles,' jewellers' 'shop-fittings,' &c.; and of persons wanted, or wanting situations, as 'designer of gold-work,' 'jeweller's modeller,' or 'well acquainted with Geneva-work.' We learn, too, from the same journal that there is a 'Precious Metals' Protection Association,' which nobody beyond the limits of Clerkenwell is supposed to be much interested in. It is one among the thousand examples of 'men of a trade' combining in certain ways for their mutual good. The object of the association is stated to be 'the prevention of theft, misappropriation, and breach of trust, in the gold and silver trades; with the prosecution, in all cases, on discovery, without cost to the member beyond his annual subscription.' But this is not all. 'While securing the objects of certain prosecution and adequate punishment of the thief, the association aims at the conviction and extirpation of those thief-manufacturers, the receivers or instigators of robberies.' We are assured that 'the Annual Reports of the first and second years' proceedings shew an amount of property saved more than tenfold the amount paid for subscriptions. Its vast *indirect* benefit in deterring from crime cannot be estimated.'

The *Horological Journal*, like the magazine last adverted to, is addressed to watch and clock makers, and also, but in a much smaller degree, to goldsmiths and jewellers. It is more scientific than artistic, and talks rather learnedly about 'theory of the pendulum,' 'watch-factories abroad,' 'equation of time,' and other matters which a maker of *good* time-tellers ought to understand. The advertisements are eminently practical, treating of 'watch-tool makers,' 'repeating movements,' 'watch-jewellings,' 'watch and chronometer oil,' 'engine-turners,' 'dial-enamellers and gilders,' 'springs and spring-wire,' 'watch-hands and keys,' 'fuzee chain-makers,' 'watch-examiners,' 'watch-case makers,' 'movement-makers,' and 'compensation balances.' Other people might marvel at 'a single pair of hands fitted and returned by next succeeding post;' but to a watchmaker it is doubtless all clear enough. The *Journal* (published monthly at fourpence) is to some extent the recognised 'organ' of the 'Horological Institute'—a small local association at which, once a week, papers are read and conversations carried on, chiefly about clocks and watches—'theology and politics' being, as the rules of the Institute inform us, excluded.

The *Coach-builders' and Saddlers' Journal*, like the *Jewellers' Magazine*, takes up the artistic as well as the technical branches of its art; moreover, it is rather expensive—half-a-crown a month, and printed in somewhat aristocratic form—with large pages, wide margins, and leaded lines. There are plates relating to the forms and elegant curves of new carriages, and to the heraldry of coach-painting; while the principles of construction are now and then illustrated.

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Then there are, in the text, essays on the principle of draught in wheeled-vehicles, changes of fashion in carriages; and for many months there were portions of a translation of the French Report on Carriages at the International Exhibition. The advertisers, as may be supposed, talk of what they have to sell in the form of 'carriage-silk,' 'carriage leather-work,' 'whips,' 'coach ironmongery,' 'flock and horse-hair for seats and cushions,' 'carriage-rugs,' 'carriage-lamps,' 'varnishes and japans,' 'shafts and wheels,' 'safety axles,' 'coach-glass,' 'coach-lace and window-trimmings,' and the like. We learn something also about a 'Coach-builders' Benevolent Institution,' one of the multitude of excellent societies for befriending those who fall under the frowns of fortune.

The *Sewing-machine; and Drapers', Clothiers', Bootmakers', Outfitters', Milliners', and Hosiers' Advertiser*—another wonderfully long name, is among the youngest of the trade newspapers, and one that tells of a remarkable change in the management of needle-work on a large or manufacturing scale. Some years ago, in England at least, the success of the sewing-machine was very doubtful; but now there is no doubt at all about it. The foot, instead of the fingers, drives the needle, and does it with such rapidity as to enable the worker to get through a wonderful amount of work every day. All the great houses in the drapery and clothing trades employ the sewing-machine very largely. We are few of us aware how much these machines have now to do with the coats, shirts, collars, false fronts and false wristbands, boots and shoes of the men, and the skirts, cloaks, and mantles of the ladies. The journal which takes cognizance of these affairs has articles concerning the history of the sewing-machine, new patents relating to it, bankrupt cases, and police cases connected with the trades for which the sewing-machine is used. Then there are advertisements from all the makers of machines, from Redditch people who make the needles, from Lancashire people who make the shuttles, and from women who seek employment as 'machinists;' and we may learn something concerning the 'Apokathartikon,' or 'magic glove-cleaner.' This little affair is only a penny a week, but we cannot compliment it on its literary merits; for it is difficult to see what the sewing-machine has to do with tales and anecdotes concerning 'The Insane Man,' 'Changed at Nurse,' 'Singing by Electricity,' 'Magnanimity,' 'The Language of Kisses,' and the 'Wedding Cake.' Perhaps, however, as sewing-machines are used more by women than by men, the gentler sex may be supposed to desire that such light refections should accompany the more substantial repast.

The *Grocer*, a fourpenny journal, now about two years old, contains much commercial information that might be instructive to others besides grocers. The 'price current' is a very complete item in the work; it gives, for each week, the actual wholesale prices of all the multifarious articles that can by any stretch of the term come under the designation of grocery—probably from two to three hundred in number—and compares these prices with those which prevailed twelve months earlier. Here we find that Jamaica coffee is separable into 'finest,' 'fine,' 'middling,' 'ordinary,' and 'good;' that congou may be 'ordinary,' 'good ordinary,' 'middling,' 'blackish leaf,' 'strong,' and 'extra fine;' and that the gradations of quality are marked by gradations in price per hundredweight or pound. Then come entries respecting the imports, landings, deliveries, and stocks of foreign and colonial groceries, during the preceding week, in London and Liverpool; and here we may very likely find that there are eight million hundredweights of sugar in stock at one time in the warehouses of London alone. How they make semola at Marseille; sugar-making and refining; why grocers sell sugar at a loss; how far does adulteration go in the grocery trade—these and similar subjects are discussed. There are notices of contracts for the supply of large establishments with groceries; bankruptcies of grocers; new books interesting to the trade. The answers to correspondents are sometimes very curious. The advertisements are from traders who have all sorts of groceries to sell, wholesale or retail; or from shop-fitters who sell all the apparatus necessary for a grocer's shop; or from shopkeepers who want 'assistants,' 'warehousemen,' 'countermen,' 'second countermen,' or 'travellers;' or from assistants, warehousemen, &c., who want employment; or from persons who have shops to let in the grocery-line; or from other persons who want to buy a ready-made business of this character. One humble-minded advertiser states that, having served his apprenticeship to the drug-trade, he 'wishes to meet with a gentleman who would teach him the grocery also.'

The *Chemist and Druggist* is a journal which bears some such relation to those who sell 'doctors' stuff' as the journal last named bears to those who deal in teas and sugars, coffees and spices. A fair judgment of its character may therefore easily be formed.

Such are a few samples of what we have called trade newspapers—that is, periodicals addressed each to a particular class of traders and manufacturers, and dwelling in a marked way on subjects which those persons alone understand, and in which they alone are likely to take much interest. Some of them must obviously have a small sale; but it may be assumed that they do not pay much for literary assistance, and the advertisements must go a good way towards paying the expenses of printing. The general public do not buy such periodicals, yet, if any one would know something of the by-ways as well as the highways of trade, he might advantageously peep into such journals when they fall in his way.

Some of the journals combine science with trading. The *Photographic News*, for instance, and one or two other journals of similar character, of course devote the principal part of their columns to a notice of the progress of that beautiful art to which they relate, in its optical, chemical, and artistic relations; but the advertisement pages let us into many a secret of which we (the outsiders) knew nothing before. There are 'photographic cameras,' 'folding cameras,' 'bellows cameras,' for sale; as well as 'medallion lenses,' 'carte de visite' lenses, 'actinic triplets,' and lenses of many other kinds; while we are told all about 'bromo-iodised collodion,' 'instantaneous collodion,' 'albuminised paper,' 'bituminised paper,' 'bromo-iodised xyloidin,' 'chloride of gold,' 'hypo washings,' and other chemicals with very hard names. There are sellers, too, of 'photographic glass,' 'artistic backgrounds,' 'photographic albums,' 'frames and mountings for photographs,' and all sorts and prices of 'stereoscopes.' Some people, it appears, buy 'photographic waste'—all the clippings and drainings of the photographer's studio, for the sake of the silver and gold that exist in some of the solutions. Some people advertise themselves as 'photographic printers;' and one as being skilled in 'enlarging negatives'—a process that would puzzle a mathematician more than a photographer. Then an assistant is wanted, in whom 'artistic posing' is indispensable; and a young lady to 'touch out spots;' while other young ladies, 'of good address and ladylike demeanour,' offer their services for the reception-room.

The *Chemical News* is a type of one class of newspaper more scientific and technical and less popular even than the photographic journals; for ordinary readers would be frightened by such words as 'tetramethylammonium,' 'xanthogenamide,' 'nitroxylenylsulphurous,' 'methylphenylamine,' 'trichloromethylsulphurouschloride,' &c., which are veritable terms in modern chemistry. The principal pages of course touch upon

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the progress of chemistry, as a science and as an art; and upon new chemical patents and chemical books; while the advertisements are all about 'chemical apparatus,' 'stills,' and the like; or perhaps about two rival 'chlorodynes.' Some advertisers offer to teach chemistry, some to assist in a laboratory, and some to 'assay' chemical substances.

The *Electrician* would most certainly never have appeared as a newspaper so long as electricity was only a science; it required the wonderful commercial power of this mysterious agent in the practical arts, to create a circle of readers for a weekly journal appropriated to this single subject. We now make 'electro-plate' and 'electric cables;' and there is abundance to write about in reference to 'cells,' 'batteries,' 'metallic solutions,' 'gutta-percha' and 'india-rubber insulators,' 'wire-ropes,' 'electric bells,' 'domestic telegraphs,' 'dial telegraphs,' 'alphabet telegraphs,' and so on. The Gutta-percha Company in the City Road tell the readers of the journal in question what capital articles they make; the Silvertown Company in the Isle of Dogs speak with equal confidence of their india-rubber sheathing and insulators; while Messrs Glass and Messrs Newall both assert that there never were such beautiful telegraphic cables as they respectively produce.

The constructive and engineering arts support a considerable number of newspapers and journals; and some of them have a large sale. The *Builder* and the *Building News* are alike in character. They treat of new buildings and new works begun, about to be begun, or lately finished; of building materials, their kinds, qualities, and sources. There are advertisements from traders who have the necessary materials for sale; and advertisements, either offering or inviting assistance as clerks of works, surveyors, foremen, or workmen. Each number contains lists of the tenders sent in for contracts, tenders that make us marvel whether the people knew what they are about—as, for instance, where the tenders for the Brighton Outfall varied from L.6818 to L.13,923; and those for the Shrewsbury Sewer from L.10,834 to L.30,890! The *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Practical Mechanics' Journal*, and the *Artizan* are journals that relate rather to machinery than to buildings; while the *Engineer* embraces both within its grasp. The *Mining and Smelting Magazine*, and the *Ironmonger and Metal Trades' Advertiser*, tell us all about iron and copper, tin and lead—the former in relation to manufacturing processes, the latter in relation to trade and prices. The *Journal of Gas-lighting*, a fortnightly sixpenny newspaper, seems to find a sufficient sale among those who would know all that can be known about 'wet and dry meters,' 'fire-bricks,' 'iron retorts,' 'gasholders,' 'gas valves and burners,' and other articles offered for sale, and who are ready to read papers on street-lighting, gas-explosions, sulphur in gases, new patents for gas-apparatus, meetings of gas-light companies, trials of the illuminating powers of gases, and the like. Here, as in all the other special newspapers, employers, and those wanting to be employed, seek each other out; and their language has the peculiar technicality belonging to their craft. When a man offers his services as manager of a gas-work where 'the make is ten to twenty millions,' his meaning is well understood by those likely to be interested in the advertisement, though others may be in some doubt. The *Colliery Guardian*, as its name denotes, is wise in all the wisdom of coal-seams, pits, staiths, brattices, safety-hoists, pumping-engines, safety-lamps, coal-cutting machines, boring engines, wire-ropes, mine-ventilators, fans and exhausters, instruments for colliery-surveying, and all the other matters that affect the owners, diggers, shippers, sellers, and buyers of coal. Here, too, as before, abundant *personal* advertisements appear, from the men of capital to the men of brains and muscles, or *vice versâ*, each asking for the aid of the other. The *Railway Times* is another of these newspapers or journals, in which engineering and commerce are treated in combination; giving weekly accounts of everything new connected with the making of railways, and of the amount of traffic that flows along all the lines; with advertisements from civil engineers, who are ready to plan a railway from Kamtchatka to Singapore, or under the ocean from England to America, or in any other direction possible or impossible, if only capitalists will come forward with the money.

If space were at our disposal, we might touch upon many other newspapers and journals which in this way confine their attention to special subjects. The reader will, however, readily understand from the titles the speciality of each. The *Bookseller* treats of all matters relating to publishers, booksellers, new books, and new editions. The *Friendly Societies' Journal* devotes its attention to clubs and benefit societies. The *Mark Lane Express* considers corn to be the one thing needful. The *Life-boat* talks about shipwrecks, life-boats, life-belts, and life-rockets. The *Gazette of Fashion*, and others of its class, inform the ladies exactly what they should wear, in order to be like the beautiful Empress. The *Phonetic Journal* teaches us how we may spell those two words in the form 'Fonetik Jurnl.' The *Spiritual Magazine* contends with those who doubt that there can be any intercommunication between the living and the dead. The *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter* records the progress made in teaching music by Mr Curwen's system. The *Veterinarian* is learned about the bodily maladies of horses and dogs, cattle and pigs. The *Lady's Newspaper* discourses on crochet, Berlin-work, and the like. The *Limited Liability Companies' Journal* tells everybody how to avoid *un*limited liability in commercial matters. The *Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette* talks about those who can't pay if they would, and those who won't pay even if they could. The *Estates' Gazette* keeps a record of the estates about to be sold, and the prices of those lately sold.—The very jumble which we have made in putting these items together, in fact, well illustrates the heterogeneous medley of trade or special newspapers.

RUTH MORRISON.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

ONE day towards the close of the summer, Captain Sinclair returned home after a short visit to Dublin. Next morning, he met Ruth Morrison in the garden with her pupils; and sending them to Mrs Sinclair, he told their teacher that he wished to speak with her for a few minutes. Accordingly, they turned down one of the walks; and after a short pause, the captain addressed Ruth with a smile: 'Miss Morrison, I met a very particular friend of yours in Dublin last week.'

'Of mine!' exclaimed Ruth surprised. 'I have very few friends in the world now.'

'Well, this person, at all events, is a sincere one. I knew something of him before, and was very glad to make his acquaintance.'

In an instant, the tell-tale blush suffused the girl's whole face, and she hung down her head without replying, for she guessed at once that it was to Ferdinand Munroe Captain Sinclair referred.

'Yes,' resumed her companion, interpreting by her confusion that he was understood; 'it is to Mr Munroe that I allude. He told me of your mutual engagement, Miss Morrison; and I was rejoiced to hear it. I know that he bears the highest character, and is considered in his profession to be a young man of first-class ability.'

'Is he quite well?' asked Ruth in a low timid voice.

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'Quite well. He told me, likewise, of the prohibition that you had enforced against correspondence. Now, my dear young friend, I can quite understand and respect your feelings; but you must allow me to act as a parent or guardian for you in this matter. I have taken on myself to break this unnatural silence between you; just as well, perhaps, that it has been so hitherto; you might have been exposed to prying curiosity and annoyance'—and here Captain Sinclair spoke with some vexation in his manner—'but I shall guard you from that. Here,' added he, taking a sealed letter from his pocket; 'I am very glad to be the bearer of this to you; and if you'll intrust me with your reply, I shall send it under cover: in fact, Miss Morrison, let your correspondence pass to and fro through my hands, and no one else need be the wiser.'

Ruth seized the precious letter with avidity, and again cordially thanked her kind friend for the affectionate concern he had manifested.

Now, Mrs Montserrat was sitting at this very time in Mrs Sinclair's boudoir, at one of the windows that looked out upon the garden. She noticed with a pang of bitter and jealous resentment—as she had always done—Captain Sinclair's friendly manner to Ruth, when they met underneath the window; and she watched them intently as they went slowly down the walk, observing that the children had been previously sent in. Devoutly she wished that she could overhear what they were saying; but as if to atone for her ears being in this case useless, she put her eyes on double duty. ''Pon my word!' she ejaculated, as she observed them stop, and Ruth looking down confusedly; '*bien, très bien, vraiment!*'

It could scarcely be said that an actual suspicion of anything wrong was, even for a moment, harboured by the housekeeper, but she forced herself to imagine that she had grounds for such an idea. So close was the intense scrutiny, that her mistress, attracted by the muttered exclamation, had asked her twice what she was looking at before she heard her. In an instant, the housekeeper saw the opportunity open for deadly mischief.

'O Madame, I was only observing,' she said with a laugh, 'how glad Miss Morrison seemed to be to meet the captain again, after his *long absence!*'

'His long nonsense. What do you mean? He has been only a fortnight away.'

'Well, *ma foi*, you'd think, madame, if you had seen them meet down there in the garden, that they had not seen each other for six long months!'

'I do not understand you, Marguerite,' said Mrs Sinclair angrily; 'I beg that you will not speak of Captain Sinclair and the governess in that way.'

'Pardon, *ma chère mattresse*,' replied the other softly; 'but only look out there yourself. I wouldn't for the world say or think a word about the dear master, I'm sure; but few know *her* as well as I do.'

Mrs Sinclair glanced uneasily in the direction indicated by Mrs Montserrat. Her husband was walking beside Miss Morrison, and speaking evidently in an earnest and confidential manner; while just as they reached the end of the walk, she saw that he handed something to her, though what it was they were too far off to detect. The housekeeper remarked with malignant triumph the effect upon her mistress; for although she turned away saying coldly that of course Captain Sinclair was giving the governess some orders about the children, two burning spots rose instantaneously to her cheeks.

'That bait took, at any rate,' was Mrs Montserrat's exulting soliloquy; 'and, my word for it, she shall have another bite before long. I'll ruffle the plumage of that demure minx, or I'm not here. Oh, if I could but see her out of this in disgrace! *Mon Dieu*, I'll wait for that—I'll wait for that!' and she rubbed her hands nervously together, as she left the room.

Ruth was scarcely conscious of Mrs Sinclair's unwonted petulance of manner that morning while with her pupils at their music: her heart was so joyous at the letter she had just received, and at the removal of this one dark cross of her existence—the silence between her and Ferdinand. The gladness of her spirit threw its light upon her countenance, and it chafed Mrs Sinclair yet more to observe her unusual cheerfulness. It was not that she entertained any unworthy suspicion of her husband; nor, if pressed, would she have admitted that she thought so ill of the governess either, as to suppose Mrs Montserrat's implication correct; but she felt annoyed that Captain Sinclair should seem the confident and adviser of Miss Morrison, and be, as was palpable, so much more of a favourite with her than herself. There was something, she fancied, either about the children, or of a more private or personal nature, upon which they had secret communication, that she was in ignorance of. All this, with the housekeeper's covert insinuations, left a vague sense of uneasiness, that tried, almost beyond endurance, a temper never very equable. From that morning, as she could not but see, Ruth began to retrograde in favour with Mrs Sinclair: to what she might impute this, she was completely at a loss to know. She had the unspeakable pleasure of frequent correspondence with Ferdinand—of hearing of all his plans and prospects of success—and this compensated for a great deal. He had told her of Captain Sinclair's kindness, and in an after-letter, mentioned that, partly through his instrumentality, he should soon be taking a journey to France on some engineering business, that would be at once agreeable and advantageous; and when he named Montpellier in Languedoc as his probable destination, it reminded Ruth that the captain had mentioned that town as the native place of Mrs Montserrat. In her next letter, she detailed all she knew of her; referred to her own uncomfortable relations with her, and, half jestingly, asked Ferdinand to ascertain, if he could, all about this woman, as she was most curious to know who or what she had been.

It was a few days before Christmas, that one morning at breakfast, Mrs Montserrat, coming in to take up her mistress's tray, happened to bring in the post-bag, and opening it at the sideboard, brought over the letters to Captain Sinclair. Her eye fell, as she laid them beside him, on the topmost letter; and as it did so, a look of anxious surprise for an instant stamped her usually expressionless features. She lingered about the breakfast-table, as if preparing something for Mrs Sinclair, while the captain took up the letters. He opened the first one, and an enclosure fell upon the floor. At once, the woman pounced upon it like a hawk, ostensibly to hand the letter back to her master; but though he quickly, and almost angrily, took it from her, she contrived to see the address upon the cover; and as she glided from the table to the door, Ruth saw upon her face what she had never observed before—a mingled expression of curiosity and alarm, that quite took her by surprise. As breakfast concluded, the captain slipped the letter into Ruth's hand, unnoticed by the children, who alone were present; and absorbed soon after in its contents, the reader soon forgot Mrs Montserrat, and the trivial circumstance that had just taken place. The letter was from Ferdinand from Montpellier; it gave a continuation of some previous communications from the same quarter; a further account of his proceedings, mentioning, among other matters, that he would very soon be returning; that he should then visit his uncle in the north for a few days, and that it would go hard with him if he did not manage to see Ruth, when, comparatively speaking, so near her. There was a long postscript that Ruth but glanced at when she got her letter in the morning; but late

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at night, with her little table drawn to the fire, her candle snuffed, and her writing materials all laid out, to begin her answer, she spread out the sheet before her, and began to read the letter anew. The postscript was as follows: 'You speak in your last of that unwholesome woman you have with you at Oaklands, in the shape of a housekeeper and companion to Mrs Sinclair: though you refer to her but leniently, I can gather that she is no very amiable specimen of womankind. You would, under ordinary circumstances, in a town like this, ask an impossibility when you beg of me to inquire something about her in what, you say, is her native place. But are you acquainted with her maiden name? I ask you, because a curious circumstance occurred here the other day, and it reminded me of what you wished to know. In some excavations that were being made about the works in which we are engaged, close to a deserted and almost ruined tenement, we came upon a large trunk, iron-bound, and nailed up, which had been buried, or built in, in a cellar belonging to the old house. The workmen thought that they had lit upon a treasure; but on opening it, found that it contained the skeleton of a man—an officer, it would appear, from the worn and discoloured fragments of his dress. There was a dagger beside him in the trunk, with dark rusty stains on it—supposed to be blood; a small book of French poetry was found in the tattered pocket of the coat; some writing in it is almost effaced, but a single name is still barely legible —Marguerite du Bois or du Lois. This discovery is causing a great deal of talk and inquiry, but little can be made out. That the unfortunate man met with foul-play, seems almost certain. Some sixteen years ago, they say, a retired officer, who was living in the house in question with a young female (but whether married to her or not, is not known), suddenly disappeared, and it was thought that he had secretly left the place; as the young woman also vanished at the same time, suspicions were afloat that she had been made away with, for some cause or another. Now, it looks as if the crime lay on the other side. Could it be that this woman and the one you speak of are identical? I don't know what put so unlikely a thought into my head, except your inquiry coming just at the instant of this strange discovery here. Make out, if you can, at all events, by what name this Mrs Montserrat went in her early years. Beware of her, too; she may be a dangerous individual.'

Ruth read this postscript with a good deal of anxiety, and was somewhat disconcerted at the coincidence—'Could there be anything in it?' Again she pored over the letter, engrossed in its contents so entirely, that she was abstracted from everything else; until a quick, short breath just at her ear made her turn round with a start of horror, a feeling by no means lightened as she saw the housekeeper standing close behind her chair. She bounded from her seat, and with difficulty suppressed a scream. 'What on earth brought you here, Mrs Montserrat?' exclaimed Ruth, speaking thick with agitation. 'I never heard you coming in; I declare you frightened me most terribly.'

'Oh, did I! Pardon, Mademoiselle,' she replied, but her voice was hollow and unnatural, and she spoke in so absent a manner, that at first Ruth thought she must have been walking in her sleep. 'I knocked twice,' she continued; 'but Mademoiselle was so occupied with *that*'—and she pointed to the open sheet on the table—'that I suppose she did not hear me.'

Ruth quickly gathered up her letter, and shuddered, as she remembered the closing allusion, and thought of the possibility of this terrible woman's having read it over her shoulder, before she had detected her presence.

'I was very cold to-night,' resumed the housekeeper, 'and my fire went out, and I thought that you might allow me to warm myself here for a while before going to bed;' and without waiting for a reply, she drew a chair to the fire, and sat down. Ruth moved away the table, hastily put up her letter and writing materials, and moved about the room, being extremely unwilling, if she could avoid it, to come in any close proximity to her disagreeable companion. At length, suddenly lifting herself up from her stooping posture, the housekeeper exclaimed: 'You had a letter from Montpellier to-day, had you not?'

'How do you know that?' replied Ruth guardedly.

'How do I know? Did I not see the post-mark this morning, and the letter enclosed for you when the captain opened it,' she returned angrily. 'I know more of your secrets than you think.'

'Well, may I ask your right, even supposing that I had secrets, to inquire after or pry into what does not concern you?'

'But I tell you,' replied the other almost fiercely, 'it does concern me. Your secrets! Ha! do you think that I'd trouble my brain about you or your secrets, if they didn't cross my road? But,' and her eyes flashed fire, 'mark you, I'll not be meddled with. And now, I ask you, who is it that writes to you from Montpellier? What do you know of that place? Have you friends there?' And she rose from her seat, and moved towards where the young girl was standing, with a gesture almost menacing.

Ruth was frightened at the vehemence of manner displayed by Mrs Montserrat, apprehensive, too, that it would be unsafe to exasperate such an unprincipled woman as she possibly was, when thus alone with her, and at night; so, in as quiet a manner as she could assume, she replied: 'I really cannot understand you, Mrs Montserrat. I have no desire to interfere with your concerns, and I surely may ask as much from you. I have a friend who is just now staying at Montpellier, and the letter you allude to is from that friend; but you must excuse me if I decline entering any further with you into my own private affairs.'

The eyes of her listener glared upon Ruth as she spoke, and seemed as if they would pierce into her very soul. 'Tell me this,' she said after a pause: 'is not my name in that letter? I know the place'—and her voice trembled, and her pale lips grew whiter. 'Does your correspondent know me? Tell me quick, girl; I won't be trifled with.'

'My correspondent does *not* know you, Mrs Montserrat,' responded Ruth, trying to speak calmly, and to suppress every sign of agitation. 'Surely I may be at liberty to receive my letters without being subjected to this intrusion.'

Mrs Montserrat stood for a few minutes in silence, with her eyes fixed on the fire. '*Très bien, peut-être*,' she began, in a kind of soliloquy; and then suddenly breaking off, she laid her hand on Ruth's arm with a force that made her leap with terror. 'You need not be in such a fright, my little bird,' she said mockingly; 'I'm not going to twist your neck; though'—and she cast a look of scornful hate upon the small form before her—'it wouldn't give much trouble to do so. But mind you this well'—and she lifted her hand, and frowned darkly—'better for you to be a bird in the talons of the falcon, than to mix yourself up with any business of mine. I'll know who writes to you from Montpellier, and what you talk about in the garden to the captain, I can tell you; and I give you now'—and here her voice sunk to a quivering whisper—'but one last warning. Pass me by.' So speaking, she drew her shawl more tightly round her, and swept fiercely from the room.

CHAPTER V.

Christmas came this year, not as it generally comes, with the white livery that sets off the green of the festive decorations. It was what is popularly termed

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'a green Christmas,' and consequently, as the old proverb descriptive of the results of such implies, a sickly season. Our poor heroine felt more dispirited that festive-day than she had done since she came to Oaklands. Her first Christmas there had followed too quickly on her arrival, to admit of much thought connected with the past. Faces and circumstances about her were then all new, and therefore more engrossing. But now the novelty was over; she had friends, it is true, in her present residence, but she had also foes—one, at all events, inveterate, and not to be despised; and she experienced upon this day of old and ineffaceable memories, a sense of desolate loneliness, such as she had never before known. Tears fell fast upon the gold locket with her parents' hair within it, which had been her mother's latest Christmas gift to Ruth. That Christmas, the last at home, had been very gloomy; yet she had had her mother to comfort and to soothe her; but now alone—

> Alone! it was in that deep word
> That all her sorrow lay.

And so, with the locket in her hand, she wept herself to sleep that dreary, sad Christmas-eve. It was late when she awoke, and the morning sun of a soft mild day not only roused her from slumber, but shed a cheering influence on her spirits; she rose quickly, and dressed, throwing up the window-sash to let in the fresh air, that was balmy as a morning of early spring. Upon entering the breakfast-room, a substantial Christmas-box was handed to her by Mrs Sinclair, who on that morning joined her family at the breakfast-table, and who seemed more than ordinarily courteous to her, as though the genial light of this day of good-will to man had thawed something of her frosty nature. Then there was another letter from Ferdinand, hinting at the hope of an almost immediate meeting; and what surprised Ruth most, a letter from her uncle, written in a warm and affectionate strain, half-apologetic for his neglect, and asking her acceptance, for her father's sake, of a ten-pound note, which he enclosed. At first, the feeling in Ruth's mind was, at the instigation of some native pride, to return this gift to one who had hitherto shewn so little consideration for her helpless position; but when she read again the letter that accompanied it, and saw how her father's name was linked with the token that his brother sent, she resolved to take it in the spirit in which it seemed to be offered, and to write before the close of the day her acknowledgments and thanks. These little circumstances combined cast a feeling of peaceful enjoyment upon a mind so recently embittered by painful recollections, and Ruth's spirits rose as the day went by. The possession of ten pounds seemed like a mine of wealth to poor Ruth. Her salary, which was liberal, she left almost entirely in Captain Sinclair's hands, drawing only what she absolutely needed. The hope she clung to—the one beacon-light of her young life—that a day might come when she would have the happy necessity for an outlay on herself, and some little thing to bring to another, led her, with almost a miser's spirit, to study the most rigid economy; but this unexpected accession to her resources afforded an opportunity of procuring a gift for Ferdinand; and after a deliberation that gave her food for thought for hours, she resolved upon a gold drop-chain for his watch as the most desirable gift. 'If,' thought Ruth, 'I could but have it ready when I may see him;' and her heart fluttered at the prospect of that wished-for meeting. None, except those who, like her, have long seen but stranger faces, could understand the thrill of rapture such expectation gave. In the evening, as all were grouped together round the fire, when the Christmas log of time-honoured observance burned so brightly, Captain Sinclair announced that he would drive the whole party into Newry the next day, as a good way, he said, of spending a holiday—a promise that was hailed by the children with rapture, as they longed to go somewhere, they did not care where, to buy, they didn't know what, with the money they had received as Christmas gifts. Even Mrs Sinclair graciously intimated her intention of accompanying them. Ruth, though she said nothing, felt no less pleased, as she knew a watch-maker in the town who had once or twice done a little work for her, in the way of putting a pin to a brooch, or mending a locket; and even if he had nothing in hand adapted to her purpose, she thought that he probably could procure it from Dublin or Belfast. Next morning, however, letters received by the captain rendered his going impossible; and Mrs Sinclair declined the drive in her husband's absence. The blank look upon the children's faces made Captain Sinclair resolve that they should still have their excursion, and he ordered the carriage to be ready at eleven for the little girls and their governess; Mrs Sinclair stipulating, at the last moment, that Mrs Montserrat should accompany them, as she had some commissions for her to execute. Ruth, of course, could offer no objection, though, as regarded aught of enjoyment for herself, she felt that was at an end of it with such a companion. The housekeeper seemed, however, to lay herself out on this occasion to be specially agreeable, deferring to Ruth's wishes in everything, and laughed and talked the whole way with her and the children. They were together nearly the entire day in the town, going from shop to shop for Gertrude's and Alice's purchases, and Mrs Sinclair's commissions; and Ruth, anxious to be alone for her important business, began, as the time was waning, to despair of being able to accomplish it at all. At length, when they returned to the hotel, where the carriage had been put up: 'Would you, Mrs Montserrat,' asked Ruth, 'kindly take charge of the young ladies here for a few moments? I want to run to the watchmaker's; it is about half-way down this street. The crystal of my watch,' she added hesitatingly, 'is loose, and I fear that I shall break it.' Poor Ruth! This certainly was true, and yet it was a little bit of subterfuge.

'Oh, *sans doute*, Mademoiselle,' replied the other laughing; 'I'll take care that nothing shall happen; and I suppose we may leave when you return?'

'O yes, surely,' replied Ruth; 'in fact, the carriage may be ordered now;' and she hurried off down the street as fast as the slippery flagway admitted. When she reached the watchmaker's, she was quite out of breath, and had to pause for a moment before she could speak. There was only a lad in the shop, who was cleaning with a very small brush some delicate portion of the internal mechanism of a watch. He looked up as Ruth entered. 'Is Mr Jenkins himself within?' asked Ruth.

'Yes, ma'am,' returned the boy; 'at least, he's only a door or two off: I 'll fetch him in a moment.'

So the lad ran out, leaving Ruth standing alone at the counter. Each minute seemed an hour while he was absent, as she dreaded Mrs Montserrat's growing impatient, and following her. At last, the man came in. 'Tell me, Mr Jenkins,' she inquired the moment he entered, 'have you got any drop-chains or guard-chains, I don't know which you call them?'

'Drop-chains?' replied the man. 'You don't mean a chain for a lady's watch, do you, ma'am?'

'O no,' said Ruth confusedly, and feeling herself redden as she spoke. 'I mean the short chain that a gentleman wears, with a seal attached.'

'Oh, I understand. Well, I don't know,' continued the watchmaker slowly, 'that I have just now anything that would suit. Let me see;' and he pulled out a drawer from under a glass case, and cast his eye over its contents. 'Maybe that might answer, ma'am. It 's pure gold, I'll warrant, though tarnished

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from lying by;' and he presented to Ruth's notice a large, coarse, brassy-looking chain.

'O no,' she replied; adding as she looked over his collection, 'I'm afraid you have nothing here that would at all do. Tell me, could you get me a nice one soon from Dublin or Belfast?'

'O certainly, ma'am—certainly,' responded the man. 'But stay a moment,' as the young lad, who had resumed his seat upon a bench in the window, whispered something to his master; 'I don't doubt but that I have the very thing, if it ben't too expensive;' and he drew out another small drawer in the counter, and opening a little box, took from it, wrapped in tissue-paper, an exquisitely beautiful chain, with a little pencil-case and a watch-key annexed.

'Oh, that's the very thing,' said Ruth in delight; 'that will do nicely. What's the price?'

'Why, you see, ma'am, it isn't quite new,' said the man, 'though scarcely worn at all. It was left with me by a gentleman to dispose of. The price was three pounds ten shillings, but now I have been told to give it for three guineas.'

Ruth felt a little damped at hearing that the chain was not new; yet, as no one by looking at it would ever know that it had been worn, she decided on taking it; and drawing the ten-pound note from her purse, handed it to Mr Jenkins. When he had carefully scrutinised the note, he took a cash-box out of a press to get the change. Ruth was still examining and admiring her purchase, when she started with vexation at hearing the well-known but dreaded voice behind her. 'Why, Mademoiselle, I thought you had run away. Corbett says it will be black night before we get home.'

'Oh, you may tell him that I'll be ready in an instant now. I'll be after you, Mrs Montserrat, at once. Where are the children?'

'Oh, they're safe. What's to happen to them?' replied the housekeeper crossly. 'Have you done here?'

'Here's the change, ma'am,' interrupted the man; 'a ten-pound note you gave me, and three guineas, the price of this,' taking up the chain, and folding it into the paper in the little box. 'I think you'll find the change correct—six pounds seventeen shillings. Shall I give you a bill?'

'O no, quite unnecessary,' said Ruth hastily, gathering up the change, without reckoning it, and thrusting it into her bag, along with the little jewel-box containing the chain.

Mrs Montserrat looked on quietly, while a meaning smile played for a moment round her mouth. 'The watch! Has Mademoiselle's watch been settled?—the crystal, you know,' she asked with a peculiar intonation, as they were leaving the shop.

'Oh, I quite forgot. Well, I won't mind it now, as it's so late,' replied Ruth, colouring, and extremely vexed at this appearance of having told a falsehood.

'O indeed?' responded Mrs Montserrat with another malicious look at her companion. 'Come on now *vite*, Mademoiselle; my feet are so cold that I can hardly walk.'

They found the children and the carriage waiting for them at the hotel. To Ruth, the drive home was extremely disagreeable. Mrs Montserrat was actually in boisterous spirits, frequently throwing herself back in the carriage in loud bursts of laughter, and now and again favouring the governess with a look of scornful triumph, as much as to say she had found her out; while Ruth remained silent and downcast, annoyed at being pursued and detected by this most provoking woman; and yet more distressed at the manifest advantage she had given in stating a different object than the immediate one for her visit to the watchmaker's. She could not, either, altogether divest her mind of some apprehension as to how her wily foe might turn this discovery against her; nor had she very long to wait for clear proof that she had done so. The day after her visit to Newry, when Ruth came into the breakfast-room in the morning, Captain Sinclair was busily engaged at a large secretary that stood at one side of the room; Mrs Sinclair was sitting at the fire, waiting for breakfast; the little girls were not yet down, as these were holiday times. The lady's manner to Ruth was peculiarly stiff and repellent, the more noticeable from the cordiality manifested on the preceding days. After a few moments of awkward silence, the captain turned suddenly round to his wife; he then noticed Ruth for the first time, and nodded to her, rather coldly, for him, she fancied, but just then she was specially sensitive.

'Maria,' he asked quickly, as he glanced round to see if any one else was in the room, 'are you quite sure of the honesty of the people about you?'

'The people about me! What do you mean? Why do you ask?'

'I mean the servants, of course. I declare I do not like suspecting, but unquestionably I have missed money frequently of late, and how it can go, I cannot imagine. But now, by Jove, if I am right this time, I must do something, for I am positively short ten pounds in money, that I put three days ago into this drawer here.'

'Ten pounds!' repeated Mrs Sinclair. 'Tell me,' she added, getting up and going over to her husband, 'was it a single note?'

'Yes; if it was taken at all. I can't say for certain, until I check my bank account in Lisburn; but I am almost sure that I put three ten-pound notes with the rest of these into that very drawer. Stay—on Christmas-eve it was. But how on earth could it go out of this locked secretary?'

'It is most extraordinary,' replied Mrs Sinclair, walking slowly back to the fire, and standing gazing into it, as if lost in thought. Ruth heard all this with a vague sense of uneasiness. Captain Sinclair locked up his desk, and left the room. 'Didn't you, Miss Morrison, change'—— So far Mrs Sinclair got in the abrupt inquiry she suddenly put, when she checked herself hurriedly; indeed, she hardly pronounced the last word fully, as if she had not thought of what she was saying.

Ruth started out of a reverie as she was addressed, and met Mrs Sinclair's eye unpleasantly fixed on her. What the unfinished query meant, she instantly divined, and do what she would, struggle as she might, she felt herself colouring, till the deep crimson suffused her whole face, throat, and neck. She would have found it hard to analyse the feelings that prompted this, at this critical moment, most trying indication of inward emotion. 'What were you going to ask me, Mrs Sinclair?' she inquired, but her voice faltered painfully as she spoke.

Mrs Sinclair gazed at her for a minute in considerable surprise, and then coldly and sternly turning away—'It does not signify,' she replied.

Rarely had poor Ruth passed through a more trying discipline than breakfast that morning. That she was, to her employer, an object now of most horrible and revolting suspicion, fed and nourished by another, she could not doubt. Yet how should she disabuse her mind? Mrs Sinclair had not said enough to warrant her volunteering a statement as to her uncle's gift, and she recoiled from appearing to suppose that she could be suspected of anything so dreadful. Both Ruth and Mrs Sinclair were silent during the meal; the captain and the children talked on continuously; he was going away for some days, and was pledging himself to the little girls that he would be back before New-year's Day, when they were to have a children's party. More than once, poor Ruth felt instinctively that the mistress's cold eye was watching her; she imagined, too, that Captain Sinclair was more distant in manner than usual; and

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it was a positive relief to her when the party broke up, and she could escape to her own retreat. 'Oh, if she could but get half an hour's converse with her kind-hearted and only friend in the house, she would tell him all her fears.' She watched and waited often throughout the day on the stairs, in the hall, in the hope that she might meet him; but Fate seemed against her. He was out for several hours; and after an early and hurried dinner, which he took alone, she heard the gig drive off that was taking him to meet the Belfast coach.

All that evening, she remained by herself; the children stayed with Mrs Sinclair, and she sent a message to the governess to say that she would take tea with them in her own room. Ruth retired early, for she was weary from mental anxiety. She had slept she knew not how many hours, nor was she aware of what it was that awoke her, but in a minute or two, as waking consciousness fully returned, she thought she heard a stealthy movement in the adjoining sitting-room. Her heart beat wildly at the unpleasant idea, and she rose upon her elbow and listened intently. She remembered that she had forgotten to lock the outer door, as she usually did since the night of Mrs Montserrat's visit. All seemed still—not a stir or movement could she detect. 'It must have been fancy,' she murmured: 'I 'm getting dreadfully nervous;' and she threw herself back again upon the pillow. The rustle caused by this motion dulled for the instant the sense of hearing, just before so painfully acute; but she started up again in renewed alarm, as she thought that she now heard the handle of the sitting-room door softly turned, as though some one was going out or coming in. She remained for several minutes sitting up, trembling with agitation; but the dead silence of midnight reigned around. Trying to persuade herself that she must have been mistaken, she slipped noiselessly from the bed, and stood upon the floor to listen; creeping carefully to the door of the bedroom, that was not shut close, she opened it, and looked into the sitting-room. It was quite dark; not a breath or sound of any kind. Panting from extreme nervousness, she darted across the room, turned the key as softly as she could in the door, and flew back to bed. Nothing further disturbed her for the rest of the night; and when she rose in the morning, finding no trace or appearance of any kind that betrayed the presence of an intruder—'It must,' she thought, 'have been imagination.'

CHAPTER VI.

All the early part of the ensuing day, Ruth remained alone, except for the short period at breakfast, when the children were her companions. Mrs Sinclair she did not see at all; and some hours passed in the quiet of her own room, where she remained reading and writing: for it being Christmas-week, she was free from her usual engagements with her pupils. It might have been somewhere about one o'clock that she became aware that there was a more than ordinary stir in the house—doors shutting, and servants running up and down stairs. Ruth was beginning to wonder what it could all be about, when she was startled by a loud and not very ceremonious knock at her own door, and before she could open it, Bridget the housemaid came in. She looked flushed and excited. 'Miss Morrison,' she said, 'the mistress bade me tell you to come at once to her room. I don't know what it's all about, I'm sure, but miss'—and she lowered her voice to the confidential key—'take care what you say or do, for if I didn't see mischief in *that one's* eye—you know who I mean—this morning, my name's not Bridget.'

'Tell Mrs Sinclair, please,' returned Ruth, surprised at this message, 'that I will be with her directly;' and so, perplexed at Bridget's manner, and what this unexpected summons might mean, she put up her books, and locking her desk, repaired to Mrs Sinclair's room. When she reached it, she found that lady herself, walking excitedly to and fro, and speaking in a very loud and angry tone. Mrs Montserrat and the housemaid were both there; the little girls were absent; and standing near the door was a policeman, with a paper in his hand. Ruth had scarcely time to form a conjecture as to the state of things, before Mrs Sinclair addressed her.

'Miss Morrison, I have sent for you about something that has occurred, most unpleasant and annoying. I have been robbed,' she continued, 'within the last two days.'

'Robbed!' uttered Ruth in amazement, and more she could not say.

'Yes; only this morning I missed them—a diamond ring and brooch of great value, as well as a gold chain and a considerable sum of money. All were together in a box in that drawer,' she added, pointing to one that was open. 'I left the keys in it, I remember, yesterday; and this morning, I find all gone.'

'You don't mean'—— returned Ruth, almost transfixed with astonishment; then hesitating for a moment: 'May I ask why you sent for me? Can I help you in any way in the matter?'

'Sent for you!' responded Mrs Sinclair indignantly; 'to be sure I sent for you. I tell you what, Miss Morrison, I have been by no means satisfied with you of late;' and then she stopped, half-stammering, as she seemed to fear saying too much. 'I—I don't, of course, mean to accuse any one without proof; but there are dishonest people somewhere about us. You heard Captain Sinclair yourself speak of his missing money frequently; and now, whoever the delinquents may be, they seem emboldened by impunity. I have resolved, however, that the *thing* sha'n't continue another hour undetected. I have myself, this morning, sent to a magistrate, in Captain Sinclair's absence, and have got a search-warrant, which that man there holds,' pointing to the policeman. 'Mrs Montserrat has strongly advised this step; and,' added the lady, turning sternly upon her governess, 'we will begin, if you please, with you.'

No language could portray the mingled sensations of amazement, indignation, and shame with which Ruth heard so insulting an announcement. At first, words failed her, and she stood rooted to the spot, in silent anger; at last, keeping down, with considerable effort, the display of any feeling, she slowly and quietly answered: 'As you please, ma'am. I am indeed sorry that you should entertain such an opinion of the lady whom you intrust with the charge of your children.'

'Oh,' interposed Mrs Montserrat, who had all this time remained behind her mistress with her eyes bent upon the ground, 'Madame of course only means it as a mere form with you, Miss Morrison: no one suspects you;' and the basilisk glance fell upon Ruth with a gleam of triumph. 'Why, ma foi, they 'll come to me next. *Pauvre femme!* as if I'd put a finger on Madame's *bijouterie* or *argent*. No, no, nor you either, *ma pauvre Mademoiselle!*'

'Be silent—do, Marguerite,' said her mistress; 'no one dreams of suspecting you, or any one, indeed, until we have proof. Come, lead the way to your room, please,' she continued, addressing Ruth. The poor girl turned and walked on in a confused mechanical manner; a thousand thoughts and apprehensions seemed to whirl through her brain. The instant she heard the housekeeper's voice, a terrible fear started to her mind; and involuntarily she recalled the noise that had disturbed her the preceding night. Not knowing what might occur, but with a creeping chill stealing over her, Ruth passed into her sitting-room, followed by Mrs Sinclair, the housekeeper, and the policeman, with Bridget bringing up the rear; while some of the other servants were congregated at a more respectful

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distance in the lobby, whispering, anxious, and excited, to the utmost bounds of curiosity. When they entered the apartment, Mrs Sinclair shut the door in Bridget's face, telling her to wait there until her time came. Poor Ruth's brass-bound trunk stood at one side of the small table, next the fireplace; Mrs Montserrat silently indicated it to her mistress as the point of attraction. 'The key of this, please,' asked Mrs Sinclair. Ruth obeyed in silence, and gave it to the policeman, who stretched out his hand for it, as the person authorised to commence the search. The man bent down and opened the box. The moment Ruth's eye fell upon its contents, as they were thus disclosed, she saw that some one had been at it since her hand had last settled the things in their usual neat and orderly arrangement. A muslin collar trimmed with lace, that lay on the top, was crumpled and pushed aside; while some of her dresses were tumbled, and all in more or less confusion. 'Perhaps, miss,' said the policeman, addressing Ruth in a respectful tone, 'you would have the goodness to lift these things out yourself.—Stop!' said he; 'I beg your pardon,' as the housekeeper eagerly bent forward to assist; 'that's not your business.' Ruth complied with the man's desire, but trembled so from head to foot, that she could with difficulty hold the different things as she took out and unfolded them under the policeman's directions. The trunk had been nearly emptied, when the official, who was standing over it, asked: 'What's this, miss?' and he pointed to a small bundle, tied up in a lawn handkerchief, lying in one corner of the box.

'I don't know,' said Ruth, and she took it out herself.

'Why, that's a pocket-handkerchief of mine,' exclaimed Mrs Sinclair. Seizing the little parcel, she hastily untied the knots, and there were the missing articles—the brooch, ring, and gold chain, with the small box, that, on being opened, displayed the drop-chain, the poor girl's purchase for her lover on St Stephen's Day. Mrs Sinclair, with an expression of withering contempt, tossed the latter article back into the now empty trunk. 'I suppose that's the precious concern you were telling me of,' she whispered to the housekeeper.

The unfortunate girl looked round upon the party, who seemed to gaze at her in consternation, with a face blanched to the whiteness of snow.

'I don't know, indeed, how these things came there,' she said, in a voice that sounded as if from the sepulchre. In the policeman's countenance alone was there anything like commiseration; he seemed a gentle, quiet-young man; and he looked at Ruth with a half-surprised, half-pitying expression. Mrs Montserrat never turned towards her at all, and seemed to avoid meeting her eye.

'That will do now,' said Mrs Sinclair, addressing the man; 'I sha'n't go further in this business at present.—You will please remain in your room,' she added, turning her back haughtily upon Ruth as she spoke; 'and I shall let you know my determination in the course of the day.' The whole party then left the apartment, where the poor unhappy governess remained standing, motionless, with eyes fixed and staring, and labouring breath, her hands clasped—an image of mute despair. At last, throwing herself on her bed in the inner room, she began to revolve the events that had taken place. That all was the result of a Satanic conspiracy was certain; but how could she exculpate herself?—where find the clue that would extricate her from this labyrinth of villainy? She knew but little of the world or its ways, and what course to take, which way to turn, she was utterly ignorant. She dreaded, too, that the next step would be to lodge her in jail; and though she clung to the conviction that, no matter who maligned, Ferdinand Munroe would never believe her guilty; yet a shuddering apprehension crept in, that if the stigma of being actually in a prison, even though under a false charge, were attached to her, it might possibly prove a barrier to the realisation of the one earthly hope of her existence. While thus pondering and tossing restlessly to and fro upon her bed, a servant came with a note from Mrs Sinclair; it ran as follows: 'Mrs Sinclair begs to inform Miss Morrison, that it is not her intention to proceed any further in reference to the painful occurrence of this day; but she has to request that Miss Morrison will be good enough to be ready to leave the house in the morning, as Mrs Sinclair does not wish her to have any further connection with the children. A horse and car will be ready, at whatever hour Miss Morrison names, as necessary to take her to any public conveyance she may wish to proceed by.'

'Oh,' thought Ruth, 'if she would but let me stay until Captain Sinclair returns! he could do something for me, I'm sure. I can't think that he'd ever believe me guilty of so dreadful a thing.' She read the note over again. 'I'll try her,' she said—'I'll write to her, and maybe she might consent to this.' Accordingly, with some sensation of relief that even this small hope imparted, Ruth got her desk, and wrote the letter. She implored of Mrs Sinclair to allow her to remain only until the captain came back; she most solemnly assured her of her innocence, and of her utter ignorance as to how the stolen articles found their way into her trunk. She said she had feared before that Mrs Sinclair suspected her about the ten-pound note, and she now enclosed her uncle's letter, which, though it did not specify the exact sum, yet was sufficient to exonerate her from this part of the charge. She readily promised to hold no communication with the children until her character might be cleared, and only asked to remain for this one purpose to be effected; that then she was ready to leave a house where, she added, she had had far more to try her than Mrs Sinclair, she was sure, was ever aware of. When she had finished and sealed up the note, she waited anxiously for some opportunity of conveying it safely to its destination; and just as she was beginning to fear that none would offer, most opportunely Bridget, the housemaid, came in. She almost stole into the room, as if she were afraid that she might be heard. The poor young woman's eyes were red and swollen, and the moment she saw Ruth, her apron was again applied to wipe away the fast-flowing drops. Between her and the governess, a very friendly feeling had always existed. 'Oh, Miss Morrison, Miss Morrison,' she exclaimed, rocking herself as she spoke, 'we're all sorry for you—so sorry, miss! and more betoken, there isn't one of us but knows that you never did the like as they say. 'Tis that woman,' continued the damsel fiercely, but still in a low tone—'she had a hand in it, as sure as I'm living. Lord save us! but she's liker nor any one I ever met to Somebody I wouldn't wish to be afther mentioning.'

'Hush, Bridget,' said Ruth; 'we'll say nothing about her now; I thank you very much, my poor friend, for your kindness;' and she laid her hand gently on the rough arm, which elicited a fresh burst of tears. 'I am glad, too, that you think me innocent, for indeed I am so,' added Ruth sadly.

'Innocent! Oh, miss, who'd ever think that the likes of you would do such a thing! I don't wonder at *that one* saying it; but the mistress!—I'm surprised intirely at her, so I am. And, please the fates! I'll give warning myself before the week is out. I dun no, I'm sure, but I might be the next bird they'd thry to beat out of the bush, bad-luck to them! Patsey Donovan, too, Miss Morrison, isn't going to stay one bit; he'd be sorry to stay, anyways, afther me,' added Bridget, looking down. 'And now, what I want to say to you most, miss, is—you're for the road in the morning, I hear them say, and 'tis Patsey will drive you; so, anything you want at all

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he'll do for you; and if you have any message to send to any one, give it to him, and chick nor child sha'n't know of it.'

Ruth sincerely thanked her well-meaning friend for the good feeling she shewed to her, and then asked her if she would undertake to get her letter into Mrs Sinclair's own hand.

'"Tis I that will,' added Bridget readily. 'You need not doubt me.' And she took the letter, and left the room, but too glad to have any little service that she could perform for Ruth.

A weary time passed, and no reply—no notice of the letter came. A headache, maddening from its severity, succeeded to all the wretched and trying excitement. 'If,' ejaculated the poor harassed creature, more than once—'if I could cry; but oh! my brain is all on fire;' and she bent down her head upon the table before her in agony. No—tears would not come. God's great and gracious outlet for the anguish of oppressed and wounded hearts, may not always rise at the bidding of the afflicted. Late in the day, a verbal message reached her from Mrs Sinclair, to say that she should abide by the determination she had already expressed. 'Nothing for it, then,' said Ruth with a moan, and tottering to her feet, 'but to try and get these things of mine together, while I have any daylight left.' And scarcely conscious what she did, she threw clothes and other things listlessly, as they came first to hand, into her trunk and bag, and collected them all into one place, ready for the morning. There were books and articles of hers, she knew, elsewhere in the house; but she felt utterly indifferent about them or aught else. She resolved, as far as she could form any resolution, that she would make her way to Dublin, and for this purpose catch the morning coach in Newry, and seek a temporary asylum at the house of the friend who had given her a shelter the week before she came to Oaklands. The remainder of the unfortunate ten pounds she placed in her purse, as it was all the ready money she had; and when these few preparations were made, she sat down in the chill and dusky twilight, wishing, oh, how earnestly! that she could that moment lay her beating brow on the same cold pillow where her mother's head was resting, and find alike a shelter and a grave in the old village churchyard near her once-loved home. She was sitting now quite in the dark, for the shadow of the evening had deepened into night, when she heard the door gently opened, and a soft, timid step advance into the room. 'Who is that?' asked Ruth, in a low sad voice. There was no immediate answer, but one deep-drawn sigh, and the figure ran forward and threw itself into Ruth's arms. The whole frame of the child was convulsed with suppressed but violent sobbing as she clung closely to her governess. 'Alice, is this you? my own sweet darling child!' and she bent over the fair silken head, clasping her wildly to her heart. And then that little gentle whisper, scarcely articulate, for the violence of the weeping; and those little tender hands, holding to her so lovingly, smote the sealed fountain of sorrow, and the long pent-up tears rushed forth uncontrollably; and child and teacher remained folded in a close embrace, the frame of each quivering with intense emotion, and neither uttering a single word. At length, Ruth gently disengaging herself, whispered: 'O my beloved little Ailee! I am so glad to have had you with me here once more; but I'm afraid that aunt may be vexed at your coming at all.'

'She does not know that I am here,' gasped the little one, for her sobs still came fast and thick; 'and —and she never told me not to come; it was only Marguerite. But oh, Miss Morrison, sure you're not going away!'

'Hush, Ailee, my darling,' murmured Ruth, as she rocked and soothed her on her lap. 'I must go, it is true; but, my child, listen to me now; I want to say something very particular to you while I have time.'

'What is it?' asked Alice, raising herself on the governess's lap.

'They have said here, Alice, that I was very naughty, did very bad things.'

'I know,' said the little girl interrupting; 'they said you stole;' and she shuddered as she uttered the word. 'But, Miss Morrison, sure I know very well that's a lie; you never did any such thing.'

'No, indeed;' returned Ruth; 'I never did. It is true that things of your aunt's were found in my trunk; but somebody must have put them there, to do me harm, and get me sent away.'

'I think,' said Alice, and she put her mouth very close to Ruth's ear, and whispered very softly—'I think 'twas Marguerite did it.'

'Oh, Alice darling,' hastily responded Ruth, 'we won't accuse any one. I pray God to forgive them, whoever did it. But, my child'—and Ruth did her utmost to steady her voice—'we may never meet again after to-night; I know you won't forget me; but I want you to remember this, that though what happened to-day may never be cleared up, and though you should hear others speak hardly of me, I am altogether innocent of this dreadful charge; and I want you, some time or other, to tell Gerty the same, and give her my love.'

'I will,' whispered Alice. 'Gerty does not believe it either. I think she'd have come with me, if she knew that I was coming; but I slipped away in the dark.'

'Well, darling,' said Ruth, steeling herself for the one last clasp of that loving little hand, and cheered inexpressibly by this touching proof of the child's affection and fidelity, 'it is better that you should get away now again; you might be missed, and they would be angry.' So she put Alice down from her lap, and led her quickly to the door; she dreaded for both any attempt at a farewell. All she ventured on was one long kiss, pressed fervently upon her forehead, as the little one flung her arms once more round her friend's neck, and then in an instant the door was closed upon the retreating form, and she was again alone—again alone, but relieved immensely by the burst of tears that had come at last, and comforted by the assurance given to her of the warm love of that young heart. Refreshment was brought up in the course of the evening by a servant, comparatively strange to Ruth; a new-comer, yet manifesting, without the utterance of a single expression, a deferential respect that implied more forcibly than the strongest asseverations, the conviction entertained that she had been falsely accused. She tried, but in vain, to eat; the attempt almost choked her. She asked the servant to bring her a cup of tea, and of this Bridget was the bearer, from whom she learned that she should leave at half-past six for the coach that she intended to travel by from Newry. 'And never fear, miss,' added the housemaid; 'I'll have you called in time; and I'll have a good cup of tea for you too, before you go.'

Thanking her good-natured friend, she replied: 'Not much danger, Bridget, that I won't be awake myself; I'm not likely to oversleep myself this night;' and she smiled sadly, as she bade the servant good-night. 'I had better,' thought Ruth, 'lie down at all events, I feel so worn out; it will rest me, even if I don't sleep;' and she was just beginning to undress, when her attention was arrested by an altercation loud and sharp, close to her door, which immediately after was forcibly burst open, and Gertrude rushed in, followed by Mrs Montserrat. 'I'll tell your mother, Miss Gertrude, how naughty you are. *Venez*,' she continued—'*venez, tout de suite*;' and she seized the little girl by the arm. Gertrude haughtily flung her off, and hurrying to where Ruth was standing, threw herself into her arms.

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'Good-bye, Miss Morrison,' she exclaimed in a trembling voice that anger alone kept from being broken altogether by other emotions; 'I'll never forget you, nor all your kindness to me. I'm sure that when papa comes back, he'll send for you again; and oh, I hope so much he will!'

'You must come, miss,' cried Mrs Montserrat furiously, and attempting to force Gertrude from the protecting arms that encircled her. 'Your mamma told you this morning that this person here wasn't fit'—— But before she could complete the sentence: 'Silence, woman!' Ruth broke out. 'Don't presume to say what's on your lips. You know, in your inmost soul, who's guilty, and you know well that I am not. I forgive you, and I pity you too. I pity you for your black and cruel heart; and yet more, because there is One who defendeth the fatherless, and who, I warn you, will not leave unavenged the evil you have done to me.—Good-bye, Gerty, darling,' turning to the little girl, and kissing her again and again; 'God bless and keep you, my child.'

With a blanched and quivering face, Gertrude left the room, followed by the housekeeper, who did not utter another syllable, but contented herself with casting a look of fierce contempt upon the speaker, in return for the angry words addressed to her.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Ruth, when once more by herself, 'that I have seen both these dear children again; I feel lightened of half my burden to-night. I wonder if I shall sleep; oh, I am so tired.' And without entirely undressing, that she might be the more ready for the morning, she lay down, drawing some of the bedclothes over her.

BANK-NOTES, FROM THEIR BIRTH TO THEIR DEATH.

THE paper upon which the notes of the Bank of England are printed is manufactured from the whitest and best of linen rags, by one firm at Laverstoke, in Hampshire. It is made in sheets sixteen inches long, and five inches wide, each being designed for the printing of two notes; they are divided in the middle after leaving the press; therefore, every note issued by the Bank of England has three rough or deckle edges, and one smooth edge. The paper and water mark has always been the great difficulty to makers of forged notes. The engraving has been successfully imitated, so much so, that even experts have been deceived by it; but spurious paper has never, up to the present time, stood the test. In the recent robbery of bank-paper from the mills, which caused so much anxiety to the public, the forgers had an opportunity such as they never had before, and, it is to be hoped, never will have again; yet even with this advantage, they were entirely unsuccessful. The paper appears to have been taken from the mills unsized, and the after-sizing was badly done, giving a dirty appearance to the notes: in fact, to those whose duty it is to examine notes all day long, this appearance gave to these notes an uncomfortable, suspicious look.

A quantity of paper, enough for making about 990,000 notes, is forwarded to London once a month; it is delivered to the bank-note paper-office, where it is counted, and then handed to the printing-office. After passing through a machine which prints all but the numbers, dates, and signatures, it is returned to the paper-office; in this transition state it is kept in store; as notes are required, it is again passed through a machine for completion; each sheet is then cut in half, as before stated, making two notes; they are counted, and carefully examined by cashiers, whose duty it is to reject all notes which are indistinctly printed, or are imperfect, for the Old Lady is very particular on this point; tied up in bundles of one hundred notes each, and five of these bundles in one, making a large bundle of five hundred notes.

The average daily manufacture is about thirty-seven thousand notes, or seventy-four bundles of five hundred notes; each bundle weighing one and a half pounds. The number of notes made in a year will be over eleven and a half millions, the paper weighing more than fifteen tons. Books are printed at the bank, with a record of *every note* issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment, is marked off these ledgers on the day following; the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. Should a forged note by any chance be passed, the impostor would assuredly be turned out the following day, on reference to the ledger for posting it.

About thirty-seven thousand notes are presented daily for payment; they are cancelled by having the signature torn away, and two holes, the size of gun-waddings, punched through the amount in the left-hand corner of the note. Every such note is kept at the bank ten years; and the boxes containing these notes, if placed end to end, would reach from the bank to Kew Bridge, or more than nine miles. The authorities take pride in the fact, that should reference to any one of these notes be required, by furnishing the number, date, and amount, in ten minutes it would be placed before you.

Two or three years since, some of my readers, while walking in the vicinity of the bank, may have noticed small flakes like snow descending, and have become sensible of a smell something between that of a smouldering composition candle and burned curl-papers. It was a holocaust to the Old Lady. What they saw and sniffed was all that remained of what had done duty for twenty millions or thereabouts.

The notes are burned once a month, and the practice now is, to place them in a brick furnace, the smoke from which passes through water, thus avoiding all unpleasantness.

The Old Lady has some curiosities in the way of bank-notes. There is a note for one million; a note for L.555, dated 1699, bearing several receipts on the front for part-payment, as at that time payment on account could be taken; a L.25 note, which was in circulation one hundred and eleven years—this amount, at compound interest for the time, would amount to L.6000; a L.1000 note, with which Lord Cochrane paid his fine. Lord Cochrane has given vent to his feelings, by writing on the back of the note as follows: 'My health having suffered from long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of liberty or life, I submit to robbery to save murder, in the hopes of living to bring the delinquents to justice.

Grated Chamber, King's Bench Prison,
July 3, 1815.'

Bank-notes are subject to many mishaps: they are buried, burned, drowned, washed to pieces, and eaten.

Not many years since, a labourer in taking down a hedgerow, came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents, they were found to be bank-notes, the proceeds of a robbery, which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the thieves, being hard pressed by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps taken and hanged for some other crime, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste-paper, and burned. Sailors, who, by the by, appear to have a penchant for pipe-lights worth five pounds apiece, are not the only persons who burn bank-notes; they are *frequently* used to light pipes, candles, gas, &c.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

> For a guinea it will sink,
> But a *one-pound* note will float,

five-pound notes will not.

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Observe that man with the rueful countenance, standing at the window of the Secretary's office; he is exhibiting what appears to be a pellet of paper, such a one as when school-boys we used to jam into our popguns—pellets like unto this one would have made them 'ten-pounders,' for it is a ten-pound note, and has only been sent to the wash in a waistcoat pocket. The small lump will be placed in careful hands, and will be delicately manipulated. If the number and date be decipherable, the note will at once be paid.

A wealthy grazier, on his return from market one day in summer, took out his well-filled pocket-book to count the contents; placing them on the drawing-room-table, which stood between two windows, he was astonished to see a twenty-pound note blown out of the room. He rushed to the window only in time to see the note disappearing down the throat of his daughter's pet-lamb. The animal was killed directly, and the note taken from its stomach, and sent to London, with a statement of the circumstances. It was of course much discoloured; but being 'all there,' the grazier got his twenty pounds.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under one hundred pounds—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But, with notes of one hundred pounds and upwards, a sum equal to the amount lost is invested in consols, in the names of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser; and at the end of the term, the stock is transferred into his name.

It may be fairly said, from the above remarks, that the Old Lady is as liberal as is consistent with safety to herself and protection to the public.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

That animals have souls which are immortal, has been maintained by many writers long before Mr Wood had entered on his present existence. Some of the following anecdotes respecting what some are pleased to call 'brute beasts,' have been related to me by friends, the remainder are derived from my own observations.

The first I shall relate was told me a few days ago by a friend and a man of probity, and proves that a dog may be trained to perform acts which have very much the appearance of being the result of reasoning, and comprehension of the meaning of what is said to him. The friend in question was staying with a clergyman, and, after the cloth was laid, the latter said to a sharp little terrier, who was stretched out comfortably on the rug before the fire, and watching with deep interest the preparations for dinner: 'Billy, get your table-cloth!' The dog ran under the sideboard, brought out a copy of the *Saturday Review*, and spread it on the rug. 'What, Billy, can a dog of your sensibility eat a dinner off a paper which advocates prize-fights; and, perhaps, may encourage next a return to the practice of canine encounters?' If ever a dog protested against an imputation, that dog was Billy. He barked furiously, and seizing the paper in his teeth, he worried it as though he held an unusually strong rat in his mouth. When he had satisfied himself with this amusement, he shot under the sideboard again, and brought out a copy of the *Times*, which he held up to his master with an inquiring look, that seemed to ask: Is there any objection to this? His master shook his head, and said: 'I am afraid its opinion on the subject of church-rates is not quite what it should be.' The dog seemed troubled by some misgiving as to whether it was, under these circumstances, a suitable table-cloth for a clergyman's dog; but, finding his master made no further remark, he proceeded to open it with great care and deliberation. As soon as the mutton was placed on the table, a couple of slices were cut off and put on a plate, and laid on the table-cloth he had spread out. With an eager appetite Billy was about to begin his dinner, when his master said: 'Ah, Billy, Billy, isn't it a sad thing to find the woman who cooked this dinner is a Roman Catholic!' Without a growl or a whine the dog turned away from the food, and retired to the furthest corner of the room, where he lay down with an air of resignation which a human being might have copied with advantage. After a minute or two, his master said: 'Billy, I find I was mistaken about the cook. She is as good a Protestant as ever attended a May meeting.' The joy of the dog at this intimation was expressed in the most emphatic manner, and the eagerness with which he attacked the mutton, was the strongest possible proof of the greatness of his previous self-restraint.

Some years ago, I was living in Hampshire, on the borders of the New Forest. Suddenly, the shopkeepers in the neighbouring towns became aware that a good deal of counterfeit coin was in circulation among them, though they could give no hint where it came from. At last, a man, having the appearance of a small farmer, was detected in the act of trying to pass a bad half-crown. He was detained, and the constable was sent for, who, on his refusing to give his name and address, locked him up. The next day a man arrived from London, bringing with him a placard, issued by the government, stating that a gang of coiners had established themselves in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, and offering a reward of a hundred pounds for their discovery and apprehension. The man in custody was induced by judicious manipulation to give information of the spot where his accomplices were concealed, and to serve as a guide to the constables. On getting within two or three hundred yards of the place where he said they were at work, he refused to go any farther, and as they were too few in number to spare a man to look after him, and any noise would probably disturb the gang, they did not try to force him, but relied on the reward being a sufficient guarantee of his good faith. The constables went cautiously forward; but when they arrived at the spot indicated, they could find no sign of an entrance to a cave such as had been described. In vain they searched, and equally in vain they sought for the coiner who had led them there; he had disappeared, and they naturally concluded he had deceived them. This, however, was not the case. Three days afterwards, a boy who was looking after a herd of pigs, noticed them clustering about some object. He ran to see what it was, and found it was the body of a man, which the pigs had not dared to touch from fear of a nearly-starved mongrel that lay with his paws across the chest of the corpse. The body was identified as that of the coiner, and the terrible condition it was in proved very clearly at whose hands it had suffered. A portion of the dress had been filled with red-hot coals; the head bore traces of having been thrust into the fire; in a word, a glance was sufficient to shew that the wretched man had been subjected to the most cruel tortures. Several labourers and a constable were brought to the place, and as soon as they had recovered from the feeling of horror the spectacle awakened, they took notice of the peculiar actions of the dog. He ran from one man to another, catching hold of his trousers or his smock-frock, and trying to drag him in a particular direction. Neither kicks nor blows deterred the poor animal, and at last it occurred to one man, a little brighter than the rest, that the dog wished to lead them in pursuit of the murderers. Acting on this idea, they followed the dog along a path through the wood till he brought them to the very place which, the constable remembered, the dead coiner had pointed out as the spot where the cave existed in which he and his accomplices carried on

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their operations. The dog ran to a bush, and began tugging at it with all his might. One of the men took hold of it to assist him, when it came away, and disclosed a hole four or five feet deep, which ran in a slanting direction. The dog then began in the same expressive manner to call their attention to a thicket of underwood and ferns, a few feet from this entrance, too dense to be penetrated before a way had been cut with the axes of the woodmen present; but this having been done, a shaft, nearly a yard in diameter, was discovered. Shouts to those within to come forth received no reply, and those without had too vivid a recollection of what they had seen shortly before to descend into the cave. In this difficulty, somebody suggested it would be a good plan to set fire to the dry ferns and underwood, and throw it down the shaft. All this time the dog had shewn a most intelligent interest in what was being done, and when he saw the flaming mass thrust down the hole, he stretched himself close beside it, regardless of the burning sparks which fell on him, and watched the men heap on the fuel with an expression of the most eager interest. No cry or sound was heard to issue from the cave, but when a man took a powder-flask from a boy employed in keeping the birds from a field close by, and threw it down the shaft among the burning embers, cries of agony followed the explosion. The dog, on hearing these, rose, walked deliberately to the hole, and looked down, wagging his tail all the time, as though he perfectly understood and rejoiced in what had happened. Then turning away, he trotted back with drooping head and a most dejected appearance to the dead body of his master.

A most ingenious method of poaching without risk was carried on by a poacher, through the agency of his dog, for a long time before it was discovered. The animal was a rather under-sized spaniel, and was trained by his master to set an iron trap, or gin, as it is sometimes called, by the pressure of its foot. When this trap had been placed in a part of the 'run,' where the gamekeeper was not likely to perceive it, by the poacher, the dog carefully noted the spot; and at dawn every morning, just when the night-watchers were on their way home, and before the head-keeper had come out for his morning walk, he visited each trap in succession, taking out the game where there was any in a way that effectually prevented its making further noise. The act of releasing the captive pheasant or hare, set the trap afresh, and at dusk he made a similar round, though he seldom brought anything home on these occasions. The manner in which the discovery was made of this system of poaching by deputy, was through the habit of early rising practised by a Captain Palmer, who lived on the outskirts of one of the woods visited by the spaniel. Walking through some low furze bushes, his attention was attracted to a hare by its cries; it was evidently caught in a gin, or was attacked by a weasel, or stoat, or some other animal of that species. He was pushing his way between the bushes in the direction whence the sounds issued, and had just caught sight of the hare, when a spaniel rushed in upon it from another direction, seized it by the back of the neck, and putting his paw on the spring of the trap, released the hare, and started off with it at a rate which made pursuit hopeless. The whole thing was over in an instant. The captain was so struck with the proceeding, that instead of telling the keeper, and probably causing the dog to be shot, he contented himself with carrying away the gin, and making inquiries as to the owner of the spaniel. Having discovered it belonged to a man who supplied him with fish and many kinds of vegetables before they could be got from his own garden, he induced him to acknowledge the fact that the dog was in the habit of visiting the traps in the way described, and in obtaining a promise from him that he would discontinue the practice, on condition that he, the captain, did not inform against his dog, which would soon have insured its death. Whether the dog refrained from his evil courses in future, or merely pursued them in another direction, is best known to his master.

The instances of canine sagacity given above, though new, are by no means so wonderful as many that have been elsewhere recorded. The following case of the influence of supernatural terror upon a Newfoundland dog is of quite recent occurrence, and came out in the course of a trial at Thames Police Court of a steward for neglecting his duty. The man went on very well for a time after he came on board; but suddenly disappeared, and it was supposed he had jumped overboard. This was not so, however; he had merely concealed himself, and came out at night to get provisions. On one of these excursions, the dog caught sight of him, and the instant it did so, it dashed up on deck, rushed to the side and sprang into the sea, evidently believing it had seen the steward's ghost.

Anecdotes respecting foxes are universally interesting; there is so much sagacity in their operations, that the very fact of their being hunted should be a stronger claim on our sympathy. One pack of hounds had repeatedly dislodged a fox from a wood, and just as frequently lost him in a particular meadow. Sometimes the scent suddenly failed in one part of the meadow, sometimes in another, but wherever it happened, there was no trace of any hole or place where he could conceal himself. So determined were the huntsmen to catch the animal that had so often foiled them, that meet after meet was fixed at the same spot, and the same wood drawn; the fox always going away at the first sound of the hounds among the underwood, and thus getting a good start, and invariably taking the direction of this meadow; till at last the farmer, to whom the cows feeding in it belonged, complained of their being injured by these frequent alarms. The secret was at last discovered by a boy, who had been sent by the farmer to drive the cows into a corner of the meadow when he saw the 'field' coming. He saw the fox come through the hedge into the meadow, check his speed, look about him, and then rush towards a red cow and spring on its back, holding on so tightly with mouth and legs that the rushing hither and thither of the frightened animal did not shake him off. Similarly, another fox disappeared several times in succession in a rather deep brook, and every effort to get on the scent again was unavailing. It was at last found that he swam to a hole cut through the bank on which the hedge grew, and backed into it; and here he remained, with his nose just above water, till the hounds had been taken away to try their luck at another cover. Another, finding itself in imminent danger of being taken, scrambled into a carriage in which two ladies were seated watching the running of the horses and hounds. As the 'field' was coming straight down upon them, the coachman drove on a little distance from fear that his horses would be frightened by the red coats and the noise. As soon as the vehicle was stopped, the fox, as if aware that it was not a safe refuge for him any longer, sprang out, and ran into a copse so dense that the hounds could only force their way through it with difficulty, and probably emerged from it on the opposite side, and made his escape across the country, for the scent was not recovered. Another fox, when hard pressed, managed to squeeze through a tall, quickset hedge, into a garden belonging to an old lady, where the hounds could not follow, and hid itself in the conservatory. As the lady refused to allow the animal to be taken out, the 'field' were obliged to betake themselves elsewhere, very much to their disgust.

Two more anecdotes, taken from foreign sources, and I shall conclude what I have to say on the subject

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of animal intelligence on the present occasion. In *Le Nord*, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or a steak from the kitchen-table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences. Once this idea had entered her mind, she determined to satisfy herself on the point. The bell rang at the usual time, but instead of answering it, she hid herself in a cupboard. She had hardly done so before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprung on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this felonious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see who it was had trained it to this mode of robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time, when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell-wire, hook her claws in it, give it a furious pull, and then rush away kitchenwards.

The *Patrie* is the authority for the following: At one of the cafés on the boulevards they had a dog, which was a universal favourite. He was accustomed to fetch and carry, and one of his duties was to go with a basket to the baker's shop every morning for the rolls. One morning, the mistress of the café found that a roll was wanting. The same thing occurred the next morning, and the attention of the baker was called to the error. As the deficiency continued, the baker unhesitatingly asserted that it must be the dog that stole it. A waiter was sent to follow the dog from the shop home; but the latter, instead of returning direct, took his way down a by-street, and entered a passage leading to a stable. Here he placed his basket on the ground, drew the cloth aside, and taking out a roll, he approached a closed kennel, from which the nose of another dog was protruding. His imprisoned friend took the roll in a quiet, undemonstrative way, as though it were a thing to which she was accustomed, and the dog picked up his basket, and trotted home. The waiter made some inquiries of the porter, and learned that the animal for whose sake the dog had committed petty larceny, had had maternal duties to perform towards three pups from the day when the first roll was missing. The landlady was so much interested in the matter that she would not allow the dog to be interfered with, and he continued to abstract the roll daily till his friend was in a condition to do without it, when he resumed his former probity.

THE VERDICT AGAINST J. J.

About forty years ago, a sad misfortune happened to J. J.—he was born. He was not aware of it at the time, but it was not long before he began to realise it. His baby-life was a wretched one. His mother 'drank.' His father was by profession a blacksmith, whose only recreation was night-poaching. The impropriety of this nocturnal amusement could never be impressed upon Mr J. senior; bludgeons and but-ends of guns had been used in the humane endeavour to drive the idea into his head; but his skull was unusually strong, and withstood manfully the forcible entry of the idea. Interviews with justices of the peace, and arguments from legal gentlemen, had no more effect upon him; he took his imprisonments with perfect equanimity, as a matter of course; but as soon as he 'got out' he reverted to his old practice. 'Game was game,' was his incontrovertible argument: 'one chap 'ad as much right to it as another,' was his not equally incontrovertible deduction; and 'blowed if they won't preserve butterflies next,' was his ironical but vague conclusion. He was told he would be hanged or transported, and he fully believed what was told him, but he expressed his determination nevertheless to ''ave his bit o' fun as well as the best on 'em,' and to 'eat a bit o' public victuals now and agen, if he died for it;' for nothing could persuade him that game was anything but 'public victuals.' It is hardly necessary, except as a connecting-link in the story, to observe that Mr J. senior's friends soon saw their prophecy fulfilled, and the man who would eat 'public victuals' was made a public example of. The 'jolly blacksmith,' in fact, 'on a shiny night in the season of the year,' got into serious complications with Mr Noman's (of Noware Hall) gamekeepers; and one of the latter was immersed in the water to such an extent that the whole Humane Society could not have brought back to him the requisite amount of animation; the consequence was, he expired; and Mr J. senior put the government to the expense of sending him abroad, and finding him in board, lodging, work, and confinement. Mrs J. was obliged to remove to uncomfortable apartments at the workhouse, where, finding the supply of gin inappreciable, and attainable only by a smuggling process beyond her abilities, she fell a victim to her sufferings, in the thirty-fifth year of her age and the third of her marriage. Her end was (enforced) sobriety.

J. J. became a work'us-boy, and received (with a very ill grace) the education generally awarded to that class of our younger brethren. In this public institution he had the misfortune to quarrel with a comrade when they had each of them forks in their hands; the comrade made a thrust at him with the two-pronged instrument, and missed; whereupon J. J. returned the compliment, but unfortunately took truer aim, and inflicted a ghastly wound; he was naturally set down as the more guilty of the two, was severely chastised, and branded as an embryo ruffian. Now, it is often very difficult in this overpopulated country for a work'us-boy who begins life without the prestige of a convict father, a mother who died of—a deficient supply of—drink, and of having himself nearly killed a playmate with a two-pronged fork, to obtain a boot-cleaning and errand-running situation in a gentleman's establishment. No wonder, then, that young J. J., with his antecedents, had a great deal to bear at the Hon. and Rev. Mr Fitz-Rex's, who had charitably determined to 'give him a chance:' no wonder, that with his naturally sour and irritable temper, which, for its improvement, required soothing rather than aggravating treatment, he resented the language of Mr Thomas—the gentleman who 'led' the kitchen at Mr Fitz-Rex's—whose questions were couched in some such terms as: 'Now then, conwic, where's them boots?' of Mrs Molly the cook, who never omitted an opportunity of saying: 'Git out o' my way, workis, or I'll baste you as well as this 'ere jint;' and of Miss 'melia, the lady's-maid, who deprecated his proximity in the words: 'Don't come anigh *me*, you little murderer—don't.' In fact, his feelings were at last worked upon to such an extent that he emptied a kettle of boiling water upon Mr Thomas's calves, in consequence of which the gentleman was confined to his bed with an additional discomfort in the fact, that he was forced to lie with his face downwards; that he anointed Mrs Molly's rubicund features with a table-spoonful of hot dripping; and that he, in his own parlance, 'gave Miss 'melia one for herself'—the effect of which was that one of the eyes of the recipient was surrounded by a black halo. It followed that J. J. had to be returned to the authorities at the work-house, who found themselves in an awkward dilemma

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between their desire to make J. J.'s life an intolerable burden to him, and their fear of his violent temper. Now, just at this particular juncture, one of those miraculous events took place, upon which, though the world knows nothing about it, depends nearly all the evil and the good whereof the checker-work of life is formed. Mr Noman, of Noware Hall, fell a thinking. It suddenly dawned upon him that you can seldom enforce your extreme rights against an offender without to some extent damaging the innocent—that you can rarely cut your exact pound of flesh without shedding some drops of blood. He reflected that old J.'s was a case in point: it is true he was an intolerable poaching old ruffian; but an infant can't poach, and J. J. was an infant when old J. was transported. He knew the Hon. and Rev. Mr Fitz-Rex, and had heard from him the dreadful story of J. J.'s misconduct. He didn't feel that J. J. had any claim on him; but still he pitied J. J. Besides, he was of a quick temper himself, and found himself half sympathising with the boy's outbursts. He couldn't help confessing to himself that he had had a finger in the pie which J. J. had to swallow; and he determined to make it a little more palatable for him. J. J. was accordingly admitted to Noware Hall in the capacity of 'all sorts,' that is, one who helped the groom and the valet, and everybody, indeed, who wanted help which he could give. And it was astonishing how he improved under 'civil' influences. There were a few ebullitions even against Mr Noman himself, who was, more than necessarily imperious sometimes; but by the time J. J. was twenty (and he had entered Mr Noman's service at fifteen), a mixture of forbearance, encouragement, and restraint on the part of Mr Noman and his household had rendered Miss 'melia's 'young murderer' quite a reasonable and docile being. J. J., moreover, had been gradually promoted to the post of confidential attendant upon Mr Noman (who had dismissed his valet for peculation); always rode out with him, always went on his errands, and when he was not required for anything of the kind, usually worked in the garden. It is not to be supposed that he had lived in a world so obligingly communicative of unpleasant intelligence as our own without receiving a full account of his father's career; but all the different falsehoods had set in the middle of them, like a white camelia in the middle of a bouquet, the one pure truth, that his father had been transported for life on the evidence of Mr Noman and his keepers. He had obtained a copy of a newspaper which corroborated this part of the story: though as for the rest that was told him, it was so contradictory that he hardly knew what to believe.

J. J. was working one day in the garden at that part where the wall was low and looked into the high-road, when he became aware of a weather-beaten face, shaded by a rotten-looking straw-hat, from under which peeped locks of grizzled gray hair. The chin that belonged to the face rested on the wrist of one of two hands which had evidently worn few gloves, and had been freckled by the rays of many a powerful sun; and the hands very aptly finished off two brawny arms which were folded upon the top of the wall. He paused with his right foot upon the right shoulder of the spade-share, and looked up at the weather-beaten face, and opened his mouth and stared agape. He had never seen the face before, to the best of his recollection, but somehow it seemed to him familiar: he fancied that the face was his own, only aged—barbarised. The eyes which were in the face twinkled, and the mouth which made a rent in the face widened and said: 'I say, young man?'

'Well?' rejoined the young man.

'You didn't 'appen to know a young man name o' J. J. did yer?' continued the face: ''e works 'ere, I'm told.'

'That 's me,' said J. J.

'Take a paw,' rejoined the stranger, and one of the freckled hands was extended.

J. J. hesitated a moment, but eventually took a 'paw,' and inquired: 'Who might you be, sir?'

'I 'm G. J.,' said the face; 'and if so be as your father were blacksmith in this place, and met with a misfortune as sent 'im away—I 'm 'im.'

J. J. trembled exceedingly; but he knew it was his father from the likeness he saw.

'I were a "lifer,"' continued the elder, 'but I escaped, and 'ere I am; and if you 're 'alf a plucked un, as a son o' mine should be, you 'll lend us a 'and towards gittin' on. What 's become o' the old 'oman?'

'She died,' said J. J., 'soon after you—you—left.'

'Where did she die, then?' asked the elder carelessly; 'in the work'us, I suppose?'

J. J. nodded assent, and was treated by his father to a volley of unintelligible expletives, the name of Noman alone being distinguishable. At last the senior growled fiercely: 'You won't tell any one you 've seen me any'ow; you wouldn't be such a cur as that, if you won't do anythink towards seein' us on.'

'O no, no, no. But what *can* I do?' asked poor J. J.

'Why, you 've got a better pair o' boots than them, I dessay,' rejoined the elder, shewing a boot over the wall; 'an' a pair o' breeches as aint a bu'stin,' shewing a rent or so in his own corduroys.

'I can manage that for you,' replied J. J.; 'I 'll go and fetch them in a minute; there 'll be nobody here for the rest of the evening.'

Notwithstanding this assuring assertion, the elder dropped down and squatted against the wall, waiting for the return of his son with the articles. This was a matter of but a few minutes. The things were handed over the wall, and the son said gently: 'You 'll find something in the pockets, father; I 've saved a little money, and you 'll find it there. I 've often thought of you by night and day; and I 've fancied you 'd come back again.'

'You 're the right sort,' remarked the senior, with an expletive. 'But what kind o' place 'ave you got with this blackguard?'

'Hush! father; he 's very good to me, whatever he may have been to you in times past.'

'Curse him!' rejoined the elder. 'Is 'e at 'ome now?'

'No,' replied the junior; 'he 's gone to Sneshingham to receive his rents, and I 'm to join him at Allingham to-morrow.'

'What! Allingham down in the fen, you mean—about 'alf-way between 'ere and Sneshingham?'

'Yes.'

'Where does he put up?'

'At Joe Snow's.'

'What! the "Five miles from anywhere," as we used to call it?'

'Yes. Do you know it?'

'I know every inch o' 'ouse and land. And so old Joe 's alive still! It 's a dreary place for travellers.'

'So it is,' observed J. J. thoughtfully; 'but I sleep in a little room leading out of his'——

'And old Joe is an honest chap,' broke in the senior cheerily. 'You 'll be there, I suppose, by this time to-morrow?'

'Yes; I 'm to be there by seven o'clock.'

'It seems a rum start for a gen'l'man for to collect 'is own rents; and then you 'd think 'e 'd put 'em in the bank at Sneshingham.'

'Mr Noman has some strange ways. Besides, how did you know he didn't bank at Sneshingham?'

'I didn't know it till you told me this minute,' laughed the senior; 'but, lor', it don't matter to the likes o' me where 'e banks. Give us a paw, lad; good-night.'

He nodded, and slouched off, leaving his son to

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ponder seriously over the events of the evening. How ought he to act with respect to Mr Noman? He had promised his father that he would tell no one of his return; but he had spoken hurriedly, without thinking. Perhaps Mr Noman might hear of it from some other source, for the returned convict might possibly have been recognised by some in his native village. Mr Noman was a stern man, and would undoubtedly give information to the authorities; and then G. J., if caught, would be hanged—for death was at that time the penalty for his escape. Poor J. J. was in a dilemma; he was determined not to have his father's blood upon his hands, and, at the same time, it was evident from his father's manner that he harboured ill feelings against Mr Noman, and probably meant to be avenged upon him in some way. Ought he not to put Mr Noman on his guard? He would think what course he should pursue as he rode the next day over to Allingham.

What course he determined on was never known.

He arrived at Allingham at the appointed time, performed the duties required of him, supped with old Joe Snow in the bar, where, Joe recollected afterwards, he seemed restless and uneasy, smoked his pipe, and when the bell rung, went up to his little room leading into Mr Noman's. Old Snow remained smoking his pipe in the bar, and was a little alarmed, though not at all astonished (for he knew Mr Noman's temper) to hear, about an hour after J. J. had retired, voices in loud dispute. He listened, and heard Mr Noman distinctly say: 'You'll leave my service to-morrow, then.'

'Very well,' was the sullen answer. 'You'll be sorry for it though.'

Joe laughed to himself as he heard two doors slammed, and pictured to himself the recurrence next morning of a scene he had once or twice witnessed before. J. J. would come down early for Mr Noman's hot water, knock at Mr Noman's door, enter, holding his jug like a herald's wand before him, and say: 'Hot water, sir. Beg pardon, sir; hope no offence.' And then a cheery voice would reply: 'Oh! good morning, J. Offence, man—no! Get my razors out.'

But the next morning came, and there was no appearance of J. J. at half-past six; none at seven; none at eight; none at nine; and more wonderful still, Mr Noman's bell didn't ring. So old Joe mounted to J. J.'s door, and knocked once, twice, thrice; then he tried the handle. The door opened, but the room was empty. The bed was rumpled outside, but that was all; it had evidently not been slept *in*. The window was thrown up as high as it would go, and there, on the moist gravel beneath—for it had rained during the small-hours—were visible marks of nailed boots. J. J. had evidently made off that way. Joe shook his head, and muttered: 'A devil of a temper.' The door of communication, between the two rooms was ajar. Joe knocked, and pushed it open with a 'Beg pardon, sir; it's past'—— The last word died on his lips, his eyes protruded, his cheeks paled, and his knees shook. It mattered nothing to Mr Noman how much it was past any hour. His head lay on the pillow in the attitude of sleep, but in the middle of his throat, from ear to ear, was a huge chasm; his arms lay outside upon the sheet, and close to the fingers of his right hand was the handle of a large clasp-knife.

There was consternation at the 'Five miles from anywhere.' An inquest was held; and a verdict of 'wilful murder' was returned against J. J. The position of the knife was pronounced, on the authority of the medical evidence, a clumsy attempt to suggest suicide. The knife, too, had J. J. upon the handle. Old Joe could speak to the dispute, and to J. J.'s threat; in fact, there was no doubt at all about it. So J. J. was put on trial for his life; and the most singular feature about the whole case was this: the murdered man's money-bag had been rifled, all the gold and silver abstracted, but, oddly enough, only one bank-note; and this very bank-note J. J. got changed on the day after the murder. This was pretty strong evidence against him. But besides all this there were the boot-prints on the gravel, which J. J.'s boots exactly fitted, and the spots of blood found on his shirt-front. It was remarked that when the evidence about the boot-prints was given, the accused turned deadly pale, seemed suddenly to recollect something, muttered a few words to himself, and then, burying his face in his hands, took no further notice of anything until the usual question was put to him, as to any reasons he might have why sentence of death should not be passed on him. He then started up—he had refused the assistance of counsel—and said simply that the only reason he knew was, that he was innocent. He was aware his early life was against his being believed, but the facts were simply these: He had quarrelled with Mr Noman, but he declined to say what about; he had been dismissed his service; and the bank-note was accounted for by the fact, that Mr Noman had paid him on the spot the wages due to him; he had found it impossible to sleep, and had dropped from the window from an angry desire to get away at once: that the boot-prints could not have been his, as he had taken off his boots, lest Mr Noman should hear him; moreover, that the rain had not commenced until after he had been gone about ten minutes, and that though it had been a short rain, it had been a heavy one—quite heavy enough to have washed out the marks of his boots, even if he had worn them; that the blood on his shirt-front was accounted for by bleeding at the nose, to which he was subject when excited; that if he could have saved Mr Noman's life by exposing his own, he would have done it; and that what he most regretted was, the charge of ingratitude which had been made against him.

The learned judge was exceedingly moved, but the prisoner at the bar's bare assertion could not be allowed to outweigh so many circumstantial proofs, and J. J. must die the death.

When the execution was over, from the crowd which had collected to see it emerged a burly, weather-beaten, freckle-handed man, who turned quickly up the nearest alley, passed one freckled hand over the weather-beaten face, and muttered: 'By gum, but 'e was a plucked un: 'e might 'a made it awk'ard about them boots; and old Joe Snow 'ud 'a swore there's very few but 'im and me knows o' the closet under the 'ed o' the bed.' What think you of the verdict? The weather-beaten man, when he lay some years after on the border of the grave, told the parish priest that it should have been 'Not guilty.'

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BEER.

ALL human emotions are mixed—joy with sorrow, pleasure with pain, regret with hope; the soul, thirsting for a draught of unalloyed happiness, gets nothing but half-and-half, and therefore it is with mingled feelings of trustfulness and fear, that I contemplate the great question of Beer. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer facilitated the introduction of French wines, I trembled for my country; but she has withstood the ordeal, and her sinews will not be unstrung, or her backbone weakened, by the substitution of thin Bordeaux for honest malt and hops yet a while. It is well to accommodate one's self to the habits of the country in which one is a sojourner, and therefore wine is not a bad drink for a traveller, *faute de Meux;* but that a nation watered by malt liquor should desert its native element for such a thin and bloodless tap as *vin ordinaire*, at one shilling the bottle, would be as perverse a choosing of the evil, and eschewing the good, as if the Muses were to turn up their noses at the Helicon springs, and have the Styx laid on to Parnassus for their own private drinking. Yes, England has escaped this second blow aimed at her vitals by the misguided statesman who loves, and, for the most part, serves her so well; he led John Bull to the vinegar-cruet, but he could not make him drink. It is well, the fall of the British empire is delayed, but, alas! not, I fear, entirely averted, for the first thrust went home, and the weapon was barbed, and stuck. The future doom of England was sealed when the first packet of Tea was landed on her shores. Before the introduction of that fatal plant, English ladies drank beer for breakfast! Think of that, and weep, patriot.

Alas! the tea-wave has flowed over us, and the consequence is that English ladies have become subject to alloverishness and feelings of sinking, and a tendency never to be well, even when there is nothing particularly the matter with them. They object to taking exercise, and are thoroughly knocked up by a four-mile walk. How, then, are their great-grandsons to maintain our Indian empire, keep the world generally in order, supply the market with blubber, and discover the sources of Niles? What is the use of volunteer movements, colonial cricket-matches, and the publishing of works like *Tom Brown*, if the women of England decline to do their part? I have no wish to be rude or over-warm, but a short time ago I heard some ladies objecting to certain ruddy, healthy, boisterous children as having a vulgar appearance; they had rather see their little ones look delicate, interesting, and genteel! I feel sure that those ladies never drank beer, even at lunch or dinner; the tea had entered into their souls.

Cannot something be done? Are there no spirited and patriotic ladies to get up a Female Muscular Movement? Races with Amazon riders; international croquet-matches; an annual archery-meeting on the Wimbledon scale; anything to promote habits of healthy exercise; the consumption of beer would follow as a matter of course, and England would be saved. I am happy to say, however, that girls are taking to the water as ducks should, and from Richmond to Windsor you may see them handling the oar with much grace and dexterity, on any fine summer evening. I have even seen of late years four oars manned—I mean womaned—entirely by ladies, who were dressed in a regular boating uniform, and my heart has bounded with joy and hope. Would it be going too far to suggest a feminine regatta? Another cheering consideration is, that beer is now generally sold at pastry-cooks', so that ladies who are out shopping, and lunch abroad, are no longer forced to quench their thirst with tea, ginger-pop, a medicated nastiness without a drop of lemon-juice in it called lemonade, or depressing soda-water, but can draw health, strength, and vigour from the fountain of British prosperity.

But, alas! Beer itself has degenerated. The introduction of Pale Ale has proved widely detrimental to the soundness and excellence of the national tap. I do not mean to deny that the bitter beer of Bass, Allsopp, Usher, Aitchison, and others, is a wholesome, invigorating drink; but I affirm that the taste created by them for the flavour of hops, has been taken fearful advantage of by thousands of designing brewers and publicans, who imitate the flavour by poisoning the honest malt with all sorts of medicaments, which create thirst, disorder the stomach, and make the head ache; while there is so little demand for the genuine old or mild ale of one's youth, that I fear me the secret of brewing it is being forgotten. A few years back, I was travelling about Wales, a land in which, from many a former experience, I thought that I was at least safe to get a good glass of ale; but, alas! it was in vain that I visited each well-remembered tap. The broad lake spread before the house,

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the pine-clad mountain rose behind it, and the harper twanged *Jenny Jones* in the hall as of yore; but the beer that I remembered had fled, and the cellars were filled with a nasty mixture of malt and quassia, which clung so to the palate, that the hungry traveller could not tell whether he were eating trout or barbel. London is a happy exception to the rest of Great Britain in this respect, as the cockney still clings to his stout and porter, and this description of malt liquor has in nowise degenerated. And yet the country visitant who has perchance taken a homely ante-theatrical chop at the Cock or the Cheshire Cheese, or a post-theatrical potato at Evans's, and has quaffed the nourishing stout, the refreshing porter, or that happy combination of the two termed 'Cooper,' at either of those establishments, and who naturally wishes that he himself, his wife, and his family, should be daily nourished and comforted by the like elixir, is liable to disappointment, for black beer requires a rapid draught; and if his household be not large enough, or thirsty enough, to consume the eighteen-gallon cask in a fortnight or three weeks, the drink, which was at first so delicious, will become flat and almost disagreeable to the taste.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge, also, are honourable exceptions to the fearfully general rule which I heard enunciated by a wise and experienced omnibus-driver the other day, 'Beer is not what it used to was.' Those seminaries of sound ale and religious knowledge have but coquetted with the bitter heresy, and it is a happy thought for parents, whose sons are completing their education on the banks of the Isis or the Cam, that while their minds are being stored with learning, their bodily powers are expanding, and their constitutions strengthening, under the genial influence of good, wholesome, unadulterated essence of malt and hops. My memory, as in private duty bound, reverts with a pleasing melancholy to the ale of Trinity College, Cambridge, in particular—to the ordinary ale, not the Audit, which is too exquisite for every-day drinking, and ought rather to be reserved for festive occasions. And yet, I have heard from good, nay, I should say the very best authority, that there is at a certain college in Oxford, I think Merton or Balliol, an ale superior even to Trinity Audit in strength and flavour. I should almost fear, though, that it must be a slightly bilious beverage, not to mention the probability of its possessing inebriating qualities of no common order. I believe that the excellence of university beer is mainly owing to certain wise provisions made by far-seeing founders, who felt the national importance of preserving the art of brewing to future generations, and who introduced clauses into the leases of farms belonging to different colleges binding the holders thereof to furnish so much barley or malt to the commonwealth whose tenants they were. And yet there are no statues to these men!

All things may be abused, and even beer may be injurious when taken to excess; for instance, coal-whippers, who drink gallons a day, must, I should think, find their livers deranged occasionally; and draymen, who take less exercise than coal-whippers, and who swallow, perhaps not so much, but a great deal of malt liquor in the course of the day, are said to be mostly in a bad state of health, strong, powerful men as they seem; and though the popular idea, that the scratch of a nail is inevitably fatal to them, is no doubt an exaggeration, I have no doubt but that their blood is often in an evil condition. But nine-tenths of the evils attributed to beer are really owing to the horrible drugs put into it by many landlords. A working-man who has to buy his glass of beer retail at the public-house, does not get a fair chance. I remember coming out of a theatre at about a quarter to eleven one night a year ago, when I wanted to catch an eleven o'clock train, and feeling thirsty, I turned with a friend into a public-house by the way, and had a glass of beer. Only one half-pint glass apiece, on my veracity, and we were as much drugged as if we had taken a dose of laudanum. We had the utmost difficulty in keeping awake in the railway-carriage, and nearly passed the station we wanted to get out at. And the filthy taste left in the mouth, with the feverish thirst experienced when the effect had passed off, fully accounted, to my mind, for half the cases of helpless drunkenness we see in the streets. A gentleman will drink his pint or pint and a half of strong beer for dinner, besides a glass or two of sherry, and not be in the slightest degree affected by it; but what would be the condition of the poor man who swallowed a pint of that stuff myself and my friend poisoned ourselves with that night? This drugging of beer is a fearful iniquity, and one to which the brewers, the very men who ought to protect us in this matter, are often partly responsible for; for, holding as they do so many public-houses, whose landlords are prohibited from selling any other beer than their own, they might surely find some means of insuring its being sold over the counter in the same state as when it left the brewery. That it hardly ever is so, any one who is in the habit of going into sea-side lodgings in the summer and autumn, and trying to get decent beer for his meals from the various inns, will bear witness. For this and all other beer reforms, we appeal humbly to the brewers, for to offend them by parliamentary agitation, or an attempt at competition, would be highly impolitic. It is always a bad plan to shew your teeth when you cannot bite; and who is to shake the great malt monopoly? It is true that capital might be raised, foremen seduced, and the secrets of the trade discovered; but then there is the Water. It is not every spring which can be raised to the dignity of good ale or stout; and though there may be small rivulets here and there from which the country gentleman or farmer may brew a sufficient quantity for the consumption of his household, it is but rarely that suitable water is found in those floods which enable Burton, Romford, &c., to supply a thirsty world. Just think of the quantity of beer consumed annually in the sultry East; why, any one regiment in India would be able to play a winning-game at draw-the-well-dry with the rash speculator who attempted to supply it from a limited fountain. By the by, has the reader ever considered the fact, that our Indian empire is based, not upon the enterprise and genius of individuals, not upon the national tenacity and courage, not upon our command of the sea, or the overland route, all which are but coincident and auxiliary agencies, but upon ale? The French, the Dutch, the Spaniards, have all in turn established themselves in those burning climes, but the English alone have taken root and spread. Why? Because British officers, divining by a wise instinct the only method of repairing the waste by evaporation, which is constantly taking place in northern frames under that burning sun, take *beer*, not wine, with each other at dinner.

I think that I have made a grand discovery, which will be interesting to all true lovers of our national beverage, and that is the origin of the letters X, XX, and XXX, branded upon beer-barrels. I may, however, be in the position of the Swiss shepherd who invented a watch, and who, on repairing to Geneva, big with his discovery for measuring the winged hours, found that a far superior article was not entirely unknown to the world at large. My story, then, may not be new to the reader, or, if so, may not be the true explanation of the magic numbers, but at anyrate here it is.

A German, who had two great hobbies, travelling and wine, was accustomed, when he put up at an inn where he was satisfied in the latter respect, to write the Latin word *Est* (It is) in large letters on the mantel-piece. When he was very much pleased indeed

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with his entertainment, he wrote *Est, Est;* but at a house at Montefiascone, in Italy, where there is some splendid Muscat, he wrote *Est, Est, Est,* and drank himself to death with it. Coulanges records the story, and declares that he himself saw this epitaph, which was put over the deceased toper by his servant:

> Est, Est, Est, et propter Est, Est, Est,
> Dominus meus hic est.

I appeal to any reader of *Notes and Queries*, whether there are not many more far-fetched derivations every week in that publication than that which traces XXX to *Est, Est, Est.*

As to those misguided men who would deprive their fellow-creatures of their modest and sober pint of ale, there is a song applicable to them, the sentiments of which I cannot concur with, as they are as revengeful as the words in which they are expressed are coarse. The chorus is a good one, however, and with the attempt to infuse a more amiable spirit into it, I close the subject:

> For I like a drop of good beer,
> I'm particular fond of beer;
> And I hope we may find
> Him in d better mind,
> Who would rob a poor man of his beer.

OUR MAIL-PACKET SERVICE, PAST AND PRESENT.

MUCH has been written in this *Journal* and elsewhere on the Post-office, that offspring and splendid triumph of civilisation, as Lord Macaulay calls it; but the *mail-packet* system, perhaps the most gigantic branch of the entire establishment, and one which is worked at an enormous yearly cost, has seldom, if ever, been mentioned. Old Pennant said of the insignificant postal sea-service of his day, that 'it indeed giveth wings to the extension of commerce.' How far this is still true, or rather, how much more truthfully the same may be said of our present mail-packet service, the reader will have an opportunity of judging presently. To keep pace with the requirements of our trade and commerce in the distribution of intelligence throughout the globe, is no small task, but it is one which is now regularly and thoroughly accomplished. The work has to be assisted, however, by external aid. Only one foreign line of mail-packets yields a revenue to the country, the great majority being supported by large subsidies from the public exchequer.

For many years, and up to so late as 1860, the entire mail-service was under the control of the Lords of the Admiralty, and the expenses of it were paid by that department. Long previously, however, during great part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this service was managed by the Post-office authorities, just as it is at present. Under the system of the two joint postmasters-general, one of these functionaries attended to the general postal business, and the other took charge of the packets. Some curious accounts survive of the infancy of the postal sea-service, during the former part of last century, when Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Frankland shared its management. In those sad times when war was raging, and French privateers covered every sea, our postmasters-general were anxious, though shrewd and active men. The general orders to the captains of the vessels under their control were such as, under the circumstances, they ought to be: 'You must run while you can, fight when you can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when fighting will no longer avail.' Notwithstanding such an order, and on account of so many mails travelling short of their destination, the postmasters-general resolve to build swift packet-boats that shall escape the enemy; but in their inexperience, they get them built so low in the water, that shortly afterwards, 'we doe find that in blowing weather they take in soe much water that the men are constantly wet through, and can noe ways goe below, being obliged to keep the hatches shut to save the vessel from sinking.' It is clear that better and stronger boats must be built, and stronger boats are built accordingly. To make up for the expense, they order that the freight of passengers shall be raised, though 'recruits and indigent persons shall still have their passage free.' It is noteworthy here that about this time no political refugee seeking an asylum in England is ever hard pressed for a fare on the continental packet-boats, but an entry is made in the agent's letter-book that so and so 'have not wherewithal to pay their charges,' and are sent on their path to liberty without further question.

Every provision is supplied by the authorities in London, and salaries and pensions of all kinds are granted; thus, in one item, a chaplain is appointed for the crew of one of the packets, with a small stipend, 'for doing their offices of births, marriage, and burial.' Pensions for wounds received in the service are granted with nice discrimination of the relative parts of the body. In a letter to their agent at Falmouth, the postmasters-general send a scale of pensions to be granted according to the kind of wound; thus: 'For every arm or leg amputated above the elbow or knee, L.8 per annum; below the arm or knee, twenty nobles. Loss of the sight of one eye must be L.4; of the pupil of the eye, L.5; of the sight of both eyes, L.12; of the pupils of both eyes, L.14; and according to these rules, we *consider also how much also the hurts affect the body*, and make the allowances accordingly.' The duties devolving upon the chief Post-office officials seem not only to have been onerous and heavy—many of their instructions to their agents bearing dates from the middle of the night and other extraordinary hours—but curiously varied. Many of their letters are preserved among the old records in the vaults under the General Post-office, and some of them are quite sad and plaintive in their tone. 'We are concerned,' they say to one agent, 'to find the letters brought by your boat [one from the West Indies] *to be so consumed by the ratts* that we cannot find out to whom they belong.' Another letter to their agent at Harwich is evidently disciplinary, and runs as follows:

'MR EDISBURY—The woman whose complaint we herewith send you, *having given us much trouble upon the same*, we desire you will inquire into the same, and see justice done her, believing she may have had her brandy stole from her by the sailors.—We are your affectionate friends [!], R. C., T. F.'

Fancy such a letter as the above proceeding from officialdom in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-three! In another letter, we find the authorities affectionately scolding an agent because 'he had not provided a sufficiency of pork and beef for the prince' (who this pork-loving prince was, does not appear); in another, because 'he had bought powder at Falmouth that would have been so much cheaper in London.' In other cases, they act as public guardians of morality and loyalty, suspending one because 'he had stirred up a mutiny between a captain and his men, *which was unhandsome conduct in him;*' bringing one Captain Clies to trial, inasmuch as 'he had spoken words reflecting on the royal family, which the postmasters-general *took particular unkind of him*,' and can by no means allow; and reprimanding another captain for 'breaking open the portmanteau of a gentleman-passenger, and spoiling him of a parcel of snuff.' What with all these cares and duties, the postmasters-general of those days could scarcely have had a light time of it.

Three or four thousand pounds sufficed to pay for the entire mail-packet service of a hundred and fifty years ago. It must be remembered, however, that, if

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we except a few continental mails, an occasional packet to the colonies of North America and the West Indies was all that had to be sustained. At that time, the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand were in undisputed possession of those enormous territories; the Dutch were then the sole targets for the arrows of the Kaffirs at the Cape; Warren Hastings and Lord Clive had not yet commenced their careers in the East; China was hermetically sealed to the outer barbarians; while the tide of emigration which has since carried Anglo-Saxon blood and Anglo-Saxon energy into every corner of the globe had not then to any extent set in. For many years past, under the control of the Admiralty, the mail-packet service of this country, traversing every known sea, to keep up a connection with those whom the exigencies of life and commerce have dispersed so widely, have cost the country something like a million pounds sterling *per annum!*

In accordance with the provisions of an act passed in the session of 1859—1860, the general control of the British packet-service was transferred (on the 1st of April 1860) to the Post-office authorities, from whom it ought never to have been taken. It was considered that the postmaster-general, under the Treasury, was the best judge of the requirements of the service, and could best set about reducing the enormous expenditure arising from contracts, which the Lords of the Admiralty, generally from political motives, had entered into. That this judgment was the correct one, three years have amply sufficed to prove. Contracts have been thrown open to public competition; and although many of the companies which had previously done certain services, re-secured them after a competition, it was found that they had only done so by engaging to do the work at a much lower figure—in one or two cases, in fact, for half the amount they had been wont to receive. Another change which the Post-office authorities have made is a radical but a necessary one, and bids fair to make the mail-packet service, at no distant date, self-supporting, so far as the mother-country is concerned. Under the new principle already applied to India and Australia, the British colonies are required to pay *half the cost* of their respective services, the English government paying the remainder. The result in some instances has been an increase in postage-rates, but we hope this will not long be considered necessary. All the packet contracts, as they fall vacant, are advertised fully by the Post-office authorities, and in sufficient time. Printed forms are issued, and intending contractors are required to fill them up; every arrangement being made to secure the efficiency of the work. Nearly all the contracts are now made terminable on twelve months' notice being given by the postmaster-general.

The total number of steam-ships employed in the mail-packet service, exclusive of tenders, &c., is, as we learn from the latest return, *ninety-six*, with an aggregate of 140,000 tons, and of 36,000 horse-power. The largest and most powerful mail-packet in the service is the Cunard paddle-wheel steam-ship *Scotia*, of 3871 tons burden, and 1000 horse-power. It belongs to the contractors for the North American service, Messrs Cunard, Burns, and Maciver. The smallest mail-packet is one belonging to Mr Churchward of Dover, and called the *Vivid*, of 300 tons, and 128 horse-power. It is doubtful, however, whether this packet is, at the moment of writing, in the service, as Mr Churchward, by a recent decision of the House of Commons, loses his contracts for the Dover and Calais, and Dover and Ostend mails, which have been given to the Belgian government.

The mail-packet contracts are divided into those of the Home, and those of the Foreign services. The most important home service is that for carrying the Irish mails, entered into by the City of Dublin Steam-packet Company. They are required to keep four powerful steam-vessels to ply twice a day between Holyhead and Kingstown, for a yearly payment of L.85,900. This contract lasts until 1865. The least important contract in the home service, if we may judge by the terms imposed, is that for the daily conveyance of mails between Greenock and Belfast, entered into by Mr Burns of Glasgow. Mr Burns undertakes to perform this service in all weathers, *free of expense*, and to pay an annual sum of one hundred pounds as penalty for general improper performance of the duty! The home contracts dwindle into insignificance before those of the foreign service. The foreign packets travel over the immense distance of three millions of statute miles each year. As the cost of the whole service is nearly a million pounds annually, the average charge per mile is 6s. 4d. The average speed of the foreign packets is ten miles an hour. The principal contracts are those for the Indian and Chinese mails, entered into by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-navigation Company, and for which the sum of L.253,000 is paid yearly. In this service, packets sail four times a month from Southampton, and other mails are met at Marseille, at the like intervals. A fleet of steamers, of not less than 1100 tons, are engaged for a system of relays established in the Mediterranean, and also between Suez and Bombay, Suez and Calcutta, and Bombay and China. The Australian mails are carried out to Ceylon in the Indian packets, when, on arrival at that point, another fleet of steamers, engaged from the same company on a supplementary contract of L.134,672 a year, carry them between Point de Galle and Sydney. The West Indian are the worst paying of all the foreign mails, costing twice as much as they yield; the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company are paid the enormous sum of L.270,000 a year for their conveyance. The North American mails are carried by Messrs Cunard & Co. for the sum of L.176,340 a year. Eight steam-vessels are employed by this firm, leaving Liverpool once a week, and travelling also between New York and Nassau once a month. The Galway contract is now restored, and will form a supplementary service. Sir Samuel Cunard himself contracts for the Canadian mails, receiving the yearly sum of L.14,700. These supplementary packets sail from Halifax, on the arrival of the Cunard steamers from Europe, to Bermuda and St Thomas, and also to Newfoundland. The Canadian contract costs less than any other on the foreign service.

The most distant point to which English mails are conveyed by the British packet-service is Auckland, New Zealand, about 15,000 statute miles from Southampton. This service is rendered by the Intercolonial Royal Mail-packet Company, with a fleet of four strong steamers, for L.22,000 annually. Of course, this company only performs the journeys between Sydney in New South Wales and Auckland in New Zealand. The nearest point from England is Calais, twenty-six miles from Dover.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary length of some of the journeys of the different mail-packets, the postmaster-general informs us, in his last Report, that except in case of accident, the packets, even when late, arrive within a few hours of their time; sometimes, within a few minutes. As examples of remarkable punctuality, which is now the rule, and not the exception, he gives several instances, from which we select the following: 'The mails for the West Indies and Central America, despatched from Southampton on the seventeenth of September, were delivered at the Danish island of St Thomas, distant more than four thousand miles, at the precise moment at which they were due. On the same voyage, the mails for Jamaica and Demerara, conveyed in each case by a separate branch-packet, were delivered within a few minutes of the time at which they were due; the mails for parts of Central America and for the Pacific were delivered at *Colon*,

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on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, distant 5400 miles, thirty minutes after time, the packet having been detained at sea that precise period by H.M.S. *Orlando;* while the mails for Chili, after having been conveyed with others across the Isthmus of Panama, were delivered at Valparaiso, distant nearly 9000 miles from Southampton, two hours before the appointed time.'

The mail-packets employ a force, including officers, of more than eight thousand men. In addition to these, there is a staff of thirty-three naval officers—all officers of the royal navy, though maintained by the Post-office—employed upon such packets as those for the Cape and the west coast of Africa, and charged with the care and correct delivery of the mails. They are further required to do all they can to guard against delay on the voyage, and to report on all nautical questions affecting in any way the proper efficiency of the service. Other officers, besides, are fixed at different foreign stations, to direct the transfers of mails from packet to packet, or from packets to other modes of conveyance. Then, again, in growing numbers, another class of officers travel in charge of mails, such as the Indian and Australian, and on all the North American packets, who, with a number of sorters, are employed in sorting the mails *during the voyage*, in order to save time and labour in the despatch and receipt of mails at London and Liverpool respectively. There are now twenty-eight of this new class of working mail-officers, who, of course, are substituted for the old class of naval agents. On the less important mail-packets, no naval officer is specially appointed, but the mails are taken in charge by the *commander*.

In past years, few casualties, comparatively, have occurred in this service. The loss of the mail-packet *Violet*, on her journey between Ostend and Dover, in 1856, will be remembered by many. One incident in that melancholy shipwreck deserves mention here, affording a gleam of rich sunshine amid a page of dry though not unimportant matter. Mr Mortleman, the mail-officer in charge of the bags, on seeing that there was no chance for the packet, must have gone down into the hold, and have removed all the cases containing the mail-bags from that part of the vessel; and further, placed them so that when the ship and all in it went down, they might float—a proceeding which ultimately led to the recovery of all the bags, including a case of valuable dispatches. On another occasion, the mail-master of a Canadian packet sacrificed his life, when he might have escaped, by going below to secure the mails intrusted to him. Other cases of a similar devotion to duty have, on several occasions of exposure to imminent danger, distinguished the conduct of these public officers, proving that some of them regard the onerous duties of their position in a somewhat higher light than we find obtains in the ordinary business of life.

During the last year, however, an unprecedentedly large number of shipwrecks are on record, no less than five valuable packets having been totally lost. In the early part of the year, the *Karnak*, belonging to Messrs Cunard and Co., was wrecked in entering Nassau harbour. Shortly after, the *Lima* struck on a reef off Lagarto Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, and went down. The only loss of life occurred in the case of the *Cleopatra*, the third packet which was lost. This last-named vessel, belonging to the African Steam-ship Company, the contractors for the Cape service, was wrecked on Shebar reef, near Sierra Leone, when an officer and four Kroomen were washed from a raft and drowned, in endeavouring to reach the shore. Towards the close of 1862, the *Avon*, belonging to the contractors for the West Indian service, was wrecked at her moorings in the harbour of Colon, New Granada; and lastly, the *Colombo* (conveying the Australian mails from Sydney) shared the same fate on Minicoy Island, four hundred miles from Ceylon. The greatest loss of correspondence was caused by the failure of the last-mentioned packet, though, from the care of the Post-office authorities, and the prompt arrangements of the contractors, the loss was not nearly so great as it might otherwise have been, if the proper appliances had not been ready to hand. The mails were rescued from their ocean-bed, and brought to London, where every effort that skill could devise was made to restore them to their original condition. They were carefully dried, in order that the addresses of the letters and newspapers might be deciphered. When dried, it was requisite that they should be handled most carefully, to prevent them crumbling to pieces; so much so, in fact, that many were unfit to travel out of London without being tied up carefully, gummed, and placed in new envelopes, and re-addressed, providing that the old address could by any means be read or obtained. Notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed, a great number of letters remained, in the words of the Post-office people, '*in a hopeless state of pulp*.' An Australian *carte de visite*, which arrived with the rescued mails from the *Colombo*, and now before us, may have been a gem of art from one of the antipodean 'temples of the sun,' but we have not now the means of judging, as a yellow bit of paper, with an indistinct outline upon it, is all that remains.

RUTH MORRISON.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

With a sudden, uneasy shiver, Ruth Morrison awoke. She felt chilled and unrefreshed, from not having undressed and gone to bed. 'Dear me! it must be morning,' she thought; 'I seem to have slept so long.' She got up quickly, and staggered to the window; it was still pitchy dark—not the faintest gleam from any quarter of the heavens—while heavy rain was falling, with a dull monotonous beat, upon the window-panes. Dreariness inexpressible reigned within and without. 'It may be morning all the while,' said Ruth to herself, 'though it is so dark.' She tried, by feeling the hands of her watch, to learn the hour; but she had forgotten to wind it up the previous evening. 'What shall I do now?' she thought. 'Bridget might easily oversleep herself such dark mornings as these;' and she recoiled from the idea of daylight overtaking her again at Oaklands. Were she really the guilty thing that they tried to make her out, she could not have shrunk more from the notion of meeting, or holding communication with any one in the house or about the place. To get away in the early dusk, before the family were astir, was her first desire; her second, to write fully to Captain Sinclair, and demand a thorough investigation. She remembered, as she stood, dubious and shivering, in the raw bitterness of the night, that a box of matches always lay, for the servant's use, behind the clock on the mantel-piece, in the dining-room. 'If I can creep down there without being heard, I could light my candle, and find out the hour.'

She hastily put on some more of her garments, and wrapped herself in a cloak that she had left, ready for travelling in, at the foot of the bed. Feeling on the table for the candlestick, she stole softly out, standing for a moment in the lobby to listen if any one was moving in the house; and all being silent, she passed gently on down the stairs. The dining-room door was not quite closed, but ajar. She found the fire in the grate still burning, and readily lit her candle by it, without the aid of the matches. When she lifted the light to the timepiece, she found, to her astonishment, that it was but half-past one. Much disappointed by this discovery, she determined to warm herself here, at all events, being

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dreadfully cold; and she shut the door, and stirred up the smouldering coals, until they broke out into a cheerful blaze. When thoroughly heated at the rekindled fire, but feeling altogether sleepless—'I have a great mind,' thought she, 'to stay here until the morning; better than going back now to that cold miserable room above.' Accordingly, she put out the candle, and placed it on a small round table in a little recess near the fireplace, and lay down upon the sofa, covering herself with the cloak. How long Ruth remained thus, losing consciousness in the gradual stealing on of sleep, she was scarcely aware. She had neither heard any one coming into the room, nor had the smallest idea that she was no longer alone, when she was suddenly roused up by hearing voices close to her. The sofa on which Ruth was lying was at one side of the room, not very far from the fireplace; but as its upper arm ran into a shallow niche in the wall, and the cloak with which she was covered was dark in colour, like the hair-seating of her resting-place, she was effectually screened from observation. Looking in the direction from which the voices came, she saw Mrs Montserrat and Marks close by the fire; the former seemed just to have placed a lighted candle upon the chimney-piece, and was standing with her back to Ruth, and between her and the butler.

'What kept you?' inquired Marks; 'I thought you'd never come,' were the first distinct words that Ruth caught.

'Why, I fancied I heard a stir,' replied the other, 'and I kept still as a mouse. I feared,' she added, with a low laugh, 'that it might be the *gouvernante;* but I listened at the door before I came down; and she's quiet, *ma foi*, as a snared rabbit that can't twist an inch.'

'There is no doubt, Marguerite, but you did her business cleverly.'

'Not so cleverly, after all, that I'd like to have ventured on it if *le maître* himself had been at our elbow. But, Joshua, if you had but seen the letter she sent to Madame! Fortunately, I got hold of it in time. I cannot tell what that fool might have done, if it had come into her hands. She enclosed a note from some uncle of hers in it, so I pitched them both into the fire, and sent her back a message of my own from Madame. A great thing to have her clear off, out of our way, I can tell you; I wouldn't have that one here after to-morrow night's little work—no, not for a thousand francs. Demure as she looks, she's deep and dangerous. Bless yourself, you *pauvre homme*, that you haven't her scenting you out; she'd be worse than a detective.'

The man shuddered at the last word. 'Hush! for Heaven's sake, don't talk of those folks just now,' he said. 'But, Marguerite, come to business, my good woman; tell me again exactly what you know of the captain's goings to-morrow.'

'Why, I heard him tell Madame that he would be early in the day in Lisburn, at the Downshire Arms; that he was then going to the Black Swan—a public-house, on the road somewhere near Hillsborough; that he had an appointment there with tenants, and was to receive rents; and that he would pick up the evening mail-car at Banbridge, that carries the cross-post along—I don't know where, but it would drop him, he said, as it passed, at Common Cross. And now mind: "Let Marks," he said, "or one of the men, meet me there at half-past seven, to bring up my bag. But I don't wish it to be known, Maria, what way I am coming"—if I didn't laugh in my sleeve at this—"for the country is not over-quiet, and I shall have a large sum of money that I must bring with me, as I should not be in time to lodge it in the bank."'

'You have it all pat, my jewel,' returned Marks, 'and there never was anything so lucky: let me see;' and he leaned over the fire, upon the chimney-piece, as if reflecting upon the information.

'Well,' exclaimed the housekeeper, half-angrily, after a few moments' silence, 'sure 'tis all plain sailing now.'

'Yes, plain as day,' said the other, looking up. 'I must take care to be the one to meet my brave captain to-morrow night.'

'Leave that to me; but see that you don't bungle the business; *le maître* has his wits about him; remember that.'

'Oh, the thing is simple enough now; trust me, I'll not put my foot in it, with such a fair opportunity. Everything turns out just as we could wish it; doesn't it? But, stop a moment—goodness send he has left *the little persuader* where it always lies, in the drawer here;' and the pair walked across to the large secretary that stood at the opposite side of the room. Marks unlocked it with a key that he took from his pocket, and then there was a sound of different drawers being opened. 'Ah, here it is;' and in a second or two the appalled listener on the sofa heard the peculiar click which told it was a deadly weapon that the man was examining. 'Loaded and all, by jimini! Faith, the fellow little dreamed, when he was last loading this, that, as they say, "he was cutting a rod for his own back."' And a suppressed laugh broke from them both.

'But now,' inquired Mrs Montserrat, 'tell me how you mean to manage. 'Tis safer to settle all here, in the dead of night, with no one to be the wiser, than to be seen talking together when people are about. Don't you think I was right to manage it so?'

'To be sure; you're always right, my dear! Well, when we come together from Common Cross, by the Oak Walk, as he always comes, I'll be behind, as is most respectful; there'll be a little bit of a young moon up, I suspect, light enough for work, and not too light for mischief; and when we get to the lonesomest bit, where the road turns, and the trees are thickest, just by the lake-side, why, then'—and he cocked the pistol with a significant gesture. 'Next I'll send this down to the bottom of the water, where it will tell no tales; and then I'll get at the tin, quick as a weasel would lick the blood of the rat he had throttled, and home like a shot, when do you be at hand to slip all the swag away, and then a story is easily made up of murder and robbery as we were coming home, and the fellow making off. Do you understand?'

'I do,' returned Mrs Montserrat, speaking with deliberation. 'That might answer very well; but we must be prepared for all difficulties. Suppose, now, that he sends you on before him.'

'Well, if he does, sure and 'tis done all the same. 'Tis easy to lie by in the trees there where I say, and to manage it as he comes up.'

'Yes; but you might miss him; or you mightn't do for him outright; and 'tis only dead men, mind, that don't tell. And, Joshua, if you only hit him—if you didn't shoot him dead, he'd be an awful man, I tell you, to have the last bout with.'

'Never you fear,' replied the miscreant; 'I'll put the grappling-irons in him. Let me but get good aim, and he'll not speak many words after; besides, 'tis a simple thing to silence him, once he's down. Then, my hearty, our course is clear; no one will suspect *us*. Just as well, though, as you say, that that unsafe-looking craft, the governess, is off the stocks. They'll be offering rewards, and all that sort of foolery. Missis, most likely, won't be for staying here. Anyways, you and I, after a decent time, when the hubbub settles down a bit, can be off quietly over the water with the needful, my dear' (and here he nudged the woman with his elbow), 'to make us snug in our old age.'

'We may as well, then,' responded the housekeeper, drawing a long breath, 'just sweep off what's here now.'

Then there followed a ransacking of different

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drawers in Captain Sinclair's secretary, a rattling of silver and sovereigns, and the rustle of notes, with occasional remarks and exclamations. During all the preceding conference, Ruth remained perfectly motionless, overwhelmed at this marvellous revelation of villainy, and so absorbed in the thought of the danger hanging over Captain Sinclair's head, that she had not yet even realised what her own position might be, if she were suddenly discovered by the two conspirators. It was only as they were closing the secretary, and evidently preparing to decamp, that this startling thought rushed upon her. She had, now and again, cast a glance upon them as they stood with their backs to her, both at the fireplace and secretary; but except as she did so, she instinctively kept her eyes close shut, as if in sleep; while her very breathing seemed stilled from the attention that she was constrained to give to every syllable they spoke. Now one silent, earnest prayer for safety rose from her throbbing heart, as she felt what she might expect if they found her, with their horrible secret disclosed. Already the butler and housekeeper had reached the door; Mrs Montserrat had her hand upon the lock, and was still saying something to Marks, but either in so much lower a key, or Ruth's extreme agitation as the moment of peril was passing, deadened her hearing. Whatever it was, she did not catch it until the words: 'Restez, restez; give me the key,' when the housekeeper returned quickly across the room. She had not advanced many steps, when, by her stopping suddenly, dropping the key from her hand, and ejaculating in a trembling whisper: 'Mon Dieu!' Ruth *felt*, for she dared not open her eyes, that the dread discovery was made. A dead silence, in which seconds seemed expanded into hours, ensued. At last, Marks, while his teeth chattered in the extreme of alarm, asked: 'What is it? For God's sake, what ails you?'

There was no reply; but the tall figure moved swiftly to the sofa, and Ruth felt the panting breath of her enemy, and knew that the terrible eyes were glaring upon her like those of a beast at bay. Marks stole trembling to her side. '*Mon Dieu, la gouvernante!*' was the quivering ejaculation.

'Is she asleep?' inquired the other, and his ashy lips could scarcely form the words, so great was his fear.

'Asleep or awake, it matters not: whatever brought her here, she sleeps her last to-night;' and the voice that sealed her doom sounded in the ears of the unfortunate listener more like the hiss of a serpent than a human utterance. 'Give me that;' and she stretched out her hand for the pistol that Marks still held.

'Are you mad, woman? A shot in the house at this hour of the night!'

'True—true; you're right. Stay, I know what will do;' and with the same swift noiseless motion, so habitual to her, she passed to the sideboard at the other end of the long apartment, followed by Marks. Ruth cast one despairing glance towards the door, but saw that escape was hopeless in that quarter, as the murderers were now directly between her and it. Mrs Montserrat softly opened a drawer in the sideboard, and, after a brief search, took out a long sharp-pointed steel kept there, and used for sharpening knives. 'Listen to me now,' she said in a fierce commanding whisper, turning to Marks: 'when I give you the signal, do you instantly gag her with this'—and she handed him a handkerchief—'and seize her hands at the same time; I'll manage the rest.'

'Oh, but stop a moment,' remonstrated Marks; 'let us not have more bloodshed than we need. God bless me, 'tis horrible; maybe she's asleep.'

'How can we tell? Remember, she may know enough by this time to hang us both. See, too, man,' she continued; 'better to have her out of the way entirely. If we sink her body to-night in the lake, we'll be far off before it comes up again, and they'll think she made off. Besides, I have more reasons than one for wishing her off my road.'

'I tell you, Marguerite, we had best let her live, if she's asleep; its an awful thing to bring so much blood upon one's self.'

'Do you want, you fool, to have the rope round your neck?' answered the woman, with irritation. 'Besides, I'm not asking you to do the job; I'll do it myself.

'Well, just try first if she's asleep, can't you,' returned the man; and he drew her over towards the sofa again. Every sentence spoken, though hardly above the breath, was distinctly audible to the terrified listener. She lay, hopeless, passive, an almost unbreathing form; an icy horror seemed to pervade her whole frame; with one despairing effort at self-preservation, she remained under the semblance of the deepest sleep, and that was all that she could do; she felt it to be her one sole chance. They both bent over the all but inanimate figure, watching for the quivering of an eyelid, or a flush upon the pale cheek, that might indicate the consciousness of their presence. 'Feel her pulse,' whispered Marks. Most fortunately, she heard him, otherwise, no doubt, a violent start would have betrayed her, when the long, cold, snake-like fingers crept up her hand, and pressed upon the wrist: over its beating, poor Ruth could have exercised no control; and she imputed it only, under Providence, to the still calm of despair, that a wild fluttering there did not at once disclose that her sleep was feigned.

'She certainly is asleep,' muttered Mrs Montserrat.

'Then come here a moment,' earnestly rejoined Marks; and the two slowly retired, putting out the candle, as it seemed to Ruth; and for a considerable time she heard the indistinct murmur at the door, when the sound of its gently closing reached her relieved ear, and she concluded that she was alone and in darkness. Yet still she lay quiet, while now a cold clammy perspiration broke out at every pore; and the lifting of the pressure of the last hour brought back so tumultuous a throbbing to her heart, that it became well-nigh insupportable. She was just about to rise from her recumbent position, when again the door opened, and though there was no light, there was the rustle of a tread on the carpet, and the sound of a hand feeling for something on the floor. It was Mrs Montserrat, seeking for the dropped key. In a few minutes, her search seemed successful; she stood immovable for a brief period, as if to satisfy herself that the sleeper had not awakened; and then went out as silently as she had entered. A considerable time elapsed before the poor creature, who had been subjected to so fearful an ordeal, dared to move either hand or foot. Her excited imagination conjured up a thousand terrific phantoms in the silence and the darkness of that room. Again and again she fancied that she could detect Mrs Montserrat's stealthy step returning, or feel her hot breath; or she was convinced she caught the low whispers renewed beside the door; at last, raising herself into a sitting posture, and peering into the dense gloom, she slipped off the sofa, and groped her way to the fireplace. There was not now a single spark in the grate, so she searched in the usual place for the matches, and lit the candle: it was ten minutes to three by the timepiece before her. Glancing once more with a shudder round the room, she went out into the hall, crouching down like a hunted thing that would flee anywhere for shelter. 'I must,' she thought, 'make my way back to my own room; but I wish I was safe up those stairs.' As rapidly as she could, she hurried on, and with difficulty suppressed the scream that rushed to her lips, as her own elongated shadow fell upon the wall before her at a turn of

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the stairs. After a careful survey of both her own apartments, she locked the outer door, and leaving the candle alight, for she could stay no more in the dark, she threw herself again upon her bed, to try and think over the awful past two hours, and consider what course she should take to provide for Captain Sinclair's safety. A thousand different thoughts and plans whirled through her brain, but one determination was ultimately fixed upon: to see Mrs Sinclair, at all hazards, before leaving the house, and to tell her exactly what she had heard; and if this failed in making the necessary impression—if she were incredulous to so astounding a tale, as, with her prejudices and impressions, she very possibly might be—then, to make her way direct to the captain himself, and put him on his guard. Somewhat calmed when she had thus settled upon a definite course, and retaining no single concern for herself or her distracted affairs, she lay on her side, with her eyes fixed upon the window, looking out into the darkness, and waiting until it was time for her to get up, to see Mrs Sinclair, and then to leave that dreadful house for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ruth lay in a dreamy trance of thought, but not asleep, when a knock aroused her. It was a servant, who called out that it was time to get up, for that the man with the car would be round at the door immediately. She found it no easy task to complete her toilet that morning; pins dropped from her cold and trembling fingers, and in her confusion, she could find nothing she wanted. The unsnuffed candle had nearly burned to the socket, and gave but a flaring uncertain light; and her heart beat tumultuously at the thought of the coming interview with Mrs Sinclair, and apprehensive doubts as to its result. 'I must try, at all events,' she exclaimed, as she finished her dressing at last, and issued from her room with her candle in her hand. She turned up the second short flight of stairs, and advanced towards the door of her late employer's bedchamber; she was in the act of opening it, when Mrs Montserrat, gliding from what quarter Ruth knew not, but pressing in between her and the door, confronted her, with the old sneering and defiant smile wreathing her lips. 'And what does Mademoiselle mean,' she asked in a grating whisper, 'by attempting to disturb Madame at such an hour of the morning as this? Madame, who is so poorly, and in fact extremely ill from all she went through yesterday.'

Ruth, though at the first startled and unstrung, and considerably embarrassed at this unexpected apparition, recovered her self-possession almost immediately. 'I wished so much, Mrs Montserrat, to see Mrs Sinclair,' she replied. 'I wrote to her yesterday, and—and I wanted to speak to her about that letter, for I only got a verbal refusal to it.' Ruth felt, as she was speaking, that the eyes of the woman were literally going through and through her; all she said was at random—the first thing she could think of. 'Maybe,' she added, 'she might relent, and allow me to stay on until Captain Sinclair returns.'

'No use, Mademoiselle—no use. I can't possibly allow Madame to be disturbed.'

'Well, Mrs Montserrat,' rejoined Ruth, growing more determined as she felt the importance of the attempt, 'I must see Mrs Sinclair, and I won't be kept out by any one;' and she made an effort to get by the housekeeper, and force her way into the room.

'Upon my word,' ejaculated Mrs Montserrat, now eyeing her antagonist with a suspicious, alarmed look, 'we 'll take care of that;' and driving Ruth forcibly aside, she quickly and softly turned the key in the door at which they were standing, and deliberately put it into her pocket. 'Come, now, if you please, and raise no more of your disturbances in the house,' she added in an angry voice; and putting her hand rudely upon her shoulder, she compelled Ruth to go down the stairs before her.

Seeing that there was no use in resistance, and judging it safer, for the present, not to awaken any suspicion, she yielded, without further parley, to the housekeeper's violence.

On the stairs, they met Marks coming up; a significant glance passed between the two. 'Bring down her things, will you, at once,' said Mrs Montserrat to her accomplice; adding something in a whisper that Ruth could not hear.

The hall-door was open, and the car already at it; but it was a strange driver—not Patsey, as Bridget had promised. While the housekeeper and Ruth were standing in the outer hall waiting for Marks's return, the former shading the candle from the cold blast with her hand, Bridget suddenly burst open the door leading up from the lower parts of the house, and hastened into the hall with a large bowl of tea and some bread on a plate. 'There, Miss Morrison!' she exclaimed indignantly. 'She wouldn't let me call you,' nodding towards Mrs Montserrat: 'and she wanted to hinder me seeing you at all; but, miss, I have brought you a dhrop of tea and a bit of bread, and, for God's sake, take it before you go out this cold morning; wisha, God help us!' exclaimed the poor sympathising girl; and the ready tears began to gather as she looked upon Ruth, and beheld the scared, white expression of her face, with the dark circles under the large and unnatural-looking eyes.

Mrs Montserrat said nothing, but cast a frowning look upon the housemaid that spoke more than words, and which the other returned with a scornful toss of her head.

'Indeed, Bridget,' said Ruth, 'I am greatly obliged to you, but I could not touch bit or sup;' and her sad hollow voice went to the very heart of the servant.

'Take it, Miss Morrison, darling,' she whispered, 'if it was only to spite her: 'twill do you good; anyways, thry the dhrop of tea.'

She so far yielded as to drink a few drops of the hot liquid, and felt a little warmed and refreshed by it.

'Did you sleep a bit at all last night?' asked the housemaid.

Ruth knew that the woman standing at her side was watching her reply, for she turned instantly as the question was put. Wishing to divert from her mind any lurking suspicion she may have had, she answered: 'Oh, I had one good sleep that refreshed me a great deal, though it was not in bed. I went down to the dining-room to ascertain the hour: I thought it was late, having forgotten to wind my watch, but I found that it was only a little after one; the fire was still burning, and I was so cold that I remained below, and fell asleep on the sofa there for I don't know how long.'

'Poor thing! God help you!' replied Bridget.

Mrs Montserrat appeared relieved and satisfied by this colloquy, for when she passed out to the door with Marks, as he brought down Ruth's luggage, she whispered to him: 'All right; no fear.' They both remained outside, and seemed in earnest conference with the driver, while the things were being settled on the car.

''Tisn't Patsey, after all,' said Bridget: 'that fellow wouldn't let him go.' She had no time for more. Ruth bade her a hearty adieu, when told that all was ready now. Marks and Mrs Montserrat remained watching her from the door, until a turn in the avenue shut out the car from view. One long look she cast back at the place that had been, in one sense, her home for more than a year past. How much of discomfort and trial she had borne during those thirteen months!—not, however, without some

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gleams of sunlight breaking through the dark clouds of recollection. Fondly she thought of the little ones, and with grateful love dwelt upon that last touching farewell. Then came the overwhelming, terrifying remembrance of her protector's danger, and the rest of the weary wretched drive to Newry was wholly occupied in deliberation upon what she should now do, foiled as she had been in her first attempt at saving him. The current of her thoughts was left free from any disturbance by her driver—a gruff, surly man, who never opened his lips during the drive, but occasionally eyed his companion askance across the car from the side he occupied. Of him, however, the poor girl thought little; she was pondering on the best course to pursue, and trying to recall the route she had overheard Captain Sinclair was to take.

'How foolish I was,' she thought, 'to say that I wanted to speak to Mrs Sinclair about the letter, when I remember that wretch said she had intercepted it; sure that alone would have made her keep me out. Reach him I must, at once; yet now I cannot remember one or two places they spoke of. Lisburn I recollect distinctly; he was to be early at the Downshire Arms. But where was he to go from that? Dear—I don't know what ails me! I can remember nothing.'

At no time conversant with the names of many northern towns or places, her brain was completely bewildered. A kind of maddening confusion made her forget the next minute what was clear and distinct to her just before. She kept repeating 'Lisburn' to herself over and over, for fear she might even let go that one clue, and was still endeavouring to call up some more of the forgotten details, when she was startled from her reverie by the driver breaking silence as they were entering the town, by saying, in a rude coarse tone: 'I suppose I've to drive you to the coach-office?'

For a moment or two, she was so confused that she could not answer. 'No, thank you,' she said at last; 'to the hotel, please.'

'Why, sure, you're agoing to Dublin?'

'Yes,' responded Ruth; 'but I am not well enough to go on yet; and I must stop first at the hotel.'

She might in perfect truth have said that, for she was far indeed from being well; she had never felt so utterly unstrung. The morning, though not actually wet, was raw and gloomy. As they drove down the street in Newry leading to the hotel which Ruth had indicated, the shop-boys were taking down shutters from the windows, and stopped to look after the car as it passed. There was the youth yawning at Jenkins the watchmaker's door, whom she remembered so well in the shop the last day she had been there. The flags were damp and sloppy, the streets covered with mud and pools of water from the past wet night. The car drew up at the door of the hotel; a red-haired, unshaved, sleepy-looking waiter in slippers, with a napkin across his arm, sauntered out.

'Going to stop here, miss?'

'Yes, for the present,' said Ruth; 'at least,' as she remembered the driver was behind, probably watching her, 'until I get on to Dublin. Will you have my things brought in?'

'A private sitting-room, miss?' again asked the man.

'No; I sha'n't be here long enough to need it,' was the answer. 'Shew me anywhere for the present.'

Accordingly, the man conducted her down a dark passage, and opened the door of the coffee-room, where she was glad to see a cheerful fire, the comfort of which she sadly needed. As she stood beside the fireplace, and looked from it through the window into the street, she observed her driver and the waiter in close communication, while her luggage was being got off the car.

'I may as well,' she thought, 'give something to that man, uncivil as he seems; he might well expect it this miserable morning.'

She put her hand into her pocket for her purse; in unutterable consternation, she found her pocket empty—no purse was there. Vainly she searched her garments; nothing of the kind had she anywhere about her. What had she done with it? She could only recollect that she had had it the night before, and had reckoned its contents; beyond that, she could recall nothing about purse or money. Very probably, in the distracted turmoil she had been in, she had left it in her own room; but the unwelcome certainty was before her now, that there she was in that strange inn without a penny to pay her way. She sat down, half-stupified from such a fresh accession to her miseries. 'I shall surely go mad,' she moaned, and then the thought of Captain Sinclair recurred, and she started up and drew out her watch to see the hour—it was half-past eight.

'I have this watch, at all events—the poor captain's kind gift; I can get something on it, surely, somewhere;' and then she remembered that there was the chain she bought for Ferdinand in her trunk, and that if she took it back to Mr Jenkins, he would give her, she supposed, as much for it as would enable her to get on to Lisburn. She stepped out into the hall, and called to the waiter to have her trunk brought into the coffee-room. The man was standing at the door, still talking to the driver from Oaklands. Ruth repeated her request, but the waiter only turned and gave her an insolent stare, and resumed his conversation without any further notice. Boiling with indignation, she walked up to him, and asked haughtily: 'Do you mean, sir, to attend to what I have asked you, or must I quit this hotel, and seek for one where I may meet with common civility?'

What the fellow might have responded it is hard to say, if he had not heard a voice calling, of which he evidently stood in some awe.

'Well, miss,' said he hastily, 'what do you want?'

'I want that trunk brought in here at once,' she answered.

Without another word, she was obeyed. After a search through its contents, she found the chain in the very bottom of the box; and locking all up again in tangled confusion, and wrapping up with a bitter sigh the gift she had designed for a far other purpose, she hurriedly left the hotel, and repaired to the watchmaker's. There was no one but the same boy in the shop. He said Mr Jenkins wasn't down yet. Ruth replied she would wait, as she wanted to see him very particularly; and after a while, begged of the lad to ask if his master would soon be down. He returned with a message to say he was coming, yet a full half-hour elapsed before he appeared. When he did come, he evidently was not in the best of humours; he looked as if he was still half asleep. 'Well, miss, what can I do for you?' he asked quickly as he entered the shop. 'You are rather an early customer.'

Ruth, in a few hesitating words, explained her request, offering him the chain.

'O miss,' said the man, looking excessively annoyed, 'you mistake; this is not a pawnbroker's establishment. You'll find one in the next street.'

Ruth again explained that she had lost her purse—that it was a matter of the utmost importance to her to get to Lisburn at once—that all she wanted or cared for was simply what would pay for a car there—and that she'd be sure again gratefully to take back the chain, and repay him the loan.

The watchmaker, with an angry frown, took out the same old cash-box Ruth had seen before from the press, and opening it, reckoned fifteen shillings, and handed it to Ruth. 'I'll oblige you with that,' he said; 'though I must say it is a very strange thing for you to ask it;' and then tossing the chain into the box, he locked it.

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Ruth thanked him, and eagerly seizing the money, hurried from the shop without another word. Once the suggestion occurred, as she pursued her way back to the hotel—would it be better to repair to a magistrate, if she could find one, and tell him all that had happened? Yet then she remembered that the tale of her own suspected guilt should of necessity be disclosed; and 'he 'd never believe me,' she thought; 'he 'd think I was some fraudulent impostor: everybody suspects me.' To get to Lisburn and find Captain Sinclair, seemed to her to be the one and only feasible project. When she returned to the hotel, she found the driver still lingering about the door; she handed him a shilling as she passed, which he took with scarcely an expression of thanks. She dreaded setting out for Lisburn while he was yet on the watch, as she had a kind of undefined apprehension that he was a creature of Marks and Mrs Montserrat—was lurking about now at their instigation, and might, in some unknown way, deter her from prosecuting her journey, if he knew whither she was bound. Time, however, was a matter of too much importance just then, and feeling that no more could be wasted with safety, she resolved to risk everything else, and set out for Lisburn as soon as possible. She rang the bell, and inquired, on the waiter's appearance, if she could see the landlord himself. 'He 's out,' was the laconic reply. 'Well, the landlady?' The man was inclined to be offensively rude and familiar—the result, Ruth surmised, of the conversation between him and the car-driver; he muttered something scarcely intelligible, and holding the door half open, he looked out into the passage.

'I say, Peggy, is missis there?'

'She is. What's wanting?'

'Tell her that a young woman here must see her, she says—her as came a while ago on the car from Oaklands;' and a few words inaudible to Ruth, accompanied with a sneering laugh, followed.

'Oh!' and then a loud shrill voice called out: 'Missis, you 're awanting;' a summons that, in the lapse of a few minutes, brought the landlady herself into the coffee-room. She was a red-faced, bustling-looking woman, from whom, in her present nervous, sensitive mood, Ruth shrank, dreading some further insolent rudeness.

'I beg your pardon,' she began mildly; 'but I was very anxious to see either the landlord himself or you.'

'Well, miss, and what can I do for you?' asked the woman, in a not ungracious tone.

'It is of importance,' continued Ruth, and she looked pleadingly into the landlady's face—'I could not tell you of how much importance, not to myself, but to others, that I should get to Lisburn as fast as ever I can; and I'm afraid if I haven't a quick horse, I shall never be there in time. Can you give me a good horse and car—a really good one? I 'm ready to pay whatever you ask. That 's why I wished to speak to yourself. Indeed, indeed,' she added, and the poor worn-out creature trembled so from nervous anxiety, that she had to grasp the back of the chair at which she was standing for support, 'I don't know what may take place if I don't get on soon.'

'I 'll do what I can for you, my poor thing,' said the woman in a soft motherly manner. 'There, don't take on so;' for the unwonted words of kindness brought up the quickly gathering tears. 'Look, couldn't you send a messenger to Lisburn? I 'll fetch one that 'll do your bidding well, if it 's a matter of so much importance; and do you stay quiet, and rest here a bit.'

'O no, no; thank you a thousand times. Indeed, I must get on, and at once, please;' for she began to feel actual terror now at every instant's delay. 'I suppose,' added Ruth, as the woman was bustling from the room to see about the car, 'I might leave my trunk here for the present?'

'To be sure, to be sure, if you like.' And then she heard the inquiries as to what horses were out, and which of those in was the freshest; and very soon, a covered car was round, into which the good-natured woman herself packed Ruth, saying she would not, on any account, let her drive so far in an open conveyance, and that the charge should be all the same. She insisted likewise on her taking a glass of wine and a biscuit, early as the hour was—to cheer her up, she said—and wouldn't hear of payment; and comforted her with the assurance, that Roger, the horse, and Mat, the driver, were the best-matched pair in the Kilmorey Arms, and would have her in Lisburn 'in less nor no time.'

'Twenty-four miles!' ejaculated Ruth, in consternation, as she was told the distance. 'Oh!' she groaned, 'I shall never catch him; I shall be late, I shall be late.'

It was a quarter to ten as they drove out of Newry, and for the first few miles they appeared to make very good way; then there was a manifest falling-off, a more urgent application of the whip on the part of Mat, and a constantly-diminishing rate of speed on the part of Roger. The car, too, was most uncomfortable in its motion, swaying from side to side, as the horse got into a kind of jog-trot, that produced, in the weary, anxious traveller, pain in her side and uneasy sickness. She sat with her watch in her hand nearly the entire way, calling occasionally through the small window to know if he could manage to get on a little faster; an entreaty that caused an immediate application of the whip, and perhaps a minute's accelerated motion, but no more. Hour by hour sped along that strange load, with more than once a leap of joy to her heart, when she imagined that some small town to which they were approaching was Lisburn, followed by depressing disappointment at learning her mistake. Ultimately, Ruth abandoned all hope of overtaking Captain Sinclair. 'Why had she not adopted some step in Newry? He will be murdered,' she exclaimed in agony, 'and it will be all my fault.' Then she tortured her brain to try and remember what other places she had heard them say he would be in, but she could not recollect; and so the time passed on, until at last the driver called to her through the window that there was Lisburn just right before them; and he pointed to it triumphantly with his whip, as though he had effected a great achievement in getting there at all.

'Where am I to drive to?' he called out again.

'Oh, to the Downshire Arms Hotel; and please, quick.' When they stopped, her tongue was so dry, her mouth so parched, that she could not for a moment articulate the question she so longed to put to the obsequious waiter who came to open the door of the car.

'Is Captain Sinclair here?' she almost gasped.

'Well, ma'am, I rather think he is,' said the man. 'I have been out; but if you please to come in, I 'll inquire.' The mention of the captain's name appeared to elicit still more courtesy from the attendant. No words could convey the thrilling sensation of relief poor Ruth experienced as she heard that her almost abandoned hope might still be realised; and with a firm step, she walked into the sitting-room that the man opened for her.

'I want to see Captain Sinclair at once,' she repeated; 'please see after him without a moment's delay.'

'Yes, ma'am, at once;' and the speaker hastily withdrew. In less than two minutes he returned, and, oh, how long it seemed to Ruth! 'He left this, ma'am, more than two hours ago. I was out, you see,' added the man apologetically. 'I knew he had been here, but I didn't know he was gone.'

Down to her feet the cold chill, the deadly anguish of disappointment ran like ice. 'Oh, what am I to do?' she groaned, putting her hand to her forehead.

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'Very sorry, indeed, ma'am, very sorry,' repeated the man, looking a little disconcerted at the troubled aspect of the figure before him.

'Oh, could you, will you find out at once where Captain Sinclair went?' again implored Ruth.

'Certainly, ma'am, certainly;' and the waiter hurried off upon this second errand.

But Ruth, in her intense desire to ascertain what she wanted, followed him into the hall, where he was questioning Boots on the subject of her inquiry. 'Where did he go to from this? Did he take a car?' she asked, interrupting the other interlocutor.

'He took a car, ma'am; yes, it was a little before twelve; but the captain never tells where he's going, nor what way either. I'm sure none of the men knows: I'll ask the hostler, though, if you wish, ma'am.'

'Do,' said Ruth, but in a despairing voice, and she tottered back to the room like one intoxicated. She had just thrown herself on the nearest chair, when she heard the tread of, it seemed, two people coming down the stairs, and then a quick voice in the hall, that sent the blood like an electric shock careering through her frame. She bounded from her seat, and stood with extended arms to listen again. In an instant, two gentlemen—one elderly, gray-haired, the other, tall and young—passed arm-in-arm, by the window, down the street. One wild cry broke from her: 'Call him, call him! O Ferdy, Ferdy!' and she sank senseless on the floor.

Just at half-past seven o'clock, the evening of the 29th of December, the mail-car from Banbridge drew up at the public-house, or, as the owner would have called it, the inn, at Common Cross, that rejoiced in the sign and title of the Golden Sheaf. A fine painted specimen of ripe corn flourished on the board that swung on one side of the door, while large letters underneath announced that there was entertainment provided, with good beds, for man and beast. This place of resort was well known in the neighbourhood, and the buxom landlady, a widow, fat, fair, and forty, was a universal favourite. Rumour had it, at one time, that the portly personage who had been in close and familiar gossip with her for the last half hour by the brisk fire in her snug little parlour, was a favoured suitor; but upon Mr Marks's advances, the widow had never really smiled. He often took, it is true, 'a draught of her best,' and had an occasional friendly chat with her; but he was no great favourite with the mistress of the Golden Sheaf. She encouraged his visits, for she valued his custom, and greatly enjoyed hearing the odds and ends of news the butler contrived to pick up; but beyond this she went not. Just now, they had had a most comfortable and confidential communication together on the unusual events of the preceding day, when the sound of the mail-car made them both start up, and Marks appeared at the door, with Mrs M'Grath behind him, holding a candle.

Captain Sinclair jumped down—'Oh, is that you, Marks? All well above?'

'All well, sir—all well,' and he touched his hat.

'Here, Mick,' said the captain, handing the driver his gratuity.

'Thank you, captain—thank you, sir,' rejoined the man, in the hearty tone of one who appreciates the donor as well as the gift bestowed.

'Take care: are my traps all here?' he added, as the man was about to drive off. 'Portmanteau, small box, coat, rug, umbrella: yes, all right.'

'Good-night, sir.'—'Good-night;' and the car drove rapidly away.

'Confoundedly cold night it is!' exclaimed the captain.

'Yes, indeed, sir,' responded Marks, and his teeth chattered as he spoke.

'Here, take these things on;' and he threw his coat and rug on the portmanteau that was on the ground. 'I'll warm my feet for a moment at your bright fire, Mrs M'Grath, for I declare I don't think I could get on, I'm so perished;' and he stamped upon the door-step.

'And welcome, captain, welcome,' responded the smiling dame; 'and maybe you'd let me get you a little drop of something warm: a little taste of mulled wine,' she added in a lower tone; ''twould take the chill out of you better than anything else.'

'No, no, thank you, Mrs M'Grath; nothing but three minutes of your fire for my feet, and then I'll be off home.'

'Will you go up, sir, by the Oak Walk, or the avenue?' inquired Marks, who was still standing at the door.

'By the short way, the Oak Walk, to be sure,' responded his master. 'Why, on earth, do you ask?'

'Only,' muttered the man, 'that Corbett's wife, is sick, and I suspect they're all abed by this, and the gates locked.'

'Oh, no matter; I'll go up the other way, of course.'

Upon which Marks shouldered the portmanteau, first carefully adjusting something that he had in his breast-pocket; and throwing the remaining articles upon his other arm, he trudged off down the road. 'Ha!' he whispered to himself, 'how careful he is of that small box; he wouldn't trust me with that; he'll take that himself, if you please. Maybe 'twill change owners sooner than he thinks.' The butler opened a little wicket-gate leading off the high-road, and went rapidly along until he came to the point at the lake where the walk diverged and passed on through the grove: first laying down the portmanteau at one side near the stump of a tree, and wrapping up the rug and cloak, and laying them on it, he put his hand behind his ear and bent forward, to try if he could detect the advancing footsteps; then he looked round carefully, as if measuring the ground and space with his eye. 'A little too dark, but that can't be helped,' he growled, casting an uneasy glance up to the heavens, where dense black clouds almost entirely obscured the slender light of a young moon. Once more gazing about him, and apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he passed stealthily in among the trees, and ensconced himself behind the gnarled trunk of an old oak which, even if it had been lighter, would have sheltered him from detection; then holding the pistol, with a demoniacal grin upon his visage, he cowered down, waiting for his unconscious victim, and muttering now and then: ''Tis infernally cold. I hope that she-devil below there, at the Sheaf, won't keep him half the night.'

SOLDIERS' INSTITUTES.

Society is crying loudly to the Horse Guards and to the War Office to aid in supplying soldiers with some place or other where they may rationally amuse themselves, and also gather a little mental improvement during their spare hours in camp or garrison. As it is, the men, for the most part very uneducated, can find few places except pot-houses, and haunts of a more degrading character, where they can pass their leisure. Regimental and garrison libraries and reading-rooms are gradually being formed with good result; but something more than this is needed. The men, like the rest of us, want to be *entertained;* and unless their tastes in this way are trained upwards, there are plenty of panderers to vicious life who will lead them down.

The *Soldiers' Institute* at Chatham, a self-supporting, non-governmental establishment, is worth knowing in reference to this matter. It is a handsome new building, containing a number of commodious rooms and halls. The library will accommodate about 70 men, the coffee-room, 110, the bagatelle-room, 80, and the lecture-room, 450; thus affording aggregate space for

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710 at one time. The men appear to relish very highly the game of bagatelle; as a consequence of which, three bagatelle-tables have been added to those originally provided. In the matter of open-air recreations, there are four skittle-alleys, two American bowling-alleys, and fives' and racket courts; and some of the men, by a separate arrangement, have the use of a cricket-ground. This establishment is quite, or very nearly, a self-paying one, to which each soldier can belong or not, according to his inclination; and it is certainly better that he should play even at skittles at the Institute, than in the back-yard of a low pot-house.

The management of the whole is so planned as to give the soldiers a voice and an interest in the maintenance of good order. There is a *general* committee of twenty-four members, two-thirds of whom are officers; they meet on the second Saturday in the month, to receive the reports of other committees, and to settle matters generally. There is a *managing* committee, of seven members of the general committee (three to form a quorum), to meet fortnightly; they receive reports from minor committees, and transact such business as will not admit of delay; the secretary and honorary treasurer of the Institute being present. There is a *sub*-committee, which meets on alternate Thursdays, and which consists of one sergeant, one corporal, and two privates, of every corps in the garrison, with the sergeants-major and the schoolmasters as *ex-officio* members. This sub-committee, rather as individuals than as a body, canvass for subscribers to the Institute among the military stationed at Chatham, and try to promote in every way the general success of the scheme, suggesting any arrangements or improvements in the management to their colleagues or the managers. Twelve members of the sub-committee form an *executive* committee, divided into two sections, of which the *finance* committee takes cognizance of everything connected with the monetary transactions of the Institute, such as the ordering, selection, and supervision of the stores and refreshments, the orders for these being countersigned by the secretary of the sub-committee; while the *house* committee investigates complaints, takes notice of the conduct of members when present, has charge of the games, and looks after the attendants. Two members, at least, of the sub-committee are present every evening, to superintend and control. A paid under-secretary and treasurer, receives daily, from the caterer or manager of the refreshment department, all moneys obtained from the sale of articles at the bar, &c.; he hands over the account to the honorary treasurer, who authorises the payment of bills to tradesmen, and wages to attendants, at stated periods. To us, we must confess, it appears that there is somewhat overmuch of committee-organisation here; but it may be found to work well, especially as the soldiers themselves have so large a part in the management.

The rules by which this excellent establishment is governed may be shortly stated. Any one of the soldiers stationed at Chatham (often eight thousand in number) may be a member, at a cost of fourpence per month, payable in advance; soldiers of the Invalid Dépôt to be regarded as honorary members. Members' friends and relatives, who may come from a distance, are invited to avail themselves of the Institute. Books and newspapers may be taken to the barracks to read, if the librarian consents—that is, subject to the due convenience of the library and reading-room. No gambling, and no improper language, are permitted within the place. None of the games permitted at the Institute—chess, draughts, bagatelle, German billiards, racket, fives, &c.—are to be played on Sundays, or books issued; but the Institute is open after dinner-hours. The coffee-room is open at an early hour every week-day in the summer months, to enable the soldiers to have coffee before going to drill; and the Institute is generally open till eleven in the evening, subject to the consent of the military authorities. Refreshments of various kinds are provided at low and fixed prices, denoted on lists hung up near the bar. Tobacco is provided at cost price, and smoking is allowed in the coffee-rooms. One of the rules is framed in an excellent spirit. 'The object of the promoters of the Institute being to provide real comfort, recreation, and amusing instruction for the soldiers of the garrison during their leisure hours, the general committee consider that this can best be attained on the principle of self-government, and by the absence of restraint in dress and in everything else, as far as is consistent with good order.' There is a judicious and quite legitimate mode adopted for advertising the advantages of the Institute, arising from the fact, that all the men in the Invalid Dépôt—larger at Chatham than in any other part of the kingdom—are honorary members. Six thousand soldiers, from every corps in the service, have been known to pass through that establishment in one year; and these men, when they go to their own homes, are found to be effective circulars for announcing what is now being done for the comfort and recreation of their companions-in-arms. Many a rough soldier is glad to be able to say that there is such a place, where he can obtain rational and cheap amusement.

It is really an important matter to decide at how low a price good provisions and beverages can be provided, and still leave a profit to the seller, or, at anyrate, hold him harmless against loss. The Working-men's Dining-rooms, at Glasgow and elsewhere, have brought this subject under public notice in reference to hard-handed civilians generally; and, in a smaller degree, the Soldiers' Institute at Chatham may be made illustrative of the same matter. We say in a smaller degree, because most of the soldier-members dine together at mess in their barracks, and therefore only light refreshments—from which malt liquors and spirits are excluded—are provided at the Institute bar. Let us see how the pence and halfpence are made the best of, by those who spend some of their leisure time in this admirable place, and want a little refreshment out of their small pay. A cup of coffee or tea, 1d.; small do., ½d.; small loaf, 1d.; ham per ounce, 1d.; bacon per rasher, 1d.; German sausage per slice, 1d.; collared beef per slice, 1½d.; sausage, 1d.; herring, 1d.; egg, fried or boiled, 1d.; meat-pie, 1d.; biscuit, ½d.; pastry, 1d.; butter per ounce, 1d.; cheese per ounce, ½d.; ginger-beer, 1d.; lemonade, 2d.; tobacco, per screw, with clay-pipe, 1d. Those who are familiar with the prices of provisions will see that a small profit is realisable out of such items as the above, when served in considerable number. The humbler kind of coffee-shops in London charge a little more than this for provisions decidedly inferior in quality: and as for a halfpenny cup of coffee or tea, we have never heard of such a thing in the metropolis. One part of the arrangement may seem strange to some persons—the permission to smoke in the coffee-room; but the truth is, a soldier regards his pipe as an almost indispensable aid to his comfort in leisure hours; and if the Institute did not offer him a smoking-room, he probably would not subscribe to it. The difference is, that here he 'moistens his clay' with coffee; whereas, in a public-house or beer-shop, he muddles his brain with a mixture which goes by the name of beer, but which has been so 'doctored' that the original brewer would hardly know it again. All that is served at the bar or kitchen of the Institute is good of its kind, as well as cheap.

The building, it is agreed on all hands, cost a higher sum than ought to have been incurred. As often happens in similar cases, those who laid the plans and gave the order did not duly count the cost, or calculate on the full means for disbursement. The building is really a handsome one, in a

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public road in the very midst of the government establishments. It comprises, as we have said or implied, coffee-rooms, bar-room, library, bagatelle-room, lecture-room, kitchen, store-rooms, committee-room, attendants' rooms, &c.; while in the court-yard behind is provision for several kinds of open-air games. The whole fabric cost more than five thousand pounds. The War-office contributed two thousand pounds, with an implied obligation that the Institute should pay interest on this amount. The officers at Chatham, and other well-wishers elsewhere, supplied something more than an equivalent sum; but the expense was many hundred pounds in excess of these contributions; and the barrack-master at Chatham, who is honorary secretary, and who has from the first taken a warm interest in the welfare of the establishment, is anxious to see the time when he will be relieved from a certain amount of individual responsibility that rests upon him in this matter. No one expects that the Institute will do more than pay its current expenses, for if a soldier were called upon to pay more than a penny-a-week subscription, few would subscribe; and even with many hundred subscribers, it is difficult to make the Institute pay. But it *does* pay, and this confirms in a gratifying manner the anticipations of the founders. In the operations since the opening in July 1862, the *House* Fund (subscriptions set against general expenses), the *Bar* Fund (retail prices for refreshments set against cost prices), and the *Entertainment* Fund (admission to concerts, &c., in the lecture-room, set against the expenses)—all have yielded a small surplus of profit. In the first half-year, this little surplus was eighty pounds, after paying interest on the government two thousand pounds.

There is one officer in the Queen's service, Captain Pilkington Jackson of the Royal Artillery, who deserves especial mention, because he first shewed that such Institutes might be made nearly, if not quite, self-supporting. Being at Gibraltar in 1859, and observant of the evils to which soldiers are subjected in their leisure hours, he established three 'Soldiers' Homes,' situated near three groups of barracks. He rented houses for the purpose, and laid down a code of rules similar in most points to those we have described at Chatham. Light refreshments at cheap rates, newspapers, books, periodicals, apparatus for various games, lectures given by some of the officers, &c., were provided for the members. Captain Jackson incurred a responsibility of more than a thousand pounds in furnishings and supplies, which could not fairly be looked for out of the profits. In October 1862, after three years' trial, it was found that seventeen hundred soldiers subscribed to the Home, at fourpence per month. The debt due to the benevolent founder of the club had been repaid; five hundred pounds by the government, and an equal amount by subscriptions among the officers. The current expenses were *nearly* paid by the subscriptions of the soldiers, and the small deficiency was made up by the officers.

A proposal for the establishment of something equivalent to a Soldiers' Institute in the large camp at Aldershott affords a good example of the art 'how not to do it.' His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, and the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for War, have been throwing paper pellets at each other for two years on this subject. In July 1861, the War Minister sent Captain Jackson to Aldershott 'to make himself acquainted with the requirements of the troops in camp as to a Soldiers' Institute,' and to report on the best mode of establishing and conducting such a place. Captain Jackson was engaged two months in his researches; and at the end of that time, in a Report to the War Minister, he drew a terrible picture of the state of immorality brought about in the town of Aldershott by the presence of the troops. Panderers to vice of every kind thronged the village, ruining the health, bodily and moral, of the soldiers, and fleecing them of the small remnant of their pay. There were (besides eighteen canteens or beer-rooms in the camp, kept under strict military control) twenty-five public-houses and forty-seven beer-houses, so conducted as to lead to much worse consequences than mere drinking. The inhabitants, in resolutions afterwards passed at a public meeting, indignantly protested against the sweeping terms in which Captain Jackson had made his accusation; but testimony from other quarters afforded only too much ground for believing that he was right. Aldershott—not the little old agricultural village, but the garish town of new houses—is built within a stone's throw of the permanent barracks which the government have, unfortunately, built close to the margin of the government property, insomuch that the seventy or eighty public-houses and beer-shops, although so close to the barracks, are beyond the reach of military control. The soldiers have scarcely any places to go to in the intervals of duty but such as would do them and teach them more harm than good. Captain Jackson said: 'I have calculated that about two-thirds of the troops quartered at Aldershott have, on an average, five hours of leisure daily, which calculation would give nearly fifty thousand hours daily of time to be occupied for good or evil.'

Captain Jackson strongly recommended the establishment of a Soldiers' Home or Institute at Aldershott; he pointed out where it should be, and sketched a plan for its arrangement. A building large enough for a thousand men; a library and reading-room for five hundred men, with shelves of books and comfortable seats for readers; a writing-room for twenty men; a billiard-room with six full-sized tables; a museum fifty feet square, with objects of interest in glass cases round the walls; three rooms for chess, draughts, and similar games; two workshops, fitted with carpenters' benches, &c.; a refreshment-room about forty feet square, with small kitchen attached; store-rooms and offices of various kinds; a large lecture-hall, for two thousand persons, apart from, but in connection with, the principal building; and a piece of open ground for quoits, bowls, skittles—such were his recommendations. This being the main establishment, four branch Institutes were suggested, in various parts of the camp, consisting of iron or wooden buildings already existing. Supposing such place or places to be provided and duly furnished, the following would be a summary of the rules to observe: No intoxicating drinks sold, no gambling permitted, no public discussions on subjects likely to lead to wrangling; a monthly subscription of twopence from every soldier-member; besides simple beverages, the Institute to keep for sale bread, butter, cheese, cakes, biscuits, fruit, tobacco, cigars, pipes, note-paper, envelopes, postage-stamps, and other little articles conducive to the comfort of the men; the Institute to be open from eleven in the forenoon till 'roll-call;' books and newspapers to be so selected as to meet the tastes of as large a number as possible; the books to be supplied from the garrison library without charge, changed periodically, and accounted for by the trustees;* members to be allowed to introduce relations and friends into the refreshment-room—for, otherwise, a soldier would have no place to take a visitor to, except a beer-shop). Captain Jackson proposed that there should be a Board of Trustees, appointed by the government; a Board of Management, consisting of the trustees, and of one officer from every regiment or corps in the camp; and

* Some years ago, we had an opportunity of examining a catalogue of the books forming garrison libraries, and we are bound to say, though we say it with regret, that the selection appeared almost as bad as possible.—Ed.

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an Executive Committee, to consist of a certain number of non-commissioned officers and privates, depending partly on the number of corps in camp, and partly on the number of men from each corps that subscribe to the Institute.

There is at Aldershott an iron club-house, on the west of the South Camp; after twice failing as an officers' club, it was offered for sale; and Captain Jackson, deeming it well suited for a (temporary) Soldiers' Institute, recommended that it, with its furniture, should be rented for one year, with liberty from the government afterwards to purchase it at a valuation. This house became a bone of contention. Early in 1862, General Pennefather, military commander of the camp, endorsed Captain Jackson's recommendations, in a way that we will state thus—the general recommended the Commander-in-chief to recommend the War Minister to recommend the captain's recommendations to the House of Commons!—a process which, we trust, will be clear to the reader. In October (1862), the much-talked of iron house being still unused, the officers begged the loan of it for the winter six months, and obtained it. The winter over, they begged for its use a little longer; and at this present day, when not required for Colonel Crawley's court-martial, the iron house is used as an officers' reception and entertainment room, for friends and visitors, as a loan from the War Minister. This last-named functionary, in the spring of the present year, said he would decide on two Institutes, one in the North Camp, and one in the South, but without using the iron club-house.

And so, after two years' writing and talking, we have *not* got a Soldiers' Institute at Aldershott, whatever we may have by and by.

GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

ANTHROPOPHAGY.

Of all the heroes of moderate antiquity, perhaps the one who interests most the youthful imagination male is Mr Sawney Beane. Among all the biographies in that delightful volume, *The Lives of Highwaymen and Robbers*, his little memoir has easily the pre-eminence; there is nothing like it anywhere else; its simple truculency is Homeric; nor is there a *souppon* of domestic economy wanting such as befits the northern origin of the principal actor in the drama in question. He not only murdered those he robbed; he not only ate those he murdered; but when the supply was excessive, he salted the surplus. The operation of pickling seems to have been unknown to him, and it is observable that his countrymen kipper their salmon to this day, rather than use the far preferable method of preservation adopted in England. The incidents of his life, which, I own, are open to much reprobation, happened so long ago, and so far away, that it is impossible to feel violent abhorrence at his conduct. We can review his proceedings now without undue prejudice, which we could scarcely have done had we been his neighbours or contemporaries. If he or his ever made a meal upon ancestor of ours, the relationship is too distant to excite personal rancour; let bygones be bygones; his story may excite in us some indignation upon public grounds, but no degree of malice. The thing that strikes us most in the man is his singular taste—not, indeed, in decoration, for his home was a mere cave, and all his carving was done at table—but in making *plats* out of his fellow-creatures. He was not, in the first instance, obliged to do so by necessity; when his family increased in the patriarchal fashion we read of, it became imperative; but upon starting in the marauding line, beef and mutton were as accessible to him as to any of us with other people's money in our pocket. Yet he began with cooking all he killed; in every fellow-creature he beheld 'meat, drink, and clothing'—all the necessaries of life. He may be considered the great originator of the self-supporting system, of which we now a days hear so much. His plan was indeed perfect, including as it did food, plunder, and an absolute impunity for his offences. Dead men tell no tales, and far less when salted. His scheme, otherwise a complete optimism, failed, however, through one of his intended victims escaping his clutches. He ran away, and 'tittle-tattled,' as the children say, and the consequence was that Mr S. Beane and family were removed from the sea-coast, under a fitting escort, into the neighbouring town, and there put to death. His establishment was brought to the hammer, but it was found impossible to dispose of the salted provisions.

Exceptional, however, as was Mr Beane's particular predilection, it is by no means unparalleled. Not only are there several savage nations who devour their foes, and even their nearest relatives, whenever they seem likely to be a burden to them; but in civilised life, ever and anon, have appeared eccentric persons with the like idiosyncrasy. You may turn the cold shoulder to them, but that is exactly what they want, and consider excellent eating. It is fair to state, however, that the *penchant* is always an acquired taste. Even a baby, plump, yet delicate, healthy, yet unmottled, would never entice a man into cannibalism for the first time. I attach no importance to the impulse that prompts certain of the lower orders, and particularly among the Irish, to bite one another's noses off, whenever any misunderstanding takes place; the defence now and then set up by these persons is sometimes, it is true, that 'they could not help it,' 'they could not *resist* it,' &c.; but they do not mean that the morsel was so tempting in an epicurean sense, but only that it lay so convenient. No. Necessity first compels people to anthropophagy (a dreadful word even to spell), and then Use, or, as it is sometimes called, Second Nature, not only reconciles but endears the practice.

The cause which creates this necessity is almost always famine by shipwreck. It is remarkable that in very rare cases indeed is such a course determined upon except at sea. When cast upon an uninhabited and desert island, the same horrible alternative to starvation does not seem to occur to men as when they form part of a boat's crew. The sea-air, perhaps, creates a more violent and active hunger; or, it is possible that which men shrink from with loathing on their natural home the earth, does not appear so abhorrent and abnormal to them when tossed forlorn in an open boat upon the desolate rainy seas. In the very remarkable narrative of Ensign Prenties of the 84th Regiment, shipwrecked on the island of Cape Breton in 1780, this difference is strongly exemplified. Himself and his companions endured unheard-of hardships upon that barren spot. Their provisions, scanty enough at first, were lavishly used up in secret by the selfish ship's captain, until nothing was left them but onions (which had formed part of the cargo) and kelp. Prenties then proposed that they *should* endeavour to repair their boat, which had 'started' in several places, and coast round the island: these repairs were effected by putting oakum into the cracks and throwing water upon it, which presently congealed in the intense cold. In this frail vessel they actually ventured to embark, although, when it thawed, which happened more than once, the oakum fell out, and the crew were well-nigh swamped. All the food they found in this perilous voyage was *but* three quarts of cranberries and hips, and a few wild rose-buds, obtained by shovelling away the snow on the shore.

They were not worse off than they had been before, yet they began to look askance at the captain, and reflect how abominably he had behaved in the matter of their provision, and especially how plump it had made him. Then they returned to the spot from

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which they had begun their fruitless expedition, and dismissed the horrid thought from their minds. A few tallow-candles, with which the poor wretches flavoured their kelp-weed soup, were still remaining to them, and they eked these out as far as they could. Their clothes were almost entirely burned off from crowding close to their wood-fire, their limbs swollen to a prodigious bulk, and their eyes almost invisible from the effects of this miserable fare, but still the touch of Earth seemed to have re-awakened their natural prejudices against man-eating. No sooner, however, was a second voyage determined upon, and the famished crew embarked, than the mate suggested that casting lots (as though that plan must have occurred to everybody) for who should be sacrificed to save the rest, was in their case unnecessary, for that the captain was clearly the right person to be cooked, not only for the reasons above mentioned, but because he was sinking more rapidly than the others. Death was therefore of less consequence to him, and, moreover, there was no time to lose; a few hours more or less was, to his friends and expectant guests, as they might be called, of the utmost importance: it was not to be supposed that they were going to eat a gentleman who had died a natural death. These considerations, reasonable as they were, did not strike the captain himself with the same force with which they occurred to the crew, and it is doubtful whether a man so essentially selfish as he had proved himself to be, would ever have acknowledged their justice. His companions were, however, released from the disagreeable necessity of enforcing their views by the appearance of a canoe manned by Indian hunters, who conveyed them to their own settlement, where the poor fellows were sumptuously maintained upon smoked venison and train-oil. Captain D——, however, had a very narrow escape, and so also had his men, for he had fallen out with them too much while alive, to give any expectation that he would have agreed with them had the mate's suggestion been carried out.

Mr Matthew Cox, the original projector of the attempt to raise the *Royal George*, sunk at Spithead, experienced the strangest adventures. In 1759, the vessel in which he was voyaging from St Christopher to Jamaica was captured by a French privateer under circumstances of great atrocity. The crew, although they had surrendered, were literally cut to pieces, except one or two, including our narrator, who were put ashore at Aux Cayes, and there imprisoned. From this place, Mr Cox resolved to attempt his escape in concert with the ship's cook, a negro, who had been pressed into the French service. He had managed to procure a barge with six oars, masts, and sails, but no compass. A surgeon and mate of a Guineaman, also prisoners, shared this enterprise. They had bread, cheese, raisins, and water sufficient for fourteen days at short allowance. Passing the guard-house, however, a boy who was carrying these provisions was detained by the sentry, so that they had no stores whatever. They themselves got safe down to the shore at night, however, and lay concealed, while the negro went to buy a pound of bread, which cost three shillings. They then took a small boat and put off with one oar to the barge; when they came alongside her, they found that the masts, sails, and oars had all been taken out, as though on purpose to defeat their scheme of escape. To go back would be to endure lingering tortures, while to proceed was to put to sea in a mere cock-boat, which might well be termed their coffin, with less than nine feet keel. Taking the backboards out of the barge, of which they afterwards made paddles, they put off, and got under the stern of a large Dutchman, whereby a boat sent in pursuit went ahead of them, and by the dashing of its oars, actually afforded them a guide out of the harbour. By four o'clock in the morning, with their one oar and two boards, they had got eighteen miles. They then ventured in-shore, and hauled their boat up; but the mosquitoes and sandflies were in such swarms that the poor fellows could hardly live—the skin of their heads peeled completely off. Still, out of a small tree they constructed a mast, and from the bark of a maple made ropes and twine. 'As soon as we had completed a stout rope, we launched our boat, and of our shirts made two sails; fortunately, I had two sail-needles in my pocket, which assisted us much; with the bodies, we made a mainsail, and with the sleeves, a foresail; besides, we having each of us a good knife, made our work the easier.' Nothing can exceed the fortitude of these men, or their determination at all hazards not to be retaken. A boat, with eight hands in her, comes in pursuit, and since escape is hopeless, these four cause their little vessel to stand towards her, resolved at least to make the most of their knives. The aspect of them, maddened by despair, is such, that their enemies put about and seek the land with all sail they can make. After this, the elements only molest them. They stick up a knife, the sheath of which they steer by as by the stars at night. One steers, and one keeps bailing out the water they are continually shipping; the other two are obliged to lie at the bottom instead of ballast. On the third day, only half their bread remains, and thirty-two raisins out of a little store Mr Cox had in his pocket. They tie their handkerchiefs around them tightly, that the vacuum which nature abhors may not be so distinctly felt, but the pangs of hunger already gnaw them. However, on the fourth morning they perceive Jamaica, only a few miles away, and make a hearty meal upon the remainder of the bread, which has become green, being saturated with the waves. They finish, too, their little stock of fresh water, for what matters, now that land and liberty are in sight. Then, alas, what appeared to be land turns out to be a fog-bank!

'It is impossible for pen to write or tongue to tell our grief at this discovery.' Then the winds and waves arise, and the sails are torn, and have to be made up again out of pocket-handkerchiefs. 'And yet I believe none of us thought of the danger we were in, in so small a boat, with so great a sea.' Death by starvation was the fate they feared; and on the sixth day the three white men determined to kill the negro for their sustenance. Can anything more terrible be conceived than this necessity which set honest and brave men to think of killing their companion, who had served them well and faithfully? The black man, however, who had lived better than the prisoners while on shore, was not to be easily overcome, and being suspicious of their intentions, he contrived to get possession of three out of the four knives, and threw them overboard. Then in their turn they began to be afraid of the negro, and would not permit him to come up among them to steer. Mr Cox had two musket-balls, the chewing of which relieved his excessive thirst a little; one of these he kept always in his mouth, the other he had the misfortune to swallow while asleep. But nothing could keep off hunger. The floating gulf-weed afforded them scarcely any nourishment, and only once did they touch what can be called food. A bird called a noddy, after flying round them several times, and torturing them with apprehensions of its escape, at length settled in Mr Cox's bosom. 'I had hardly patience to kill it, but put its head in my mouth, and kept picking it while I sucked its blood; I then gave it to the doctor to divide, which he performed very justly, each man's share being about three-quarters of an ounce. The head of this bird I sucked for nearly four hours. Surely such a sudden alteration was never known in four human creatures; we considered ourselves as strong now as on the day we set out.' The black cook of course had his share with the others. Fifteen pennyweights of noddy had restored to the rest their natural feelings of generosity

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and justice. This harmony, however, was not to last. On the eighth day, the weather being clear, and no land in sight, and their hunger becoming insupportable, it was once more agreed that the negro must die. 'Having only one knife left, we intended getting him between us, and attacking him all at once. But in the midst of our consultations, he jumped overboard, and endeavoured to overset the boat, saying we should all die together; but we prevented this desperate act by beating him off with our paddles. At last he prayed to be taken on board, which we did at the stern; and the next morning it pleased God to prevent our design being carried into execution.'

A Spanish sloop hove in sight, and rescued these unhappy men, and especially the poor negro. He must have been chosen as the victim simply because he belonged to an inferior race; for, of the two, one would think white man would be a preferable dish to black man; while, when about to dine, the very last person to be sacrificed in a company would surely be their Cook. It would be easy enough to instance many similar adventures at sea actually resulting in the catastrophe which in the above was only threatened. How the following perfectly true narration has so long escaped the notice of those literary vultures whose restless eyes are ever on the look-out for sensational 'material,' we cannot imagine. With a little judicious 'treatment'—which means anything rather than pruning or mitigating—it might be expanded into an elegant three-volume novel, entitled *The Man-eater*, which would want nothing but illustrations to take the town by storm.

On the 14th of September 1823, there might have been seen two travellers making their way on foot across the hill-country to the east of Macquarie Harbour, Van Diemen's Land. Of all parties consisting of two persons moving at the same time upon the earth's surface, or at sea, we may safely affirm that there was none placed in such strange circumstances as were the men we write of. Others, like themselves, might have been escaped criminals, dreading lest they should be pursued, and brought back to chains and labour; others, like themselves, might have been wandering in pathless wilds, where no fellow-creature, not even a savage, was to be met with; others, like themselves, might have been suffering the acutest pangs of hunger, not to be appeased by grass and nettle-tops boiled in a tin pot, which was all the food they could procure; but even then their circumstances would have been commonplace compared to the position of the two men in question. By reason of faintness and the difficulties of the way, their progress was very tardy; yet, slowly as the leader advanced, who carried an axe (or they would never have made their way at all), the other man kept well in his rear—for he was afraid of being killed and eaten.

A few weeks back, these men, who were called Greenhill and Pierce, had had three companions—Traverse, Badman, and Matthews, who had fled with them from the penal colony, in hopes to make their way across the island to some of the eastern settlements. They were soon safe enough from pursuit of man, but starvation with its slow but certain step gradually overtook them. They had drawn lots which of the five should die, and the fatal slip had fallen to Badman. They then drew lots which should kill him, which fell to Traverse, who put him to death while the others collected wood for the fire. This dreadful provision lasted them some days, and then it became Matthews's 'turn to die.' 'By the time he was all eaten,' says Pierce, for we have his own confession, 'Traverse through fatigue fell lame in his knees—so much so that he could not proceed; Greenhill proposed that I should kill him, which I agreed to.' But now even this supply was exhausted, and the two men were alone in the wilderness, each pretending friendship, yet each seeking the other's life, in order that he might prolong his own. How awfully distant are the poles of human happiness and misery! Conceive how many pairs of men were at that very time engaged on excursions of pleasure; my own father and uncle, as I well remember, were on that day partridge-shooting in Berkshire, and I, a mere child, mounted on a horse infinitely too large for me, was 'marking' for them. The mention of this may appear puerile and inconsequential, but the particular is always more striking than the general. Let any one (who is old enough) consider what *he* is likely to have been doing on the 14th of September 1823, and contrast his situation with that of these two wretches in the Tasmanian Bush. Neither of them dared to sleep. The struggle resolved itself into which could hold out the longer against the overpowering desire for repose; and Greenhill's constitution was the first to give way. Pierce snatched his axe and slew him, and with recruited strength, and carrying his ghastly victual with him, made his way to a human habitation.

Convict to begin with, it is probable that this man had but little sensibility of any sort, but the rapidity with which he became demoralised was frightful. Having been remitted to the penal colony, he again made his escape from it in company with one Thomas Cox. This man had very eagerly pressed the attempt, although Pierce from experience knew something of its utter hopelessness. 'I had irons on at the time, but Cox knocked them off for me with his axe. We came to King's River, which Cox said he could not swim. I remarked, that had I known that, he should never have been my companion. The arrangement for crossing the river created words, and I killed Cox with the axe, and ate part of him.' They had been in straits for provisions, but there seems really to have been no necessity for such a diet. Had not Pierce already partaken of this food four times, he would certainly not have touched it; nay, he even appears to have been actuated by the very feeling that prompts the savage; he desired the flesh of his enemy.

After a few days of lone wandering and privation, Pierce's heart failed him, and he determined to go back, and give himself up. 'I threw most of the flesh away; but one piece I carried in my pocket to shew the commandant that Cox was dead.' One of the wardens at Macquarie Harbour, therefore, upon perceiving a signal-fire in the direction of King's River—which was a common enough sign of some escaped convict getting tired of his freedom—took boat thither, and found our Anthropophagite. Having confessed that he had killed Cox, Alexander Pierce was executed, June 21, 1824.

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THE DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

If any person in the present day were to announce that he purposed making use of a gravity-pump, to pump weight out of himself, and then to project himself, for a few days' shooting, into Africa, he would probably be regarded, by even enthusiasts, as an insane individual. If, however, any person living in 1763 had given notice that he purposed employing a small portion of lightning to carry a message for him from England to Russia, he also would then have been looked upon as a no less deluded maniac.

It is an interesting, and, at the same time, an instructive study, to watch how the impossible gradually becomes the probable, the probable the actual, and, soon after, a thing that everybody knows. When we become familiarised with any great or important discovery, and with its application to everyday-life, we soon forget, or rarely reflect upon the trials and difficulties that truth has invariably to encounter before it takes its place in its new phase as one of the facts of the day.

Even in the present day, when steam and electricity, glass and gunpowder, and many other useful agents are familiar to us all, there are not many amongst us, who, if suddenly transplanted to a colony, or amongst people who were utterly unacquainted with these things, could either clearly explain matters connected with them, or instruct others how to use them.

Steam and its application are not nearly so mysterious to the public generally, however, as is electricity in all its branches. Even to those who have studied the subject all their lives, electricity is still a mystery. We live in an epoch of names, and when we have applied a term to anything, we seem to have described its meaning or attributes; but we are as far as ever from a real knowledge of this force or power, when we state it is called electricity, from *electron*, a Greek word signifying amber, and is produced in various ways, friction being one.

In order, however, to be fully aware how many persons there are who still remain unacquainted with even the simple application of electricity, it is necessary to be in a measure behind the scenes, in which position, we ourselves have had the advantage of hearing very many amusing incidents.

It is not by any means uncommon to find that, some parcel being required in a hurry, a frantic individual rushes into a telegraph-office, and requests that his parcel may be sent by telegraph immediately. Within the last few days, a gentleman seriously requested a telegraph-clerk to send two dozen stamps to his wife in the country, the stamps being offered and folded up in readiness for transmission. Another person being desirous of sending an anonymous message to a friend, refused to write his message on the paper, because, should he do so, his friend would of course recognise the handwriting. Not long since, we heard a facetious young gentleman inform two or three individuals that the Americans had lately discovered so rapid a means of photographing, as to enable them to photograph the messages as they went along the wire: the information was not only seriously received, but one of the hearers stated that he had read something about it in the papers, and it was called 'Topping the Telegraph.'

When any little incidents of this nature happen, it is not unusual to attribute them to 'old ladies;' but, with one or two exceptions, the most amusing misunderstandings have occurred, not with ancient dames, but with gentlemen in the full bloom of health, and not past the middle age.

One of the many singular facts that are brought to light by the telegraph is, that certain types of minds instinctively connect haste with danger or disaster. It was not many years ago that it was considered dangerous to travel from York to London under two days. The telegraph, then, which is a very hurrying sort of affair, would, we can easily imagine, create a certain amount of alarm from its speed alone; but, in addition to this, it was, when first used, a very expensive way of sending intelligence, and employed therefore only in extreme cases. Hence the public, to a certain extent, have been trained to connect a telegraphic message with sudden illness, accidents, want of a doctor, fires, or some disaster; and, to those whose lives jog on in a slow every-day style, a telegraphic message is so unusual an event, that they are probably correct when they connect a telegraphic message with alarming news. Though the establishment of a London district-telegraph has to some extent done away with these ideas, there yet lingers a large remnant of this alarm, which crops out on many occasions.

Not long since, the District Telegraph Company considered it advisable to send out a few circulars informing the public that they could now procure

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one hundred of their stamps for one pound; that a stamp placed on a written message, which might be enclosed in an envelope and sent to the nearest station, would ensure the transmission of their message: thus, that the actual price of a message of fifteen words is rather under twopence-halfpenny. This information was received by many people with pleasure, as they found they could now send their messages at a very economical rate, but others did not accept the information with the same feelings. One gentleman, upon the receipt of the circular, immediately communicated to the company, and remonstrated with them. It appeared that he had a near relation seriously ill, about whom he was very anxious. Upon the receipt of the circular, on the envelope of which was printed 'Telegraph Company,' he was greatly alarmed; so much so, in fact, that he had not been well for several days afterwards, as he of course imagined that his friend must be dead, in consequence of his receiving something from a telegraph-office. It was suggested to this alarmist that the message might have been to announce that his friend was better, but he adhered to the old proverb that only 'ill news flies apace,' and that the company ought not to have caused him groundless alarm.

This feeling of alarm is very widely spread, in spite of the frequency of domestic messages. For example, a gentleman having met an old friend in London, telegraphed to his faithful spouse to the effect that he should bring this friend home to dinner at six. This simple announcement he believed would be a sufficient hint that something extra should be provided. Alas! there was nothing besides the usual family dinner, the fatted calf had not been slain.

'Why, my dear, did you not receive my telegram, saying I was going to bring him home to dinner?'

'Thank Heaven, my dear,' replied his wife, 'my alarm is over. I did receive a dreadful telegraph; but I was so frightened I dared not open it, and there it is on the mantel-piece. I thought you must be killed, or run over, or something, and I 've been more dead than alive ever since.'

These, and several other similar instances, come almost weekly under the notice of those officially connected with this much-dreaded but very useful power. The district-telegraph is decidedly the most domestic of its class; the fact that it is principally established for the purpose of conveying messages twelve miles round London, enables men of business in town to communicate easily with their families, and their families with them; and should these parties be within a reasonable distance of an office, the cost of the message will be at most sixpence, and if stamps be used, only twopence-halfpenny.

We will now trace the course of a telegraphic message, from its first production at the hands of the sender, to its final delivery to the receiver.

First, we must offer a few remarks upon the selection and omission of words in a message—fifteen words, excluding address, are allowed; and it is of course desirable to convey as much information as is possible in these fifteen words. A person not accustomed to send messages should first write down what he means to say, and then recast his sentence so that he may express the same sense in fewer words. Here, for example, is a message that a friend once sent to us: 'Will you meet us to-night at eight o'clock, at the chief entrance of the Lyceum; we have front-seats in the boxes for four.' Here were twenty-five words used to convey an intimation which might have been done in fourteen, for the message, as follows, contains the same sense: 'Please meet us at eight, chief entrance Lyceum, we have four front-box seats.'

In a telegraph message, a certain amount is left to the common-sense of the receiver—as in the above, no sensible person would go the Lyceum at 8 A.M. in order to witness a performance; the 'to-night' is likewise unnecessary, for unless it had been 'to-night' a telegraphic message would have been out of place: and so in many other cases, brevity may be adopted with advantage. The writing cannot be too plain and distinct, a school-boy sort of hand being preferable. There are some ever-recurring mistakes in connection with the art of telegraphing, quite independent of mistakes from bad writing, so that it is a sender's interest to make his part of the performance as intelligible as possible.

As soon as a message is written and given to a clerk, the document is read over, and placed in front of an instrument. The clerk then 'calls' a station, usually that at Cannon Street; and this calling consists of some special movement of the needles, which is always the same for the same station; upon the called station answering, the message is commenced. Each letter composing the words is indicated by a particular series of movements of the needles, which movements are caused by an electric current sent from the first station. This current of electricity is the result of a movement of two handles made at the instrument by the clerk. The current traverses the wire instantaneously; and as it passes through a portion of wire at the other station, it converts this into a powerful temporary magnet, which therefore attracts the needle temporarily, each movement of the handle at the first station causing a movement in the needle of the second. Now, it is by these movements of the needles that the clerks read off the messages; so that the fears of the gentleman, who did not wish his handwriting to be recognised by his friend to whom he telegraphed, were groundless, his words being converted into a fluid state, and again reconstructed in the ink-and-paper form at the other end of the wire.

Should the message be from one out-station to another, the clerk at Cannon Street copies the message, and delivers it into the hands of the person who works the particular instrument to which the office for which the message is intended is connected. The clerk there again copies the message, and delivers it to a boy, who carries it to its final destination. A copy of this message is retained at Cannon Street for about three or four months, after which it is destroyed.

The clerks employed at this work are almost all females, there being upwards of one hundred and twenty young girls obtaining a livelihood as telegraph-clerks. They receive, on an average, about ten shillings per week; and, as the whole of their time is rarely employed in telegraphing, they are enabled, in addition, to use their own needles, whilst in readiness to read the needles of the telegraph instrument. The hours of work are from 9 o'clock A.M. to 7 o'clock P.M., a tolerably long spell, supposing they were employed all the time in reading the vagaries of the magnetic needle, or in sending messages; but, as intervals of rest are of frequent occurrence, the labour is comparatively light, and of a more attractive kind than mere sewing for a living.

It might be imagined that when messages of all classes are being sent by the aid of a number of young girls, that there was very little chance of a message being private or not divulged, but there are one or two reasons why the public are very sufficiently protected in this respect. In the first place, a telegraph-clerk becomes a kind of automaton; and, in consequence of day after day sending off some half-dozen score of messages, no particular one is likely to impress itself on the memory and be there retained. In addition to this natural cause, it is a part of the service agreement that no clerk divulges the purport of any message; and an act of parliament was passed during last session, rendering any person liable to a penalty of twenty pounds, who delayed or divulged a telegraphic message. Thus, in this respect, the public are well protected.

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There are now two systems of communicating in almost general use, the first is by the aid of a single needle, the Morse alphabet being in almost universal use. This enables a clerk, independent of his nationality or knowledge of language, to read off the letters from his instruments, so that an English clerk in London might send an English message to Russia, which would be read off by a Russian, and written in English. In like manner, an English girl would be able to read off a message sent in the Russian language, with the same ease that she could one in English. Thus there is a universal language in telegraphing as there is in music.

The other method of communicating is by printing, the various letters being indicated by a series of dots and dashes. From the time of first commencing to study the instrument until proficiency is obtained in reading and sending, two months usually elapse—shorter or longer, according to the talent of the clerk. A clerk is generally able to send a message before she can read one; it is also found much more easy to read the messages sent by one clerk than those by another.

At the present time there are about two hundred and fifty miles of wire, set up on the house-tops and underground, for the use of the London and twelve-miles-round telegraph; by the aid of these and the eighty-three stations now open, it would be possible to send about one thousand messages per hour—a quantity sufficient to render the district telegraph a very paying investment. At the present time, however, the number per day, on an average throughout the year, does not exceed one thousand, so that only one-tenth of the work that might be done is actually accomplished.

Some curious statistics are brought to our notice when we examine the causes that influence the number of telegraphic messages. A very fine morning followed by continued rain from mid-day, is at once a source of business to the telegraph company. Numberless appointments that had been agreed on when the weather was fine, have to be put off. Gentlemen who purposed walking home from the station, would now prefer their brougham, or their waterproofs, or something to protect them from the weather. The friend who was coming to dine with them will select another day, and this naturally leads to a second message from the disappointed host to his faithful spouse. A very wet morning sometimes causes several extra messages, for the prudent will, at the last moment, sometimes change their raiment in order that they may have nothing on that will spoil, and their keys, unfortunately, are left in those garments which had been cast off, so that a message is sent to have the keys forwarded by next train.

It is in messages of this kind where the electric-telegraph is of immense use, and where any delay at once produces serious inconvenience. It would be of little use to a business-man to have his keys forwarded by a 3 P.M. train, when he wished for them by one arriving at 11 A.M., and yet, perhaps, half an hour's delay on the part of a clerk, or the boy who delivered the message, might produce nearly as great a difference as this on lines where only a few trains run.

When, again, any information has been forgotten, and is required immediately, this district telegraph is very serviceable. On one occasion we went to London, and had an engagement somewhere near Holborn, but the actual address we had left on our dining-room mantel-piece. Telegraphing from London Bridge, we directed the message to be sent to the office at Charing Cross, and we then proceeded by boat to Hungerford. Upon reaching Charing Cross we entered the telegraph-office, and, on inquiring, were presented with the message just arrived, and containing the name of the locality where we were to keep our appointment.

The greatest number of messages ever sent in one day by the London district telegraphs, was on the day previous to the Princess of Wales entering London, no less than fifteen hundred having been received and sent on that occasion: the principal purport of these messages was the engaging of seats and friends, the announcement of disappointments or of expectations—in fact, an endless variety of anxious, eager lines, all with reference to the event of the morrow. On all great public occasions, work is brought in to the telegraph, so that the meeting of parliament, the Derby-day, &c., are days of extra work.

In an upstairs room of the office in Cannon Street there is a kind of cupboard, upon opening the doors of which a mass of wires and screws, bolts and fastenings, are exposed to view; these are all lettered or numbered, and a strange mystery exists with regard to them; they are really the junctions between various station-wires, and thus two extreme stations might at once be placed in connection with each other. We will suppose that B represents the termination of the wires that lead from Blackheath to Cannon Street, by which wires the messages are sent, and C the termination of the Camden Town wires. Now, B and C might be a yard apart in the cupboard, and it would merely be necessary to join these two by means of a wire, in order to allow Camden Town to talk to Blackheath, or *vice versâ*.

A wonderful medley of messages might be read by any curious individual who placed an instrument in any circuit, as it is called, for his needle would move in accordance with the needle at the end of the wire, and thus the message would be read off.

Some singular and amusing mistakes sometimes occur in connection with telegraphing, in consequence of the misreading of a word or letter—the signals for some few words being very similar—that is, the movements of the needles to indicate one word are very like those which indicate another with a very different meaning. A household in the country were rather surprised at receiving a message from the lord and master, to the effect that he wanted his wig to be at the London Bridge station by four o'clock P.M. As the gentleman had a very excellent crop of natural hair, of course the family were somewhat perplexed; for 'wig' read 'wife,' and the message was intelligible. A gentleman telegraphs to his friend to the following effect: 'I want you to get me this evening at any place you may appoint;' for 'get,' read 'meet.' A cautious spouse sent a message to his wife, who received the following: 'I am going to bring some hog home for dinner to-night—be ready.' The wife, probably expecting a large piece of pork, did not prepare much for dinner, and is consequently very much surprised when her husband returns, and brings with him a very old friend, who is very unlike a 'hog.' The words 'hog' and 'one' were unluckily very much alike, and were mistaken the one for the other—'Bring some one home for dinner,' was very intelligible.

Considering the number of messages per diem, and the imperfect manner in which addresses are often given, and the badness of the senders' writing, there are remarkably few mistakes.

Occasionally, when the wires are very close together, the rain will bring two wires into contact; then the messages which ought to go in one direction run away with the words and deliver them in quite another place. Thus, a short time ago, some large tea-agents were much puzzled by receiving perpetual inquiries about cargoes of beef—'How about the beef?' was an oft-repeated question. Some shipping-agents, whose private wires ran down the same line, were equally puzzled at having repeated demands for another chest of unmixed tea. It was very shortly found that the wires had been brought into contact by wind and rain, and thus the message for one firm

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had flown off at a tangent, and had made its way in a wrong direction.

It is not at all an unusual circumstance to find that certain unscrupulous persons are on the watch to obtain money from telegraph companies, on the plea of losses sustained in consequence of mistakes. Such an attempt was made a short time since. A gentleman having sent a message up to his office in London saying that he was not well enough to attend business on that day, omitted in his address to say that there were two streets of the same name close together. The boy who had to deliver the message went to the wrong street, and upon looking for the house indicated by the number on the telegraph direction, found that the house was in ruins, and men at work amongst the débris. Having given the information at his office that the house was in ruins, the intimation was forwarded to the sender of the message that, the house being in ruins, the message could not be delivered. Here, then, was a real grievance, a decided case for compensation, for the gentleman, upon hearing the alarming intelligence that his town-house was in ruins, was taken so seriously ill that it was at first feared he would not recover. A messenger was immediately despatched to London to inquire into the cause of the house being in ruins. Thus much expense was incurred, and serious loss in consequence of the illness produced by alarm; and therefore the District Telegraph Company ought to fully compensate the gentleman, or he would be compelled, however much against his feelings, &c., &c. But such little matters had been tried on before by other injured individuals, and the gentleman did not receive any pecuniary recompense.

Lightning sometimes produces a temporary stoppage in telegraphing, as the natural electric fluid demagnetises the needles, and therefore renders them temporarily useless. During the severe storm in September 1863, no less than fifteen stations belonging to the London District Company were rendered temporarily useless by the lightning. In no instance have we ever heard of a clerk being damaged by the electric fluid, although in one case a clerk received a shock. He happened to be standing on a damp floor, and was holding the handles of the instrument very firmly; a storm passing over his circuit gave him a slight shock, which, however, did little more than alarm him.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear of birds being killed by the wires of an electric-telegraph, and people unacquainted with the principle of telegraphs not unfrequently imagine that it is the electricity that kills them; this, however, is not the case. If a bird were to become very wet, were then to hold on to the wires with its feet, and stick its beak into the ground, it would then probably receive a slight shock, but birds are not naturally given to practise this experiment. The way by which birds become killed is by flying against the wires by night, and thus striking themselves, become either killed or seriously damaged. So frequently does this occur, that in one large game district a gentleman preferred laying down wires in another place at his own expense, rather than have them going over his land near his preserves.

One of the many advantages derived from our familiarity with the telegraph is the arrangement of all the clocks on railways and in London to Greenwich mean time. When the ball drops at one o'clock at Greenwich, a signal is sent to Cannon Street, and the clock there being thus regulated for Greenwich time, a signal can be sent to all out-stations, or to any private establishments where a knowledge of correct time is of importance.

The majority of our readers have probably heard the singularly melancholy noise that is sometimes made by the wind blowing against the wires that are suspended against the telegraph-posts. It has been asserted by some individuals, that, when the noise is greatest, rain is sure to fall very shortly; but as the quantity of the noise must in a great measure depend on the direction and strength of the wind, we are bound to deny the accuracy of this assertion as a general rule.

We before mentioned, that the majority of persons were not well acquainted with either the principles or practice of telegraphing, and that hence some very amusing mistakes sometimes occurred. We will conclude this article with one, for the accuracy of which we can vouch.

An old lady (this time) had given permission for some wires to be placed on her house, where they were supported by a pole. After these had been in position some few weeks, the old lady waited upon the principal telegraph authority, and stated that she had a complaint to make. 'The fact is, sir,' she said, 'them telegraph messages won't allow me to get any sleep of a night; I lays awake, a-tossing about, and can't get a wink for the noise. At first, sir, I didn't mind it as much, and things were not as bad as they are now; but lately, sir, there have been a deal more messages. I don't think either, sir, that you are aware of all that's said along them wires; there's much that hadn't ought to be; for I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there—and I have to lay and listen to—no respectable woman ought to hear. So I've come at last to complain to you, sir, hoping that it may be stopped.'

The gentleman to whom this singular complaint was made was of course aware that the noise complained of was the wind in the wires; the messages of a doubtful character were the emanations of a fruitful imagination on the part of the old lady. He, however, pacified her by stating that, in future, young women of great respectability were to be substituted at the offices for the young men who formerly worked there, after which he received no additional complaints from the wakeful and imaginative old dame.

RUTH MORRISON.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.—CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR stood at Mrs M'Grath's bright cheerful fire, lifting up first one foot, and then another to the blaze. 'You know what comfort means, Mrs M'Grath. I wonder,' said he laughing, 'you don't get some one to share it with you.'

'O captain, for shame,' rejoined the widow, smirking and looking down.

'Now, what do you say to Marks, for instance?' he continued, with a quizzical smile.

'Tut, nonsense, sir,' she replied half angrily. 'But, captain, speaking of Marks, I'm sorry to hear of all the work they had above yesterday.'

'What work?' returned the other quickly.

'Why, sure enough, I forgot; I suppose you don't know; but there can be no harm now in my speaking of what's in everybody's mouth. The first I heard of the business was from Tom Reynolds the policeman, him who was up at Oaklands to see into it; and Marks was just telling me all, when we heard the car coming; but I don't know; my mind misgives me about that fellow. Tom Reynolds didn't think so bad of her, some way.'

Captain Sinclair listened in astonishment to these unconnected and unintelligible fragments. 'Why, in Heaven's name, what is it all about?' he impatiently asked. 'I know no more than the man in the moon what you are talking of. A policeman up at Oaklands—what the mischief was that about?'

'Bless us, captain, but you take one quite aback; you put me in a fluster, you speak so short. Sure 'tis Miss Morrison that stole a lot of things, and Tom Reynolds was up with a warrant; and they found them all in her trunk; and so they sent her off this

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morning. Mind,' added the widow, correcting herself, 'I don't tell you she stole the things; but them as knows best, I suppose, says it; and proof is proof, as Marks was just after stating; and there 's how it is.'

'Miss Morrison stole!' repeated Captain Sinclair slowly, and opening his eyes wide in sheer amazement. 'She as much stole as I did. And do you mean to tell me that they sent her off from Oaklands, my poor child! Where did she go to, Mrs M'Grath?' he asked fiercely, stamping his foot.

'Lord, captain, how on earth can I tell? They sent her to Newry this morning, that 's all I know; but indeed, Marks said,' added Mrs M'Grath, with that spirit of contradiction so rife in woman, for at heart she thought Ruth innocent, 'Marks said that there the things all were, in the very bottom of her box: rings and jewels, and I don't know what else, belonging to the mistress; and sure, that 's plain anyhow—leastways, Marks says so.'

'Marks be ——,' returned Captain Sinclair furiously. Now the captain was never given to swearing; but no question about it, he rattled out a tremendous oath then and there, that we can't by any means chronicle in these pages. 'The confounded impudence of them all!' he continued. 'Policemen ransacking my house, and people sent off bag and baggage in my absence, and I knowing nothing about it! 'Tis enough to drive one stark mad. Here, give me these things;' and he seized the small box, and flinging his coat over his arm, strode out of the house, without even saying good-night to Mrs M'Grath.

'Well, if I ever!' exclaimed that dame, looking after the retreating form of the captain, as it vanished down the road. 'What a dazed woman I was to go and open my lips at all about any of their works. Bad cess to them! Marks, and that governess, and the whole lot. One would think 'twas I had the doing of it, so hot and heavy did the man come down upon me!' And she slammed to the door of her establishment with a bang, and went to wreak her wrath upon the kitchen-maid.

It would have been no easy task to keep pace with Captain Sinclair as he dashed out from the Golden Sheaf, and plunged along regardless of the mud that went splashing all over him at every step. He muttered each moment dire anathemas against all his household, scarcely excepting his wife; he gnashed his teeth with indignation as he thought of Mrs Montserrat, concluding at once that she had influenced her mistress to act thus rashly and hastily. ''Twas some hellish plot,' he muttered, 'concocted the moment my back was turned. I'll have that French harridan off before the morning light, as sure as my name 's Sinclair. That poor, gentle little thing! God knows what may happen to her.' He pushed open the small gate leading in from the road to his own demesne. 'Stop!' said he to himself. 'It might be well if I went round and saw this policeman, Reynolds, first, and got from him all the bearings of the case. I remember Mrs M'Grath said he didn't suspect her, or something of the sort. True, though, the fellow Marks told me the front gate might be locked.' And he stood for a second or two irresolute, with his hand on the half-open wicket. A cold sighing wind swept over the waters of the lake, and shook the naked branches of the trees, and came like the ominous whisper of impending danger to his ear. The captain shivered where he stood. 'What a weird sound that wind has to-night! Yes, I will see Reynolds. Sure, I can climb the gate.' And he swung to the little wicket, and again strode on up the road; for the police barrack was at the other side of, and not far from the front avenue. On how trivial a thing do the greatest events revolve! The captain ploughed his way through mud and gloom to the police barrack; and the lurking assassin, as he changed his uncomfortable posture behind the old oak, wondered what could be keeping the master so long.

We must briefly retrace our steps, and return to where we left the heroine of our narrative, unconscious, on the floor of the room in the Downshire Arms at Lisburn. The sound of her fall, as well as the previous cry, quickly brought in some of the servants of the hotel to poor Ruth. She was lifted gently into an easy-chair; the window was thrown open; restoratives—such as smelling-salts, water, and wine—were all successively brought and applied; but when the deathlike pallor still continued, and no symptoms of returning animation appeared, the landlord and his daughter, who had both come in at the first note of alarm, began to get extremely uneasy, apprehensive that life itself was extinct. 'Where did she come from?' 'Who is she?' were questions whispered round from one to another.

'No matter who she is,' exclaimed the man; 'we mustn't let a fellow-creature die this way on our hands without help;' and he bustled out, announcing his intention of going off himself for the nearest doctor. At the door, he met a gentleman who had come to the house in the morning. 'A stranger lady taken very bad, sir,' he said, 'in there,' pointing to the room. 'Don't know what 's amiss. I 'm hurrying for the doctor; for, I own to you, I fear she 's dead.'

The gentleman addressed passed quickly into the apartment to see if he could render any assistance. They were, at the instant, wheeling the arm-chair close to the open window, to try and get more air in upon the fainting form, and so the young man entering did not at once see who it was. He went round in the rear of the frightened group that were gathered about the sufferer; and being taller than most of them, soon caught a glimpse of the livid countenance. As he did so, an expression of horror and astonishment broke from his lips. 'Make way there, for God's sake,' he cried, 'and don't press so close round that chair—you 'll smother her.' He pushed them all wildly back, and flung himself on his knees beside the insensible figure, seizing her hand; while with eyes fixed in trembling apprehension, he gazed into her face, and his own became almost as white, with the unutterable dread that this stony stillness was death itself. He laid his finger on the pulse, and it felt like the feeble vibration of a slender thread. 'Quick, bring some brandy here,' he called out hoarsely; and with a spoon, he succeeded in getting a few drops within her lips. 'Ruth, my own beloved,' he whispered softly; and like an electric touch, the low sound of that loved voice sent the flush again to the cheek, and the eyelids were lifted, and she made a faint effort to speak, although the words were inaudible. When the doctor came, he sent every one but Ferdinand—for we need scarcely say 'twas he—and the landlord's daughter from the room, and continued giving the brandy in small portions, which, before very long, restored the lost animation. Ferdinand continued holding her hand, and watching tearfully the ravages that anxiety and sorrow had wrought in her face, and wondering, in miserable perplexity, what had caused it all. The doctor tried to hinder her from speaking; but immediately after consciousness had been fully restored, she whispered to him, for she could speak no louder: 'I must speak at once to this gentleman; it is a matter of the last importance.' The physician accordingly withdrew.

When left alone with Ferdinand, Ruth explained to him rapidly and succinctly the terrible position in which Captain Sinclair was placed. It seemed as if the fainting-fit had restored something of collected calmness to her disordered mind; for she could not, with greater clearness, have imparted to the astonished young man all that was needful for him to know. It was only when the doubt arose as to there being time to retrieve the error of not having taken some precautionary measures in Newry, that her mind again became confused and restless. Ferdinand, however,

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more uneasy than he cared to let Ruth perceive, taking out his watch, assured her that 'he had lots of time'—that he'd have a chaise and pair at once, and easily overtake Captain Sinclair before he could by any possibility reach Common Cross—the place, as Ruth indicated, at which he was to arrive by the mail-car, and from the moment of his leaving which the extreme peril began. 'I ought, I see now,' she murmured, throwing down her feeble hands despairingly, 'to have hid myself somewhere about there, and met him when he came; but it never once occurred to me—never once.'

Ferdinand, telling her again and again that all would be right, had a power that none else possessed to impart to her quiet and strength. He repaired instantly to the landlord, desiring him to have a chaise and pair got, as rapidly as possible, to go first to Banbridge, and thence to pursue the mail-car. He then called his uncle, the elderly gentleman who was with him at the hotel; and telling him, in few words, exactly how matters were, brought him in, and introduced him to Ruth, when the affectionate fatherly manner, and tender commiserating face with which the old gentleman bent over her, brought balm to her spirit. 'Uncle will take care of you, darling, until I return,' he whispered to her; 'and fear nothing: trust in One above, Who is "the helper of the friendless;" and I'll be back soon to you with good news.' And so he tore himself away; for though he scarcely dared to admit it to himself, he grew sick at heart as he felt how little time was before him, and calculated the distance to be traversed. Ruth was able to stand, leaning on old Mr Munroe's arm, and to smile a faint yet hopeful return to Ferdinand's eager farewell, as he gazed at her from the window of the carriage.

It was some time before quiet was restored to the Downshire Arms, so great had been the commotion and excitement. The doctor returned on Ferdinand's departure, and found his patient so much better, that he contented himself with ordering her perfect rest, with some simple nourishment, and desiring that she should retire very early for the night. Mr Munroe followed him into the hall, and slipped the fee into his open palm. He made a feint of declining, asking, in a dubious manner, who she was, and what were her circumstances.

'My dear sir,' responded the old gentleman, 'I'm her uncle—I'm her uncle.'

'Oh, thank you, sir,' rejoined the doctor. 'I shall call in the morning.'

'It isn't a lie,' observed Mr Munroe to himself, as he returned to the sitting-room; 'for sure she will be my niece very shortly, please God; and a dear nice little thing she is too—only I hope she's not delicate. I wouldn't like a sickly wife for Ferdy.'

It was a peaceful, pleasant evening that Ruth passed with the kind old man in that hotel at Lisburn. He explained to her how he lived at the other side of Belfast; that his nephew had joined him but the day before, on his return from France; that some business of his own had brought them to Lisburn, not an hour previous to Ruth's arrival; and that Ferdinand was to have gone on the next day to see her at Captain Sinclair's. Then Ruth narrated to him, as she lay back in her chair, all she had gone through at Oaklands, which so excited and irritated her listener, that he had frequently to rise and walk at a rapid pace up and down the room.

'Bless my soul and body!' he gasped out; 'I never heard such a thing in all my life—I never heard such a thing. Poor creature! I wonder that you are alive after it all. Let me see—I forget—if that dreadful house, Oaklands, I think you call it, is in Down or Armagh.'

'Down, I think,' said Ruth.

'Oh, then they'll be hanged in Downpatrick. Yes; and I'll walk, my dear young lady—— Stop! I'll call you Ruth. Why shouldn't I?'

'O do!' said Ruth earnestly.

'Well, Ruth, I'll walk, God willing, in my stocking-vamps, to Downpatrick to see the execution: I will, as sure as ever my name is Cecil Munroe. Heaven grant that Ferdy will be in time, and that they'll be caught;' and he flung open the shutters to look out. 'I'd hang that Mrs Sinclair, too, as an accessory before the fact; I would, upon my honour; and 'twould be a great god-send to that good old soul the captain to get quit of her in that way.'

The night was fast falling ere Ferdinand Munroe reached Banbridge, and it was scarcely necessary to ask after the mail-car; it had long gone, as he had feared. Some short time was necessarily spent in instituting minute inquiries about the cross-roads through the country, for both driver and traveller were ignorant of the route. Having received as explicit directions as possible, and the horses being recruited with meal and water, they set out anew. The evening was gloomy, and they had not proceeded many miles before the road became so rough and bad that they had to advance slowly and with care, and in a few minutes came to a dead halt.

'What is the meaning of this?' shouted out Ferdinand.

'Why, sir, I fear we took a wrong turn below there; for hang me if I think we can make way here at all;' and he bent over the horses' heads in a fruitless effort to see sufficiently far to judge if there was any outlet.

'Heavens and earth!' cried Ferdinand, bounding from the vehicle. 'What do you mean by going astray in this manner? I tell you, 'tis a matter of life and death.'

'Be gorra, I can't help it,' answered the postilion sulkily. 'I didn't come down here a-purpose, and how to get out of it now,' he exclaimed, 'sorra one of me knows.'

However, bad as things seemed, by literally as well as metaphorically putting the shoulder to the wheel, Ferdinand and the man between them succeeded in extricating chaise and horses from their awkward position, though with considerable loss of time. The remainder of the drive was passed by the young man in a state of mind little short of distraction; he could not stay an instant quiet, and half resolved, more than once, to leap out, and run ahead, as he thought that his tingling feet would far outstrip even the rapid rate at which the carriage now rolled along. At length the carriage drew up so suddenly that the horses were thrown upon their haunches, and the fidgety inmate sent with violence against the front window. 'Holloa! what's this?' he called out. 'Is this it?'

Without replying, the postilion shouted, in a voice that instantly brought Mrs M'Grath to the door: 'Any one inside there? Be this Common Cross?'

'Yes,' replied the woman, 'it is; and very good board and lodging, though I say it, any gentleman can have here, at the Golden Sheaf.'

Ferdinand had already sprung from the carriage. 'Woman,' asked he with excited eagerness, 'has Captain Sinclair been here yet?'

'Captain Sinclair!' repeated the other in surprise. 'Yes, to be sure, he's been here, and in there warming himself; and is gone—no, not three minutes since—up home, to Oaklands.'

'Which way did he go? For God's sake, woman, tell me quick!'

'Oh, just down the road there,' returned Mrs M'Grath, considerably startled at the abrupt and fiery earnestness of her interlocutor.

'Down this road?' he inquired, pointing with his finger. 'Straight on, is it?'

'Yes, sir, yes;' and she added, calling out after him as he darted forwards, not waiting for another

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word: 'You go in the little wicket-gate at the left-hand side of the road, not two hundred yards before you—if it is for Oaklands you 're bound.'

'Yes, yes, I remember;' and he recalled what Ruth had said to him about that side-entrance, and the walk on by the lake, gasping out as he did so: 'If it 's so near, I 'll never catch him in time.'

'Mercies be around me!' exclaimed Mrs M'Grath, turning to the postilion, who was busying himself unharnessing the horses; ''tis well if I don't go clean crazed this blessed night. If that ben't a fiery spark, I never saw one. What 's it all about?' she asked.

'Faix, missis, that 's more nor I know; but sich a fierce young blade I never kim across. Lord! 'tis a blessing he didn't crack my skull upon the road; and look here,' he continued, taking the light from Mrs M'Grath, and holding it up to the reeking sides of the panting steeds; 'sich a lather of sweat. 'Twill be the small-hours of the morning afore I have them dhry and done.'

'I 'll send Jim out to help you,' said the hostess. 'But when have you to be for the road again? Is he going back, and how far did you come—the whole way from Belfast, I suppose?'

'No, we kim only from Lisburn. But my word for it, it 'll be a good stretch of the day afore I put these poor divils under harness again, I can tell you, to say nothing of myself; I niver had sich a hard dhrive in all my born days.—What 's that?' said the man, suddenly stopping in his talk, and in the unharnessing operations that he had resumed.

''Tis a shot,' cried Mrs M'Grath nervously, pausing a moment after they had listened to the clear, sharp-ringing sound that broke upon the dull stillness of the night, with its returning echo answering back from the distant hill.

'Have you poachers hereabouts?' asked the postilion.

'I don't know: it sounded as if it was somewhere about Oaklands. God grant that young man you brought isn't after mischief.'

'Not he,' rejoined the other.

'Well, I suppose it is some of these poaching chaps; I heard the police over there talking of them. I 'll send Jim out to you now,' added Mrs M'Grath, as she turned into the house; 'and I 'll have something hot and comfortable for you by the time I think you 'll be ready.'

'Thank you, missis; 'twas never more welcome, or more needed.'

CHAPTER X.

When Ferdinand Munroe hurried off so quickly from the Golden Sheaf, he had not gone many yards before he found himself at fault. The road was altogether strange; the flare of the light at Mrs M'Grath's door was still in his eyes, and the night itself was dark; at least, the thick clouds that drifted through the sky effectually dimmed what little light the moon in its first quarter might have shed. He had therefore to slacken his pace a little; but keeping close to the wall on his left, he soon came upon the small gate.

'This is it,' he said, flinging it open, and in his impatient haste, not knowing the nature or length of the walk, and careless of everything but getting up to Captain Sinclair (who, he concluded, was on before him) ere he could reach the spot where the attempt on his life was to be made, he dashed forwards at full speed. It was only as he came where the path wound away among the trees, and when a faint gleam from the heavens disclosed to him the still sheet of water almost at his side, that he stopped in some uncertainty. 'Why, this must be the very place,' he said; but the thought had scarcely flashed upon him, ere he heard a slight rustle in the grass on his right; nor had he well turned in that direction, when a shot was fired, and the ball whizzed so close that it grazed his ear. Ferdinand rushed in towards the trees, and in a second he and Marks, who plunged forwards as he discharged the pistol, were grappling with one another in a fierce and deadly encounter. Ferdinand was lithe, strong, and active; yet Marks, though much older, was a powerfully-built man, and now had the strength of desperation added to his natural vigour. At first, he thought it was Captain Sinclair, but he was not more than a moment engaged in the conflict before he found his mistake. No matter, it was now with him equally a struggle for life. Mark's antagonist had at the outset grasped the wrist of the hand that held the pistol, for he rightly imagined that there might be yet an undischarged barrel; and he retained his vice-like hold, in spite of the desperate efforts of the other to disengage it. Each tried to throw his opponent, but for a considerable time without success; the younger and slighter man had literally twined himself round the grosser form of his foe, and half-a-dozen times, or more, they had wheeled round and round, on the grass, and upon the walk, panting, struggling, until at length a slip upon the trampled sward brought them down, when both rolled heavily to the ground. Then upon the earth the wrestling combat was continued with unabated fury, each endeavouring to get above the other. It is hard to know how long the silent struggle (for not a word had been uttered) might have endured, had not Marks, by a dexterous feint of yielding, got a momentary advantage; rising above Ferdinand's prostrate form, and pressing with his knees and full weight upon the young man's chest, he caused the grasp upon his wrist to palpably relax, and breaking the silence with the ominous words: 'Whoever you be, if you know a prayer, say it now, my fine fellow,' he bent round the hand that was still clutched, but feebly by the unfortunate youth, so as to bring the barrel of the pistol directly on a line with the head that lay pressed deeply into the grass, with all its brown curls drooping upon the forehead. One low cry broke from him, a cry of intense suffering, as the violent pressure upon the chest was augmented, and Ruth's name fluttered to the lips that were parted in gasping anguish, as he felt that all was now over for him upon earth. The finger of the assassin was touching the trigger, and Ferdinand's doom hung upon a second, when another figure that had been forcing its way, unheard and unnoticed by the combatants, through trees and branches, emerged from the grove upon the walk; and the loud, quick, familiar voice, with its 'Holloa! what's all this?' so disconcerted Marks, that he bounded up from his vanquished enemy, and retreating several paces, stood, pistol in hand, gazing upon the unlooked-for apparition of his master. Ferdinand, when released from the incubus that for the last few seconds had nearly crushed him, sprang to his feet, and, staggering from giddiness and still impeded respiration, cried out, in hardly articulate words: 'Seize him, seize him, the murderous scoundrel'—making a forward movement to where the butler stood at bay. Marks, with a wild imprecation of baffled rage, fired off the second barrel of the pistol at random, and turned to flee; it was too dark, and he was too confused to notice that the lake at that spot expanded with a slight curve into the land; and some long tangled grass and weeds catching his feet, he plunged headlong and heavily in, while one terrific cry, cleaving the very air, rose from him, as the waters closed over his descending form. Ferdinand tottered and fell to the ground, as it happened, at the instant the pistol had been fired—and Captain Sinclair, in the utmost consternation, hurried to him, certain that he had been hit, if not shot dead. He had no idea who it was that he was bending over, nor the remotest notion of what had led to the strange encounter in his own grounds,

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Marks, he had in the dim light recognised, and by his firing at himself, conjectured that it was murder he contemplated; that last appalling cry, with the splash into the water, he had too, of course, heard; but all his attention was devoted to one who, he feared, had been shot down by the assassin's hand, and who, he saw, was a gentleman, though he did not yet discover him to be a friend. No very long time elapsed, however, before Ferdinand recovered, and the captain had the happiness of being assured from his own lips that nothing material was the matter. He was only giddy, and 'bothered,' he said, 'from the weight of that ruffian, who had almost done for him;' but no ball had touched him, and he again rose to his feet, assisted by Captain Sinclair.

'I know your voice,' said the latter; 'but I can't see your face well enough in this light to recognise you.'

'Ferdinand Munroe. Don't you remember?'

'To be sure I do,' and he warmly grasped his hand.

'But where did that fellow go to?' inquired Ferdinand eagerly.

'He's gone, I fear, already to his great account;' and they both hurried forward to the water's edge. The lake was still and quiet now, and spoke not of the guilty wretch whose body lay motionless in the slime below, save by the yet uneasy swell with which the disturbed element rippled against the sedgy margin, as though inquiring who it might be that had sought repose in its cold recesses.

'Human aid cannot reach the miserable man,' said Captain Sinclair. 'Under any circumstances, it would be impossible to extricate him in this light, and without any appliances at hand; but, to tell you the truth, I never thought about him when I saw you fall, as I supposed, from that last shot. But tell me something of all this, for I never was so bewildered. What brought you here? What was it that led to this attack upon you? and, stop a moment—tell me, Munroe, first of all, do you know anything of Miss Morrison, or where she is?'

'I do indeed,' replied Ferdinand; and then followed a brief recapitulation of all that had occurred, as they hastened on towards the house, interrupted only by the captain's exclamations of astonishment, as one scene after another was rapidly sketched by the narrator.

'Thank God!' cried Captain Sinclair with a sigh of relief, 'that I came up at that opportune moment. I heard the pistol fired as I was in the avenue. I see now that I escaped assassination myself, by going round to the police barrack. I failed in seeing the man I wanted, and was returning by the avenue. When I heard the shot, I felt somehow a strong instigation to lose not an instant in ascertaining what had happened. If I had delayed ever so little, as it seems now, your fate was fixed.'

'Indeed,' responded Ferdinand, with considerable emotion, 'I should have been in another world this moment, instead of talking here to you.—But stay,' he added, as they now drew close to the house; 'remember that we have another criminal to deal with indoors.'

'Leave her to me,' returned Captain Sinclair moodily. 'Accursed wretch! the worse of the two, by far.'

All this time, Mrs Montserrat had been prowling about in a state of indescribable restlessness, listening at open windows, slipping to the door, getting more uneasy as the expected time passed on, without any signal that success attended their dark design. At length she heard the report of the pistol, the token that the attempt had been made. At once she was at the door, pacing the verandah, clasping her hands, that twitched and quivered in the excess of her nervous anxiety; and getting more and more disturbed as minute after minute elapsed, without the appearance of Joshua with the coveted booty. 'Idiot,' she almost screamed, 'I should have been there myself. *Mon Dieu*, if he has blundered, what will become of us?' Then, when the sound of the second shot reached her, and still no sign of the returning murderer, her feverish impatience changed into the extreme of terror; and dismal forebodings of the result to herself, in case of the failure of the plot, came with a deadly sensation that made her shake from head to foot. 'Is it come to this at last? *Mon Dieu*, I was always successful; yet if he lives, and is caught, I know he'll betray me. Fool, fool, fool! I managed better before.' And then came the determination to strive to the utmost for her own safety; no matter what was said, to brave it out, while the lingering thought remained that her mistress would stand by her. She accordingly crept back to the house, and remained lurking in the dark to see what might turn up. When the ring at the hall-door came, she bounded as though it were the bell tolling for her own execution. 'What shall I do?' she exclaimed. 'It might be Joshua.' Again it was repeated more loudly. 'It must be him—it must be him;' and she hastened to the hall with fresh hope gathering in her heart. When she opened the door, both the gentlemen designedly stood aside. 'Is it you, Joshua?' asked a whispering voice.

'No!' was the dread reply from her master.

The peal of the last trumpet could scarcely have thrilled with deeper horror the listener to that single monosyllable. She knew by the utterance that all was known, that all was over.

'Your wretched companion in crime has gone before you to the judgment-seat,' exclaimed Captain Sinclair, as he laid a strong hand upon the woman's shoulder, and drove the unresisting form in before him. 'Come, we'll find you a temporary prison here;' and he opened the door of a small pantry off the hall with a single high barred window. 'To-morrow, please God, you shall have better accommodation elsewhere. It may be well for you to know that the body of that unfortunate man Marks, whom you at any rate helped to his destruction, lies this moment at the bottom of the lake; sent there, not by any of us, but by the hand of the Great Avenger Himself; and all your plans and plots have been discovered.' So saying, he locked the door.

The unhappy woman fell with a low moan to the ground, and remained there, looking in her misery more like a heap of clothes gathered up, than a human form. In the lonely darkness, the sinful past rose up before her terrified mind, until she rose wildly up, and with appalling cries importuned for a release, and to be put somewhere with a light, and not alone. Her master took her out without a word, and locked her into her own bedroom, refusing either light or companion. The next day she was taken to Downpatrick jail; and the morning but one subsequent to her committal, was found a corpse in her cell—killed by a subtle poison that she had secreted about her person. The remains were quietly interred within the precincts of the prison, after a formal inquest. Similarly, when withdrawn from the waters, was the body of the drowned felon committed to a dishonoured grave. Words would fail to convey an idea of the effect upon Mrs Sinclair of the disclosure of her favourite's infamy, and the grievous wrong she had inflicted upon an innocent sufferer. Her husband, witnessing her extreme dismay, dealt tenderly in the matter; only by degrees informing her of all that had occurred, and endeavouring to soften the humiliating sense of her own share in the painful transactions. Her first articulate words were an anxious inquiry after Ruth (for well now, and with a bitter pang, did she recall the look of dreary, desolate anguish that stamped that fair young face when last she had looked upon it); she earnestly entreated Captain Sinclair to

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go for her and bring her back—a request that needed not repetition, as, early on the day following, he and Ferdinand repaired again to Lisburn for Ruth. They found her at the hotel, as had been settled by her betrothed, in care of his uncle, the elder Mr Munroe; but in such a shattered and enfeebled state, both of mind and body, as to be unable to stir from a sofa-bed that had been prepared for her in the sitting-room. The meeting with Captain Sinclair and Ferdinand was so trying, that for hours after she could not speak. They had a long consultation with the physician; and it was then decided that she might be removed to Oaklands by easy stages, for the discomfort of a hotel for an invalid rendered the change so desirable that they determined to venture, notwithstanding her weak condition; and when, after a tedious time upon the road, they reached Oaklands, she was borne unconscious to a room that Mrs Sinclair had had prepared. The first glimpse of the old and remembered scenes induced a paroxysm of nervous excitability, so severe, that her companions were in the utmost fear. Then ensued a long and apparently hopeless illness; a fever that at once preyed upon the body and unbalanced the mind. During the sad protracted period, Ferdinand Munroe remained the welcome guest and inmate at Oaklands; at one moment buoyed up with all but joyous certainty, and again sinking into the very depths of despair. During all Ruth Morrison's hours of sickness, Mrs Sinclair never left her side, save for the short respite that now and again became indispensable; all the medicine, every cooling draught, was given by her own hand. An entire revulsion seemed to have come over this woman's mind; indolence and apathy were flung to the winds, and the one ceaseless supplication with her was for Ruth's recovery. 'If she dies,' she used to say, 'I can never know a moment's peace again.' It was comforting indeed to her to see, that whether in the wanderings of the disordered brain, or the lucid periods that intervened, her presence seemed to soothe, her absence, however brief, to increase the sufferer's distress. One evening—the crisis, it was said, was at hand—there came that turning-hour in the treacherous disease—the hour when the very shadow of the grave seems like a presence in the sick-room, and the physicians left their patient sleeping, telling those around her that sleep would either melt away into the last long slumber of all, or that she would waken up to life once more. Their breathless watch continued through all that cold dreary night; and then, with the light of a gray chill morning, the last agony of suspense passed off; the feeble but quiet whisper that came from the bed, scarcely heard through the room, told better than the physicians' verdict that the worst was over. Recovery was slow; but happiness without a flaw was now fully enjoyed by the convalescent. Ferdinand left when it was pronounced that all danger was at an end; and ultimately the arrangement was entered into, more for her than with her, that for another year she was to remain as governess at Oaklands—no longer a dependant, but as an elder daughter, a loved and cherished friend.

These were halcyon-days with Ruth. A reference to the past was never made; there seemed a tacit agreement that names whose mention could only bring up trying and terrible recollections, should be spoken no more; and even among the servants, an allusion to the former guilty inmates of the house appeared to be almost superstitiously avoided. All alike regarded the governess with esteem and affection. Then there dawned one bright spring day, when violets and primroses smiled along the grassy hedgerows, and soft sunbeams shed their mild illumination upon a small but festive train. All nature seemed to breathe a benison upon the young bridal pair. Two child-bridemaids fluttered round the central object of the group, their 'Ruth' that was to be Miss Morrison no more. And so, the gentle bride and manly bridegroom, pledged their troth each to other, that bright spring morning, in the old parish church near Oaklands; and then went forth, hand in hand, with united hearts, to walk their road through life, content, while spared together, alike to brave the blasts or enjoy the sunshine. Thus, the dark episode in Ruth Morrison's humble history, that threw its disturbing force into the current of her earlier days, became to her but as 'that weeping that endureth for a night,' and only enhances 'the joy that cometh with the morning.'

THE END.

THE MAIDEN'S KISS.

In 1832, an English gentleman, of the name of Pearsall, during a visit to Germany, happened to hear of the *Iron Maid* (*Eiserne Jungfrau*). Most people knew the expression; a great many believed that the Iron Maid had been an instrument for torturing offenders; a few regarded the whole matter as a mere fable. These argued that if the Iron Maid had been a torturing machine, it would be found mentioned in penal codes. This was not the case; but, nevertheless, the argument was a very lame one. The Iron Maid might have been used by *secret* societies, and then it was not likely to be named among public modes of punishment.

Mr Pearsall was also told that the common people, in different parts of Germany, had formerly used, as a threat, the expression: 'I'll give thee to the *Jungfrau*' (Maiden, Virgin). The phrases, too, 'to kiss the Maiden,' and 'the Maiden's Kiss,' had also been pretty familiar among the lower classes, though the words, perhaps, may not have conveyed any *distinct* idea. These expressions, however, strengthened Mr Pearsall in his supposition of the Iron Maid having been a machine employed for torturing. They had a striking analogy to expressions used in England with regard to various punishments: there, for instance, people spoke of 'kissing the block;' at one time, 'to kiss the Duke of Exeter's Daughter,' was a common figure of speech. Again, in Scotland, there was, and is still, the popular saying: 'He who invented the Maiden [guillotine] first *hanselled* it;' that is, gave it its first gift.

In the same year (1832), Mr Pearsall found in a German work* the following quotation from an old chronicle: 'A.D. 1533 the *Eiserne Jungfrau* was constructed for the punishment of evil-doers within the wall of the *Froschthurm*, opposite the place called the *Sieben Zeilen*;† so at least it was publicly given out to justify the thing. Therein was an iron statue, seven feet high, which stretched out both its arms in the face of the criminal, and death by this machine was said "to send the poor sinner to the fishes;" for as soon as the executioner moved the step on which it stood, it hewed with broad hand-swords the criminal into little pieces, which were swallowed by the fishes in hidden waters.' The author of the *Mittheilungen*, however, was also among those who gave no credit to the stories on the subject.

Nevertheless, Mr Pearsall did not let the matter rest, but went to Nuremberg himself. He searched all manner of nooks, found various engines of torture, but no Iron Maid. A guide who conducted him through the *Rathhaus* also told him that the object had never existed, at least not in Nuremberg. Neither did this opinion discourage the determined Englishman. Like a genuine knight-errant, he wandered about from one place to another in search of his Maid, hoping at last to rescue her from the prison of Oblivion. Meditating

* *Mittheilungen zur Nürnbergischen Geschichte*, von Dr C. Siebenkees. Nürnberg, 1792.

† In Nuremberg.

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on the quotation from the old chronicle, he went to a celebrated antiquary of Nuremberg, Dr Mayer, from whom, to his great satisfaction, he learned that the account was not a fiction. An Iron Maid had formerly stood in a vault in Nuremberg: it had been, however, transported in a cart two or three days before the entry of the French. The chamber, however, which had contained it was well known to Dr Mayer.

This was one step towards the discovery. With the obliging antiquary, Mr Pearsall proceeded to investigate the interesting spot. There could be no doubt that the vault shewn him by Dr Mayer was the one alluded to in the chronicle. In the centre of the floor was a square hole, on the sides of which were some hinges. 'Through the opening,' says Mr Pearsall, 'could be seen a larger vault beneath. This was arched like the upper chamber, and on the ground could be seen large pieces of wood, shewing clearly that a construction of no ordinary dimensions had once existed there.' What that construction had been, the reader shall learn by and by.

Mr Pearsall's curiosity was now greater than ever. Whether the Iron Maid had tortured many bodies or not, it, at all events, must have become a torture to Mr Pearsall's mind. He had no peace after his return to England, and in 1834 he was induced to pay another visit to Germany.

This time, he was to be more successful. One day, in Vienna, some one spoke to him of Baron Dietrich's valuable collection of antiquities, and affirmed that an Iron Maid was also amongst the number of curiosities in the castle of Feistritz. Mr Pearsall hastened to the seat of this nobleman, and there, with his own eyes, he saw the Iron Maid. There could be no doubt that this machine was the one mentioned in the chronicle: the dimensions were the same, and the accounts of the possessor corroborated with those of Dr Mayer. This Iron Maid, Baron Dietrich said, had been purchased of some persons who had transported it *in a cart* from Nuremberg *two or three days before the entry of the French.*

In the account * from which we have derived part of our information on this subject, Mr Pearsall has confined himself to giving an accurate relation of his researches, and has not described his personal feelings. We can, however, imagine with what sentiments of antiquarian affection and joy he gazed upon the long-sought object. The happiness of Ulysses on finding Penelope safe and sound, could scarcely have exceeded the delight felt by Mr Pearsall when, after numerous inquiries and many journeys, he beheld his Iron Maid, and found her in good condition.

Thus far about Mr Pearsall.

The Iron Maid can now be seen in the chamber where the chronicle reports it to have been placed in 'the good old times.' Entering a door close to the *Max Thor*, the visitor descends thirty or forty steps, and, passing through the casements under the town-wall, arrives at a sort of antechamber, where the prisoners were detained before being led to execution. Almost opposite this room is a narrow passage, terminating in a door; the visitor opens it, and he is in the torture-chamber.

In the middle of this vault stands a figure seven feet high, representing a Nuremberg woman of the sixteenth century. Her head wears a sort of cap; the body is covered with a long cloak, ornamented by a curious border. The front part of the figure consists of valves, united with the back by strong hinges. When opened, the Iron Maid presents to view a carcass of bars and hoops, coated with iron. In the inside of the valves are twenty-three quadrangular poniards, thirteen of which stick in the right breast, eight in the left, and one in each side of the face. The bottom is a trap-door, which is opened by touching a spring on the outside of the figure. As soon as the criminal was placed in the Maid, the valves were, by machinery, forced upon him. In this terrible pressure consisted the *Maiden's Kiss* (*embrace* would perhaps be a more correct expression). After a while, the trap-door was opened, and he was 'sent to the fishes.' These might indeed rejoice, for not only did they get human flesh, but they got it nicely cut up, for the offender fell through the trap-door into the lower chamber, upon a machine composed of a number of movable swords (it is this contrivance Mr Pearsall means in the passage we quoted above), which, set in motion by the fall of the body, cut it up in a most terrible manner. Thereupon, a sluice was opened, and the water carried away all traces of the barbarous punishment.

This cradle of swords makes one believe that originally there were no poniards inside the figure (or, at all events, smaller ones); for, supposing even the spikes which the machine has now, did not kill the prisoner as soon as they had pierced him, he certainly must have been dead before the body could loosen itself from the points on which it hung. Thus the movable swords below would have been perfectly useless.

Near the door of the upper room was formerly another door, now walled up; it opened into a subterranean passage, that communicated with the Banner House. Thence the prisoners could be brought to the torture-chamber with greater secrecy than by the way open to visitors.

It is a fearful place, that dismal vault, into which the light of day never shone. The skin feels chilled by the damp air, and the blood runs cold when one looks at the fiendish invention in the middle of the chamber. The horrid scene of old days passes through one's mind. One fancies one beholds those merciless men sitting in judgment over the poor offender; one hears his faltering steps, his vain appeals to man, and his fervent prayers to God; one sees his parted lips and starting eye, as he is led to the infernal machine —a grating noise as it is being closed jars on the ear— there is a shriek of agony—the cries turn into moans —the moans die away into silence—the judges rise from their seats, and walk away, and all is again still, still as the walls that saw, but never told of those deeds of darkness.

There is reason to suppose that the Iron Maid was not invented in Germany. Most of the machines of torture in that country were remarkable for their rudeness and simplicity, which cannot be said of the object in question. It is far more likely that the Iron Maid was transplanted to Germany from Spain, where a great deal more ingenuity was shewn in the construction of such machines, and where something similar, the *Mater Dolorosa*, is known to have existed.

Nuremberg was neither the first nor only place in Germany where the *Maiden's Kiss* was inflicted. Such Iron Maids existed in many German towns. Wittenberg had even two such machines. From the two following bills, which were found there, can be seen that one of the Iron Maids already required repairing in the year 1509.

'1509, iiij gl. vor zweyn Jungfrawen in das gefenchnis weiter zu machen und vor iiij gelencken zu machen.'

'1 gl. vor zweyn gelencke zu einer Jungfraw in das gefenchnis gemacht und die Kette also hiemit gebessert.'

Some are of opinion that a machine of torture like that we have described was already known in Greece about 200 B.C. Hampton, in his *Polybius* (vol. ii. p. 291), attributes the invention of it to Nabis, tyrant of Sparta. 'He contrived,' says Hampton, 'a machine, if it may be called by such a name, an image of a woman, magnificently dressed, and formed in a most exact resemblance of his wife; and when his intent was to draw money from any of the citizens, he invited

* *Archæologia, or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity.* London, 1838, vol. xxvii.

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them to his house, and represented to them the great cost of maintaining the worship of the gods. If these arguments prevailed, it was sufficient for his purpose; but if all his solicitations were without effect, then he used to say: 'I want, it seems, the power of persuasion; but Apega, I believe, will persuade you.' Apega was the name of his wife. Upon these words, an image of the woman that he had mentioned appeared. Nabis then taking her by the hand, raised her from the seat, and folding afterwards his arms round the person whom he had been soliciting, brought him near by degrees to the body of the image, whose breast, arms, and hands were stuck full of points of iron, concealed under her clothes; and then, pressing the back of the pretended woman with his hands, by means of some secret spring, he fixed the man close to her breast, and soon forced him to promise all he desired.'

Some of these statements must be doubted. The simple assertion that a machine like the one described by Hampton existed in Greece, may be true; we, for our part, however, are inclined to ascribe the honour of such inventions to the ingenious cruelty of the middle ages.

POPULAR READING-ROOMS.

It has been remarked, that the success of reading-rooms and libraries for the 'working-classes' is very capricious. In some large towns, especially in the north, they have been gladly used by those for whom they were established, and have grown up in a healthy manner; in the country, too, even in the most rural districts, the reading-room has often been welcomed and supported; but of those that have been established in London, some have failed altogether from the very first; others, by dint of industrious nursing, have struggled on or died slowly; while very few have taken root. Many reasons are given for this contrast between the wants of the metropolis and other large towns. Some think that there is too little fellow-feeling in London for an institution of the kind—not enough *esprit de corps* among those for whom it is intended. They are a heap of sand, having no local or parochial connection, but moving about here and there in the great city without forming social ties anywhere, hiring a lonely room in a crowd of streets, and never staying long enough to become interested in so quiet a concern as a reading-room. It may be so. There are, however, several features in the establishment of a reading-room which may make it unattractive, and which are perhaps most likely to be found in London, where, at the outset, the arrangement of the matter is often wholly in the hands of managers, not *bonâ-fide* members of the institution.

May it not be, for instance, that a reading-room which is opened by kindly-disposed people professedly for the 'working-classes,' and in which they are invited to raise their tastes and develop their intellects, as if they had no other chance of finding out how to do it by themselves, or as if they admitted a general loose charge of degradation, is rather officious and patronising? Few people like to be patronised; few like to be told that they are being looked after. Who admits to the world that he is ignorant, and wants to be taught? Shew me the man, and I will admire him as unique in learning and good sense. No wonder, then, when Mr This, and the Rev. That, and Dr Tother, have met in committee, and decided on providing something professedly advertised and intended to refine the minds of the apprentice and artisan, that the latter think: 'Thankee, gentlemen, but we'd rather not.' And so the affair is opened with a flourish, and improving books are bought, and classes are organised, and bills are stuck up; but nobody comes. The kind gentlemen are distressed at the indifference to mental improvement which is displayed in their neighbourhood, and presently get rid of the lease of the premises.

This has been the story of many mechanics' institutions. They have failed, or have been gradually taken possession of by another class. The fact is, call the institutions by what name you will, we want places in which more provision is made for wholesome amusement than for self-education. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any great thirst for book-*learning* among those who work hard all day; it is not in the nature of things. Nobody is to blame. There is no sign of indifference to improvement in this. Very few men can tax their muscles all day and their brains all the evening. You can't expect a man to fill up the leisure moments of his time with *study*, however light. Some will do so, no doubt. There are some people who are never tired, who 'improve themselves' at every spare minute, who keep grammars and candle-ends in their garrets, and pore over mathematics at tea-time. But would you blame those who do no such things? Would you even think them defective—indifferent to their prospects? It is a matter of superfluous energy. When a man has stuck heartily to the bench or the anvil for nine or ten hours, he has done his duty for the day. Small blame to him if he does not set to work with his book as soon as he has cleaned himself. In many, nay, in most cases, he cannot do it. Study is toil, and very exhaustive toil too. When the artisan reads, he wants something that shall be entertaining. Let us hope it will convey some information; but it must be pleasant, it must carry him on, and not need to be pursued with labour and brow-contracting effort. Remember this, and you hold the secret of a reading-room. If ever you have to do with the establishment of one, dismiss the idea of severe self-education. What do lawyers, merchants, and men of business, read after office-hours, ay, and occasionally during these hours, too, but newspapers, reviews, periodicals. And if a book be read at all, will it not be an entertaining one? After a certain age, few men of any class, even with the best opportunities, can *study* with profit. They want something which shall be amusing as well as instructive. The leader of the paper must be spirited, the budget from the special correspondent graphic. A dull book, however worthy, is discarded, uncut, unsold.

Yet I have seen libraries for 'the poor' in which dulness seemed to be the guiding taste of the collector. Heavy, correct, unquestionably respectable, above a suspicion of flippancy or fun, the dreary volumes waited on the shelf in vain. But if any one ought to be provided with bright, cheerful literature, it is the man who works hard with his hands, perhaps at a depressing trade, all day. If he does not get this, he will read highly-spiced Frenchified fiction, which engrosses his attention at the risk of defiling his mind. Furnish your reading-room, then, with plenty of light wholesome provender, and the books will be read, to pieces. Be content with providing healthy mental amusement, and you will refresh many a mind which would otherwise, perhaps, have poisoned itself. Save yourself the expense and disappointment of supplying food which requires much intellectual mastication. The geniuses who fight their way up to a higher station in society will manage to find the means to do so. Don't distress yourself to help them; they will help themselves. A man who wants to be shoved up the ladder, will slip down again, directly you take your hand away. Let him climb alone, and he will grow stronger as he rises. Be satisfied with saving others from a degrading descent, and you will make your reading-room or library popular and useful.

It is well, moreover, to have two rooms in your establishment, one of which may be devoted to conversation, or which will at least accommodate the talkers, while the other is kept comparatively quiet. Most men like to chat over the news as well as read them;

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nay, the best scholar will often read aloud to the rest, with pauses for general comment. But if you don't provide a second room, where a book may be taken, or a game of chess played without interruption, your institution is seriously defective. Two rooms will generally be enough, unless you wish to devote one to smoking. There are difficulties, however, in the way of this: it is distinctly injurious to growing lads, and an opportunity for indulging in it ought not to be given to them. On the other hand, the man who likes a quiet pipe over his paper is too often driven into the public-house, if he cannot obtain his favourite indulgence elsewhere. The smoking-room ought to depend on the views entertained regarding the establishment. If lads are excluded, it may be feasible, and indeed save men from the temptation of spending money which they and their families can ill spare; but boys must not be assisted in the consumption of tobacco.

This brings us, however, to another important question: For whom should the reading-room be provided? For grown-up men or youths? I am inclined to think it will be most useful if devoted to lads. In the first place, a man has generally a home of his own, and is a husband, if not a father. It is very doubtful whether good is done by adding to the number of places to which men can resort, leaving their families at home. We want to see the homes of the working-classes more comfortable, and not new places, however respectable, which are calculated, if not to tempt them away from their own firesides, yet, at least, to furnish another excuse for leaving them. Suppose popular and well-conducted reading-rooms to be general; if frequented by men, so many wives would be left to spend their evenings either alone or in unwholesome gossip. A man who has been out at work all day should spend his evening (reading his paper, and smoking his pipe, if he will) by his own fireside; or, if he does go out to any place of innocent amusement, it should be one to which he can take his wife.

It is far different in the case of lads or young men in lodgings. What are they to do? They can't be put to bed like the baby. If left to roam off on their own account after tea, the chances are they get into some mischief. They have not the patience to sit still at home. They fidget about, and crowd up the room. Mother wants to do a bit of needle-work, father wants to rest. What are Tom, and Dick, and Bill to do? It is, after all, for these that the reading-room is most needed? There is no difficulty in getting them to come; they are only too glad, and if they are admitted, they soon have the whole place to themselves. Men won't associate with them—they are too frisky by far. Charged with an excess of high spirits, not yet lowered by the care and tug of life, they cannot help a certain amount of harmless noise and frolicsomeness. A place with two rooms, one being kept comparatively quiet for the readers, chess and draught players, and the other devoted to conversation, restlessness, and limited play, would be a great comfort both to the lads and their friends. The latter would know that they were safe, and would enjoy quiet evenings. The boys themselves, needing mainly companionship and a safety-valve for spirits, would come in shoals. Of course, the supervision must be firm, though not too strict. The members, who should pay so much a week for the use of their club-room and library, must be allowed a considerable amount of freedom and legitimate noise.

Such an institution has two distinct advantages—it keeps its members out of mischief, and supplements the school. As a supplement to the school, it may have lectures and classes, but perhaps its main educational effect is given by a supply of wholesome entertaining literature. When a boy has learned to read without spelling, he has learned only half of the art. He reads slowly with the lips, pronouncing the words to himself as he goes on. This is tedious work, however, and soon tires the reader. But an engrossing book, say of travels or adventure, carries him on, and in time he learns to read with the eye alone. Then he reads with pleasure, not before. A judicious supply of entertaining books will thus fix the faculty of reading in many who have been at school, indeed, but without practice would soon lose what facility they had acquired in the class, to say nothing of the great importance of fresh and wholesome food for the young. Voyages and travels especially enlarge the lad's mind: many a one owes more than he thinks of his knowledge of the world to the books he devoured when a boy. Then he insensibly learns geography, history, manners, and customs, or poisons his imagination with some vile though absorbing publication. A really entertaining library may thus do incalculable good to a large number of youths. Finding a cheerful room, pleasant books, light, warmth, companionship, some of their freshest impressions, when beginning to earn their own bread, will be wholesome. Moreover, though allowed fair vent for high spirits, by frequenting an institution which is superintended by kind and sympathising men, they escape, more or less, that spirit of rude independence, with which a boy, uncertain of his position, and left to go his own way, is almost sure to defend himself. Let him quite alone, and he thinks it manly to be impudent and rough. Give him an interest in a civilised institution, which at the same time is devoted to the boy-interest, and he appreciates the importance of the affair. He belongs to and partly supports it; he catches the spirit of sympathy, and upholds the respectability of the concern.

Certain it is that reading-rooms for lads have promised to be far more successful than others, though they have not yet been extensively tried. At any-rate, they are free from the possible danger of drawing the heads of families away from their homes; nay, when Dick and Bob are not larking or lounging about the room, Paterfamilias Carpenter is far more likely to spend a quiet evening there. Thus, a youths' institute benefits those who are left at home as well as those who belong to it. It provides wholesome entertainment for lads who must have some, and who will take what is bad unless they are provided with that which is good. By an abundant supply of hearty genuine boys' books, it ripens the power of reading, which is too often somewhat small, even after the scholar has left the school, and by a judicious addition of voluntary classes, enables those who are ambitious of rising in the world to continue their studies.

A GIFT-HORSE.

We must not, the proverb tells us, look a gift-horse in the mouth. The axiom is a two-edged one, and cuts both ways. Chivalric gratitude is by no means the only motive that should deter a prudent man from prying into that eleemosynary quadruped's incisors. Gift-horses are thin-skinned animals, and it is hardly safe to examine their dental anatomy. This peril was well illustrated in an old, old Comic Annual of dear Hood's, by a wood-cut depicting a rampant equine monster, with tremendous jaws, gobbling up its new proprietor, boots and all. That miserable man had been deaf to the warnings of wisdom; he had looked a gift-horse in the mouth, and suffered accordingly.

Gift-horses are of all shapes, colours, and dimensions. They infest every walk of life. My unfortunate acquaintance, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Rapid, met with *his* gift-horse in the very respectable guise of a family living. There was really no harm in Charley,

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a good-humoured rattling lad, with abundance of animal spirits, but with no overplus of brains to ballast his handsome head. As an officer, especially on some frontier station where work was plenty, and play unknown, I am sure that Mr Rapid would have been a credit to his friends. But, as ill-luck would have it, the Earl of Fasterton was patron of the living of Butterton-cum-Creamley, in Cheshire, and poor Charley had been marked from his very cradle as the sucking incumbent of that snug benefice. They sent him to Oxford, where he was plucked over and over again, till not a scholastic feather could have been left on him, and had to 'go down,' desperately in debt, narrowly escaping an interview with Mr Commissioner Fonblanque. How, by private interest and feminine manœuvring, they got somebody who knew the bishop's chaplain to coax his lordship into ordaining him, I cannot tell; but I know that Charley has been at Aix-la-Chapelle these three years, that his living is sequestrated for the benefit of creditors, and that a decent subaltern of Irregulars has been swamped utterly—and all through a gift-horse.

A church-living is, however, the mildest disguise which this terrible animal ever deigns to assume. More often, instead of a cassock and bands, it blazes out in scarlet and gold, and catches its victims, as codfish are lured to the hook, with a bit of bright colour. Lord Bigwig's word has weight at the Horse Guards. His lordship takes an Olympian interest in the numerous family of his old tutor, the Rev. Joseph Satchel, whom he has made vicar of Stony Crampton, and he will get young Tom appointed ensign in the Hundred and Fifth Foot. Mother and girls are in ecstasies, brothers rather envious; the vicar nervously computes the cost of outfit, the probable allowance necessary to enable the boy to 'do as others do,' and would almost like to refuse, but fears to offend Lord Bigwig. Sam, the eldest, is reading for orders, and his hopes of preferment are based upon the great man's favour; it will never do to seem ungrateful in this matter of Tom's pair of colours. So the vicar and his wife opine, in many an anxious curtain conference on ways and means. So Tom joins the Hundred and Fifth; and his habits get more expensive every year, for the regiment is a crack corps, and he has to keep company with those whose purses are longer than his own; and the household at Stony Crampton is pinched, and the children are stinted, because of my Lord Bigwig and his gift-horse.

This baleful horse has a trick of lurking in places where we should least look for him. Nor does he confine his ravages to the youth of our species; neither sex, and no age, can confer immunity from his dire influence. What a good fellow was Thwackett—eminent both as a man and an ironmaster—before, in evil hour, the major part of the electors of Bellowsbury sent a deputation to invite him to represent them in parliament. He has been, ever since he was entitled to write M.P. after his name, a nuisance to everybody, in and out of the House. He makes the dreariest speeches, not at St Stephen's, where they have a knack of coughing him down, in self-defence, but at mechanics' institutes, at corporation feasts, even at school anniversaries, where he has the cruelty to pour streams of verbiage on the heads of the young. He is not so good a master, not so warm a friend, not so hearty an alderman of Bellowsbury, as he was before they forced the gift-horse upon him at fifty years of age.

A title has been a gift-horse fatal to many men, and to more women. Dear, comely Mrs Snooks, the most hospitable creature in Yarnchester, so charitable that the poor felt an actual warmth and comfort from her very presence when she looked into their sad dwellings, never empty-handed, was more than half spoiled when they made Sir Benjamin a baronet. She grew to be ashamed of her honest parents, of her broad north-country accent, of her Christian name of Jemima. She gave Sir Benjamin no peace till he took her to London, where she lived more grandly, but not half so happily as among her provincial friends. When last I heard of her, she had suborned a herald to prove her husband's descent from Ranulph de Snoke, *temp.* William I.; for it is a notable feature in gift-horses of the class that afflicted Sir Benjamin, that the recipients cannot bear to admit their short acquaintance with such animals, but try to persuade the world that they have been on horseback from the beginning.

Office—no mere red-tape affair, no automatic signing of names and drawing of salaries, but the administration of a province, the leadership of the Commons, Government House at Calcutta, or the Premier's thorny cushion—these be gift-horses that are hungrier for human flesh than ever were those fierce mares of Diomede's, of which Homer sang. Office kills the old, the sickly, the sensitive. If a man have but sorry stamina, like Pitt or Canning, office wields shears sharper than those of Atropos, and snips the vital thread before the Psalmist's tale of man's life be nearly told. A very conscientious, delicate, self-seeing soul gets withered, as a scroll by flame, by the hot blast of office. Hot-tempered folks, who mean well, are pricked to death with pin points by the vexations of office. Venerable citizens, who come with honoured weight of years, silver hair, and the experience of a private station, to take office for their country's good, get cruelly worried by the political gift-horse, and seldom escape alive from his formidable grinders. It needs a strong and supple rider, not too thin of skin, not too nice in expedients, to curb that savage brute with the hand of a master.

There was poor old Jenkins, the 'oldest inhabitant,' the oldest Englishman; he was killed by a gift-horse. When he was aged about a century and a half, people got up a kind of excitement about him, who had cheated Death, the great gleaner, so long. Jenkins, a plain fisherman, must go up to London to be stared at by the august eyes of majesty, to drink the king's health in the presence of princes, to bend his stiffening knee before the fountain of honour. They would give the old man a treat, they vowed; shew him London, shew him Whitehall, shew him life. Instead of life, they shewed death to old Jenkins. Very, very soon after the old man knelt before King Charles, he did homage to the King of Terrors. London and royalty, riot and excitement, drank up what little oil remained at the bottom of the antique lamp that had surprised men by burning so long.

In the East, no worse mishap can befall a middle-class mortal than to be chosen as the one whom the bey or prince delights to honour. His Excellency sends a twopenny khelaut, let us say, three coarse shawls on a tray, two pipes, a piece of silk, and a few jars of sorry sweetmeats. The shouting servants who bring these things must have their mouths stopped with roast lamb, sherbet, Shiraz wine, silver armlets, and gold tomauns. My lord the governor expects a nuzzur, or return-present, worth eight or ten times the cost of his condescending sprat to catch a whale. Rich stuffs, good English broadcloth, gold watches, sword-blades of Khorassan, saddles, guns, and dollars, are all piled up by trembling hands, and the sheep of commerce finds his golden fleece shorn pretty closely by the shears of official cupidity. But better so, than to incur the bastinado and the nose-bag full of hot ashes, by proving contumacious towards the ruler of the land, and looking a gift-horse in the mouth.

Leaving fact, for a moment, to turn to fiction, what a vicious neck-breaking beast was that appointment of Justice of the Peace for the shire of Galloway, which King George was 'pleased' to bestow on Mr Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*. As a J. P., the kindly, feather-brained laird's whole nature was changed, and hence came quarrels with his old smuggling and gipsy

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well-wishers, Dirk Hatteraick's enmity, Kennedy's murder, and a grand total of at least four violent deaths, to say nothing of the child-stealing business. All these things, as the student of Scott will observe, might have remained undone, had that flinging, spiteful crib-biter of a gift-horse never been admitted to the Bertram stables.

Sometimes the malicious animal comes in humble guise, and nets his prey by retail. A haunch of venison arrives, let us say, for little Griggles, of Nelson Villa, semi-detached, a man whom everybody likes. It is by no means direct from the noble grower, but comes at third-hand, through a friend's friend; and the butcher, whom Griggles blushingly consults, declares that in ten days it will be 'just the thing.' Mrs G. is wild for a party—not that she cares, of course, for worldly splendour, but it is such an admirable occasion for assembling their connection, who must be propitiated, you know, for the dear children's sake. The haunch—a gift-haunch—will go so far, that the rest of the feast, take Mrs G.'s word for it, will cost nothing, or next to nothing. Mrs Griggles prevails. The dinner, swelling and swelling till twenty-two guests are jammed into the narrow banquet-hall at Nelson Villa, semi-detached, exacts Mr Gunter's assistance; costs forty-seven pounds; offends, mortally, nine-and-thirty dear friends asked as 'refreshers'—to come in the evening—and goes far towards plunging the miserable little head of Griggles beneath the waters of debt.

Gift-horses are not above appearing in even meaner masquerade. A bottle of wine, incautiously inserted in a hamper from home, along with the cake, and jam, and potted beef, will get Briggs, major, into such terrible scrapes with his schoolmaster as even birch can hardly put an end to. The misguided boy *will* give a spread—he is classical, and calls it a symposium or 'blow-out'—in his dormitory, assembling a few choice spirits at the midnight hour to sip sherry out of a tooth-mug, and snatching a fearful joy from bread—with plums in it—eaten in secret; and when the revel is at the highest, in comes the doctor, and surprises the whole crew of carousing conspirators.

The wooden horse of Troy is a brute that insults the human understanding. How that great goggling monster, the hugest and most outrageous gift-horse that looms through even the dim borderland of history, could have been dragged into a besieged city, and there left to disembark its brass-greaved passengers, defies conjecture. But in spite of the natural reluctance of some long-headed Trojans, the countrymen of Hector seem to have had the superstitious reverence for a gift-horse which we moderns yet experience.

The Golden Knight of Hinchinbrooke, Sir Oliver Cromwell, found his gift-horse in the shape of a royal visit, and ruined himself, like a loyal blockhead, to do honour to king and courtiers. Leicester, though *he* had probably an eye to the main chance, stabled a steed of the same sort, when Elizabeth deigned to feast with him at Kenilworth. The royal gift-horse kicked down a fine fortune on both occasions; nor were Cromwell and Amy Robsart's husband the only men who have beggared themselves for a smile from majesty.

Gift-horses—and, indeed, horses of any sort, save the ponies of Assam and Pegu—are not much in fashion in Burmah, but the king has an efficient substitute in his white elephants. We are all taught, along with our geography, how, when a Burmese subject grows over-rich or too popular, his sovereign claps an extinguisher upon him in the form of a white elephant—a gift so sacred and weighty, that the expenses of keeping the big brute in proper style are pretty sure to crush the proprietor. Can we fancy the inward tremors of a rich man of Burmah, when he hears the tom-toms, the trumpets, the hideous howling of the singers, the roar of the mob, announcing that the elephant is on its road! He watches from his neat cane verandah, hoping for the best—hoping that the elephant is only out for an airing: that it is not for him; that it is for Bombadjee Loola, who has saved two crores, and lives hard by. Alas! There is no hope. Here comes the white elephant, stately, inexorable, enormous. He comes with his guards, his retinue, his hangers-on and led-captains, his she-goats to give him milk, his grass-cutters, his fruit-purveyors, his mahout, keepers, valets, priests even—all his household, who must eat of the sweet, and drink of the strong, hereafter, at the cost and charges of him to whom the king has given the white elephant. There are chiefs, too, who must be fed and flattered, and sent back with presents; see how their gold umbrellas and bossy shields, their Indian armour and China silks, flash glorious in the sun! How the trumpets bray, how the drums rattle as the elephant halts! And out runs the poor trembling hypocrite, with his hands outspread, salaaming, grateful, and grovels in the dust before the hateful four-footed visitor, that is come, literally, to eat him out of house and home.

Space fails to describe the many forms and disguises of the gift-horse. Sir Anthony Absolute forcing a rich bride upon his rebellious son, is one illustration; and Napoleon insisting that his brothers should be real kings, and wear crowns on their poor heads, is another. How the weaker Bonapartes ran away from those realms that their imperious relative thrust upon them! how they abdicated! Jerome even flinging down *his* shabby diadem in a Paris café.

But in all gift-horses there is one invariable feature: they may throw you, kick you, bite you; but if you would avoid giving mortal offence to the donors, you must mount when bidden, and ask no questions about it.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Society of Arts have begun their session in a way that looks like going to work in earnest. They shew an increase in their number of members; their President delivers them an address, which, excepting the necrological notices, is a series of congratulations on the subjects of which he treats; in addition to the ordinary evening meetings, he announces that courses of lectures will be given on special subjects, first, 'On International Law and its Commercial Relations;' to be followed by 'Chemistry applied to the Arts,' and 'The Fine Arts applied to Industry.' At the conclusion of his address, the chairman handed the Prince Consort's prize of twenty-five guineas to Mr W. Vaughan, who had entitled himself to it by having gained first-class certificates four years in succession in arithmetic, geometry, algebra, conic sections, and mensuration and book-keeping. 'I cannot help observing,' said the chairman to the young man, 'that while studying mathematics, you did not forget the importance of obtaining knowledge which would be useful in the practical duties of life, having, in 1862, taken the first prizes in book-keeping and mensuration.' Besides all this, the Society publish a list of one hundred and fourteen subjects, on which they invite descriptive articles or accounts of discoveries and inventions; they offer a prize 'for the best and most efficient steam fire-engine for land use,' and 'for the best and most efficient steam fire-engine capable of self-propulsion on land.' Another prize is offered to female artists 'for the best cameo designed and executed on any of the shells ordinarily

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used for that purpose.' Sir Walter Trevelyan's prize of seventy pounds and the Society's gold medal are offered 'for the discovery of a process for preserving fresh meat better than by any method hitherto employed, and applicable to the preservation of meat in countries where it is now almost valueless, so as to render it an article of commerce, and available for stores on shipboard;' and lastly, a prize of twenty-five pounds and a medal are offered 'for the most approved designs for cottages, to be built singly, or in pairs, at a cost not exceeding one hundred pounds each.'

Geologists and natural philosophers are still inquiring into the facts of the recent earthquake, and from time to time, additional particulars are gathered. The shock was noticed in a curious way at Greenwich Observatory: one of the assistants was observing a fixed mark through the telescope, when he saw the image of the mark make a downward movement, then rise to its former position. This movement, as explained by the astronomer-royal, was occasioned by the sudden vibration of the telescope stand by the earthquake.—On the coast of Wales, in Caermarthen Bay, a cone of muddy water was seen rising above the general surface, and moving with considerable speed and agitation across the bay and out to sea, where it was lost sight of. This singular phenomenon took place at eleven in the morning on the day of the earthquake. By reports from the East, we learn that shocks were felt at Tunis on the same date, and a new volcanic island appeared in the Mediterranean. It is remarkable that in the South Wales coal-districts, although the shock was felt on the surface, it was neither felt nor heard by the miners underground.—In the range of the Mendips, near Cheddar, the water in a well was observed, soon after the shock, to be covered with foam, to the great astonishment of the family resident on the spot. We hope that Mr Robert Mallet, who, by his recent work on *Seismology*, has become an authority on the subject of earthquakes, will be able to collate all the facts that may be collected, and discover therein some further explanation of earthquake phenomena.

The Photographic Society have been thrown into agreeable excitement by the discovery of some old pictures on paper and metal, which are supposed to be photographs and daguerreotypes. They were found among a great mass of waste papers in the Library of old Matthew Boulton's house at Soho, Birmingham, where they had lain undisturbed for more than fifty years. One is a view of the old house itself; the others are mostly copies of well-known paintings, taken by some process in which no brush, pencil, or other implement appears to have been used. The history of the discovery, as set forth in the Society's *Journal*, is remarkably interesting, and well worth perusal, even by those who are not photographers. Further evidence on the subject may be looked for; meanwhile, it is a surprise to have it even suggested that the first photographs were produced at the Works in which were constructed the first steam-engines.

Mr Fox Talbot, who has done so much for photography, has recently achieved what may be called his crowning success. He throws a picture upon the surface of a steel-plate, and engraves it there in such a way by the action of light, without the use of a tool, that five thousand impressions may be printed from it. A specimen has been shewn representing a tropical landscape, taken, we believe, in Java, the softness and finish of which must satisfy even the most fastidious artist. Supposing that there be no mistake in the estimated number of copies that may be printed, this discovery bids fair to become of high utility in the dissemination of works of art.

Among new inventions in the medical arts, are two very powerful styptics, which will doubtless be taken into consideration by the profession. One is a solution of one part crystallised perchloride of iron in six parts of collodion. It must be prepared slowly and carefully: the colour then appears a yellowish red, in which condition, if applied to wounds or leech-bites, it forms over them an elastic pellicle. The other, discovered by Professor Piazza of Bologna, is composed of equal quantities of a solution of chloride of iron with concentrated solution of chloride of sodium. Lint, saturated with this, is applied to wounds.—Dr J. Chapman has published a paper on what he describes as 'a new Method of treating Disease by controlling the Circulation of the Blood.' He effects this control by the application of heat or cold to different parts of the body, chiefly the back and spine. The nerves are affected by the temperature, a sympathetic effect is produced in the blood, and so in turn in the part diseased.—M. Tigri states in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that certain kinds of infusoria are developed in human blood during certain kinds of illness; and that certain other kinds are developed after death, and become active agents in the process of putrefaction.—In another communication by Mr S. de Luca, the author gives the results of his investigations into the relative weights of the different bones of the human skeleton. From these, it appears that the bones on the right half of the body are heavier than those on the left, and the same difference prevails even in the two halves of the skull. Dividing a skeleton at the position of the navel, it is found that the bones of the upper half of the body are the same weight as those of the lower half. The bones of the hand are one-fifth the weight of those of the whole arm; a similar proportion is observable in the length of the hand and arm; and on an average the bones of the hand weigh less than those of the foot. Other examples are given, but these will suffice to convey a notion of the subject generally. The author remarks that the discovery has a practical application, for as a similar proportion is found in studying the bones of 'the inferior animals,' the facts which he has ascertained may be made useful in ascertaining the age of bones, and in enabling anatomists and palæontologists to reconstruct imperfect skeletons.

At a meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, an improved brick-making machine was exhibited, which tempers the clay, moulds it into bricks at the rate of from 50 to 60 per minute, 'at a cost of 22 cents per thousand, including engineer, machine tender, coal, and oil.' Specimens of the bricks were exhibited at the same time, and were pronounced to be 'very good and strong.' One of them had withstood a pressure of sixty tons; and we are informed that 'several of these machines are in practical operation, making from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand bricks each per day.' The inventor is Mr Cyrus Chambers of Philadelphia. At the same meeting, a letter-box was exhibited, which in exterior form resembles those in ordinary use; but inside, there 'are two inclined plates, one of these plates being so placed beneath the opening, that the letters, when introduced into the box, will fall on the plate, and be carried towards the back, where they will strike the second plate, and be guided to such a position beneath the first, that they cannot be withdrawn by any instrument thrust in through the opening of the box.'—To meet the demand created by the war, an 'army medicine-wagon' has been invented, in which the cases containing the drugs are so arranged that a central space is left, forming an apartment in which medicines may be prepared without disturbance in stormy weather; while to the outside of the wagon are attached a number of hand-ambulances and other articles needed for sick or wounded soldiers. 'In case of necessity, by slightly altering the position of one of the boxes, room may be gained in which to seat six or eight men.'—Another invention, which seems worth notice, is a four-wheeled carriage, weighing not more than

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a hundred and eighteen pounds, in which the springs are india-rubber, each five pounds in weight, attached at one end to a lever, which at the other is fastened to the axle near the wheel. The seat rests on the india-rubber springs. 'As thus constructed, each wheel acts on the body through a spring independently of the others, so that in case one wheel of the vehicle should strike an obstacle, it will rise, pass over it, and resume its former position, without disturbing the general equilibrium of the vehicle, or in the least acting on the other springs.'

Among recent news from India, we learn that Sir Charles Trevelyan has offered a prize of 500 rupees for an essay on a subject which, among the students and scholars connected with India, will perhaps find some ready to take it up. 'Compare the influence of Greek learning on the Arabs under the Abbaside Caliphs of Bagdad and the Ommiyade Caliphs of Cordova, with the subsequent influence of Arabian learning on the reviving European mind after the dark ages; and from the comparison, infer the probable influence which the mature intellect of Europe should exercise in its turn, now that it is once more brought in contact with the Mohammedan mind in India.' It is a wide subject; and perhaps the more interesting because of the stubbornness with which Mohammedan races everywhere resist the intellectual influences of Western Europe.—To revert to a more material subject—cotton—the news is promising. From Madras alone the quantity exported in 1862 was 241,529 pounds—more than double the quantity of 1860; and in the present year it is expected to be still greater. Another good sign is a very lively demand for cotton-gins at the manufactory at Dharwar, where, although eight gins a day were turned out, there were in April last more than a thousand customers waiting to be supplied.

Not long ago there occurred in Prussia one of those cases of detection of crime by scientific means which interest a large and intelligent class of readers. A quantity of gold, packed in boxes, was despatched by a railway train. On arrival at its destination, it was discovered that the gold had been stolen from some of the boxes, which were refilled with sand, to make up for the deficient weight. Measures were at once taken for the discovery of the thief; and that no chance might be lost, Professor Ehrenberg was requested to make a microscopic examination of the sand. The professor, who is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for his researches into minute objects and his comparisons of volcanic dust from all parts of the world, asked that a quantity of sand from every station by which the train had passed should be sent to him. Examining these one after another, he at last came to a sand which was identical with that found in the gold boxes. The name of the station whence this sand had been collected was known: inquiries were set on foot at that station, and among the persons there employed, the thief was detected. The incident is one which an expert novel-writer might make use of with effect.

ENGLISH SONGS.

O MERRY sings the nurse by night,
Brooding over the fire;
And merry sing the sailor-boys
When noisy winds blow higher;
And red and merry in the blaze
Sing the men round the foundry fire.

O merry sing the reapers, sunk
Chin-deep in the yellow corn;
And merry sing the shepherds
When the shivering sheep are shorn;
And merry sing the millers
Watching the flowing corn.

Ay! merry sings the woodmen's gang
Where nods the stately tree;
And merry sings the pilot
By night on the summer sea;
And merry sing the fishermen
When winter gales blow free.

And merry sing the soldiers
In vaulted barrack-room;
And merry sing the weavers
Over the clattering loom;
And merry sing the light-house men
Amid the mirk and gloom.

But merriest far is my Lucy's song
To the infant at her breast,
Watching, with those Madonna eyes,
Our dear one hushed to rest,
What time the red light fades along
The bright line of the west.

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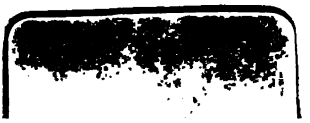

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